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Lessons from the Birds.

BY HENRY BACON.

I THREW open the window this morning, and like the mingling of the breath of a thousand angels with their morning benison, in rushed the warm, sweet south wind, and the voices of a multitude of birds were heard as they flew past on bright, swift wings, as ready to bear up to the throne of glory the responses of human hearts to the spirits of the morning. To me there is nothing more spiritual than the birds. My natural sight is not far reaching, and the hues of my fancy give all the colors and radiance needed to fill up with beauty where I cannot discern the reality. God's tinting I know is better than man's, but the colors woven in the plumage of the bird, ill defined by the near sightedness of my eyes, were not prepared by me. I never was, and can never be wise enough to do such a divine work. God placed the sun in the heavens and in my soul. When the windows of morning are opened and down comes the flooding light, gilding and glorying every form of the outer world, it is but as the turning of the Divine countenance towards our earth. And when from out my soul, as the windows of sense are thrown open, goes the spiritual radiance, crowning with the diadems of angels bird, tree, flower, and cloud, I own the gift of God, and rejoice that he can so condescend to bless unworthy me. It is this light that encompasses with surpassing loveliness many a distant object and makes me eloquent in its praise, while to others—the far, keen and clear sighted, it hath not more than ordinary attractions. And thus I find 'God hath set one thing over against another,' and in a new sense—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.'

I have been moving among the busy, the sick and the bereaved, and I find that the great want in all is that of which our Master thought when he turned the attention of his disciples to consider the birds—the winged spirits that only touch on earth that they may soar higher, or to build and bring forth to fill the blue air with beauty and music. Look at that Oriole, with its golden wings, tipped *to my sight* with a fringe of light. How lightly he sits upon that slender bough, and with what delicious song is he regaling me! as though he knows I am as happy as he to greet the Spring again. Bless you, sweet bird! you shall not want for food if you will come to my window, from which goes daily food for the birds. If angels take forms of earth, what more beautiful than thine! and to me thou art an angel. Warble again that note, my spirit responds, and a delicious flow of melody runs through my frame, vibrating a thousand nerves, lifting me up to meet yon beautiful cloud as a chariot.

But in my raptures few may sympathize, and I will tie myself down to soberer meditations, and talk of lessons of faith and trust from the birds, in a calm mood—though deep feeling will still run strong, as the bough quivers long after the bird has flown from it, or as the flower flutters long after the zephyr has kissed it.

I have said that Jesus bade his disciples consider the birds. He did so when he sat upon the Mount and taught. Doubtless they were winging their way around him, giving beauty to the beautiful tree while they lighted on it, and springing up from the flowers as if full of joy from their sweets. Happy birds to be gazed on by the pure sight of Jesus! They knew not *perhaps* the favor, or their little throats would have swelled with a more ambitious song, and they would have courted the clear sunbeam to display their beauties in. But the fact that Jesus looked on the birds and thought of the divine lessons they teach, makes them dearer to me, and wins me

more to learn of them. O that I had a portion of his appreciating wisdom, by which the spiritual correspondences of nature were read and felt, and God recognized in all the beautiful, majestic and grand—not less in the dew-drop than in the pendant world. How much greater would be the enjoyment of this universe of types and symbols, could we at all times read their mystic language—give a suggestive power to every material object, so that it might be that of us the poet would sing:

'Nothing is lost upon him that sees
With an eye that feeling gave;
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.'

When the feeling is truly devotional, laws will not be deified, but the heart fully acknowledge that it is God who 'maketh the earth soft with showers, and blesseth the springing thereof;' and nature's varieties in all their departments are to be made spiritual teachers, carrying the mind up from the visible to the Invisible, and tracing out reasons for, and persuasives to, a more confiding trust and cheerful reliance upon God.

Thus the sacred writers and teachers of old have used nature's wonders and beauties; they have drawn images and illustrations of spiritual truth from her various kingdoms, and the eye can scarce rest upon any feature in the world around us, that is not associated in the scriptures with a divine lesson. Wherever curiosity or science may lead the traveller, he will find that the holy men of our holy book have been there before him, and if his soul has treasured up their wisdom and counsel, he will greet uprising in the chambers of thought the beautiful images they have drawn from the varied scenes of the outer creation; whether as a Newton he strives to unravel the mysteries of revolving worlds; or as a Buffon or Cuvier he lay open the wonders of the irrational animate creation, or as a Linnæus searching into the beautiful world of the plants and flowers; or as a Lavoisier investigating the make of our earth, penetrating its depths, and by his discoveries in geology and mineralogy, opening new sources of aids to science, and leading on to great benefits to man; or as a Spallanzani revealing a new universe by the magic glasses of the microscope, and showing surpassing skill in the anatomy of the most minute of living things; or with whomsoever he follows out nature, he will find from the mysteries of a dew-drop as well as from the stars in their courses, spiritual voices speaking out wise counsel to his heart. But to search, contemplate, and admire nature without the remembrance that 'all things are of God,' is as though we were to choose the hour when the mountain mist is dense and covers the scene around to view the prospect that others at other times have enjoyed; for that veiling mist does not more cloud the beauty of the landscape than does the forgetfulness of God dim the soul to the grandest beauties of the universe.

Our Master did much to lead his disciples to recognize the revelations of God in the outer world—to read his wisdom, his goodness and impartiality in the operations in nature, and to feel that in the grove and on the hill they were in God's ancient sanctuary, where he was adored

'Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems.'

On a certain occasion, he had been speaking to his disciples of that over-anxiousness which was, and is, so commonly indulged in, wearing the very springs of life, and clouding with the shadows of imaginative fear the brightest visions of joy and hope. He would guard them from this evil habit of mind, as he would by the same truths guard us, and wake up a cheerful reliance on the providence of God, which confidence gives energy to toil, and assures the possessor that he does not labor in vain—that the honest purpose, the steady pursuit of duty, and pious trust in a better wisdom than man's, will be blessed of Him whose blessing maketh rich, and who addeth no sorrow with it.

This lesson we are to learn from the birds; and as the time of the singing of birds, with all its bloom and beauty and fragrance, is around us, and whose sweet and reviving influences steal in even amid the hum of the busy and crowded city, it is fit that we make the winged tribes of the air speak to us of faith. *Faith* is our greatest want. It is this want that makes so weak religious principle; that permits policy, fashion, fame, and a thousand other phantoms to lead from unswerving adherence to the right; that weakens the power of the soul to hold to the duty of overcoming evil with good, and deprives affliction of its comforter. Faith has much more lip service than heart devotion from men; and though while around her shrine, admiring her lovely features and seraph form, they acknowledge her power to

'Add new charms to earthly bliss,
And save us from its snares,'—

yet when the world comes with its temptations, its shining baubles, and its syren charms, faith is forgotten and with her heaven; and soon, like Adam, amid a beautiful paradise, guilt makes us fearful to hear the voice of God. In short, it is the want of faith in God and the admirable fitness of his commandments to promote man's highest interest and happiness, that is the secret of all the sin that mars the beauty of the moral creation—that has alienated the soul from God—degraded the affections, and robbed the spirit of its heavenly wings.

Much do we need a stronger, ever-present faith, as an active principle in the soul, fixing the affections on God and heaven, and sanctifying to a good end all that we love or desire, so that we may enjoy true liberty—the freedom of holiness. It was such a faith that gave our Master victory over the world—that gave him omnipotent power of resistance against all the antagonists of goodness, and made him harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. He was tempted in all points as we are—he was assailed by as fierce tempters as we have ever met or shall ever meet—and as keen shafts were thrown against his virtue as will ever be thrown, but the shield of faith resisted them all, and they fell at his feet, as the like may fall at our feet, blunted and broken. Hence almost his first lessons were of this virtue—faith; for he knew, as we may know, that the soul that has a right and ever living faith may go, like Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego, unharmed through any fiery furnace prepared by any of the enemies of their religious trust and their virtue.

But how would he have us learn the lesson of faith from the birds of the air? How would he have us behold their beauty, hear their melody, and mark their flight, to a spiritual end? We answer, by considering the economy of God's government over them—the provisions he has made for their sustenance, the unerring instinct he has given them, their adaptedness to the climes they inhabit, and their migrations; and when these have been considered aright, we are to learn that God has even more bountifully provided for us, as he is our heavenly Father. 'Are ye not much better than they?'

Let us then in thought behold the birds of the air, and consider—

The abundance and variety of food and material provided for them. The air teems with insects, and mountain and vale, field and garden, yield them abundant supplies; and as the farmer upturns the earth in readiness for the seed, he opens rich stores of food for the birds, which their keen eyes can readily discern. From tree and plant and flower are imparted fruits for their use. The breeze shakes the shrub and bush and tree, and passing through the fields of grain, bears to the crevices of the rocks and furrows of the hill the precious morsels, and God teacheth the birds to know where to find them. Wonderful is the variety of their food, from the wild products of forest and wood, from the cultivated field, and the rich stored garden. And art with all its aids cannot out-rival the beauty and finish of their cradles for the young in the tree, or the hill, or by the habitations of men; and never did a tender mother smooth with more care the bed for her sick and wearied child, than they exercise to prepare the place for their own, as if conscious it were only for the tenderest age. Far off they will travel for the soft down; unwearied, fragment after fragment bring, and will even yield the plumage of their own breasts rather than be without the desired finish. They are around us now, busy in their work. I love to watch them and learn perseverance. How dares that Oriole go out to the tip end of that drooping elm-branch and tie there the twigs together for a nest! Some farmer's graft has lost a string, but he can learn enough to pay for it—if he will, as he sees the patient bird weave round the frame-twigs the covering, gathered wherever the material could be found. Far down in this swinging pouch rests securely the soft cradle; the winds cannot harm it, and the rain and the sun are kept off by the shading arbor of leaves above it. What a reproach to many a neglecter of home! The birds work more carefully and diligently to construct a cradle, than they do to prepare a life-long home! And many who expose themselves to great evils by the love of display—'the pride of the eye,' might learn a lesson from the birds, as they see the females in the nest of a color the least likely to attract attention; as, for instance the female of the brilliant Scarlet Tanager is of a yellowish green, which would not be noticed among the leaves.

How wonderful is the change effected for them! Mild, soft airs have taken the place of the rude and boisterous winds; the naked branches of tree, bush, shrub and vine, are covered with verdure; the earth is unlocked from its prison bands; the fields are teeming with fruits; and

more innumerable than the stars on every side, are insects within reach; and though the birds sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns, yet our heavenly Father abundantly provideth for them; and the chorus that rises from field and wood, from the hill and by the way-side, seems the tribute of praise to that beneficent Power that openeth storehouses of bounty for the humblest of his creation.

Consider their discernment in the choice of their food. Amid the vast variety each knows its own, adapted to its organization and sphere. While one dips beneath the surface of the sea, another searches in the folds of a flower; one flies to the lone and far off wood, another lingers around the homestead; and while one soars in the air, another penetrates the furrows of the earth; all find that which they seek as instinct guides them. And they are as wisely organized, to receive and digest the food chosen; and their conformation is as beautifully adapted to their habits of life, and the exertion needed to obtain their food. One must receive it from the shells on the sea shore, and his hatchet beak readily opens the way, or he bears it up till a fall on the rock is sure to break it, as doth the raven and the gull; another must sail over the water, and he has contracting and expanding oars for the purpose; another stalks on stilts through the lowlands, and an exquisitely delicate nerve in its beak enables it to discern its prey; while others from the lofty height can look far down in the water and watch the fish till the sure plunge can be made. One must peck, another plunge, another spoon, another carve, another cut, and so through a vast variety, and all are suited to the end needed. The storm and the calm, the land and the sea, the hill and the vale, the forest and the field, the morn and the night, the lonely cottage and the crowded village, the town and the city, have all their peculiar birds, all formed to enjoy their particular spheres of life, and float as forms of beauty in the air!

From this variety proceeds the variety of their songs or music, and their various and often beautiful movements; for while the dwellers near the roaring waters or heaving waves rise above the thunder and the crash by their scream, the warblers of the peaceful grove sing strains of sweetness and softness, and their shrillest notes are unlike the sharp and piercing cries of the deep forest and the mountain birds; and even on the frozen coasts of Iceland the sweet lyre-notes of the flying swans are heard, betokening the return of the short vernal season.

Our country is rich in its bird melody. 'The clear piping of the baltimore, and the canary-like whistle of the goldfinch, are as pleasing to the ear, as their fine colors to the eye; the glowing red-bird is not more distinguished by the splendor of his dress, than the wealth and fullness of his song. The brown thrasher excites the delighted surprise of all who hear him; and nothing perhaps exceeds the delicious note of the warbling vireo and the red-eye, whether heard over the rattling streets of the city, or from the quiet elm that overhangs the cottage door. Every one enjoys the song of the blue-bird and the robin—in part, perhaps, because they come as heralds of the spring.' God would not have made the earth so rich in song, did he not delight in joy and desired the happiness of man.

But most mysterious of all is their migrations, according to the wise law that has appointed to every climate its own birds. The bleak winds, and the departing freshness of summer, warn them to seek another home beneath milder skies; and unaided, save by their mysterious instinct, they sail league upon league through the air, over deserts and oceans; and when the cold winds as they whistle through the disrobed trees of our forest make the only airy music, they are making vocal sunny groves and lovely vineyards. 'The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming.'

The birds of France have been seen spending their winter in the isles of Greece, Syria and Egypt, and just when their favorite fruits are ripening; others light upon the isles of the Levant, at the very epoch when the swarming insects begin to threaten the harvest; and others come not in harvest time, but divine, with wonderful accuracy, the season of casting seed into the earth; and even in our own country, the invalid who from the remote north seeks, as winter approaches, to dwell in a milder air at the south, finds that the robin and oriole of his native bowers have gone before him; but their notes are like the breathings of his own heart, the notes of a stranger, for they sing their sweetest songs only in the regions where they reared their young; and when the robin in the succeeding year sings its own welcome to its native bowers, and the oriole gladly returns to build again its nest on the hanging branches of the elm, do they

not well betoken the joy of the restored to his home, the sinner to the paths of righteousness, the soul to heaven?

And is there not in all this good lessons of faith and trust for us? something to quicken our confidence in our Maker, that will lead to cheerful obedience to duty? He who taught them to fly from region to region, fearless to cross the desert and the ocean, and find in all their wanderings the sustenance needed, does by them teach us to trust and faint not; and if, says the wise lesson, your heavenly Father feedeth them, will he not care for you? will he more abundantly provide for his fowls, than his offspring? Why should ye doubt his care? Are ye not much better than they?

Better than they! As much better as the difference between a father and mere creator; as much better as the image of God is better than any likeness of beast or bird; as much better as the reasoning, reflecting and directing intellect is better than animal instinct; as much better as the spirit that goeth upward is better than the spirit that goeth downward; as much better as the child upon the bosom is better than the bird upon the tree; yea, as much better as a glorious immortality and blessed re-union with the loved is better than gloomy, withering annihilation.

And we should feel and cherish this, that the dark shades of despair may be kept from the soul; that we may trust to the guidance of his wisdom who leads the bird along the pathless coast and through the illimitable air to the home desired; and that we may believe, that when he shall bring our souls through the 'path which no fowl knoweth,' to the everlasting habitation of the spirit-land, he will be there as here, through eternity as in time, our Benefactor and Friend.

With this trust, we should be grateful when prosperity is pouring in its treasures, and not poison the present joys by undue fears of reverses; then the beauty of the serene to-day, would not be forgotten in dread of a storm to-morrow; and when the amiable and intelligent child is sporting round our form, we should not lose the enjoyment of its presence and its happiness by the tremblings of a superstitious fear that it is too good to live on earth—that its superior, uncommon amiability and intelligence are sure tokens of an early death. How much present enjoyment is lost, lessened, or embittered, by these shadows of the imagination; and all, or in great part, resulting from not connecting religion with our happiest hours, and making it a companion only suited to the chamber of gloom, or the afflicted and bereaved; whereas it should be our second self, to sanctify our enjoyments, and make us enjoy the present comforts and pleasures without prodigal excess, or embittered by irrational fears; remembering that God is well pleased when thus his children seek to gratefully enjoy his blessings.

We have many lessons of faith around our daily paths, many incentives to lead us to trust in God, to love mercy, and walk in honesty with all men. Faith should be made more a sentiment of the heart, and not be permitted to dwell only with the intellect, for we need it to cause us to feel right and act right; and discerning God as our common Father and heaven our final destiny, to exercise brotherly kindness towards all men, and gratitude towards God.

I cannot better close this article than by the use of the beautiful and well known poem on the carrier dove, as it gives a rich lesson from one of the birds of the air:—

'The bird let loose in eastern skies
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Or shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every stain
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.'

Written for the Repository.

Rose and Caro.

'Twas a Sabbath eve, and a summer scene;
The sunset streamed o'er the darkling green,
And the woodlark's notes, from the bending spray,
Had softened, and faltered, and died away.

The cardinal-flower by the murmuring brook,
Had drawn from the wave its last fond look,
And hung its head 'neath its soft green wing,
To sleep in peace till the bright day-spring.

A stream went stealing along the glen,
And a song was heard from the sleepy wren;
But other than these, no sounds broke forth
From the lonely haunts of the quiet earth.

Two fair young girls, in the spring of youth,
With eyes of beauty and lips of truth,
On a bank where the fragrant wild-mint grows,
Had set them down at the sunset's close.

While the dew was filling the moss-cup's brim,
Their voices were raised in a soft low hymn;
And the moon her radiant beams threw down
To gild their brows with a silvery crown.

Deep love was theirs; it had grown in light
Since the days when they searched o'er the woodland height,
For the fox-glove bells, and the purple star
That dwells alone in the wilds afar.

Oh! sweet were the days when their gay young feet
Sought out the bee in his dim retreat,
And tracked the path of the vagrant hare
O'er the gray old rocks to its hidden lair.

But sweeter now were the days of love
When their hearts from the earth had turned above,
When soul with soul was in converse blent,
And their days in beautiful thought were spent.

The eldest had circled the fairy form
Of the fair young Rose with her gentle arm,
While the beautiful girl reposed her there,
And breathed for Caro a low-voiced prayer.

* * * * * * * *

The scene is changed; 'tis a winter's night;
The sky is flushed with a polar light;
The stars gleam bright in the far blue sky,
And the winds through the leafless branches sigh.

On her childhood's bed young Caro lies;
But sleep hath fled from her violet eyes;
The rosy hue, like the blush of morn,
From the dimpled swell of her cheek is gone.

Rose kneels in tears; and a cloud comes o'er
The eyes that ne'er looked sad before;
Her heart like a flower in the cold spring storm
Is breaking o'er Caro's wasted form.

'My gentle friend,' speaks the dying girl,
Smoothing from Rose's brow a curl,
'Thou must weep no more; I am richly blest,
For this weary spirit hath won its rest.

I go, ere the light of the rosy morn
On the snowy brows of the hills shall dawn,
To the holy sleep which the grave can give—
For sweeter, my love, than here to live.

And thou, sweet Rose, by my grave shall tread,
And plant bright flowers on my peaceful bed,
While I will hover on wings of love
Thy gentle duties and toils above.

And thou shalt come to that same sweet rest
I shall there in thine own pure love be blest;
A home shall be ours in that glorious world
"Where the flag of beauty is never furled!"'

Her murmuring voice grew faint and broken;
She gave one kiss for a dying token;
Her mild eye closed, and her smile congealed
On the pale cold lips where the thought was sealed.

She drooped like a rose with its leaves all bright,
When the wind comes chill o'er its form at night.
How beautiful thus from the world to part,
With a trusting faith and a pure young heart!

* * * * * * * *

Another scene o'er the earth was spread;—
The eastern sky grew intensely red;
The lark on his air-filled wing uprose
And gilded his crest where the day-beam glows.

The bee for his burden of sweets had come
To the roses that clustered o'er Caro's tomb;
And the butterfly, leaving its chrysalis shell,
Came down 'mid the violets there to dwell.

On the grassy turf of that lowly bed
They heard the sound of a gentle tread;
And the violet there, in its bright blue bell
From a rival eye caught the tear that fell.

Young Rose had come with her morning prayer,—
—A holy altar to kneel at there!
She had come in her perishing frame once more,
But the roseate bloom of her life was o'er.

Yet brightness was still in her pale young face,
And sorrow had left not the faintest trace;
But the spirit of life from her gentle frame
Had wasted away in a soul-lit flame.

The wind in passing had caught her prayer,
And spread it abroad on the morning air;
As it trembled and thrilled in the weeping flowers,
They shook o'er her forehead baptismal showers.

A smile of peace on her delicate cheeks
Dimples in beauty the while she speaks;
'Caro, I come! I have yearned for thee long—
Meet me, sweet angel, with beauty and song!'

* * * * * * * *

By the side of Caro a grave is made—
There Rose in her beauty and youth was laid.
Not a year hath passed since their hearts were riven—
But twin-born of God they are joined in heaven!

S. C. E.

Written for the Repository.

What Christianity has done for Woman.

BY REV. ELBRIDGE G. BROOKS.

CHRISTIANITY, in the progress and development of its power, has done much for the world and for man. It has ameliorated the laws. It has bidden forth a new spirit to preside in the minds and hearts of men, the influences of which are to be seen in all his relations and concerns. But in all the changes which our religion, in the diffusion of its influences, has wrought, none strikes me as more remarkable than that which it has accomplished in woman's behalf—in all her circumstances and relations. The full extent and greatness of the work which has thus been done for her, is, I fear, but too little realized by woman generally. In the estimate which she makes of its general effects, and great as she knows the work it has done for man to be, she feels not how much greater even, is that which it has accomplished for her.

But let the questions be asked,—What was woman before christianity came? What was her condition, and how was she regarded? What now is her condition and the estimation in which she is held, where the mild and holy spirit of Christ's religion has not been breathed out and diffused? And what, on the other hand, is her

condition where that spirit has been diffused—where the power of that religion has been exerted and its influences felt? Let these questions be asked and answered, I say, and how great is the contrast presented to us, and how mighty is that work which christianity has done for woman demonstrated to be! In the former case, we see her degraded, trampled upon, despised; in many instances, looked upon as a soulless creature, given only to serve man's interest and man's pleasure, and everywhere treated as a slave and the lowest menial. Indeed, it would be hard, if not impossible, to picture forth all of woman's degradation, and all the wo and misery of her condition without christianity. Much is now being said relative to the condition of slaves at the south. And that condition doubtless is a most wretched one, calculated to excite the deep commiseration and sympathy of every philanthropist and lover of human happiness. Down trodden, abused, trampled upon as they and their dearest rights too generally are, it may well be said that *a living death* is theirs. But to the condition of those slaves, I would that I could direct the attention of every woman in this and every christian land, as a fitting picture of what was the condition of their sex ere Jesus came, and what still is their condition in most countries where the influences of his religion have not come. Let not those to whom the name of woman belongs, startle at this. It is true. Without christianity woman was, and generally is, a slave, and a slave as degraded and down trodden as are those in our own land. They are fed and clothed; so is woman. They are looked upon as fit only to abide their master's bidding and to subserve his pleasure; so was woman. They are bought and sold; so was woman. And as it sometimes happened that some of them are privileged with the confidence and indulgence of their owners, so it was with woman, she sometimes secured the favor and indulgence of her husband or those whom she served.

But look now on the opposite side. What is woman with christianity, and where its power has been exerted? She is no longer down trodden and trampled upon, degraded and despised, the mere creature of man's caprices and the slave of his will. She has become his equal, ranked and considered so, and from the dust at his feet as a slave, she has been raised to his bosom and cherished as his dearest companion, friend, and counsellor. Man now sues to her for her smile and her love. And instead of being looked upon as without a soul, she is regarded as the best and gentlest of God's creatures, with a mind to think and a heart to feel, and is thus acknowledged to have possessions, as well as man, in moral and intellectual strength, possessions that rival his in capability and extent. Her duties, too, are now recognized as equally necessary and equally important as those which man has to perform. In fact, the whole condition and complexion of things is changed in relation to her; the chains with which she was once, both physically and intellectually bound, have been stricken off, and now, in every sense in which she ought to be, she is *free*.

And now, what has effected this great and mighty change in woman's condition? What is that power which has thus gone forth, raising her up from her degradation, freeing her from her thraldom, and thus advancing her to an equality and companionship with man? Jesus of Nazareth first stood forth as her great champion and friend, and the answer must be, therefore, it is his religion which has accomplished this great work. Christianity has redeemed her from her slavery, built her schools and seminaries, and placed her upon man's bosom. Christianity has made man feel the dignity of her true character, taught him to respect and esteem her, and to regard her not as his slave, but as a companion and friend of whom he may well be proud. Christianity alone has done this. Else, why are not these effects produced and witnessed where Jesus is not acknowledged, and where our religion has not been? Why in such places, is woman still degraded and denied her proper station and influence? These questions cannot be answered. The conclusion, therefore, is pressed upon us, that all that has been done for the elevation of woman is the consequence of the operation of the principles of christianity. 'All the moral and intellectual and social advantages that females enjoy in christian lands above the members of the same sex in savage and ignorant nations, have been procured solely through the ameliorating and heavenly influences of the gospel of Jesus Christ.'

'How much, then, does woman owe to christianity? Indeed, what does she not owe to it? Of all that is dear and precious to her in the relations which she sustains in life, what is there that it has not given her? All the joys of home—all the delights of social intercourse—all her opportunities for improvement—all, indeed, without which

existence itself is poor, has it bestowed upon her.

How strong, how especially strong, then, are its claims upon her for friendship, love, support! 'When she ceases to love Jesus, she neglects her greatest friend. When she proves recreant to his religion, she forsakes her guardian angel, by whose arm she has been elevated to her station as an equal in society with intellectual man, and by which she is still upheld.' When she puts forth a sacrilegious hand to lay hold upon and pull down its altars, she would destroy the mightiest bulwark of her safety and defence. God forbid, then, that she should be thus regardless of her best interests. But as she prizes her present privileges—as she would not give up her high mission as man's friend and companion and equal, to be his menial and slave, let her, whatever man may do—however much he may scoff and ridicule and oppose, oh, let her not trample on the bleeding Jesus, her friend, but let her choose the good part of Mary, and delight to learn of his truth, to prize his precepts, striving ever to bring home and apply their holy and sacred power to her heart.

East Cambridge, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Rose Bud.

A SKETCH OF SYMPATHY.

God gave us a rose-bud, and our joy was great. Its opening breathed out the sweetest fragrance, like the breaking of the alabaster box at the Lord's anointing, when 'the odor filled the whole house.' We tended it carefully, for we knew its frailty—that one rude breath were enough to scatter it to fragments. We bore it out to the sun only when the air was mild and the wind was still, and watched it every moment to withdraw it when the harsh change should come. The dew was too cold for it and the rain too heavy, and we moistened it as best we could. O it did bloom sweetly! never one more so. Many a one not ambitious to be styled a lover of flowers, tarried to smile on it and inhale its sweetness, feeling new life was inspired as they drank its rich breath; and many a harsh feature was softened by sympathy with its loveliness. The aged gazed on it with solemn look, and whispered one with another of the most beautiful fading earliest, but we interpreted it not. The little children ran in at early morn to behold it, and their eyes would sparkle with delight, and their cheeks seem to borrow roseate hues from our rose-bud, but the bud lost none of its richness. It was beautiful on the bosom as oft it lay there, and beautiful when laid softly and tenderly on the downy bed. We thought not of its fading—its smile charmed away every thought not kindred to its own beauty.

One morning our rose-bud lay with drooped eyelids and parched lips, and our hearts were sad. We raised it, bathed it tenderly, and took it to the sun, but it drooped the more, and we shaded it. It revived, and was lovely as ever. We wore it on our breast to the sanctuary, and the holy man at the altar smiled upon it and blessed it, and talked sweetly of its being a heavenly flower, to be trained for God. We kept his words in our hearts, and loved our rose-bud with a better love. At evening it drooped again, and as the golden flowers of heaven blossomed in the blue fields above, it began to fold closer its leaves and quiver. We strove to warm it, but still its leaves trembled and wore a strange glow. It could not lie still, though not a breath stirred round it. We turned away and wept. We looked again—it was pale and still quivering, and then came the thought that a worm had nestled itself close to its heart, and that our rose-bud must die. O what a thought! How could we bear to see it die—to miss its presence—to greet no more its sweetness! But the flowers must perish, though human beings weep—weep showers of tears. Yet those tears wash away the film of earthliness from the spiritual vision, so that the spirit sees farther into the paradise of God—catching glimpses of the forms that went out from our homes to be glorified. The joy of meeting us will dissipate the only shadow that lingers on the immortal brow.

Weeping could not save our rose-bud, and it died. We laid it down in its holy beauty and wept bitterly as we cast the last look on its meek aspect. It is holy ground where the perished lies. We love to visit it alone when the meek stars look out in sympathy, and we are shut in upon our own thoughts—so still that we hear the ticking of the village clock chiming with the beating of our own hearts. What a bright world pleasant memories can make! At the spirit's bidding, the air is filled with beautiful forms, and the very atmosphere is poetry. We talk with the lovely images, and they answer us with tones as soft and pleasant as the healthy breathing of a

babe—the out-rushing of the fragrance of our rose-bud. The passing traveler hums the careless tune, or whistles to the silence, but it is but the creaking of the door when a friend enters—we heed it not. We are alive only to heaven—dead and buried to earth. And when the dew and the night-winds make us chill, and force us to remember we are not yet unclothed from mortality, we go home in cheerful company—with spirits of heaven; and as they vanish one by one, they disappear with smiles, and the last—loveliest of all—bears on his breast our own rose-bud, beautiful as in its early freshness. We reach for it—but a whisper is all we gain, as the angel is lost in the mist, which is gilded by his parting smile—'You shall have it in heaven.' We trust it will be so. God grant it. He is a Father, and we will not doubt. Doubt is too dark a tomb to live in. God pity the souls that dwell in such. Their rose-buds are all earthly, never symbols of heaven, and thought never leads them up to the Mount of Transfiguration! *Our* rose-bud is on the breast of Jesus *there*. B.

Death.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

To the Memory of Mrs. Harriet A. Porter.

THOU sleepest!—and so very still thou art,
Thus in that deep, unbroken slumber lying;
I watch to see the beating of thy heart,
Or some emotion o'er thy features flying;
Sad ones are gathered round thee, wildly weeping—
Why shed they tears for one so calmly sleeping?

How fixed, how statue-like thy resting seems!
I hear no sigh forth from thy bosom stealing,
Such as is often linked with troubled dreams,
The weary heart's unquiet state revealing;
That placid look unto my thoughts replying,
Says, thou art ever freed from pain and sighing.

How beautiful! the soft and glossy hair
A portion of that pure, high forehead shading;
The still, wan lips; the cheek so cold and fair,
Like a white rose upon a snow-wreath fading;
The marble lid over the dark eye closing,
And the long lash on the pale cheek reposing.

Can this be Death? Comes he in such sweet guise,
The cherished idol from our bosom taking?
Has his cold hand sealed up those gentle eyes
In the calm sleep which knows no earthly waking?
Deceitful Death, thus to the fond gaze leaving
The casket fair, while of the gem bereaving.

Yes this is death! to the dark, silent tomb,
In all thy loveliness thou wilt be taken;
Spring's balmy gales, and summer's wealth of bloom,
To life and health can thee no more awaken;
How little dreamed we of so soon beholding,
The coffin and the shroud thy form enfolding.

Rest thee in peace!—Thou hast been called to meet
The babe who went a little while before thee;
Soon will its loving eyes thy coming greet,
Its seraph wings e'en now are hovering o'er thee.
Thanks be to God! there is a hope remaining,
The mourner's heart in this sad hour sustaining.

Hope in a Savior, who with dying breath,
To the tried soul hath a sure promise given,
That all who triumph over sin and death,
Shall walk in white with the redeemed in heaven;
And every heart his blessed words receiving,
Shall find sweet peace and comfort in believing.

Written for the Repository.

New England.

'LAND of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career and lightning's shock,
My own green land forever.' WHITTIER.

THESE breathings of a lofty spirit are from a son of New England; they are the beautifully majestic and stirring expressions of one, who can, although once nursed and nurtured under the roof of a retired and humble Quaker, enclosed within the hills of an unnoted parish, fully conceive how great is the glory of his home—the land of the pilgrims, and can comprehend the worth of his own country, compared with all others on the globe. It is true, he does not speak of scenes like those we might view in the eastern world,—the splendid palaces and beautiful gardens on the banks of the Seine and Rhone, the cultivated vineyards and sunny plains of France; he does not speak of the magnificent dwellings of royalty on the Thames; nor of the stately remains of ancient castles, the fine country seats of envied lords, and their villages, here and there, with Gothic spires and spacious domes; nor of the extensive parks, the green hills, fertile vales and hawthorn hedges of Old England; nor does he speak, directly, of the noble minds, the independent intellects, and the free and affectionate hearts of this land of the West;—he speaks of the land itself—he alludes to its old forests, its huge rocks, its great and enclosed waters, and its rushing and unchained rivers, and those towering and everlasting hills and mountains which withstand the powers of the elements of nature. He alludes to all these separately, then joins them all in one, and terms it his 'own green land,' with deep and affectionate feeling. He makes one think that he prizes New England *infinitely* above all that lies beyond the ocean, though European towns, cities and villages have been polished, and European scenery has been made beautiful by science

and art. He makes one feel that he loves the land of his fathers, far more than all other lands, though it is yet uncouth, and has still, in many of its parts, the appearance of wildness.

But what has induced him to express so much affection for the ground on which he treads—for the lakes, streams, mountains, woods and rocks, which he calls his own? What, but the spirit of the noble dead, which still lives near him—the spirit which is within him and all his countrymen—the Spirit of God which rests on the land and makes it sacred? Let one consider that they who crossed the heaving billows to make this country their home, breathed the spirit of liberty; that, ere they went down to their graves, they breathed it into their children, and that thus it has been transmitted to our day; let him consider that every New Englander—every one worthy of the name—is controled by the spirit which directed the wise and good who have lived before him,—that each one is bound to all, under the widely spread wings of the eagle of liberty, with cords so strong that they cannot be easily broken; and let him also consider that in our land the holy influence and divine operations of the Almighty are most evidently perceived, and he will not ask what induces an intelligent and feeling man to love it, and deem it hallowed ground—he will not desire to know what induced our poet to speak so warmly and enthusiastically of external or natural things, which lie within certain and well known boundaries.

New England, though once an uncultivated wild, and the home of the savage, is now the birth place of wise and good men—of thousands whose intelligent minds exert a powerful influence in the cause of virtue and peace. Upon her shores have risen cities and villages, wherein dwell the industrious, the pure hearted and true—the friends of education, of science, art and trade. Upon the banks of her rapid and winding rivers, may be found clusters of the dwellings of her sons, with minds like those already described, and upon many of her hills, and within many of her vales, are the schools of knowledge and wisdom, and the temples of God and liberty. Within her precincts yet live some of our fathers, whose stern, yet pleasant visages, are furrowed and wrinkled, and whose heads are wearing hoary and venerable crowns. They led us from our cradles with kind and protecting hands, have cautiously taught us the words of wisdom and duty, and have left us to act for ourselves—to make their life's descending road easy and peaceful, and to continue, as they did, to make our land good, great and honorable, and to be the friends of all who mourn, and fly to us for relief from despotic climes. Within her precincts, too, live some of our mothers, who still have affectionate and virtuous hearts, who still love us and are true. They were the pure and watchful guardians of our infancy, the beautiful forms, whose spirits, under the control of love, sought skilfully, and in a degree effectually, I trust, to mould our minds after the similitude of true strength and heaven born virtue. New England is thus blessed—is thus filled with what we prize with commendable pride and esteem; with the works of nature and art; and with the busy forms of intelligence; and it is the spirit which pervades all—which is breathed by the mass—the spirit which came from those who have gone to a better country than this—the spirit of love and liberty, which came from God, and not the forms of nature, art and intelligence themselves, which causes our hearts to love them. We love our country itself—its hills, woods, waters and all things natural connected with it, not solely because of itself, but because of what is in it, unseen by the natural eye. We love it because of its soul—the great and good spirit which presides in it. Do we not, then, fully account for the poet's alluding to material things, and manifesting affection for the land he lives and walks on? Though he does not directly speak, as before remarked, of the noble minds, the independent intellects, and the free and affectionate hearts of New England, his words are not without strong and deep meaning. He speaks of them nevertheless; and I would to heaven that every one, dwelling within the borders of our favored country, and claiming it as his birth place, could manifest feelings as deep and strong, as fond and true.

I very much admire the manner in which Whittier expresses his fondness for, and his feeling of everlasting attachment to, his native land. The following lines, addressed to it, and which should be read in connection with those already remarked upon, breathe the very spirit of manliness, true and noble love, and pure and lofty ambition.

> 'Land of my fathers! If my name,
> Now humble and unknown to fame,
> Hereafter burn upon the lip,
> As one of those which may not die,
> Linked in eternal fellowship
> With visions pure, and strong and high;

If the wild dreams, which quicken now
The throbbing pulse of heart and brow,
Hereafter take a real form,
Like spectres changed to beings warm,
And over temples, wan and gray,
The star-like crown of glory shine!
Thine be the bard's undying lay,
The murmur of his praise be thine.'

To go farther in reference to our poet, I would say I admire the manner in which he speaks of the character of New England. How well does he seem to know her character—how much confidence does he seem to have in her virtue and moral courage, while we read the following spirited lines.

'Shall our New England stand erect no longer,
But stoop in chains upon her downward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger,
Day after day?

Oh, no; methinks from all her wild, green mountains:
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,
And clear, cold sky;—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry ocean
Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the billows' motion
Round rock and cliff;—

From the free fireside of her unbought farmer—
From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—
From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the hammer,
Rings the red steel;

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken
Our land, and left us to an evil choice,
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken
A PEOPLE'S VOICE!'

Such a knowledge of the character of New England, and such a confidence in her virtue and moral courage, I would have all possess, who live among her hills and by her streams. I cannot have any sympathy for the feelings of those few, in our midst, who are ever prophesying that our country will fall; that, ere long, our free institutions will be thrown down, and the republicanism of our land become extinct. It is extremely unpleasant to the ears of true patriotism, to hear the whinings of the inconsiderate and faithless among us; but the expressions of confidence—of true and bold and fearless hearts, impart cheerfulness and courage to all, and give them the consciousness, that eternally,

'From our green mountains to the sea,
One voice shall thunder—WE ARE FREE!'

But I would not be misunderstood. I would have none imagine that I think there are no evils for the people of New England to fear. There are evils—great and threatening evils—already among us. Of one or two of these it may be well for me to speak.

And first I would speak of that spirit of selfishness, possessed by some among us, which we, of the North should not, as citizens of the United States, foster and nourish. There are some with whom we meet, whose minds are so small and weak, that they have not even respect for many parts of our common country. They were born, and have been bred on New England soil, and notwithstanding this refuse, while admiring and lauding their native land, to acknowledge that there are cords which bind their hearts to the West and South. It is a littleness and a weakness, unbecoming to New Englanders, to conceive that a wall so high as from earth to heaven, should stand between our rugged territories and the homes of our brethren. Do I love the green and white hills of the North? so do I the Alleghany and the Ozark of the South. Do I speak with pride of the Connecticut and Merrimack? so do I of the Mississippi, the Potomac, and Rappahannock. Do I honor the graves of Charlestown and Lexington? so do I those of Eutaw and York Town. Do I remember the puritanic Pilgrims, who came here for freedom to worship God? so do I those Catholics, who, under the direction of Cecil Baltimore, sought the same liberty; and those, who, under the direction of Sir Walter Raleigh, took up their abode in the South. Do I venerate the names of Warren, Hancock, and Adams? so do I those of Washington, Jefferson, and Munroe. And can I now speak of our own worthies—our own great and good men, yet living? so can I of those who dwell towards the setting of the sun, and those among the orange groves of the warmer clime. These are my feelings, and I would they were the feelings of all. I am happy to believe that there is less of the spirit to which I have alluded, among the generality of the people of New England, than may be among those of other parts of our country—(the warm expressions of many, and the disposition of not a few to leave their homes of plenty and happiness, and settle in the howling and uncultivated wilds of the West, and in the cities on the Carolinian coast, near the Gulf of Mexico, and on the banks of the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi, are things which make me believe this;) yet, there is enough of that spirit among us, to make us fear; and we may well pray that it shall cease to exist, so that another spirit may predominate, which will create peace and good feeling, all through the land, bless the whole country—under that great Constitution, drawn up by the wisest and best of our fathers,—though now, the

interests of all, are not well understood—though now, different views are strenuously advocated, and different plans of policy formed.

Another evil existing in New England, as well as in all other parts of our land, against which, it may be well for me to speak, is this: The disposition to adopt monarchal customs, and anti-republican fashions, which evidently cause one man to refuse to enjoy social intercourse with his brother, and build those barriers between men, which would make useless the channels wherein the goodness of benevolence and friendship flow to benefit.

It cannot be denied, that many, in our land, have been peculiarly charmed with the pomp and show of high life in Europe. We are all more or less influenced by the fashions on the outer side of the Atlantic. It would be better not to be influenced by Europeans at all, if we cannot avoid their evils. Perhaps it is not enough realized how their evils destroy republican simplicity. Perhaps it is not enough considered how the customs of those who breathe the spirit of social exclusiveness, are calculated to drive that spirit of respect and love, which should exist between and among all classes, away so far, as to be unrecoverable. Perhaps the love of doing, as a multitude do, whether their actions are right or wrong, prevails so much, that very few think of the evils which would be produced, if the American people should not preserve and maintain independence enough, to have ways of their own, and have a love of obeying the laws of the Most High, rather than a desire to please the crowned heads of the 'kingdoms of this world,' and the costly attired nobles of royalty. But so surely as republican simplicity is given up for vanity—so surely as good which exists in each for the whole, is given up for exclusive feelings, so surely will depart all that makes our land better than every other—the freest land under heaven.

Where republican simplicity, where true liberty, or the spirit of christianity is breathing, it is really pleasing to roam, and view the pictures of happiness on our every side. Where this spirit prevails, we can behold the splendid mansion and the humble cottage; we can see one pull down his barns and build greater, while another leaves a valuable situation for a less lucrative one; and notice every one of the various appearances in society, and be conscious that God approvingly smiles upon the actions of all. We feel that both the employer and the employed, are blessed. But, show us those who are influenced by what reigns where the palace and the hovel, the coach and the beggar, the lord and the serf, the gentry and liveried servants, are seen, side by side, and we may be sure that, if they live in a land of liberty and equal rights, they are tarnishing the glory of the ground on which they tread—are freezing up 'those warm streams which flow from soul to soul, and rearing walls which will prevent the spreading abroad of all that is social, lovely and pure.

I would have the citizens of our land—especially the 'sons and daughters of the Pilgrims'—persuaded of the truth of these things; for, should they be so persuaded, the wrong would no more endanger, and the right would reign to bless;—the hearts of all would rest with the consciousness, that, though our rugged shores are not lined with physical forces, to daunt the foe, and repel the efforts of those who would invade—though the bristling bayonets of numberless hosts, do not bid defiance to those who would cross our boundaries, there is a power of greater strength than these, which could make our land *invincible* to every evil—every unrighteous foe.

God grant that the millions who live under the laws of our great empire, may realize that we need the force of MIND—rightly moulded and strengthened—to protect ourselves against the usurpations of evil powers, to revolutionize the world, and give to every one, what the great, the wise and good, have termed the inalienable rights of all.

H. C. L.

Written for the Repository.

Is she Happy?

THE above query was just propounded to me by a friend concerning a mutual love. I could not answer it, but nevertheless it was not entirely vain, as it recalled a serious conversation I once held, several years since, with a relative. The individual to whom I refer was once blest with a most amiable daughter. I remember her as one of those who passed before me in childhood, claiming reverence by a sweetness mingled with a refined dignity. She was one of consumption's victims, and died surrounded with true friends, who prized her many estimable qualities. I never heard a whisper against her—her pure amiability was confessed by all, and she was worthy to bear the name of one of the Old Testament 'holy women' which she did bear. Like

her name sake, it was her delight to labor for her loves and make home attractive. Her memory is blest, and now steals over me as precious as the land-breeze to the homeward bound, laden with remembered sweets.

Sometime after her death, her mother had a very life-like dream respecting her. It seemed to be a pleasant afternoon, and the air was so mild and fragrant that the window of the room sanctified the most by the daughter's presence, was thrown open. She entered where the mother sat. Their glances met—both thoughtful and silent. The spirit-form remained awhile without uttering a word, or being queried. She turned to depart, when the mother ventured to ask one question—a question embodying all the mother's anxieties,—'*Ruth, are you happy?*' The visionary form turned round, and with a look of inexpressible sadness, silently departed. 'O, had she but said yes! what a weight would have been taken from my spirit!' said the mother to me. This she said because there was no mental answer in her soul. She was in doubt, and oh what doubt to a mother! How many such there are in our world, and their case is a solemn teaching against the heartlessness of some forms of christian faith.

Here was one, a true devotee of amiability, taken away while all were confessing her goodness—while many testimonies were around her of her devotion to the real utilities of life. Yet all this was no ground to decide respecting the happiness of her eternal state. A pure life was nothing, because an idea had been taught the parent that some strange change must take place on earth in the mortal being, ere it can be regarded as an heir of heaven. And here is a plain exemplification of the tendencies of certain views of theology, causing the mind to regard a pure life as no commendation of a mortal to the favor of God, in comparison with an undefined change—a mysterious something—a great excitement of feeling and mental debasement on some occasion of religious effort. This mysterious exercise is exalted above the truest devotion to domestic and social duty, and is made the criterion to decide whether the epithet *good* shall be attached to a person's name or not. The murderer, with the deaths of many on his soul, having professed to have gone through this exercise a few hours previous to his execution, is promised a white robe, and a crown, and a throne in heaven; while he who professes it not, though his feelings have ever been coined into the gold of charity's currency, is doomed at death to despair! What a mockery of human virtue!

Written for the Repository.

The Governess.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'I AM not, love, what I appear.' BYRON.

I WILL tell you a short story about a governess; not after the usual manner, of a person in high life reduced to poverty, and obliged to resort to teaching as a means of support; but 'a round unvarnished tale' concerning an adventure of a yankee girl of my acquaintance.

Mr. Green, a gentleman engaged in a high school at the South, and on a visit to his native village, called to see Squire Neal, an old friend, who was accounted the wealthiest person in the place; and moreover had the good fortune to be blest with four fair daughters, each of them, according to his own estimation, 'worth their weight in gold.'

'Miss Laura,' said their visiter; who by the way was a married man, and therefore is not to be the "hero" of my tale; 'Miss Laura,' addressing the second in age, 'do you know any young lady about here, who would like to go on with me to Virginia, to fill a situation as governess in a fine family, where there are four lovely children?'

'Why can I not go myself? do you think I am qualified to take such a step?'

'Ah! Miss Neal, you are quizzing me.'

'Never was farther from it in my life, sir. I have always remained in this little country village, where nothing ever occurs to vary the dullness, and where the same humdrum customs are kept up from one year's end to another. I feel a desire to see something more of the world, and this would afford me a fine opportunity. I should like, too, of all things, to be a governess, it would be so romantic; and though it is a sudden idea, if my father and mother will give their consent, I am determined to go.'

Mr. Neal was an easy sort of a man, who thought—and he thought truly—that when sensible girls were of an age to judge for themselves they would do about right, if you let them have their own way, especially such girls as his; so Laura met no opposition from him, and as Mrs. Neal never contradicted her husband, or anybody

else, in fact, it was soon settled between them that their daughter should do as she liked; and though her sisters ridiculed the idea of going off on what they called a Quixotic expedition, she was firm in her purpose, and soon left home under the protection of Mr. Green, who was to be her escort to the place of destination.

After a pleasant journey they reached Richmond, where they met the Ashton family, who were to avail themselves of Laura's services, and who had left their plantation to spend the winter months in the capital. Though a little home-sick when first left by her companion among total strangers, the novelty of her situation soon drove away all sad thoughts. Mrs. Ashton, though a very gay and fashionable woman, was blest with many good qualities, and she quickly won Laura's heart. Her husband was a fine, intelligent man, and the children were beautiful and docile. She was surrounded by every elegance, treated with politeness and attention by the parents, with affectionate confidence by her pupils, and with respect by the servants, so that she saw before her but one long holiday. The winter quickly passed away in a round of agreeable occupations, and pleasurable incidents, and when the fine spring weather returned, the whole family left the city for their summer residence.

Several weeks were occupied in this delightful journey; visiting among friends, and stopping at many interesting places, such as the tomb, and former residence of Washington, and other scenes honored by time and historical associations; so that Laura had an opportunity to experience the warmth of Virginia hospitality, and to see much of that beautiful country. The latter part of May found them domesticated at Ashton Place, and we cannot do better than to quote a description of it from one of Laura's own letters. 'It is a dark stone mansion, very large and very old, with some of the oddest, out of the way rooms, and darkest nooks and corners, and queerest little loop hole windows that you can possibly imagine. I mount up, on a chair, to the opening through which the light enters my own domicil, and gazing out upon the summer landscape, I fancy myself a lovelorn damsel imprisoned in a castle of the olden time and guarded by turret and tower, gate and barbacan, drawbridge and moat. A green lawn stretches far around with the verdure kept shaven to a velvet softness, with groups of trees here and there intercepting the sunshine, and flowering shrubs dispersed between; and so nearly does it resemble my idea of an English park, I almost expect to see the deer winding among the shrubbery, or trooping from sunlight to shade. Beyond, is a dark, and slow moving stream, thickly shaded, and almost concealed from view, by the holly, the cypress, and the ivy; and then, for miles around, lie the cotton fields already white with the bursting pods, which contain the fleecy treasure.'

Visiters, ere long arrived to enliven their solitude, and among them came Henry Dayton, with his two sisters, the son and daughters of an aristocratic family residing on the nearest plantation, twelve miles distant from Ashton Place. They were expected to remain some length of time, as it is the custom with the wealthy southerners, who reside on extensive estates, far removed from neighbors, to collect a number of friends together under their hospitable roofs. Laura was confined to her room with a severe headache during the day on which they arrived, and the children, released from lessons, were amusing themselves in the parlor. Young Dayton was talking with the eldest, a bright eyed girl who counted ten summers, and as he held her hand he drew her to his side, and lifting the curls from her forehead, imprinted thereon an affectionate kiss. The little creature blushed and pouted, and releasing herself from his caresses, said she would tell Miss Neal; 'and who is Miss Neal?' inquired the offender.

'Why, don't you know? she is our governess.'

'And what would she say if you were to tell her?'

'I think she would say you were very rude.'

'Faith,' thought Dayton, 'she must be an elderly, disagreeable, prudish madam.'

The following day a young lady appeared at the dinner table, who was introduced to the guests as Miss Neal. She was not remarkably beautiful, though no one would have thought of calling her plain. Her eyes were very bright and black, her hair of the same ebon hue, her complexion was fine, with just a sufficient quantity of color, her teeth were handsome, and her whole countenance lit up with an expression of intelligence and good humor. Add to all this a graceful and dignified mien, and you have a faithful picture of Laura as she appeared among the family at Ashton; and Dayton could not help smiling at the contrast between the governess he had imagined, and the one he saw. He chanced to be seated near her at the table, and being

seized with a desire to appear agreeable in her eyes, he exerted his powers of pleasing which seldom failed. He found her possessed of superior mental endowments, and the dinner hour passed away so pleasantly he regretted when it was over, and the lady obliged to retire. But he found many opportunities of renewing their intercourse, for Laura was much with the family, and treated by them as a relative or friend, and not with that neglect which some people choose to show towards those who are entrusted with the education of their children. She took many rambles in the woods and fields accompanied by her pupils, and Dayton was almost sure to join them before they had finished their walk; and as Laura was skilled in the feminine science of Botany, he would come with an offering of some leaf or flower, of which he was very anxious to learn the class, &c., as an excuse for meeting them; and said leaves and flowers were invariably preserved in the choicest manner in her neat herbarium.

For a time Laura was glad whenever he appeared, and she met and conversed with him gaily and unreservedly; but after awhile, though she did not exactly avoid him, she took shorter and less frequent excursions in the open air. She began to ask herself why she found so much happiness in his society, and though it was painful to harbor any doubt of the nobleness of his nature, she could not help thinking he might be like many other young men who would not hesitate to take advantage of her situation, and amuse an idle hour by trifling with her feelings. She knew that he possessed no small share of family pride, and if serious in his attentions he must conquer that pride before he could think of making her his wife; for though in her proper station at home she might have been his match, that station was unknown to the family who had employed her, as it was a part of her place when she took up the occupation of a governess, not to be thought above it. She almost regretted having followed a romantic impulse which she now felt might lead to after sorrow, but she was too proud to betray herself, even to Mrs. Ashton.

The Miss Daytons were pleasant, though haughty girls, and while their manner towards Laura was polite, it was also cold; and she was evidently shut out from any share of their good will or affection. She one day became an unwilling auditor to a part of their conversation, in which her name was coupled contemptuously with their brother's; and 'his infatuation,' 'her artfulness,' and other expressions of like nature reaching her ear wounded her pride most deeply. She had gone into the garden early on the following morning when Henry joined her, remarking on the seclusion in which she had of late kept herself, and offering to her acceptance a damask rose glistening with large drops of dew. She took it in silence, and he stood by her side speaking of the beauty of that early hour, of the freshness of the flowers, and of every thing but the subject nearest his heart; though his eyes, had she but looked into their depths, might have told her all, for eyes sometimes speak when the lips are silent, and they seldom deceive. While she thus listened to his eloquence, she unconsciously, or intentionally pulled the rose to pieces, and its dewy petals fell upon the ground. He was pained at the act, and exclaimed sadly, 'Ah Miss Neal! is it thus you destroy my gift?'

'Forgive me, Mr. Dayton, I was thinking of the roses which smile in the garden of my far away home.'

'Excuse the abruptness of the question, Miss Neal, but I beseech you to tell me frankly whether you are, or are not, engaged?'

'Only till the end of the year, Mr. Dayton, but if I do not go home then, I shall remain with the Ashtons; as I cannot think of leaving them for any other family: but my pupils need my attendance, and I must now leave you to your meditations.'

'Faith! she's a queer one!' said our knight to himself, as his lady love disappeared through the door of the house. 'She could not have misunderstood me, and I hope she does not doubt my honor; but I see she is made of rare metal, and is well spiced with pride. She will be wooed, ere she is won, though I am vain enough to think she likes me; but, Henry Dayton, what will the world say if you marry a governess? A fig for the world! who cares what it may say? not I? I will marry who I like, that is, if I can persuade her to have me.'

Mrs. Ashton was ill that morning, and it fell upon Laura to preside at the breakfast table, which she did with so much grace, Dayton said to himself, 'she is every inch a lady, and would adorn any station.'

The Daytons left a few days after, and as Henry could not manage to see Laura alone, he concluded it would be best to think the matter over and defer an explanation to some future pe-

riod. Business soon after called him to the West, and being detained there much longer than he had intended, when he returned Laura was no longer at Ashton, for the year had expired which ended her engagement, and though much attached to her kind friends, she no longer desired to continue the occupation of teaching, and we will now follow her to her New England home.

Things looked strange at first; but all remained unchanged: her books, her flowers, her birds were there, just as she had left them; and she went back to her old employments, and after she had once told her adventures, the event of her long absence seemed to be forgotten; for she seldom referred to it except by a casual remark. There were some circumstances which she did not mention, and there was one name which had never passed her lips, though neither were forgotten; but the most acute observer could not have detected any outward appearance of an inward trouble, a heart ill at ease. She was a favorite with all the young men of her acquaintance, but she could not boast of her 'offers,' for she scorned to lead any one to make proposals which she knew she should decline.

'Laura,' said her elder sister, as they were sitting at work together, 'Mr. Clark likes you, I believe, and why do you appear so reserved and cold towards him? I thought being a governess would humble you, but you are ten times prouder than you were before.'

'Am I? Julia.'

'You talk, and look, as though you were in a dream, my dear.'

'Do I? sister.'

'Am I? and do I? Really you exhibit a rare economy of speech. Laura what *are* you thinking about?'

'Nothing in particular; but get your bonnet, Julia, and let us take a walk.'

A few months after Mr. Bruce, a wealthy merchant from New York, spent several days in the family, as he had some dealings with Laura's father; and he admired her, offered himself, and was refused. He had just left her and gone from the house looking rather discomposed, when Julia entered the room where her sister was sitting. 'Why Laura,' said she, 'you are as calm as though nothing had happened.'

'And what *has* happened, Julia?'

'Did not Mr. Bruce offer himself to you?'

'He did.'

'And you refused him?'

'Yes I refused him, you surely could not think I would become his wife, I would sooner cut off my right hand than give it to *him*.'

'Why, Laura! he is rich and handsome, and I feel sorry for his disappointment.'

'If he has any other recommendations beside those you mention, I have not yet discovered them. I wish he had taken a fancy to you, Julia, for you pity him so much, and pity is akin to love. His pride may be hurt, but I do not think his heart is very deeply wounded, and I dare say he will offer himself to some one else in less than a month. He is incapable of loving a woman truly; for he loves himself supremely; and he loves money, dress, and show. He would choose a wife as he would a horse, or an equipage, and marry for the sake of having some one to preside over his household: such an one, is not the man for me; I must be loved exclusively, passionately, devotedly, or I will never marry.'

'Well sister, I must say your notions are romantic; but I think you have given a good description of the gentleman's character, and I very much doubt whether I should have been willing to accept him myself; so we will let him go for what he is worth, which would be considerable, if we count the *cash;* but that would be the last thing *I* should count in making choice of a husband.'

Meanwhile, Henry Dayton had not forgotten the charming governess, or given up the idea of meeting her again; but he had formed no definite plan of proceeding, he did not even know where she might be found, and more than a year passed away in this disagreeable uncertainty. He finally concluded to take a journey to New England, and among the many letters of introduction which were given him by his friends, he found one addressed to Mr. Neal, a member of Congress, residing in an eastern city. He did not expect to hear anything of Laura from such a distinguished personage; but the name was a recommendation; and when he reached the place, the honorable John Neal was favored with an early call. He found the gentleman at home, and was received in a polite and friendly manner. A carriage stood at the door, and as he was making his bow to depart, Mr. Neal proposed that he should ride with him, as he was going a few miles into the country to call on his brother, and Henry felt no inclination to refuse.

They drew up before a handsome residence in a pleasant village, and entering without ceremony

were received by a young lady, who was introduced by her uncle, to the stranger, as his niece, Miss Julia Neal. Shortly after another entered who they presented as Miss Maria, and still a third designated Flora.

Dayton now anxiously watched each opening of the door; he began to grow nervous, and his color went and came like a girl's. He could not be mistaken, they must be *her* sisters; for there was a marked family resemblance. Julia, though the eldest, was not so tall as Laura, she was thinner too in flesh, Maria was rather *embonpoint*, and Flora was slender and delicate; but they all had the same dark expressive eyes, and pleasant smile, which so reminded him of Laura; but where was she? dead? or what would be worse to him, married? He dared not ask, he feared to be relieved from that torturing suspense; but after some time, in the course of conversation he chanced to mention his native state, and Maria immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, I wish Laura was at home, for she spent a year in Virginia!'

Henry's countenance brightened as he replied, 'If Miss Laura Neal is a sister of yours, I have the happiness of being acquainted with her, as I visited Ashton Place while she was a member of the family.'

'It is strange she never mentioned you,' said Maria.

'I am unworthy of a place in her remembrance, but has she left home for any length of time? I should be pleased to meet her again.'

'She has only gone out for an afternoon visit, and will return soon after tea.'

Neither of the gentlemen seemed in any haste to depart, and Dayton was rejoiced when his companion concluded to tarry till the following morning. About dusk Laura returned, and Maria hastened to meet her at the door and apprize her of the visit of Mr. Dayton from Virginia, who said he had been acquainted with her there, but had no idea of seeing her when he came with uncle John to their house. Laura did not faint, or even blush, but she told Maria to go back and entertain him, and she would come in directly. Seeking her own room she threw off her bonnet and shawl, and sat down for a few moments to collect her wandering thoughts and gain composure to carry her through the coming interview; then descending to the parlor she met their guest with a cordial welcome, and appeared perfectly easy and unembarrassed.

When Mr. Neal returned to the city he left Dayton behind; and as he was travelling for pleasure it will not be thought strange that he should have remained there something over a week, and that he went away at last much happier than he came, for the air of the village had evidently done him good.

There was a gay wedding at Squire Neal's the following spring, and we need not publish the names of the 'happy couple' who, when the ceremony was over, departed on a long bridal tour; but the reader will guess who they were when we say that shortly after, as the gentleman was reading the marriage of a female acquaintance in one of the southern papers, his young wife heard him use the expressions, 'foolish match,' 'thrown herself away,' &c. and she playfully put her hand on his mouth saying, 'hush husband! those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, and it will not do for *you* to say anything about ill assorted matches, for proud as you are, you married a *governess*.'

Hartford, Ct.

Written for the Repository.

Abraham's Sacrifice.

BY IONE.

'BEHOLD the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering.'

TOILSOME and steep the way
Trod by the patriarch to Moriah's mount!
The flight of years had borne his strength away,
Yet left a priceless pledge—faith's gushing fount.

His scattered, snowy locks,
Were gently lifted from his aged head;
The whispering zephyr but his anguish mocks,
And sends his thoughts again the past to tread!

'Rest thee awhile, my son,
E'en here, beneath the shadow of this tree;
And close thy dove-like eyes till set of sun;
For toils like these were erst unknown to thee!

'And I will watch thy sleep,
Child of unuttered hopes too dear for earth!
Aye, take thy rest! I could not see *thee* weep,
Whose life hath been but melody and mirth!

'Strange thoughts are in my heart!
Father of Israel, pity and sustain!
This yearning tenderness will not depart;
My spirit's wings are o'er him to detain!

'Yet is he wholly thine.
I yield in him my treasure unto Thee!
Take him ere sorrow leaves its deepening line
Upon a brow from stain or shadow free!

'Receive him, God and King!
Thou only know'st the value of the gift;
My heart's lone idol to thy throne I bring,
And pray that seraph wings his soul may lift!

'I send through threatening cloud
The eye of faith along the spirit shore!
Unto the very dust my head hath bowed;
But my heart wavers in its trust no more.

'Arise my drooping flower!
Thy God hath need of beings frail as thou!
Turn thou away! thy speaking glance hath power
To call youth's fever to my furrowed brow!'

'Father, thy troubled eye
Doth send its searching glances far and wide;
Lean on thy son! the holy mount is nigh,
And we will reach its summit side by side!

'I bear the hallowed wood
And flaming torch, but see no offering here!
The white, unsinning lamb, that meekly stood
Beside our tent, roams not this place of fear!'

The stricken mourner bent,
With knife upraised, above the prostrate form!
Freely he offered up the blessing lent,
And strove to soothe affliction's gathering storm!

Hush! for a solemn voice,
Sweeter than song of angels, stays the blow!
'Look up thou sorely tried, in God rejoice!
To thy deserted home in triumph go!

'Take back the hope of years!
Thy cherished Isaac, to his mother's breast!
Thy child shall be the sire of kings and seers,
Shall smooth the pillow of thy dreamless rest!'

'I bless thee, oh, my God!
For thy unmeasured mercy to my soul!
Sweet is the incense from the chastening rod,
Of thoughts, that like a flood of rapture roll!

'Come to my throbbing heart,
Thrice blessed gift of God, I clasp thee still!
Leave me no more on earth till I depart,—
Thy voice is sweeter than the laughing rill!

'Anew, great King of kings!
I give his youth and innocence to thee!
Each passing hour some new found beauty brings!
Oh keep his spirit from earth's passions free!'

His soft white hand was laid
Within his father's, and the glistening tear
Upon the silken lash, by smiles was stayed,
And childhood's joyous laugh rang loud and clear!

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Ireland and the Irish.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THE office of religion is peculiarly to show mercy to the unfortunate. It may have other operations and other aims, but its greatest work is an active love to mankind. And surely a gentle minister of mercy need not wander far in search of misery. Even in our own blessed land the highways are marked with want. The exile is here in his poverty and squalid wretchedness; and the son of our own soil is not always a recipient of its bounties.

Among the vast congregation of the children of sorrow, the heart can distinctly trace out the emigrants of old Ireland, as claiming, above all others, its ancient sympathies. Let us not be deceived by the merry face and the careless heart, for there is a wretchedness which is not felt, and yet which not the less for this, claims the labors of the philanthropist, and the ministries of the christian.

From immemorial time, the Irish have been an oppressed and persecuted people. Since the days of Brian the Brave, the shamrock has been withering beside their crumbling towers; and the heart, in wandering back through the story of their wrongs, finds scarce one spot to rest amid the deluge of oppression and crime, which for nearly eight centuries has overswept their beautiful land. Oh, Erin! what a destiny has been thine! what a mysterious and tragic tale is the history of thy by-gone days!

Previous to the invasion of the Danes in the ninth century, nearly all the learning and piety of the eastern world was centred in Ireland. More favored than in all succeeding ages, her people were at this time guided and guarded by a virtuous priesthood. It was the apostolic era of the Irish church. The foot of popery had not yet trodden upon her altars, nor had prelacy forged her fetters for the poor. Columbanus and Columb-kill, worthy to be named with the sainted Oberlin and the pious Felix Neff, traversed the mountains of the Vosges, preaching the gospel to the wood-cutters and hunters who inhabited those uncultivated regions, and carrying the messages of christian love and peace to the poor and afflicted. They founded no bishoprics and courted no kings, but leaving courts and camps to papal legates, spent their lives in humble labors among the needy and the unlearned. And to this day there is a spot in the Irish heart sacred to the memory of these holy men. The nurse hushes her babe to rest with their sainted names in her song, and for years after the long grass was waving upon their graves, their spirits were believed to be watching over the interests of the nation.

The beautiful customs of *fostering* and *gossipred* prevailed in the land, and knit together the hearts of the high and low, interweaving their interests, their sorrows, and their joys. The young heir of a high inheritance, became the child of a peasant mother; learned to cling unto her bosom, and to share the sports of her children. She, in turn directed the current of her love to him, till it became as free and resistless

as that bestowed upon her natural offspring. The *carfinnies*, or chieftains, became name-fathers to the children of their favorites and thus bound them by a new tie of filial obedience, so that for life and for death, their memories and feelings were more or less irrevocably intermingled.

There is a romance attached to many of their ancient customs which time and change cannot destroy. What is beautiful in one age is beautiful always; it is permanent, and not conventional merely. Of this character was the minstrelsy of chivalrous days—that vagrant and fragmentary literature which refined and elevated the hearts of a rude and warlike people. In the castle halls hung the ancient harp, free to every wandering minstrel of the clime; and ever was he most favored, who could most eloquently recount the valiant feats of the living chief, by which he had added new glory to an ancient and illustrious title.

This bright era in the history of Ireland shone forth amid a world of darkness. The Reformation had not yet dawned upon the papal midnight; and even after it had spread abroad like morning over the isles of the sea, its light fell upon Ireland but to blight and destroy. The shamrock around its castle moats grew pale, and the white rose[1] which flourished exotic beside the domestic shrines, faded and perished from the land. The peace which, in the reign of Brian, had rested for a brief season over beautiful Erin, was like the transient gleam of a comet, that once in many thousands of years streams along our globe, and then departs to distant and unknown space. Its surest decline may be traced back to the Anglo-Saxon invasion, and to the first establishment of English deputy-ship. Even before this period, immediately upon the death of Brian who was slain while at prayer in his tent, the kingdom had become divided against itself, and its toparchs being engaged in deadly feuds amongst themselves, left their country to become the prey of a foreign power.

It would be a melancholy task, indeed, to review the story of this sad land after it became an English conquest. It is but one long, unbroken, heart-rending tragedy, in which the worst scenes of the French revolution might find a terrible precedent, and the Spanish Inquisition a horrible counterpart. It is a page in the world's history written with blood; a record of cruel laws, of idle rapacity, of ruined innocence, of torture, famine, mutilation and death. The ancient carfinnies in their national costume of linen vests, flowing mantles, bushy beards, and long hair streaming down their shoulders, had gradually given place to English courtiers in their lace collars and golden embroidery.

The struggle was long and sanguinary. Brave hearts held out till the blood became dry in their veins; food was there none, and they feasted on the bones of the dead. Women fought hand to hand with their oppressors; it was their only hope and their noblest choice. Priests were slain at the altars, and the sanctuaries polluted with blood. Thousands were dragged to the gallows without even the imputation of guilt; and one tall trooper obtained the enviable appellation of the *walking scaffold*, from his readiness to submit his own stately person to the honorable office of a gallows post.

These outrages were not the dramas of a day, or a year, or even of an age. They have been continued, almost without cessation, for seven centuries! And what are the fruits of works like these? What is Ireland now as a nation?

> 'No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
> The harp of Tara[1] swells;
> The chord alone, that breaks at night,
> Its tale of ruin tells.'

It is interesting to look upon the character of its people in connection with its history, for we still discover, beneath the accumulated ruins of centuries, the broken fragments of a noble structure. Had the hand of civilization and refinement been busy in embellishing this beautiful fabric, what a lofty and intellectual race would this day have walked erect among the romantic dells and picturesque mountains of Erin!

Never found bravery and patriotism a safer home than in an Irish heart. It is wrong to accuse those of inefficiency who are only unfortunate. The bold maintenance of their legitimate rights has been the cause of their long and bloody warfare. Had they yielded to bondage without a struggle, they might have spared, perhaps, rivers of blood. But who blames them that they did not? Liberty is a law of our natures, and we are bound to strive for it. It is a natural right which no power on earth can destroy; the richest, most impartial and unalienable of all the gifts of Heaven. As such, the sons of Erin fought for it; that they were unsuccessful does not stamp

1 The shamrock, a species of trefoil, is well known to be the national emblem of Ireland. The white rose, also, has been a favorite symbol since the prosperous administration of the duke of York.

1 *Tara*—the ancient seat of government.

them as cowards and slaves; it only proves that valor is not omnipotent.

Most wretched and degraded, is the condition of the poor emigrants who throng our land of freedom and abundance. It is, nevertheless, better here than at home. They are free from those heavy rents and that oppressive taxation which in their native land deprives them of the faintest hope of competence, or even of comfort. They have here no *double* rates imposed by ecclesiastic institutions; no fee to pay to a *government* church; no restraint laid upon their religious wills. They enjoy, also, citizen rights of education, and an equal representation.

It is objected to the Irish that they are almost universally slaves to papacy. The time *has* been, when Protestantism, had she been true to her own creed, might have established in Ireland a purer and a better faith. But what christian renovation could she expect to accomplish with racks, and dungeons, flames and swords? Many a time were this persecuted people ready to seek shelter in the bosom of the church of England; but they were repulsed with threats, denunciations, and contempt. The Romish church has been ever their truest friend, and shall they be reproached for clinging to her, stained with crimes though she be? They must be won from her now by love and gentle persuasion; by long-suffering, forbearance and mercy.

These unfortunate votaries have been charged also with reckless improvidence. This is a sin which finds its origin in one of the noblest sentiments of our nature. The soul of an Irishman is generous to a fault; and what he has he freely bestows, laying up *hope*, only for the morrow. His social propensities are strong, and he shares his goods with his neighbors. To the unfortunate he lends a pitying ear; and while he has one potato left, a half of it is for a needy brother.

Their happy countenances and mirthful habits deprive them of much sympathy which a woe-begone appearance might elicit; but this joyous temperament is better than sympathy. Irish wit is proverbial; fortunately, it has modifications of a softer character which endow the heart with cheerfulness and good humor. But, despite this sunny temper, there are recesses of acute suffering in many a veiled heart. Ready penitence for guilt is almost characteristic of this passionate people. A yearning of the spirit after something higher and better brings many an hour of inquietude and regret, if not of absolute despair. Then they have to contend with, or rather to endure, negative miseries, such as ignorance, superstition, and vitiated tastes; positive enough in themselves, but unfelt, and consequently passive.

Religion has something yet to do, in reforming, elevating, and enlightening these dwellers upon our shores. They are our fellow-citizens; have become incorporated into our government; are, to a certain degree, members of our households. 'Let no man write my epitaph, till my country is free,' said the exile Emmet, one of the latest of Ireland's dauntless patriots; it is the work of christianity to make it free; for it is she, alone, who can incline the hearts of the people to do good. When she shall sit enthroned in the halls of legislation; when jurisprudence becomes her own 'divine right,' then shall all the nations of the earth sit in the shadow of the tree of liberty, and find, in its fruits, peace, and wisdom, and truth.

Written for the Repository.

Charity.

BY REV. S. P. LANDERS.

An apostle saith that charity is greater than faith or hope, but he is to be understood undoubtedly as speaking of its practical greatness and importance. Charity is but an effect, rather than a cause; it is the manifestation of faith, and therefore may be regarded as greater in this sense, than its cause. Faith must exist before charity can be exercised. Faith is an exercise of the mind, and is 'the substance (foundation) of things hoped for.' Both hope and charity or love have their foundation in faith, and therefore must partake of the nature and strength of the faith. The exercise of charity is the fulfilling of the law, which is supreme love to God, and universal good will to men. Our first and highest duty is to love God, but how can we perform this duty without faith in him? and how can we have this faith, without a knowledge of his perfections and character? We must have faith in his wisdom, in his power and goodness, in his veracity and justice, before we can love him as we ought, or as our interests require.

But it may be asked, how can we have the requisite faith, founded on knowledge and evidence? We answer, in the same way that we have faith in any thing else. Why do we believe that the sun will continue to shine in his strength from year to year? that seed-time and

harvest, the changes of the seasons, and all the laws of nature will continue? Because experience and reason assure us that in the natural world the same glorious order will continue to be observed. We have a faith on these subjects, and others of the like, that amounts to a certainty in our own minds. We never distrust here, but always act as though we were perfectly certain that our efforts would be crowned with success, if there was no failure on our part. Now there is just the same evidence in favor of the love, wisdom and power of God, that there is that the unceasing laws of nature will be continued; for 'these are but parts of his ways,' and are the constant exhibitions of his goodness to man. Can we not have a faith then in God, that will enable us to love him supremely—a faith that will awaken the noblest faculties of the soul, and draw out our minds in love to him? There is a holy joy in the exercise of this love, and the stronger our faith is in him, the more pure and exalted will be our happiness. Our next highest duty is to love our fellow man. But how can we do this, we inquire again, without faith in him? It is evident that we must have confidence in him before we can love him as the gospel requires. We must have faith in his wisdom, integrity, and in the dignity of his nature, before we can be actuated by this important christian virtue. And here an incident occurs to my mind which has often been used to illustrate the subject of which we now speak. It is related of Alexander, called the great, that after he had fought one of his battles with the Persians, the battle of Tarsus, that he was so overcome by heat, so weary and exhausted by the exercise and excitement of the occasion, that he plunged into the waters of the Cydnus to bathe. As a natural consequence, he was seized with ague fits, and thus he continued till his physicians, and his whole army despaired of his life. For fear of the Macedonians in case they should not be successful, in trying experiments, the physicians did not venture upon such a course, but decided that he would die. But Philip ventured to prescribe something new for the conqueror, telling him at the same time, that the operation of his medicine would be severe, and that a cure could not be effected short of two or three days, if at all. Alexander had always confided much in the judgment and integrity of Philip, and he determined to take his medicine and abide the issue. While Philip was making his medicine, the conqueror received a letter from Parmenio, advising him 'to beware of Philip, whom Darius had prevailed upon, by presents of great value, and the promise of his daughter in marriage, to take him off by poison.' Alexander received and read this letter, and then placed it under his pillow without showing it to any of his attendants and friends. When Philip presented the cup of medicine which he had prepared, the king took it without any mark of suspicion that it contained poison, and at the same time gave the letter he had received cautioning him, into the hands of Philip.

'It was a striking situation and more interesting than the scene of a tragedy; the one reading while the other was drinking. They looked upon each other, but with a very different air. The king, with an open and unembarrassed countenance, expressed his regard for Philip, and the confidence he had in his honor and innocence; Philip's looks showed his indignation at the calumny. One, while he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven protested his fidelity; the other, while he threw himself down by the bedside, entreated his master to be of good courage, and trust to his care.' The medicine was powerful in its operation, so much so that the patient was speechless and discovered but few signs of life, while under its influence, but it had the desired effect of restoring the commander to health again. In this incident, as well as in the case of Damon and Pythias, and others, we have an example of strong faith in man, so strong, indeed, that Alexander has often been condemned as rash in taking the preparations of Philip under the circumstances already related. But he had unbounded faith in his uprightness and integrity, and where such a faith exists between man and man, we find charity in its greatest possible perfection.

And it is impossible to possess this strong love where confidence is wanting, or where we find that it has been misplaced. And mankind universally possess this faith to that degree in the integrity and dignity of human nature, that we are willing to trust it. Why do we feel so secure when we lie down in sleep to repose our weary frames, while our dwelling might be set on fire and consumed to ashes? Why do we not fear when we walk the streets, that every person we meet is an assassin, and will watch the opportunity and steal out from his dark retreat, and take our property or our lives? Why do we feel thus secure and unconcerned, when, if men were thus disposed, as some have been, our streets

would present a frightful scene of havoc and blood? Is it because there is a law to punish such offences? But where would the law be; if this was the natural disposition of man? We do not feel thus secure and unconcerned for our lives and the lives of others, because a law is written in the statute book against the murderer, but because we confide in our fellow men—because we have faith in human nature, and are willing to trust it. And here is the basis of all charity between man and man. Let this confidence be increased, and love will be increased—let it be weakened and the foundations of society will be broken up. But let this faith be mutual and strong, and the broad principles of charity will be unfolded, and poor, despised human nature will be clothed in garments radiant with beauty. Let it be done, and humanity will be redeemed from its degradation and washed from many of its dark stains. Let it be done, and peace shall be universal, and nation shall no more lift up sword against nation and man against man.

When our faith in God is gone, we are infidels. When our faith in man is gone, we are destitute of all love for him, and are prepared for the commission of the darkest deeds that have stained the historic page. Then if we would cultivate a love for God and man, let us have a deeper and more perfect knowledge of both—let us strive to be worthy of each other's confidence, and the world will say, 'See how these christians love one another.'

Worcester, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Bridal Eve; or the Broken Hearted.

BY MISS L. A. PEABODY.

THE guests are all assembled now,
And hope and gladness light each brow;
And she, the brightest of that throng,
Seems glad, the very child of song!
With joyous step, and lightsome heart,
And cheek of roseate hue,
And truth in her dark, beaming eye,
Whose softness mocks the blue.

A snow white wreath is on her brow,
For she must take her marriage vow;
And gladly she that vow will take,
Nor from its bondage wish to break;
For she will wed a noble one
Of more than common grace,
With manhood's richest impress stampt
Upon his speaking face.

And he is proud to stand beside
That fair young girl, his cherished bride
So soon to be. He ill could brook
To see that sweet, confiding look
Turned to despair by cold neglect,
Or ill requited scorn,—
Or sorrow shade that pure, white brow,
Which joy hath ever worn.

And deem ye *all* in that array
Of beauty, are as glad and gay?
Oh! know ye not a wounded heart
In joyous smiles oft hides its smart?
Yes, there are those who inly feel
What never is expressed
By outward sign, yet sorrow's barb
Still rankles in their breast.

And though they seldom heave a sigh,
Perchance a tear-drop in their eye,
Though nought is said, will sometimes steal
And silently their grief reveal.
Ay, it is so:—and mark ye well
That maid of thoughtful brow;
Her eye was wont to beam with joy,
But sorrow fills it now.

She hath retired from that array
Of joyous hearts and faces gay,
To weep alone; she would not, they
Should know her suffering on that day.
Her suffering!—ay, for she was once
The loved and chosen one
Of him, the noblest, brightest, best,
Amid that brilliant throng.

And fondly she returned his love,
And deemed that he would constant prove;
She poured her heart's best treasures forth
And he was proud to own their worth.
And but for those, self-styled their friends,
She might have been his bride;
They proved her foes, in that they led
Her weeping from his side.

They bade her not one thought to hold
Of him. 'His love would soon be cold,'
They said. She knew 'twas false, and sought
To move them by some gentle thought.
All would not do;—and vainly, she
Strove to subdue her will,
Futile her efforts to forget,
For, Oh! she loved him still.

Yet, never she her love expressed,
But kept it buried in her breast;
For well she knew his happiness
Would be disturbed by her distress.
Far rather, she, that he would deem
Her heart of feeling reft,
Than that one thought of her should mar
A pleasure to him left.

* * * * * *

What recks that maiden, now, of life?
Alas! another is his wife.
Silent, she droops from day to day,
Though all unmarked is her decay.
Like some sweet rose which lingers still
Upon its stalk, its mates all flown
Upon the gentle winds away,
Their fragments o'er the green turf strown;
When one by one its leaves are shed
We hardly note, till all are dead,
That the sweet rose will soon be gone,
And such is she,—that gentle one!

The scene is changed. A few, her friends,
Have gathered round her bed of death,
To watch her life-spring's ebbing tide,
And catch her faint soul's dying breath.

She speaks. Be silent all! and list
To her soft tones. Now death's thick mist
Before her eyes is stealing fast,—
Perchance those words may be her last.

'My friends, beloved,—Farewell!
I leave this joyous earth, the glad, the bright,
With all its woods and streams, the moon's soft light,
Each rock and shady dell,
Where I have listened to his thrilling tone
So strangely sweet, that seemed it music's own,—
The low, wild breathing of a harp,—a spell
That bound my soul,—Farewell!

'And, Oh! 'twas joy for me
To see in his dark eye his treasured vow,
And truth to read upon his noble brow;
And then to ever be
As I had fondly hoped, his own loved bride,
To journey through this vale by his dear side:—
But, Oh such days of bliss I ne'er might see;
Death, only, waits for me!

'I would not ye should weep,
Nor e'er that he should know how sad my heart
Was made, when from him I was forced to part;
Nor, how for him, my sleep,
Through the long night, by sorrow, has been broken,—
Nor that he know my love by this sad token,
That I have wedded Death, in anguish, deep,
I bid him not to weep!

'And now, once more,—Farewell!
Yet, mother, hither bring, before we part,
His last, sad offering. Lay it on my heart.
O, I have loved it well,—
That lock of dark brown hair! There let it lay
When I am dead, that it may find its way
To where I've loved. Speak not to break the spell
That's on me now!—Farewell!'

She ceased. And gently as the moon
In parting, sheds its last, soft ray,
So gently did her spirit rise,
When died her low, sweet tones away.

Now rests she where the willows wave,—
'Twas her own choice,—that lowly grave,—
Nor recks she now of blighted love;—
No more in this sad world she'll prove
The anguish which has been her lot,
While dwelling on this sinful earth:
In the bright city of her God,
She lives,—a child of second birth.

Shirley Village, Mass.

Religion. The light of religion is not that of the moon, light without heat; but neither is its warmth that of a stove, warmth without light. Religion is the sun whose warmth indeed swells, and stirs, and actuates the life of nature, but who at the same time beholds all the growth of life with a master's eye, makes all objects glorious on which he looks, and by that glory visible to others.—*Coleridge.*

Arguments. The Thermopylæ were defended by only three hundred men; all *Spartans*; in advocating our own cause, we ought to trust rather to the force than to the number of our arguments, and to care not how few they be, should those few be incontrovertible. A cause that is well supported, may be compared to an arch that is well built—nothing can be taken away without endangering the whole.—*Lacon.*

Written for the Repository.

The Fruit of the Spirit;

OR, THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

Chapter VII. Goodness.

'Mary! meek listener at the Savior's feet!
No feverish cares to that divine retreat
Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought;
But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to meet,
With love and wonder and submissive thought.
Oh! for the holy quiet of thy breast,
Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps flying!
Thou, whose calm soul was like a well-spring lying
So deep and still in its transparent rest,
That e'en when noontide burns upon the hills,
Some one bright solemn star all its lone mirror fills.'

I have, in the fartherest corner of my most secret draw, an old Album, filled with school girls' poetry, rude rhyme, and odd selections, at which I often take a stealthy peep; for it is not placed there for its worthlessness, or because I have learned to love the polished style or smoother flow of verse, and look with scorn on those simple productions. O no! If I know my own heart, those little tributes, with all their imperfections, open as sweet treasures of thought as the tome of the wisest lore; and it is because I fear the rude and unfeeling attack of critics on what is to me so precious and sacred, that I have thus secured the little volume, and am so miserly of its contents. In truth, I love not the album scorner; for to me there is little regard for feeling manifested in lightly running over the contents of one of these mementos, and curling the scornful lip, or casting the light jest at their literary faults, wounding the heart of the owner, who, perhaps, has treasured them as sweet and holy relics of by-gone days. And when I see the book thrown down, while a cold refusal is given to the request, 'Will you write in it?' the brow, though intellectual, and the voice and speech, though soft and refined, lose to me the charm of good nature, and affectionate feelings, and I involuntary say—'Give me a little of the warmth of romance, before all this cold and dignified indifference.' Perhaps the little volumes have been made too often the repositories of flattery, affectation, and deceit; but what is there sacred to young friendship and affection that is not corrupted by connection with fashion, vanity, and carelessness? Shall we cast aside our treasures when the thoughtless and ignorant tarnish their purity and beauty? Nay; rather let us watch them the more, and bless Providence that there

are some real gems among the mock pearls. Though rudely set, yet feeling discerns their beauty and brilliancy, and prizes them beyond computation.

But to *my* Album—and its contents. It was but the other day that I took a sly peep between its bright yellow lids, and I was carried back to the scenes and associates of other days. I was again treading the path by the locust and wild rose hedge, to the little school-house by the burial ground. I could hear the monotonous sound of our voices during the long sunny noon, echoing among the granite tombs and marble slabs, as we read again and again the epitaphs from very sympathy; and a tear stole into my eye as I thought of the good and true who had gone out from our homes to their narrow resting place beneath those sods; but the butterfly bursting from its chrysalis, as carved on many a stone, causing the innocent eye to look up with pure faith and trust, gave a holy light to this sad scene; and not with a heavy heart did I leave it to visit the old wide-spreading elm, and again sit on the smooth green grass, gemmed with the delicate 'innocence' and bright-eyed 'cinquefoil', and repeat again the thrice told tale, while the curious ear was opened and the keen appetite indulging itself on the wholesome food which our little baskets contained. And then came the ramble up the green lane, shaded by the trees of the rich orchards, to the cool, clear spring, to bathe our heated brows, and look with wonder into its clear depths, to the bubbling, heaving sands at the bottom.

But in all my imaginings—bright, beautiful, and sad,—as I turned the leaves over and over, there came not a more welcome or abiding vision than where the form of a pure and innocent girl, an early associate, was pictured. Sweet, pure hearted Mary! she has penned a tribute here so like her own dear self, that I have placed it as a talisman near my heart, to protect it from sin and vanity. O her holy and stainless life! how often have I wished to make some slight record of it as an ever abiding testimony of the inward and outward joy and beauty of holiness; but I have shrank from fulfilling my desire from my incapacity to do her justice. Yet in my band of graces she is so prominent, with the light of goodness around her brow, that I must attempt a sketch.

I do not love to describe personal charms. Indeed I think I am very prone to speak of my favorites as being very lovely, without ever giving the why or wherefore. The truth is, I very seldom can tell the color of the eye, the lip, or the cheek, or the form of the forehead, or size of the teeth, when the lips speak love and the eye beams with intelligence and goodness; for they give such radiance and beauty to the whole face that I always fear that an attempt at description would be rather taking from, than adding to, their charms, for the light that softens and harmonizes all would be wanting. But Mary's face is so distinct before me in all its youthful beauty and heavenly sweetness, that I must lay my hand on the smooth glossy hair which we school girls used, so proudly, to call auburn,—and press my lips to that fair cheek with tinge as soft and beautiful as the delicate India shell; and those dark, loving, glorious eyes! O, one glance more must fall upon me with all its tenderness and purity, to give my heart the courage, hope and trust, that it did in former days; and I *must* hear again the soft silvery tones, so fitly chosen, and in such perfect harmony with her every movement, to be able to portray her in all her winning charms, heightened by the grace of goodness—that grace which has been well defined as a disposition inclining us to communicate what we have and are to others, and to do all the possible good we can in our respective places and stations. It is like true sensibility, confessed in every word and act of the owner; giving to every portion of the character attractive, spiritual charms.

I used to think, when I saw her good old Uncle, who was most tenderly attached to her, that it was early sympathy with his peculiar feelings which gave her the high standard of devotion and purity to which she had attained. O, the silver-haired, good old man! I can see him now, sitting in the sunshine beneath the porch waiting for her daily noon-visit to him, as when I loved to be by her side, as I knew he would stroke my head and bless me, and lead me through the gate to the favorite apple tree, and give me leave to gather a nosegay for 'the mistress' of hearts-ease, pinks, and southern-wood. How I thought it was him that the poet Willis had in his mind when he sketched the old man enjoying the school-children's sports on 'Saturday Afternoon,' when he makes the old man say,—

> 'I love to look on a scene like this,
> Of wild and careless play,
> And persuade myself I am not old,
> And my hair it is not gray.'

Those were my earliest proofs of his kindness. I have seen him when my thoughts and feelings

were more matured, opening his hand and sending relief to every child of penury within his reach. I have seen him following the example of his Master and showing kindness to the evil and unthankful, and in one particular instance have I witnessed its blessed effects. Lucy Wilds, with her precipitate and incautious temperament, had been led into the path of error, after she had connected herself with the little band of believers. The eye of the stern glanced upon her with indignation, as though they themselves were immaculate, and the poor culprit, with her usual excitableness, stood trembling and in tears before the assembly that had been gathered to disclaim fellowship with such a sinner. Many a word of reproach and bitterness was cast upon her from the mistaken zeal of well-meaning members, each one causing a flood of tears, as when the wind parts a rain-cloud—when the venerable man arose, and said, 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. Let us pray that she may return to the fold again, and not cast her into the wide world, where she may stray farther from the kingdom.' He placed himself in the attitude of prayer, and as the old man lifted up his pleading voice, every feeling of anger was hushed, and poor Lucy felt she had obtained pardon, and went her way and sinned no more. But a life like his, deserved a better than an earthly immortality, and with his holy heart the old man passed away 'like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.'

The young delicate plant that sprung up by his side unfolded the same virtues in her slight form, and in her own little sphere she made as many feel the sweet effects of it; for in our childhood she was the gentle monitor, in girlhood the ready and kind assistant, and in riper years the constant friend. Who but Mary would have been willing to leave her companions in their sports to read and amuse the little pensive blind girl, who came a stranger amongst us? Who but she could have persuaded us that the tattered, neglected looking Bridget was as worthy a member in our ring as the rich and gaily dressed Amelia? Who but she would have taught us to pity, instead of ridiculing, the little culprit, when wilfulness had brought upon him such severe reproof as to send him downcast and sobbing to his home? And who but she would have made us extend the hand of reconciliation to an offending brother or sister? How many lessons would have been left unlearned without her encouragement and assistance! and how many duties left undone if she had not so often assured us of the joy we should feel in performing them. Many a ballad and ditty would have passed from ear to ear only for simple amusement, if she had not learned us to find a moral; and when the tales were going round, how hushed was every voice, and brilliant every eye, when her turn came, and she chose, as was often her wont, the beautiful history of Ruth, or some other holy woman of olden time, and taught us early to love the holy book.

When, on leaving our girlish days and the discipline of school, and verging into womanhood, the gay world with all its vanities and show would sometimes tempt our weak hearts to deceit and affectation, one glance from her pure eye would bring back the memory of youthful virtue and restrain us. She often made us feel the truth that it is better to give than receive; for though she loved the social circle, and found much joy there, yet I have often known her to relinquish its joys, to sit within the darkened room of one who had been an invalid from childhood, and whose chief delight was now to hear the voice and press the hand of some early associate; and for all our neglects, which now my heart often bitterly regrets, she was fully compensated by the more vigilant attentions of Mary. Goodness was not followed by her for the sake of greatness, for 'the smiles and blessings of the domestic circle, and applause of her own heart were sufficient for her happiness.' I often look back with grateful and happy feelings on the hours that I passed with her in her own home circle; and I thank heaven that my young heart was so ready to receive the holy impressions which her sweet converse was so calculated to impart, and that they have never been erased through time and changes.

But O she was too good and pure a being for this vain world, and so long it seems since she passed away that the memory of her is to me like dreams of a spotless angel. What a gloom rested on our little community when the sad tale went abroad that Mary was dangerously ill. Old people shook their heads, exclaiming—'It is as we feared, the best and fairest children are soonest called from us.' Her companions spoke of her in a softened tone and made frequent anxious inquiries; and the little children stole by the door, casting wishful glances and wondering when they should see her in her garden again.

But never again on earth was she to glad our vision. The disease proved fatal, and after a few

short days of severe suffering, she—our village pride—was laid before us in her white robe, that we might bestow one farewell glance upon her marble brow, ere she was carried to her narrow home. O, that was the first bitter trial my young heart ever experienced! I remember as though it were but yesterday, opening the lid of her coffin, when I saw that poor invalid maiden she had so often tended, feebly making her way toward it, to glance once again on the features that had so often lighted her lonely weary hours. And as I watched the hot tears coursing down her pale cheeks, through her thin, delicate fingers, I could not help asking myself, Why is Mary, in the morning of her days and the vigor of life, taken from the home of her devoted parents, and the warm embraces of affectionate brothers and sisters, and this poor worn and weary invalid, whose days and nights are long and burdensome, left to weep over her! I ask not now. Our merciful Father knew in how many minds the germ of a livelier faith would be implanted, and in how many hearts a purer devotion would be awakened, by taking to himself this spotless lamb. And now I feel that heaven has been brought nearer to the hearts of her parents since their bereavement, while her brothers and sisters have gladly sought the embrace of their elder brother, Jesus. And many a heart has learned patience and resignation, and been awakened to tenderness and kindness, by the meekness of the poor invalid girl. Why did not these thoughts still the throbbing of my heart! O may I never suffer it again to forget that the Lord knoweth what is right and best for us.

I do not think my thoughts of Mary's burial, on that soft, quiet autumn afternoon, have ever partaken of gloom or melancholy; for there was so much in the outward world of peace and beauty, that I always felt as if it was the fittest time to part with her. Not a bird warbled a note, not a breeze stirred the leaves, as we went in slowly, one by one, to hear the low breathed prayer; and when the soft rays of sunlight stole into the room and rested on the coffin, it seemed as if the angels were lighting her pure spirit to their heavenly home. And when the coffin was borne from the house, and we followed it, silently, with no sound but the rustling of the leaves that were covering the faded and withered children of summer, I felt with the poet that

'Yet not unmeet it was, that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.'

She needed but a little change to be made an angel, and an angel surely she is in the holy courts of the blest. Kindred are her employments there to the ministry of her memory on earth, extending the sweet triumphs of spiritual goodness. May the victory be complete in my own heart!

Home Vale, Mass. ELLINORA.

Written for the Repository.

O Spirit of Pureness.

O SPIRIT of Pureness,
I worship thee now,
As here by the rose tree,
Thine altar, I bow!
The violets, bending,
Lift up the meek eye,
The pansies, all blooming,
A priesthood, are nigh.

I would, as the violet,
My heart were but pure,
The pleas of that priesthood
I then should ensure;
I feel that their pleading
Would reach to the skies,
My heart soon be feeling
The blessing-replies.

O spirit of Pureness!
My spirit would learn!
Its wandering vision
To flower-book turn.
The rose is my psalter,
My beads are its dew,
And while they are shining
My vows I'll renew. B.

Written for the Repository.

The Tea Party.

ONLY A SKETCH.

'How stupid the country *is*—I am literally expiring of *ennui*,' murmured, or rather lisped, the sentimental Miss Smith to Madeline Courtland, who was sitting beside her at a tea-party, given in honor of the city *bleu*, by Mrs. Anderson, one of the leaders of our village *ton*.

'I have never found it other than delightful and full of interest,' replied Madeline.

'But there is so little society congenial to a cultivated taste—so little good for the intellect—in fine, such a literary vacuum pervading country society, I wonder how a person of your refinement can tolerate it,' murmured the *petite bleu* again, softly drooping the long lashes over her soft eyes, and sighing so very delicately that Madeline was involuntarily reminded of a zephyr breathing itself away among rose-leaves.

'I do not,' replied Madeline, 'find a great degree of literary acquirement among the common people in the country, neither have I been so fortunate as to find more of it in the city.' But my neighbors are good hearted, most of them, and passably well informed. They are also free from many of the foolish vanities of city life.'

'But *such* persons as Mrs. Bunker and Miss Hapgood—dear me! The very sight of them destroys the harmony of my nerves. And only see—that odious creature is actually approaching us! Where shall I flee, or how escape?'

While the little *bleu* was shuddering at the thought of the plebeian contact to which she was exposed, Mrs. Bunker was steadily moving onward, like some ponderous vehicle, toward the sofa where Miss Smith was gracefully reclining. The dainty lady drew herself with great dignity to the farthest corner, and Mrs. Bunker sat down in the centre.

'Well, Miss Smith,' said she, with good-natured familiarity, 'have you got acquainted with any of our country girls yet? Here's Madeline here—she's edicated, and can talk book-talk with you I 'spose—though many on us aint much learnt. I read, when I's a young woman, a sweet putty story called the "Noble Wanderers;" and I read the "Mysteries of Udolpho;" and I read Cotton Mather against the Quakers; and—Oh! I don't know how many more—but since I have been married, I have had other matters to see to, as I 'spose you'll have some day. They say you're a poetress, Miss Smith. I never had much of a fancy for poetry. I used to know a few songs when I was a young woman—"Chivy Chase" was one—did you ever hear it? 'twas about Duggles, and Parcy, and Withrinton—I've forgot it all but one verse, and I remember that because my father, in the time of the Revolution war, was sarved very much so. It's a terrible affectin' thing—like this:—

"Of Withrinton I make my moan
Like one in doleful dumps;
When both his feet were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."'

'Oh horrid!' shrieked the *petite bleu* in the softest imaginable tone; 'What odious doggrel! I pray you, Mrs. Bunker, spare any farther infliction of this literary torture, or I shall certainly expire!'

'In spite of modern refinements, and the fastidiousness of the new school poets,' said Madeline, 'I have much affection for old ballads of this "Chevy Chase" class. But I will not enter into a defence of them, lest I shock you even more than Mrs. Bunker has by her quotation.'

'I hear you conversing upon literary subjects,' said Mrs. Anderson, approaching them from the opposite side of the room. 'It reminds me, Madeline, that I have not yet shown you my new library. Perhaps, Miss Smith, you will like to accompany us; and as many of the other ladies as choose, will be so kind as to follow.'

Miss Hapgood offered her arm to Miss Smith. The little lady, four feet, one inch and a half, in height, was barely able to hook her delicate little fingers upon the tall lady's elbow,' and thus linked they proceeded to the library.

'Oh! I shall feel quite at home here, Mrs. Anderson,' softly exclaimed Miss Smith, with a musical lengthening of each emphatic word. 'What so perfectly fascinating as books and flowers! Beautiful interpreters of the heart!' she added, apostrophizing a vase of brilliant exotics which stood upon the table; 'how much you can reveal that the lips may never utter; how much you *have* revealed to me in hours that fled *too* quickly away!' It was a very low, but very audible sigh which succeeded; and Mrs. Bunker who had arrived in season to hear this beautiful episode of sentiment, inquired of Miss Hapgood, in a whisper, if she did not suppose the poor little girl had been disappointed.

'My dear Miss Courtland,' continued *la petite bleu*, 'have not you a passion for flowers?'

'I *love* them,' replied Madeline, quietly, turning over the leaves of an old black-letter volume.

'Pray what fragment of antiquity have you there?'

'A church book, printed in the time of Wickliffe. It has a great "odor of sanctity" coming to us from that bright day-break of Christianity.'

Not being versed in subjects of this kind, the little lady turned to the book-shelves, and after a fastidious search, drew forth a small volume of French plays. 'Ah! Racine, my favorite; do you not love him? so tender, such beautiful language!'

'I have read but few French works, and Racine is not of the number,' replied Madeline, 'but from Blair's criticisms I had imbibed the opinion of him that you express."

Truth to tell, *la petite bleu* had read less of the plays than Miss Courtland, but she remembered what she had learned of them when she studied rhetoric at school, and what little real knowledge she did possess was of that *caoutchouc* na-

ture that can so easily be made to display a large surface.

'What a queer dress that woman wears—quite too masculine, I declare!' exclaimed Miss Hapgood, who prided herself greatly upon the strict ideas of feminine propriety, pointing, as she spoke, to a painting which hung in a corner of the room.

'A woman! Ah, no!' said *la petite*, 'it is one of those gallant knights of chivalry, who fought for honor and for the ladies. What a beautiful countenance he has! Alas for romance! the days of knighthood are past, and chivalry is but a name!'

'Pardon me,' said Madeline,' but I believe you have misinterpreted the picture. Do you not observe the title written underneath?'

'O yes!' cried Mrs. Bunker, 'Jane Dark, and a lot more of German, or Greek, or some other outlandish stuff. Jane Dark! It should be Jane White, I think, don't you, Madeline?'

'Permit me to read it to you, ladies,' said Miss Smith, for it is written in sweet *francois*, a language I read with great facility;' and with great facility, but with a very bad accent she read; '*Jeanne d'Arc recoissant son pere au Cathédrale a Rheims.*'

The ladies bowed in token of the favor she had conferred on them; and Mrs. Anderson politely explained, to such as did not understand, the historical scope of the picture. Tea being announced, the party left the library, and *la petite bleu* was this time so fortunate as to secure Madeline's arm, and to be seated beside her at table. But she had no opportunity to luxuriate in sentiment, for Miss Hapgood secured Miss Courtland's attention to a fresh chapter of village *news*.

'Mr. Southey and Miss Newland walked together, last evening, and it is a *fact* that they are engaged.'

'Persons *sometimes* walk together who are not engaged,' replied Madeline.

'I think it improper to do so—highly; especially where the lady is so much below the gentleman, as Miss Newland is below Mr. Southey.'

'*Below* him? How so?'

'Why, in rank, and intellectual attainments.'

'Republicans admit of no rank but the rank of mind. So far as moral excellence is concerned, Miss Newland is not unworthy a place beside Mr. Southey. Her intellectual attainments may not be as great, but she has an intelligent mind, and a refined taste. I think her a very sweet girl.'

'She has a way of appearing sweet, I know. But she has a great deal of art as well as nature. If Mr. Southey *does* marry her, he will lose much of his reputation.'

'It will be a kind of reputation, then, not worth preserving,' said Madeline. 'But I am not of those who believe that any matrimonial engagement is existing between them. There is a strong friendship—intimacy, if you please, but it is warranted by past circumstances, and it is hallowed by the most perfect congeniality of feeling and taste.'

'You will find it hallowed by marriage soon, or I am greatly mistaken; and my word for it, it is her pretty face and artful manners which have misled him. He will rue the day he takes her to his home, or I am no true prophet.'

'God forfend that you should be, if such be the consequence of the event you foretell,' replied Madeline in a low voice, but with a deep emphasis.

'Oh! Miss Smith, I've got an arrant to you from my daughter Angeline,' suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Bunker; 'she has a thing they call an Album—a kind of a book full of love-verses, you know—and she told me to ask you if you would write her a piece. She said she had heerd that you could make beautiful verses, and she thought it would be a great honor to get a piece of your composition. Madeline here has written something—I believe hers, though, is but one or two lines from Scripter. But Angeline wants some verses from you all of your own make.'

'I am obliged to Miss Bunker,' replied *la petite* faintly, 'but I never write except in the Albums of particular friends. I esteem it a mockery for an indifferent heart to pour forth songs of affection save to its chosen spirit-loves.'

'Oh well, let it be a little good advice then, or anything that's common and free to all. Angeline only wants a scrap of your own manufacter, and wont be pertickeler about the quality.'

'Indeed, you talk as though the expression of the soul in verbal melody were akin to mechanical labor. It is an impalpable impulse of the soul creating a march of language fitted to its own music; it cannot be made mechanical.'

'Your stilts are too tall, Miss Smith; I can't understand you.'

'I do not expect to be understood except by spirits of my own element,' sighed the *bleu*, quite overcome by Mrs. Bunker's want of elegance.

Tea being through, Mrs. Anderson was glad of

an opportunity to give her guests greater freedom to mingle with 'spirits of their own element,' and they returned to the parlor, *la petite bleu* and Madeline arm in arm.

'How delightful to escape the contact of such minds,' whispered the little lady, pressing Madeline's hand. 'My dear friend, how much I love you. I find a world of sympathy in your cultivated mind. How can you endure living in the midst of such a herd of creatures?'

'I am one of the herd myself,' replied Madeline, laughing. 'I am little troubled with fastidiousness of taste, and really enjoy the conversation of a good-hearted "creature" like Mrs. Bunker. I wonder that you should be pleased with a being of such homespun tastes and matter-of-fact qualities as myself.'

'Oh my dear Madeline, how can you say so! You are quite one of the angelic order, and I know we should soon form an undying friendship.'

The party being once more assembled in the parlor, with exhilarated spirits, (tea is an excellent stimulant,) the evening passed in rapid conversation, in which gossip, literature, and colloquies upon domestic matters, were agreeably interspersed; and at the hour of candle-light the party interchanged the usual compliments, and withdrew to their homes. So ended the tea-party.

N. B. Just a month after this *la petite bleu* returned to the city, very much shocked that Miss Newland was preferred to herself as bridesmaid at the marriage of Mr. Southey with her 'dear friend' Madeline Courtland.' S. C. E.

Shirley Village, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Moonbeam.

QUIETLY to the still earth it fell,
Lingered awhile in the mossy dell,
Kissed the lips of the blue harebell,
Then merrily danced away,—
Over the meadow and over the hill,
Silvered the foam of the dashing rill,—
But soon 'twas tired of play.

So it stole to where the sick one lay,
And cheered her heart by its pure mild ray,
As if waiting to bear her soul away,
To a realm where pain is not;
But the spirit was slow to leave the frame,
And soar to its God from whom it came,

And the Moonbeam left the spot.
It went to the sleeping infant's bed,
And played awhile round his curly head,
Then through his dreams a brightness shed,
Till his face was lit with joy;
It seemed to fear it should wake the child,
By making his dreams so glad and wild,
And it left the happy boy.

It hied away to the man of crime,
As he turned his ear to the convent chime,
Whose brow was wrinkled before its time,
By much, and by sinful care;
And as it fell on his forehead high,
His eyes turned up to the deep blue sky,
And earnestly rested there.

Then thoughts of the God who reigns above,
Who e'en on him had showered his love,
And waited to send the mystic dove,
Though he long to good had slept,—
Rushed on his mind, brought back the past
With its cruel deeds, from first to last,
And long the repentant wept.

The silvery ray left the blessed sight,
And sped to the lofty mountain-height,
Where it met a beam of morning light,
And its brightness fled away;
But its hours had been all fraught with good;
It would not stay if awhile it could,
And it yielded unto Day. JOSEPHINE.

Charlestown, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Our Duty--in view of the Future.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

'ONE Kingdom only, still enduring stands;
One Kingdom, founded not on human power:
It spreads its holy conquests through all lands,
And ministers to all its glorious dower:
Its sway will reach wherever man hath trod,—
The universal kingdom of our God!' S. C. E.

FROM a faithful survey of the past, we learn that in the progression of the human mind, the Gospel of Impartial Grace has gone onward beyond the most ardent expectations of its friends. From our knowledge in relation to the present, we are led to give thanks that this gospel, though 'every where spoken against,' is yet finding its way into many hearts,—that daily accessions to its ranks are witnessed, and that it stands as it ever stood, in the power of God, and not in the wisdom of man. We are thus directed into THE FUTURE, with abundant hope that gospel truth will increase until it shall every where prevail, and ignorance, darkness, sorrow and sighing shall flee away. The contemplation of such an event should lead us to seek, to learn, and to DO OUR DUTY.

Although we have before us and with us continually the promise of Almighty God, that his word shall be triumphant, that it shall go on from conquering to conquer, until the mountain of his holiness and truth 'shall be established in the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it,'—yet we are

not to lose sight of the great duties devolving on us who believe this word.

Because we are assured of the providential care of our Father above, we should not deem it consistent to make no exertion to obtain the blessings and comforts of life. So if God has providentially given us his assurance that 'all the earth shall remember and turn unto him, and all the kindreds of the nations come up before him to glorify his name,' we are not to be indifferent to the great cause of his truth;—we are not to fold our arms and say, 'Let the work go on, if God hath said it,'—and then go to sleep! God works by means. Human ability—human power are in his hands. He works by means of human hearts sanctified by the truth. In this way, he has accomplished wonders in time past, —and thus will he triumph in the future. He calls on us who have received the Lord Jesus Christ as the Sent of God—the Brightness of his Father's glory—the Mediator between God and men, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time;—he calls on us as professed lovers of his gospel, that we let our light shine,—that we hold it up, that the world may see it, and glorify the name of our God;—that we give our example not only of steadfastness, but of zeal,—active, discreet, ever-operative zeal in the prosecution of the Christian reformation.

When we have gazed with delight on the 'exceeding great and precious promises' of the Scriptures,—when we have heard these promises till our hearts rejoice in the sound thereof, and we feel within us the strength of faith, and hope, and love which causes 'full assurance' that 'all shall know the Lord from the least even unto the greatest,'—we are not to imagine that this will justify the least delinquency on our part in the great work of evangelizing the world.

No,—that same zeal which prompts us to erect temples of Christian worship, support the gospel ministry, and keep in sacred observance the Christian ordinances;—that same spirit which impels us to go up to the house of the Lord from Sabbath to Sabbath to listen to the instructions of Christianity,—must work with increased and unabating energy upon the human mind, until its darkness is removed, its errors are effaced, the work of divine grace is fully wrought within it, and our race universally shall find their highest glory in doing the will of the Everlasting Parent and God of all.

How then shall we best perform our share of this holy work of turning men 'from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God?' Let us understand that we should

1. Acquaint ourselves with the doctrines of the Gospel, so that we be able to define and defend them. If we would understand any science, we must study it. Christianity is a divine science; and we are called upon to make ourselves acquainted with it through the medium of the word of God. Although this word is so simple that the way-faring man need not err therein, yet it must be understood—if we would profit by it, and make it effectual in the great work of moral progress and improvement.

Every one who sincerely desires to witness the promotion of gospel truth, so that the name and the praise of Jehovah shall be one from the rising to the going down of the sun, has so much of active duty to perform. Let this be remembered. We owe it to ourselves—to our fellow men—to the age in which we live—to the future —to our God. And if we would work well, we must know what to work *with*. We must have at hand the weapons of truth;—and we must know how to use them. It is our duty to make ourselves familiar with the Scriptures,—to study them carefully, attentively, frequently. There are too many in our congregations, unacquainted with the true light herein revealed; too many who, however strong they may be in faith, have not accustomed themselves to the use of those strong and reasonable arguments which when well understood, do such good and efficient work for the truth, when this truth is assailed by the wisdom or 'cunning craftiness' of this world.

There is an error known to us all, which I pray God we may strive to overcome every where throughout our denomination;—an error which should be unknown in the holy temple of Christian Light. It is the error of intellectual inaction, in reference to gospel truth. There are those among us who have no lack of intellectual vigor and action on other topics, who seem not to lay hold on their religious faith as though it were dearest of all their possessions. They would not dishonor the truth; but they do not seek to make others understand it. If they are attacked on theological ground, they are either not able to define their own doctrine, not having attentively studied it; or else defend themselves in as brief and effectual a manner as possible, and then, instead of taking up patient and enduring labor with their opponent—seeking to instruct him in the

true doctrine of spiritual salvation—are silent and inactive until another attack shall be made.

Now we need a new order of things in relation to this subject. We need well instructed gospel servants in every rank of our Christian army,—those who study the word of God, and who love to study it,—and who have enough of the missionary spirit in them to seek, not mere jarring, captious controversy,—but religious doctrinal and practical conversation with their neighbors, friends and associates of the various sects and names; so that they may always be doing something, be it ever so little, for 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' Such preparation of the mind, and such faithful employment of our talents for the advancement and prosperity of the gospel, will serve to increase the numbers of those who love the truth; it will swell that mighty tide of overflowing grace which is yet to fill the whole earth 'as the waters cover the sea.'

2. We should also strive for the Christian graces, that our lives speak in favor of the truth.

The admonition of Paul to a young brother, to live so 'that those of the contrary part should have no evil thing to say' of him, speaks to all who have named Christ as their great spiritual instructor. It was the confession of Pilate after his examination of Jesus with intent to impeach his character, that he found in him 'no fault at all.' Those who have espoused that cause in which the Apostles labored, and for which Jesus suffered and died, should strive to 'walk honestly towards those who are without.' The conduct will speak where other arguments may not reach.

Our doctrine points to the perfection of the human character. It says, 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' It urges us onward in every good work. And every one who has avowed this doctrine, is morally and sacredly bound to lay aside every unlawful weight, and every besetting sin, and adorn the cause of his Master with a well ordered life. No matter in what society he moves, or how others around him may indulge in their aberrations from the path of duty,—he is to have the true standard before him,—he is to aim at the discipleship of a true Christian 'Israelite in whom there is no guile.' If he stands alone, he must not shrink from duty on this account. One true soldier of the cross will accomplish much for the cause of the great Captain of his salvation. And besides;—the knowledge of the Lord implies PERSONAL HOLINESS. This knowledge can only truly advance as men become baptized soul and spirit into the wisdom, power, and love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. When therefore we read of the universal prevalence of divine truth, we are to understand that it signifies the universal reign of holiness unto God,—the sanctification of the human mind by the truth, and that every heart thus moulded, thus sanctified, adds to the influence by which all shall know the Lord from the least unto the greatest.

3. We should patiently endure opposition. It is not to be expected that we can seek to disseminate our religious opinions in the world without opposition. There ever has been opposition to the truth,—and there ever will be, while a single heart remains unreconciled to God. The sensual mind, the bigot, the lover of the praise of man, the spiritually proud and self-righteous,—all rise up against it;—and those who go out in the name of the Lord, are called upon to arm themselves with the same weapons used by Christ and his apostles. They were willing to labor and suffer reproach, because they trusted in the living God—the Savior of all men, especially of them that believe.' They rejoiced that they were accounted worthy even to suffer persecution for Christ's sake. Although comparatively feeble in numbers, they were strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; knowing that tribulation worked patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and that hope maketh not ashamed, because of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit.

Here then are our examples. May we not, by means in our possession, by the word of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Spirit, by love unfeigned,—turn aside the weapons directed against us, cause even the wrath of opposition to redound to the glory of God and his truth, and thus go on from triumph to triumph in the great moral revolution now at work on the earth?

Let us, then, in all the opposition we meet, give back no 'railing for railing, but contrawise blessing.' Remember this, that we have, all, the imperfections of human nature upon us: also, that many who oppose us, know nothing of our sentiments, and therefore know not what manner of spirit they are of, when they utter denunciations against the only doctrine that can save them,

and all their fellow sinners of the great family of man.

In view of the opposition now waged against us, we must keep the true ground of patience and love. The gospel advances—and its enemies cry out in rage—gnash their teeth—or wag their heads in opposition to it. But who shall heed this? We must look beyond this mist of bigotry, and see the clear light of truth shining on, and be ourselves led of this light. Then no weapon formed against us shall prosper, and every tongue that rises against us shall be condemned. The human mind cannot go back. It will go on for the truth! God has promised that his word shall triumph; that his knowledge shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea. Let us rejoice, and serve him with gladness all our days. 'O give thanks unto the Lord!—For he is good, his mercy is everlasting, and his TRUTH endureth to all generations.'

Malden, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Shall we know each other in Heaven?

BY REV. GEORGE ROGERS.

LET no one suppose this an idle or trifling question, for it is not such—no question is to be lightly passed which so deeply interests the human affections as does this. The stoical, I know, will be apt impatiently to ask, 'Why push curiosity into the dim territories of conjecture, when it might be employed about things which can be known with certainty?—Why tantalize the mind with inquiries into subjects, which, from their very nature, must ever continue in the same obscurity to us while we remain on this side the grave?' Begging his pardon, I must take leave to say, that although curiosity cannot be fully, and authoritatively satisfied in regard to points of this nature, yet a high degree of *moral* assurance is attainable in respect to them, and this—considering how very, *very* deeply they concern the heart—is surely an attainment of no trifling value.

On what ground, I pray, are doubts entertained as to our being able to recognize each other in heaven? I have heard some quote to this point, Christ's discourse with the Sadducees touching the resurrection. I confess my perception is very much at fault if this has any thing to do with the matter; to me nothing more seems implied in Christ's language, than that, in the spirit world, we shall not be parcelled out into families, and separate social compacts, as in this more gross and selfish state, but that the relations and interests among us will be common—there being neither Barbarian nor Scythian, Gentile nor Jew, male nor female, bond nor free, but all being one in Christ.

The notion that we shall not know each other in heaven, is kindred to the one which supposes, that we shall have no remembrance of this existence, or of any thing pertaining to the past. A most unphilosophical fancy, as I judge. What conceivable use, then, can be assigned to the present existence? What purpose is answered by our present joys, sorrows, hopes, disappointments, experience of virtue and its attendant happiness—of vice and its accompanying misery? Are the lessons we thus learn—I may add thus *dearly* learn—to be lost to us forever? Surely, in this case, our present life is a blank, and our being will not in reality have commenced until it begins in heaven! We graduate in a school of affliction, and are to be none the wiser for the degrees we take in mental and moral suffering! Does any wisdom—any benevolence appear in this, on the part of our Heavenly Father? To me it seems not—most decidedly not. Our present suffering might well have been spared us, since, according this fantasy, it takes place not as a means to an end, but for its own sake solely! Paul certainly was not of this opinion, he taught that, 'our light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' and I find it hard to believe that in our enjoyment of the end we shall have forgotten all about the means by which it was effected.

Some, however imagine, that it must necessarily militate against the felicity of heaven to retain a remembrance of the previous existence. 'We cannot reflect but with pain,' say they, 'on the sinful acts we committed—the wrongs we did to each other—the instances of ingratitude toward God, &c., which characterized our lives while in the flesh.' In this opinion, however, the fact is lost sight of, that we shall see all these things to have been most triumphantly overruled by the Divine Being to ends of infinite benevolence—that, in fact, they were parts and parcels of the great scheme of means by which Jehovah was working out his ultimate purposes of goodness. And will it lessen our enjoyment of God's love, think you, or our estimate of the adorable-

ness of his grace, to remember the depths of darkness and guilt from which he condescended to save us? And how, I pray, are we to duly appreciate the divine goodness as displayed in the scheme of redemption, if we shall have forgotten the life, and death, and sufferings, of the Son of God, by whom our redemption was wrought out? It must be seen that, in every view of the case, the notion I am combatting is opposed to the deductions of reason, and the most clearly warranted inferences from revelation.

Moreover, there is a sacredness in the human affections, which renders the notion a very improbable one that they shall be obliterated when this life terminates. How holy, for instance, is a mother's love! In constituting thus strong the ties which thus link heart to heart, are we to suppose that the Creator designed them for this existence only? Why, then, do we so yearn over the graves of those we loved? And why does the eye look hopefully forward through its tears to a prospective re-union? Oh! do not these hopes imply a purpose on the part of him who constituted these holy affections, that, though subject to the shocks arising from the changes of this brief and probationary existence, they shall be renewed in a world, in which the ligaments of union between soul and soul, shall be as lasting, as the bond betwixt his own infinite love and every sentient creature in the universe? To me they seem to imply this beyond a doubt, and I hence most confidently adopt the conclusion, that, in heaven we *shall* recognize all those with whom we had an acquaintance upon earth, for otherwise when we lost a friend by death, or other severing circumstances, that friend would be virtually lost to us for ever more.

Thank God! there is no necessity for our sorrowing when those we love are taken from our embraces, 'as those who have no hope' that they shall be again and forever restored to us. Oh, how effectually the stricken heart can solace itself with this blessed assurance! We can look confidently forward to that blissful abode of spirits, when bowed down by bereavement, and feel a heaven of consolation in the thought, that, though our friends cannot return to us, we shall ere long go to them, and be with them for ever.

When thou seest a fellow mortal pining under the scorching rays of a deadly fever, alone in an obscure chamber, quietly put for his pillow thy affections, gently bearing him to his last resting place, leaving sweet smiles upon him.

Written for the Repository.

Song of the Summer Wind.

I blow not in wrath, as the wintry winds blow,
When they stir the dry leaves or whirl the white snow;
I moan not in sadness o'er dead forest trees,
But I sing and I dance—I'm a light summer breeze.

I come from the South, and from thence do I bring
The sweets that I scatter, the songs that I sing;
I dip on the sea, and laugh at the spray,
When I see how it shines on a bright sunny day.

I skip o'er the mountains, from thence to the plain,
And then to the mountains I tower again;
And, cooled with the dews which I steal from their heads,
I dance gaily on through the sweet flower beds.

O'er meadows and cornfields I leap in my glee,
And they bend to and fro like the waves of the sea;
Through the dark woods I glide, and the trees—how they swing
Their tall branches round, and the leaves—how they sing!

And then, where the streamlets are hieing along,
I readily join in their lullaby song,
And curl them in ripples, then leap with them o'er
The flowers which bend from the emerald shore.

The streets of the city—its steeples and towers,
Its proud habitations, its lowliest flowers,
All welcome me to them—but here I am chilled
With the north-eastern blast, and soon shall be killed.

D. B. H.

Written for the Repository.

The Minister's Widow.

BY MRS. L. B. J. CASE.

Come with me, gentle reader, not where pomp has built her halls, or fashion spread her decorations, not even where the woodbine and the clematis—those draperies of rural taste, curtain the windows of some sweet, poetical, cottage, but to an old fashioned mansion, venerable, and moss-garnished by time, and speaking to us most solemnly of the past.

There it stands, separated from the village road by a large enclosure, with an old elm keeping watch by the gate. It has sheltered the pastimes of childhood, and waved over the bier, when it waited there for its burthen, and its long branches drooped from their home, far up in the glad sunshine, as if they held sympathy with the tears of earth. That house bears not the marks of neglect. The careful hand has been busier than time, and the appendages of comfort are more visible there, than in many a more imposing mansion. This is the home of the Minister's Widow, not the home of her early life, nor yet of her wedded happiness, but of her widowed loneliness, of the years, when sorrow, and bereavement, were weighing down upon her. There

are rose-trees under the window, and weeping willows, also. The green grass-plat is as neat as possible, but younger, and stronger hands than hers have kept it thus, and trimmed the luxuriant shrubbery, that was planted by those who have long laid in the mould. There she has wept, and prayed, as one after another, the voices she loved, died away in silence. Here, she has received comfort from above, as the whispers of the ascending spirit grew faint on her ear, and turned, with renewed strength, to the duties yet left for her hand. It is now to her almost a lonely home. We will enter.

She is sitting there, by that open window. Her failing limbs have refused to bear her out into the soft spring air, but it comes in, through the casement, on her furrowed cheek, as mild as the gentle spirit that is there, waiting the hour of its release. She will not wait long. The messenger has summoned her, and she is ready. She has been ready, many long years, not impatient, but willing to go. The Lord's time is her time. She has no dread of death. Why should she have? He has been her guest many a time, and he was not fearful. She has looked upon his skeleton face, till it became as the face of a familiar friend, and her heart has followed his long, bony finger, as it pointed to the skies. He has guided thither, those who were dear, and she is now looking for him to pilot her there also. And he is at hand, close at hand, and will soon be here again.

Thou art young, gentle reader, and perchance, a worshipper of beauty, an idolater at the shrine of fair brows, and rosy lips, and sunny tresses. Look at that face. The lips yet wear a tinge of red, and the dark, hazel eyes are scarcely less lustrous than before time had cast such sadness on them. Thou thinkest their brightness is of earth, the lingering gleam of the radiant, morning sunshine, reflected through these faded hours—but look again. It is Faith, and heavenly Trust, that have replaced the fires of youth. It is the light of immortal life that has shed on them, this its witness on that furrowed face. Not one earthly beautiful beam. Not one unholy thought has left passion has wrought deformity on that sunken cheek. It may well be doubted if she was ever angry, even at sin. How could she be? It was a dead letter to her. She could no more understand its morbid cravings, than the infant of a day. There was no chord in her heart that responded to its unhealthy fancies, but, though she might not appreciate the force of temptation, or the virtue of resistance, she wept for the sinner, as the victim of impulses she could not comprehend, and prayed for him, and left him with his God. This was all, save, perchance, a mild remonstrance, that her meek, and placid spirit could do towards the offender.

Those lines are not the pencilings of remorse, of unthankfulness, or of murmuring. *These* stamp far different characters on the face; but Raphael, himself, could not more palpably embody the refined mind, and Christian temper, or more faithfully delineate the loveliness of a pure soul, than has the unflattering artist, Time. That countenance, wrapped as it is in the habiliments of decay, is yet luminous with beauty that shall outshine the stars, the beauty of those eternal principles that smile at change and death. Look at her now. She is speaking of the dead. Is not heaven written on her face? Dost thou not see Faith, Hope, and Resignation, as plainly as thou seest that mortal clay, and dost thou now doubt the reality of those angel influences? Nay, is not thine own faith in the things that belong to a future life, deepened, and strengthened, by the sight? Thou seest not now, a feeble child of the dust, just dropping into an open grave, but a spirit, made perfect through suffering, about to ascend to its congenial skies. Thou seest a soul, that has passed the ordeal of affliction, such as seldom falls to the human lot, meekly enduring, for the love of God, all His appointments, now, about to cast aside its earthly vestments, and go to His more immediate presence. It has put on its spiritual adornments, and waits for its immortal change. Thou lookest to see the clay fall off, and the angel stand unveiled before us. But it may not be. It has not yet fulfilled its earthly mission. It has an enduring lesson to engrave upon our hearts, and perchance, the hearts of others, and then—it will go HOME.

She is speaking of the dead. There lie her heaviest sorrows. For more than half her life, her house has been the abode of sickness and mourning. Her friends have died, one after another, by slow, and wearing disease, and, through the long watches she has tended them as none other than the devoted christian, wife, and mother, can tend the dying. She has been sustained as none but those who live for immortality, can be sustained. No sooner was the head of one laid on its last pillow, and her heart in some measure accustomed to the vacant place,

than another sickened, and the same anxiety came, the same watching, and the same parting. Thus has passed the larger portion of the years allotted to her, and with all this, a feeble constitution was super-added, and often illness. Yet she went on, suffering in meekness, taking her cross patiently, and blessing God—doing deeds of charity, and comforting those who were passing through lighter trials, than were laid on her own spirit. And now the last glimmer of life must go out in an almost lonely home. Those for whom she has waked, and wept, and prayed; those to whom, in the natural course of events, she might have looked to soothe her last hours, have gone before her, and she is alone.

Askest thou what is her reward, or of what avail is it to live in integrity of heart? Look again at that face, listen to the calm, hopeful manner with which she speaks of the departed, and thou wilt be answered. Note the placid smile, the peace, that dwells on every furrowed feature. The repose of the immortal life has already begun in her soul. Thou wouldest say, she had been tended from youth until now, by a most loving hand. Are not our Father's dealings loving, though stern? Thou wouldst say she had but passed down a gentle declivity, and not trodden a rugged path. And so indeed she *has done*. A soul that is at peace with itself, and with heaven, is not sorely wounded by the things of earth. No passion-storms have uprooted the early graces of her spirit, but all things holy, and kind, and trusting, have flourished there more luxuriantly, than when that spirit put forth gladness beneath the sunshine of human love. Along her way, she has listened only to the voice from on high, and *that* is ever singing 'Peace!' 'Peace!' though sorrow, and pain, raise the cry of lamentation, and, not unfrequently, of rebellion, also. God has been the polar-star of her life and conscience, a smiling friend. Memory has been a well-spring of delights. The days of her youth, and of her wedded happiness, come back to her with pleasant associations. As voice after voice died away in her home, she listened for them in faith, and heard them rejoicing in the skies. As her friends vanished from her view, she wept their loss, but through her tears, she saw more vividly, the face of her Father in heaven, and were they not gone to Him? Thus do the smiles of the dead visit her with soothing, and not with the sadness that gathers around doubt and despair. The death-bed was not a thought to be shunned, for her religious eye saw all things through the colorings of faith; and what beauty has *this* world to one, thus educated for *another?* Now, thou wilt not deem she has been unhappy, though bowed almost to the dust, with her manifold burthens, nor wilt thou ask again *where* an humble, and trusting, and pious spirit, meets its reward.

But thy mind is pondering another question. Thou askest, *Why are these things thus?* Thou askest why one so meek, and so full of all spiritual excellence, should thus linger to weep over silent graves? The physiologist will coldly tell thee of hereditary debility of constitution, and talk of neglected physical laws, that bring on a premature death, but this will not satisfy thee. The question only recedes. For what purpose were all the circumstances of these different individuals, so ordered, or permitted, as to bear, in this peculiar manner, on the destiny of the person now before us? Here, reason and physiology, learned as they are, must confess themselves both at fault. Eternity alone must solve the mystery. The Holy word teaches, that the 'ways of God are not as our ways, nor His thoughts, as our thoughts.' Even with our limited vision, we may see blessings accruing from this allotment of His Providence, nor are we capable of judging how far-extended may be its healthy influence, in the wide-spread, and indefinite ramifications of His spiritual economy. Thou and I, have learned a moral lesson. We have drawn nearer to the future life. We have looked upon the loveliness of a spirit, arrayed for the land of spirits; and is it not beautiful, *most beautiful?* We have seen Faith, Holiness, and Trust, palpably as we see one another, and we doubt no longer the immortality of their nature. We have looked upon the soul, and feel that it exists, the materialist, to the contrary, notwithstanding, and that it is *eternal* also, for God, himself, has stamped it with an indestructible charm. We have had a glimpse of heaven. We have seen how it can be brought down into the human spirit, by a conformity to the will of God. We have learned a juster appreciation of what we once prized too highly, of those qualities, that however fair and fascinating, must be stripped from the spirit, as it goes forth to its future home. And even the sweet ties of affection have lost somewhat of their value, love, the holiest, and purest, that makes life glorious with its coloring; for all these must be laid down at the threshold of the grave, and God be '*all in all*' to the soul.

We are stronger, also, not in our own strength, but in *that* from above, for we have seen that our Father never forsakes, though he afflicts, the heart that gives itself to him, and meekly leans upon him, and strives to obey his laws, and that, even in the darkest hours, he visits it, with heavenly communion. And the bliss of that communion! Well has it been promised as the blessing of the 'pure in heart!' Life, in the fullness of its realized ideals, in the complete success of its dearest hopes, has not *one moment* to compare with it, though it be granted among poverty, disease, in the presence of worldly disappointment, and in the chamber of death! We have learned, also, the necessity of cultivating that which will be perpetual, and the folly of wasting immortal love on things of perishing value. And now, canst thou see no good resulting from the example of her holiness amid suffering, her patience, her beautiful trust? Even if no other souls have been touched by a sanctifying influence, can we say that all this has come upon her in vain? But we know not how much, in her spiritual advancement, these solemn and mournful lessons, have been the powerful agents. That belongs to God. But have we not learned a teaching, still more important to us, instead of questioning the designs of God, to trust him, meekly and prayerfully, and therein to find our own reward?

We must now leave the Minister's Widow, but she will never depart from our memories. We shall see her no more on earth—but, in that world, where all the children of God meet in purity and blessedness, we shall recognize that lovely spirit, not as now, making beautiful its falling temple, with its own inherent radiance, but glorious in its freedom from all that is kindred with decay.

Our lives may be long, or brief—as our Father pleases;—but we will pray, that in seasons of lonely gloom, in hours of temptation and trial, he will bless, to our immortal good, the recollection of our visit to the Minister's Widow.

A little patience, reader, and we part. Shouldst thou tell the tale of what we have seen, it may be considered by some as a well-wrought fiction, but do thou say, it is no dream of the fancy, but a faithful, though feeble transcript of the emotions raised, by looking on *one*, who embodies, as near as may be, the thought of a *spirit made perfect*. Do thou say that it is an affectionate testimonial of the worth of *one*, who has now but a slight hold on earth, but whose memory should *never* pass away. And if any should recognize the original, in this faint, and imperfect portraiture, tell them, that the heart that dictated it, sensibly feels its want of power to delineate that likeness, in its beautiful exactness, but, among the causes of its gratitude to God, would place, as one of the highest, the intimate knowledge of one, whose walk has ever been with Him.

Lowell, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Song of the Wild Bird.

'Come! come! here I be!'
Sang a wild bird from the tree
To his mate, who all the day
Had been seeking where to lay.
'Here's a nook so snug and warm,
'Twill shield us from the ruthless storm;
Here we'll build our cosey nest,
Here our weary wings we'll rest.

'Summer's sun again will bring
Her mantle green, and o'er us fling
Its living folds; and music clear,
Our spirits sad at eve will cheer;
And when o'er the waters bright
Aurora flings her golden light,
Glad we'll join the choral throng,
And raise to God our matin song.'

Pure-souled bird! thou didst not dream
Deceit lurked those folds between,—
Stirred by every breeze they'd part,
Expose thee to the fowler's dart!
Oft has earth's unfeeling group
Caused the spirit's wing to droop,—
Oft deceit and wily art
Chilled the warm and trusting heart. C. W. H.

Duxbury, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The danger of tampering with Vice. No. 1.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

We propose in this essay to treat of the peril of the least tampering with vice—the danger of small temptations. It is well for us to apply our remedies to a disease in its commencement—to go back to the fountain of dark and bitter waters, and stay them there. Our age is distinguished for the manner in which we are treating public evils. We are beginning to look at their sources. We are beginning to feel that one effectual action upon the *causes* of crime and vice, is far more beneficial than a week's declamation and a whole pamphlet of statistics devoted to the consideration of the vice or crime itself. It is, probably, full as well for the practical good of society as if we had resolved the mystery of evil or squared the circle, that we now perceive that a judicious alleviation of poverty, oppression and distress, prevents a vast amount of those evils that mar the human soul and destroy property

and life and honor. We have discovered that school-houses for ignorant boys, are much better than prisons for crime-hardened men—that associations for the prevention of drunkenness and the reformation of the inebriate, are far preferable to retreats for the pauper or the insane. If we go on thus, binding with strong chains the *causes* of misery and guilt, we bid fair to do more in one half century to remove sin and sorrow from the earth, than all the philosophers and all the schools of uninspired wisdom, through the long succession of the ages. It is not our chief triumph that we have left other generations far below us in the scale of science—that we have almost annihilated distance and time; but that we are laying the hands of an ardent and honest philanthropy upon the *springs* of moral evil, and stanching the tears and blood of humanity at their *sources*.

This principle of aiming at the causes of evil, which the age has so extensively adopted—a principle as effectual in practice as it is true in theory; we, in our narrower sphere, propose to employ at this time, hoping that it may have its efficacy where our influence may extend, in causing the tempted to set themselves with a face of flint against the *first snare*, and the hand that is put forth for an evil act, to draw back with horror—resolved to 'touch not, taste not, handle not.'

I. We remark, then, in the first place, upon the peril of tampering in the least degree with vice, that *it subtracts from the amount of happiness which we otherwise might enjoy, and which the consistently virtuous man actually possesses.*

There are two kinds of virtue—*negative* and *positive* virtue. The first, if it be proper to consider it as any virtue at all, consists in mere abstinence from evil, for the commission of which evil the person has no temptation—has never had an opportunity or an inducement. With this trait we have now nothing to do. The second kind of virtue—*positive* virtue—consists either in repentance and reformation from an evil course in which we have been engaged—or in the successful resistance of all temptations to engage in that course. The question arises—which of these is productive of the most happiness? which of these is the most to be desired, and gives the most untroubled peace to the soul? We answer, the latter. The soul that has successfully resisted temptation has won a true victory, while he who has indulged in sin, although he has escaped from it, bears the mark of its yoke, and the scars of its iron bondage. We cannot handle sin with impunity. We cannot go thus far, and if we go no farther escape scot-free. 'Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burnt? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burnt?'

We may indulge but a little while in vice. We may but sip of its sparkling waters—tread briefly to its measures. And we may repent of our conduct. We may turn from our course with firm step, and a brave heart, and ever after pursue a different path. And it will be happy for us that we do so. Happy, that we grow not grey in iniquity—that of our youthful vigor and our manly intellect, we spare much for the great labors of duty. But, upright as our after-course may be—calm and serene as our days of virtue may glide; in the depths of the truly repentant heart there will, at times, issue grief for hours mis-spent, and golden opportunities lost—for wrong words spoken, for sinful thoughts cherished, for evil deeds done; that will color memory with hues of regret, and 'mingle our cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.' Let not him who would return from his guilty wanderings be discouraged by this. Far, far different is the sorrow of the repentant son from the misery of the hardened prodigal. While the one is sinking deep and yet deeper in depravity, and plucking with every guilty pleasure a keener sting, the other is progressing still further into that communion of virtue and atmosphere of eternal life, where the memory of the past is lost in the bliss of the present and the bright hope of the future. While, then, we are far from discouraging repentance at any stage, even the deepest, of vice, we cannot withhold the truth that presses itself upon us, that he who commits evil, in that act, subtracts from the amount of happiness he might have enjoyed, and is not so well off as he who successfully resists that evil, and treads firmly on in the path of duty. He comes out of the conflict alive, but he comes out with his armor dented and shorn. 'He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption.' The wider he sows, the more the corruption, to be sure—but still, I see no warrant, no promise in the sentence, that if he sows only a little to the flesh, he shall reap no corruption—much more shall reap good. It is a solemn truth, that needs to be held up prominently and dwelt upon—that we cannot sin in the least, with impunity—we cannot indulge in vice in the smallest degree, and it be, in all respects, as well for us as if we had rejected its temptings.

Our Book Table.

Our Book Table will hereafter not only present the volumes we are bound by courtesy to notice, but notices of some of those which attract our attention and in reference to which we may think our readers will be interested. We hope in this way to afford assistance to some of our distant friends, who reside at a far remove from cities and large towns, in selecting valuable and interesting books for the private library. The name of a book is but little—the character must be given otherwise, and we trust that our effort to set forth the claims of good books will not be unacceptable.

Powhatan; A Metrical Romance, in Seven Cantos. By Seba Smith. We are indebted to Mr. Mussey, of 29 Cornhill for a copy of this beautiful book. Though charmed with its outward appearance we were not prepared for so rich a pleasure as accrued to us from its perusal. 'The author of Powhatan does not presume to claim for his production the merit of good and genuine poetry,' yet we are sure every reader voluntarily accords to it this merit, as well as that of being an interesting romance and a faithful embodiment of the spirit of history. The descriptions are truth-like and beautiful, the narrative animated and straight-forward, the characters exceedingly well delineated, and the language and rhythm appropriate and harmonious. The young people of the United States, to whom our author has dedicated his work, have reason to thank him heartily for contributing to American literature a volume that is destined to enduring popularity, and one, too, which is fabricated entirely of *home-produce.* S. C. E.

The Life of Commodore Perry. By Alex. Slidell Mackenzie, U. S. N. in two vols. Family Library, Nos. 126, 127. Among the many excellent biographies of this excellent Library, we have read none which has interested us more than this Life of our own Perry. Indeed, in the whole range of fiction, we remember no hero who equals him in every amiable and chivalrous attribute, or who has more of personal graces and accomplishments by which to captivate, than had the gallant conqueror of Erie. The description of the battle of Erie, and of Perry's noble and magnanimous conduct throughout that trying day, is among the most intensely interesting portions, not only of American, but of the *world's* history. S. C. E.

Stories for Young People By Miss Sedgwick. The author of the 'Love-Token,' whose larger volumes have so long been the delight of maturer minds, has also become a necessary contributor to the libraries of the young. No one can write sweeter stories, or throw into them so many of the fascinations of the '*preached* word,' as Caroline Maria Sedgwick. No one can fill them so full of pure and beautiful charity, nor betray in every line so much of the spirit of that love which 'thinketh no evil,' which 'suffereth long and is kind.' The little volume before us, contains twelve stories, beautiful as dreams; some fanciful, some real; some a mingling of each, but *all* full of the richest and purest morality. Many thanks to our friend of 29 Cornhill, for a copy of this, and the preceding works. S. C. E.

The Merchant's Widow, and other Tales. By Mrs. C. M. Sawyer. Truly, we are in favor with the *book-spirit*, for never before, at one time, have so many new and really valuable favors come to us from his costly treasure-house. After the many richly deserved commendations which this little volume of Mrs. Sawyer's has received, there is little need for us to particularize its beauties. Good, and interesting, and beautiful, it certainly is, throughout; and written in her usual style of simplicity and elegance. We have observed in every instance where it has been our good fortune to observe at all, that the style of an author's *writing*, invariably accords with his or her style of *acting*—that the mind and the manners are in harmony. Will Mrs. Sawyer pardon us for saying that *her book* is just like *herself*? We are in the same case with many others who have read the volume; we know not which of the tales to call our favorite. 'The Merchant's Widow' has most in it to awaken tears—not for its sadness, but for the hearty and affectionate kindness of that 'good old Mr. Temple.' Heaven bless all of his class, *bond or free!* 'The Unequal Marriage' has much in it of solemn import, and of too common experience. It is better, far better, my dear young lady readers, to be ever than dreaded personage—*an old-maid*—than the wife of one whose principles, pursuits and sympathies, are not in harmony with your own. 'The Lonely Burial' is a sweet, bright-spirited little story, full of pure and gentle teachings.

Br. Price will please accept our best thanks for the beautiful gilt edged copy, which we received from him. It does credit to the publisher's taste, and forms a bright little ornament for our parlor-table. S. C. E.

'A Voice to the Married: being a Compendium of social, moral, and religious Duties, addressed to Husbands and Wives. By John Mather Austin. New-York, J. & H. J. Langley; Utica, O. Hutchinson. 1841.' This work is by the author of 'A Voice to Youth,' commended in this magazine as a work of interest and excellence, the extensive circulation of which supersedes the necessity of attempting any description of the style in which the present volume is written. Clearness is certainly a prominent and valuable quality, and good common sense pervades all the counsels and admonitions. The author has not written for an ideal world, and consequently has not indulged in dreams—the romance of preaching; but in pleasantness and soberness he treats of the essentials of a happy married life, and his voice should be patiently and thoughtfully listened to. The volume is divided into three parts—1. to Husbands, 2. to Wives, and 3. to both, and in these hints are given in relation to most of the matters which affect the order, comfort and happiness of home. We trust that a wide circulation may be given to the work. It is neatly bound, and contains 391 close printed, large 12mo pages. Can be had of Abel Tompkins.

'Tales from Life, designed to illustrate certain religious Doctrines and Practices which prevail at the present day. By George Rogers. Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey. 1841.' Thus runneth the title of another new work by one who seldom fails to interest his readers, and who possesses a very happy talent of communicating the incidents of travel. But this volume must be read in order to form any judgment of it, and we should rather have it examined than give any opinion respecting it. We have no great love of booking the gloomy fancies of the Calvinist, or putting in print the severe language and gross metaphors used by the unrefined bigoted adherent to that form of christianity. In additionto the 'Tales,' will be found two articles taken from the 'Repository'—'The Old Man's Experience,' by Br. Mandell, and 'The Mother's Joy,' by Br. Austin. The whole is published in a very neat and handsome style. pp. 180.

Christian Freeman. Since our last No. was out of press, this weekly religious and literary paper, edited by Br. S. Cobb, has entered upon a new volume—the third. It has been a very well conducted periodical, has treated subjects of exciting nature in a dignified and sober manner. While it is devoted in part to the Temperance and Abolition movements of the age, the reason of the reader is never insulted by the wild and foolish declamation that fills so large a space in many kindred publications. It is an excellent family paper—well suited to breathe a good spirit into the soul of the careful reader, and assist in the cultivation of the socialities and humanities of christian life. Published in Boston, 50 Cornhill, at $2 per year, in advance.

Portland Transcript. We were really made glad by greeting once more the presence of such a favorite as the Portland Transcript, as we began to think it had changed its name and let itself out at half price. It has come at length to successfully renew its claims to our esteem, and with a brighter face than it was wont to wear. 'The Tribune' is not 'The Transcript,' and Charles P. Ilsley is still the editor of the latter. He always succeeds in presenting an excellent variety, and making the reader feel that it is worth while to keep this paper, while he throws away No.

after No. of the mammoth sheets. We wish the 'Transcript great success. It is published in Portland, Me. at $2 per year, in advance. We regret that our first No. of the T. is the 5th. Can it be otherwise?

Saugus Female Seminary. We take great pleasure in stating that Miss H. A. Hoyt has opened a seminary in the Academy formerly occupied by Rev. L. Emerson in Saugus,—a pleasant town near Lynn. As preceptress in the 'Murray Institute' in Gloucester, she gave universal and full satisfaction, and we wish no better proof than the deep affection manifested towards her by her pupils there and their improvement. We commend her school to the attention of our friends, assuring them that the most careful and thorough inquiries will but confirm what we say when we declare her to be a most excellent and accomplished teacher. The Seminary was opened May 4th. Instruction is given 'in the various branches usually taught in Academies, and no effort will be spared to render it a school worthy of patronage. *Tuition*, $4 per term for English studies, with a reasonable addition for Latin, French, Drawing, &c.' Board can be had at a fair price by application to Mr. Edward Hitchings, or Miss Hoyt.

New Music Book—Boston Musical Institute, edited by T. Comer. This new volume of music has received the highest commendations from those learned in the science; and where it has been adopted by choirs, it has given great satisfaction. Its editor is a professor of unquestioned talent, and his name with many will be enough to stamp the work as excellent. We commend it to the attention of our friends and to all desirous of obtaining one of the most excellent collections of music now published. pp. 353. ☞See advertisement on cover of this No.

Br. A. R. G. is informed that we have given him credit in full for Expositor up to Jan. 1841—although it was not our intention to send him a free copy but one year. His letter was duly received; he will please accept our thanks for his kindness. A. T.

Our Monthly Talk.

Our Female Correspondents. We have a word to say of our faithful and generous friends, who kindly assist us in preparing a monthly offering for our readers. Of these, the chiefest at present is our sweet and gentle 'Ellinora' of 'Home Vale.' The interest of our pages has been greatly enhanced by her excellent contributions, as we might testify from our private letters, no less than from the frequent comments of those around us. And proud are we to assure our readers that the 'Christian Graces' so beautifully portrayed in these articles, shine forth in even stronger light from the daily life of her who is so happy in their delineation.

To Mrs. Munroe and Miss Dodd, we owe abundant thanks for the past, and are in hope that the future will not find them forgetful of our wants. Calista is always welcome, and her presence oftener desired. We may say the same of our friend 'Julia,' and of 'L. of Concord,' also of Miss Peabody, who is preparing a series of short prose articles for our new volume. Will not sister S. E. S.—the sweet 'Starr'—let her light shine on us occasionally?

Our last volume has some beautiful leaves from 'L. J. B. C.' They are precious to our readers, and thrice precious to ourself. The graces cluster around her thoughts and her pen whenever she attempts to write; and who can marvel that, where the mind is holy, the language should be surpassingly beautiful?—— And the *other*, our afflicted friend, 'J. H. S.'—words are poor to express our sense of the obligations she has conferred on us and on our readers. Shall the sweet voice of the gospel, ever so imploringly uttered from her fervent spirit, be hushed thus early upon her lips? Has the music-moan of the shell died away to be no longer heard upon our earthly shore? We fear, and yet we hope—but God knoweth what is best for us,—May his will be done.

We dare not ask the assistance of Mrs. Sawyer, for we know that her own editorial occupations demand all her leisure hours. But of Miss Barker we will venture to solicit occasional aid, trusting confidently that circumstances will permit her to follow her kind inclinations. Last on our list, but not least, is 'Ione,' whose poetry and prose have added much to the interest of the 'Repository.' We feel greatly indebted to her generous kindness, and hope it will be long continued. To all other of our female contributors, whose names are not here specified, we return sincere thanks for our own sake and in behalf of our readers whom they assist to interest and improve. S. C. E.

To our Correspondents. In the sentiments expressed by our co-worker, S. C. E. as above, we heartily concur, and add to them in reference to our male contributors our grateful acknowledgments for the favors we have received and especially for those we this month present our readers. We venture to say that we present a very rich No. to commence our new volume with—rich in thought, in beautiful language, and in intellectual interest. We have good promise of sustaining this interest throughout the volume, and trust in the generous support and exertions of our friends.

Will Miss Dodd, Mrs. Case, Mrs. Munroe, Ione, Ellinora, and Mrs. C. W. H. and Miss Peabody, accept our very grateful acknowledgments for their acceptable favors, and permit us to indulge the hope of hearing from them severally soon? 'The Governess' is exquisite sketching and full of interest; 'Goodness has been made one of the most attractive of the 'Graces;' and the mournful and heart-improving beauty and sweetness of the 'Minister's Widow,' will long live in the memory of our readers. The plea for the better sympathies for 'Ireland and the Irish,' and the sketch of the 'Tea Party,' will be regarded as beautiful parts of the present No. 'Abraham's Sacrifice,' *must* be regarded as a superior poem, and we are proud to place it in our pages. So with 'Death,' 'The Bridal Eve,' 'The Song of the Wild Bird,' and the 'Song of the Summer Wind.' 'The Moonbeam' is almost the first production of poetry by a young lady who has, as we think, considerable poetical talent and an excellent mind. We were in hopes of receiving an article from 'L. of Concord,' for this No. We still hope, as she has ever been welcome.

For Our Next. We have an excellent story entitled, '*The Elder Sister*,' from Mrs. Munroe, which, from its length, we were obliged to defer till our next. It is full of interest, in being full of that strong thought and deep feeling which characterize all the author's productions.

'The Reefer,' a fine descriptive poem from a lady in Duxbury, Mrs. C. W. H.

'Activity a Christian Duty,' an excellent religiously moral article by Br. S. Goff.

'The Victim of Envy,' by Miss Sarah E. Starr, whose article on Ridicule was so well received.

'The Removal of Napoleon,' by Miss E. M. Whittemore, a young lady 14 years of age, who certainly possesses talents which should be cultivated, and we respectfully and kindly invite her attention to home scenes as affording rich themes for her muse.

A poetical article 'On seeing a Minister grasp a Whip and a case of Sermons,' by a 'Dreamer on Realities.'

These will make a part of a series of interesting productions, to be given in our next.

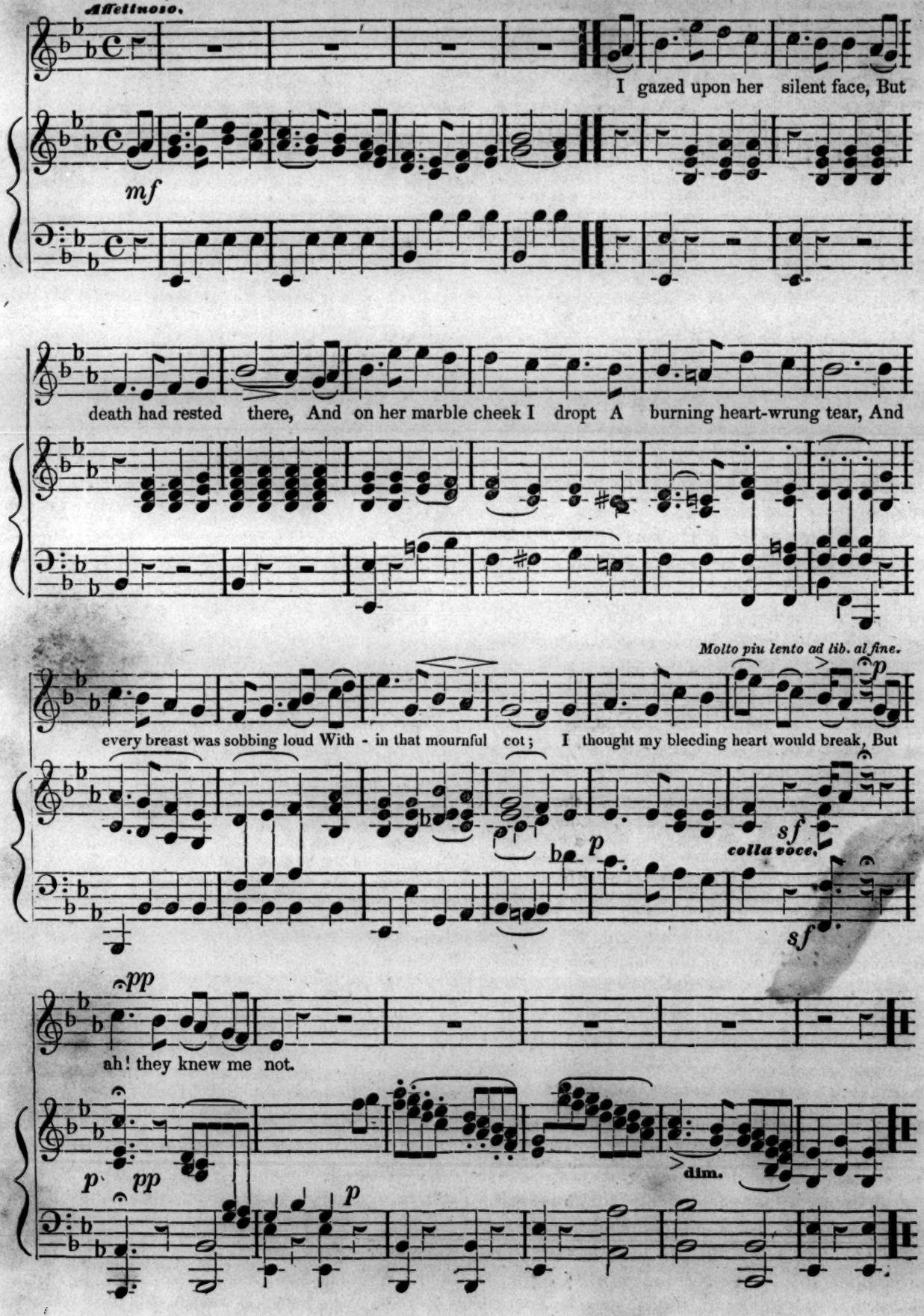
☞We are in expectation of receiving some communications from Mrs. J. H. Scott, who has been very ill, but we learn is recovering. We do earnestly hope she may yet be able to do much by her ever eloquent productions.

List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending May 31, 1841.

L. J., Mead's Creek, $2; A. N., Atkinson, $2; D. H., Canton, $4; E. W., Bath, $2; M. P., Hinesborough, $2; C. T. G., Haverhill, (settles in full) $8; H. S. S., Camillus, $4; N. P. C., Troy, (for vol. 10) $2; J. B., Woonsocket, $8; N. J. T., New Haven, $3; E. J., Kingston, $2; J. G. B., No. Yarmouth Centre, $2; T. D., Hudson, $2; H. R. N., Claremont, $2; S. H. T., Plainfield, $4.

They knew me not.

A BALLAD,—THE POETRY BY T. MILLAR,—THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY S. GODBE.



THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For July 1841. No. 2.

Written for the Repository.

The Beatitudes;

Or, Elements of Christian Happiness.

Chapter I.—Jesus on the Mountain.

'And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him.'

Jesus on the mountain is an object of intense interest, however he may be viewed—as a part of a great picture, or as a reformer and prophet. He had by his preaching and wonderful miracles of mercy, arrested the attention of large numbers. They saw in his manner of discourse an authority that was not common to their religious teachers; in his address, majesty the most commanding; and they discerned, in his teachings, an amiability attributed to the Deity, which appealed to their best feelings and affections. His works were in sympathy with his doctrine; and in the silent language of thought they owned him a man of God, and were almost ready to answer affirmatively their own question—Is he not the true Messiah?

As the Savior went from city to city, declaring the good tidings of the kingdom of God, the crowds increased, till at last they became like a mighty host moving onward after their leader to a great work. As he rose upon an eminence and turned a moment, he caught a glimpse of the vast concourse peopling the winding paths, and his spirit was moved at the sight. He paused as he came near a mountain in the neighborhood of Capernaum, and near the northern shore of the beautiful lake of Gennesareth. During the pause of a moment, what thoughts rushed through the Savior's mind! His mental powers were ever active, searching the depths of human nature, examining the springs of action, and scrutinizing the motives and feelings of the inner man. He knew that vast multitude. He knew what reigned supreme in their breasts. He knew that national glory, restoration to power and dominion, conquest of the Gentile, and love of outer glory, were pre-eminent among the desires and hopes they ardently cherished. He knew the persuasives in their minds to favor him; to receive him as the Promised, and to regard his miracles upon the weak and depressed as types of the deliverance he would effect for Israel; and he knew, also, that they were ready to cry, 'Hail Immanuel!' whenever he should raise the standard of Israel's Deliverer. There was Youth with its rash purposes and irrational hopes; Manhood with the bold brow, eye of daring, strong arm, and eager zeal; and trembling Age, pleading, in the secrecy and silence of mental prayer, to be spared a little while to see restored to Judah her ancient sceptre; David's offspring once more upon the throne, and the wings of the desolating Roman eagle no more stretched out over the Holy Land. What burning hopes glowed within them all! Shall he permit them to cherish these flattering hopes? Shall he not correct their impressions in reference to his character? Shall he leave them to their own thoughts, beguiling them into indulging expectations which to their imaginations were beautiful as summer clouds, but in truth less substantial? An impostor would have done so. A man of God, swayed by allegiance to truth and duty, would not. And he did not. The time had now come to show that Israel's gross mind has misinterpreted the prophecies, and given materiality to spiritual things, and dwelt too much on earth, too little in heaven. The Messiah they expected and were ready to greet, was to come forth with the spear and the shield to the battle and to the victory; while the Lord's Anointed, when he should come, should 'not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth; and should

smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips slay the wicked.' The spirit of prophecy had used the paraphernalia of the warrior's art, and the glowing 'pomp and circumstance of war,' to set forth the conquests of the Messiah; but though spiritually used, the symbols and imagery were literally understood, and the expectant heart of Judah panted for the restoration of the glory of the outward kingdom.

Such was the Jewish hope, flattered and nourished by their religious teachers, who had the law and the prophets indeed before them, but more of the glosses of sensual wisdom and traditions in their hearts, which unspiritualized the truth. Thus error reigned from the throng of priests in the temple to the cot of the lowliest peasant! What a work was it to attempt to correct such a vast range of mind, and send to the benumbed spiritual affections the electricity of truth!

The great object of hope—he in whom was concentrated the thoughts of that grand assemblage—ascends a mountain. How still is that crowd! How fixed is each eye! He sits, and they know by the act that he is about to teach them of important things, as authoritative teachers always sat while addressing their disciples, and a hushed stillness pervades the crowd.

In querying, Why Jesus chose to address the disciples and multitude from a mountain? some have been satisfied with the most natural answer, that it was for conveniency to himself and advantage to his auditors; but for others this is too simple, and they opine that because the moral law was delivered from a mountain, so it was to be, by the true Interpreter, explained, according to the spiritual character belonging unto it, on a like eminence—at once an emblem of its sublimity and stability. Such delight to contrast the two mountains and their situations, and the different characteristics of the delivery of the Law and the Interpretation.

'I have stood,' says an accurate traveller, 'upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it, upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitudes and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has called it "a perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive.' On that mountain the prophet of God received the law, and the character of the scene may be easily gathered from the Apostle's language;—'Ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire; nor unto blackness and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words; which voice they that heard entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more; and so terrible was the sight, that Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake."'

What a contrast with the mount of the Beatitudes, the scene of the Interpretation, and the calm majesty of the great Teacher! This mountain was completely surrounded with life and beauty. Its sides were covered with the richest verdure and gemmed with flowers, and diversified by various kinds of trees, beautiful groves, and fertile spots. From its summit a singularly interesting landscape was spread out, having all the variety of the grand and the bold, the picturesque, the solitude and the crowded town and the hamlet. Not land alone, but the flowing and lovely lake of Gennesareth was seen, winding its beautiful course in the distance, giving a charm to the prospect it would otherwise sadly want. The mountain was in the vicinity of scenes of ancient deeds and national honor, and the eye, as it gazed around, directed by patriotism, saw many and sacred mementos of endeared events. How different from mount Sinai! How different, also, the sight presented to the multitude that was anciently around the one, from the sight presented to the multitude that are now gathered at the Teacher's feet! No blackness, darkness, or tempest, is seen! No alarming and awful sounds, and no contagious fear or trembling is manifested by the all-viewed One; but there he sits, serene as the evening star in her azure home. All was calm, beautifully majestic and solemn. A glorious scene for the painter—at the moment when the pause was made, ere the Teacher opened his lips to teach.

What a power has one mind! Were ambition the reigning impulse in the breast of Jesus—were he desirous to sway the sceptre of Judah and rejoice in the glory of an outward domin-

ion—what time was that for his purpose! Had he but unfurled the banner of Israel—made one spear to glitter in the sunlight, and woke one shout—*The Messiah and Israel!* then from lip to lip would pass the sound, till the echo floated over the hills, and the thrilling cry swept through the rock openings, down through the vallies, giving life to every heart; and soon, from a gathered host, would go up a shout to heaven, as grand as that which rose from the shore of the Red Sea after the ancient deliverance! One word would have given a direction to the concentrated energies of that multitude that would soon have been felt in the very heart of the Roman Empire; and what a page would have been given to history that it has not now! But spear and banner had no charms to tempt Jesus from devotion to the higher purposes of his being and mission.

Great indeed is the responsibility of those who address congregated masses, and give direction to feeling and passion. Base are the characters of those who abuse their power of speech and language, and before their fellows are like Absalom crying—'Oh! that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!' while in the soul there is but one passion and that for self-exaltation! Jesus, to this passion gave no dominion, for all his desires were comprehended in one—God's glory in human good. Accordingly, his purpose was fixed,—to correct the ideas of the people concerning him—to show he was not the Messiah they expected—that his miracles were not types of what he would do for outward Israel—that he should not lead them on to battle and conquest—and that he had no sympathy with the time serving, gross, and corrupt doctrines of their teachers. He opposed the sensual opinions of the religious leaders of the age, and was the great Apostle of moral and spiritual right, of heart-purity, benevolence, resistance of evil, and soul felt devotion to good and God. He addressed his disciples as Jews by education, custom and association, as influenced by the common opinions of their countrymen and the times, and with but little sympathy for the true character of his mission. He wished them to understand duty—what they might expect—what they must prepare for—what they must be willing to sacrifice, release, suffer, and bear; and this he did that those who followed him from wrong motives and expectations might do so no longer, and those who were resolved to be for him, might realize the stand they were taking. He spoke, they listened and were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one having authority, and not as did the Scribes—the learned teachers of the age.

Here let us pause, and contemplate the character of Jesus as thus presented. And first we may remark, that Jesus knew, and acted upon the knowledge, that according to the conceptions formed of him by the people, would be the character of their conduct towards him and his doctrine. It is so now. According to our impressions of his real character, will be our reverence for his truth; and it seems impossible to consider his character with any degree of seriousness and attention, without being strongly persuaded of its divinity. The evidences of that divinity are to be felt rising up in 'the chamber of imagery' in the human soul, and by their loveliness, dignity, and harmony, winning our admiration and homage, rather than to be described with philosophical accuracy. It is ever so with our ideal of the great and good of history. There is a conviction in the heart of their worth and goodness which cannot be adequately described, and according to the degree of our admiration is our dissatisfaction with the best description we are able to give. How often when we have described a splendid scene, a beautiful phenomenon in nature, or a friend whom we enthusiastically admire and love, do we add to our description—Ah, after all you must see and know for yourself, before you can conceive a right idea of what I have described! It is so with the christian and his conception of Jesus. He rises from the contemplation of his Lord with convictions, feelings, and emotions, for which there is no adequate language.

Much must still lie unuttered, after he has said all that he can say. No words can make visible the ideal in his soul, or bring out legibly to the eyes of others what is inscribed on the tablet of his heart, read by the mental eye as fondly as the lover reads the affection of his mistress's looks and smiles. As those looks and smiles of affection quicken the ardor of the suitor's love and attachment, so does a contemplation of Jesus in the Gospels increase the christian's conviction that he was truly the Son of God, and enlivens his devotion to his truth. There is, in short, so much in the portrait of Jesus to win our love,—the admiration of the human soul, that his doctrine must be honored by all who see aright that charac-

ter, for Christ and Christianity have a perfect unity.

But to return to the consideration of the peculiar traits of character presented in bold relief by the circumstances alluded to. And first we are impressed with his *Originality*. How opposite was his character, in its mental conformation especially, to that of his countrymen! Where did the peasant of Nazareth, surrounded by the humbler classes, occupied in the labors of a mechanic, and with all the customs, habits, and opinions of the Jews of the age thrust upon his attention—where did he gain aid to form such original conceptions of human duty and such grand designs for social progress? Where, and from whom, learned he to go forth to a reform, every feature of which was opposite to the general feeling, and its aims striking at the very root of some of the most cherished hopes of the Jew? And when he ascended the mountain to teach, from whence came the inspiration by which he taught a doctrine pure, sublime, benevolent, perfect, and dealing death to what were regarded as sanctified hopes for Israel? This aid and wisdom were not of earth, but—to use the sublime language of Milton in reference to the true poet—from 'that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.' He was the Christ of God—the consecrated Word of Jehovah—the Light whose brightness came from the fountain that pours its radiance upon the glories of the eternal paradise. Jesus Christ an impostor! Absurdity! Foolishness, only exceeded by that presumption, that knowing the order and immensity of the universe, and that nothing of earth or time can satisfy the aspirations of the soul, yet looks upon the stars and proclaims—There is no God—no life beyond this!

The originality of the character of Jesus, so opposite to what the expectation, habits and customs of the times would have formed—so opposite to what religious deception would have suggested—and so opposite to enthusiasm or fanaticism,—calm, consistent, dignified, majestic—could only have come from the inspiration of the true God.

Consider his *Honesty as a Reformer*. He entered the field of social action an avowed Reformer. He saw the contrast between his principles and all that swayed the public and the common mind—what he must expect to meet in his progress—what the fate of his followers would be. He goes onward with fixed and settled purpose. Followers increase as he advances, till they are swollen to crowds—enough, if true to his principles, to reform the world. He pauses—and hushed is that multitude. He teaches—and gives utterance to rules of feeling, thought, and action, the most pure and strict; and in the plainest manner he declares the dangers that lie in the path of the disciples, assuring them that they require the most devoted self-denial and sacrifice, and that he offers none other than spiritual rewards, that have no charms to the lover of outward glory, wealth, or power, so that it is evident that to be his disciple requires a pure purpose and strong heart. Here was honesty that forbids the thought that he was allied to any thing but devotedness to God. He saw what he was to oppose. He fixed his principles of life and action. He resolved to labor in the cause he loved, and to leave his work to be blessed in God's own time. He knew he could not reform the world in a day, but that to every work there is a seed time and harvest; and not eager to hasten Providence, he was always consistent, prudent, just, and generous. A wise and good example for all reformers, but too much neglected.

Consider, also, the justice of his *Judgment*. He knew the human mind had one Author and the human heart one Father, and that truth was unchangeable. Therefore, to the rich and the poor, the exalted and the lowly, the learned and the simple, he gave the same principles to control and guide their moral being. He had one tone in which to declare and enforce the moral law; and the faults of the proud pharisee received no more favor than those of the despised publican, and both were treated in a manner which commanded their attention from its authoritativeness and contrast with the manner of the Scribes.

He did not permit the pomp and show of wealth and state to bias his judgment of men; and 'the little folly' of him who had 'a reputation for wisdom,' was not so gilded by the 'blaze of fame' as to lose all its darkness and repulsiveness. He did not recognize any privileged classes in morals. When he addressed the gathered masses, he did not turn with a patronage-craving smile to where the Separatists stood, and speak with softened tone to them, gathering strength to utter forth to the 'lower classes' severe denunciations. He looked on society with a just eye, and no dazzling glory could contract his vis-

ion as he gazed upward to the chair of state, or throne of power. His glance penetrated to the depths of being; and he knew what were the struggles endured by the poor which the wealthy knew not. He read minds and judged hearts, regarding not the robes of pride or the tattered garment of poverty. He despised not the poor—he flattered not the rich;—he talked not of classes—he judged not by clans; he individualized men, and was never betrayed by circumstances into the practise of false courtesies. Simon, the pharisee, in the crowd, was no less the proud separatist when presiding at the festival board in his house, and no less did he hear rebuking truth.

For us Jesus taught on the mountain, and for all to whom come the record of his wisdom. We should hear his voice. It is the voice of one who teaches with divine authority, and whose truth has the deepest and truest sympathy with our moral and spiritual nature. He teaches us to be happy; and instructs how to obtain true blessedness, in a few comprehensive sentences, which reveal the essential virtues and graces which are needed to enable us the best to enjoy life and bear its trials and afflictions. These aphorisms, called the Beatitudes, I propose, in a series of articles, to reverently consider, regarding them as setting forth the elements of true christian happiness. I shall aim to consider each of them carefully, in order that we may be prepared to rightly combine them and admire the beauty of the character formed by their indwelling harmony. And when I shall have ended, I hope in the heart of the reader, and in my own, the conviction will be deepened, that

'If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast the jewel lies,
Nor need we roam abroad;
The world has little to bestow;
From pious hearts our joys must flow—
Hearts that delight in God.' B.

Marblehead, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Reefer.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

[Suggested by a beautiful and graphic engraving of a young Reefer, leaning on a mast, with a fixed gaze.]

On what art thou gazing, beautiful boy!
With thine eye of light and thy brow of joy!
Thine eyes are upturned to the far off sky,
And thou'dst pierce the bright worlds, that hidden lie
In the boundless expanse of ether blue,
And find if what is supposed be true,—
That each of the gems that brightly deck
The brow of night, and appears but a speck,
Is a world such as ours; that creatures as fair
As e'er graced our earth, in beauty are there.
And thou think'st, perhaps, when we quit this world,
When the spirit is poised and the wing unfurled,
Its flight will be upward to some bright star,
Which is gleaming thro' azure space afar;—
That the magnitude, greater or less will be,
As we go debased or in purity;—
That the price required for our wanderings here
Will be separation from friends most dear,—
That to some lesser sphere we must wing our flight,
If guilty and frail, from the loved ones sight.
And thou weep'st to think how dark would be
E'en those bright worlds, without *thine*, to thee.
Sweet youth! may no bitterer tears e'er flow
From thine eyes, than now, for ideal woe.

On what dost thou gaze? Is the uplifted eye
Marking the feathery clouds as they fly?
Now wreathing in forms fantastic and fair,
Now rent in pieces by a breath of air.
Did the false things deceive thee, as near the sea,
In the distance they hung,—did they seem to be
Of itself a part? then assume the form
Of a stately ship, o'er the proud waves borne?
Did thy young heart leap at the tho't that the strand,
To which it was bound, was thy own native land;
That now the letter, which for many a week
Has lain in thy trunk, till thou should'st speak
Some wandering sail, could be sent to one
Who is thine—all thine, when the voyage is done!
And thou slid'st to the deck, for the glass to bring
Nearer and sooner, that beautiful thing.

Alas! 'twas but vapor, and vanished from sight
E'er thou gained once more the mast's dizzy height.
Phantom illusive! may it teach thee youth!
In thy search for joys and eternal truth,
To direct thy gaze thro' vapor and shade,
To the world of the real where joys never fade.

Art watching the flashing meteors course
As they dart thro' the air from their secret source!
With thy far-searching gaze, hast thou yet found
From whence they came, or whither they're bound?
And are they indeed, as Mahometans say,
Firebrands of wrath, which good angels sway,
When they chase from the verge of Heaven the bad,
Who approach too near, in dark robes clad?
It seems, as it shoots from its hiding place,
Like an uncaged bird, unused to trace
Its course thro' the air; its flight cannot stop
Till down to the earth in darkness it drop.

'Tis an emblem, youth! of thy own restless kind
When they quit the sphere which Heaven assigned,
And seek in the erratic path of fame
The meed of fools—a sounding name.

Art watching the Moon, as it sails o'er the sky,
In glory and beauty, so lonely and high!
'Tis lovely and fair! surpassingly bright!
But alas! it shines with borrowed light:
And vague and dim are the shadows it throws,
As a soul just awaking from sin's repose.
And darker than ocean when storms are out,
Would be night's pale silvery queen, without
The sun's clear rays were reflected there;
And cold she is, as lovely and fair.

It is thus proud man, could he reach the goal
Of Ambition, and there in splendor roll,
Cares not how cold is the heart beneath,
Can he but grasp the glittering wreath;
Not how many brighter suns shall set
For him; nor the burning tears that wet
The pallid cheek, for the withering blight
He has shed on the hopes once glad and bright.

As the radiant moon shall fade away
Before the sun's pure, morning ray,
So fame and hopes, built on tears and sighs,
Must fade when the sun of truth shall rise;
And the heart not warmed by affection's light,
Congeal and expire in darkness and night.

Speak and tell me, beautiful One!
As thou lean'st on that spar, so high and lone,
The wild winds playing among thy dark hair,
Speak! and O tell me what seest thou there!
Thou seem'st, with thy face of joyous youth,
The embodied spirit of love and truth,
Sent down from celestial courts above,
On an errand of mercy, like the dove
From the ark, to find if there's yet one breast
On which to repose and securely rest.

I've been gazing, Lady, on the land
Receding from view, on whose loved strand,
I left, but a few brief hours ago,
Mother and friends, in deepest wo,
That I must launch on the treach'rous deep,
Where storms are nursed, and tempests sleep;
And tho' they've long been out of sight,
The pictures stamped so clear—so bright,
Upon my heart, I see them now—
And my mother's hand is on my brow,
As when she blessed me, and solemnly said,
'To Him who numbers the hairs of the head,
'To Him who has ever and ever will keep
'In his merciful hand the mighty deep,
'I commend thee, boy! God bless thee! go,
'And prayers for thy weal shall hourly flow.'

'Tis well! and when from thy fading view,
This world is receding, and friends so true
Are weeping in anguish around thy bed
Such tears as the stricken heart must shed
Or break! lift the glass of *faith* to thy sight
And bring near a home of unfading light;
Where tears flow not, where, in one bright train,
All 's the pure in heart shall meet again.'

Duxbury, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Elder Sister.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

It was a bright and beautiful day of summer. Balmy and soft, the west wind was abroad over the earth, and it came wafted to the hall of the rich, and fanned the cheek of health and beauty. And it came, too, into the lowly abode of poverty, even to the bedside of the dying, and touched the pale cheek of the sufferer, and lifted the hair from the sad brows and tear-bedewed cheeks of the children who gathered around that humble couch. While all is beautiful abroad, stop for one moment in this humble tenement. The rays of a summer's sun shine here upon a sad, sad scene. A woman, and a mother,—pale, emaciated and dying—is there; and beside her, are three children. Yet it is not a scene of squalid poverty, wretchedness and vice. The inmates of this dwelling are poor, but there is an air of neatness around, which disarms poverty of its sharpest sting. The floor is destitute of carpet or other covering, yet careful hands have kept it white; the articles of furniture are few, but each is clean, and stands in its proper place; and the three children, though clad in plain, simple garments, are perfectly neat. The eldest is a girl of about fourteen years of age—sweet, gentle Mary Somers! She has tasted early of the bitterness of earth's cup, and it has cast a shade of thought upon her youthful brow, and clear, dark eye; and as she stands by the side of her mother, bathing her fevered brow, you forget that she is but a child; for early sorrow and affliction have caused her to pass, too soon from playful childhood, to thoughtful womanhood. And there is Alice too—little, lovely, playful Alice! the life, and joy of that humble dwelling; whose young voice is ever glad and joyous, and her laugh clear and ringing, and her heart free and childlike in its warm and gushing affections. Bright Alice Somers! too young to share the depths of thine elder sister's sorrow, but old enough to feel that the present is a moment of gloom; and the tears are gushing from thine eyes, and thy bosom heaves, as if thine heart were breaking with its excess of grief. The other of the group is a boy of about eight years of age, with the soft, thoughtful eye of his elder sister. He is too young to realize his affliction, yet he weeps, as childhood will, from very sympathy.

Another form now enters the door, and comes to the bedside of the dying. He is a man of about forty years old, of the middle stature, and his thick set, muscular frame betokens a person used to severe and active labor. His countenance is dark and swarthy, for he has evidently followed a seafaring life; and exposure to many climes and burning suns has rendered his brow dark, though not forbidding in its aspect, for there is kindness of soul beaming from his dark blue eye, and his voice, though used to giving forth its orders amid the confusion and fury of the elements, is gentle and low as he addresses the sick one before him. He is the brother of Mrs. Somers, and a kind hearted and generous sailor. He has come, like a messenger from heaven, to cheer her last moments, to take away some of the bitterness of death; for well she knows he will provide for the poor orphans who stand around her bedside. She welcomes him with a sweet smile, and the heartfelt prayer and blessings of his dying sister, fall sweet upon the sailor's ear, as he promises to

be a father to those she must leave behind her. 'It is but a mournful task,' says she, as she looks up into his sun burnt face, down which the warm tears are flowing,—'and one which will be of much trouble and trial to you, in your situation; but you are the only friend I have on earth, and I know you will be kind to them; and when you are away on the wide waters, the prayers of the poor orphans will rise to heaven for your safety, and there will too, be those around the throne of grace, who will pray for your welfare.' The brother's heart is too full for words. He presses her cold hand, and bows his head in silence; yet she knows he has vowed faithfulness.

The bright summer day has passed, and the sick woman lingered, as if to witness its close; for ere the shades of night had gathered over the city, her spirit had sought its God. And through that clear, calm summer night, young Mary Somers sat and watched by the side of her dead parent. It was a sad vigil for one so young! Her cheek was pale, her eyes swollen with weeping. She knelt down by the side of the bed, and prayed fervently, from the very depths of a young, sincere and deeply tried spirit. That prayer arose to Heaven, and was it not answered! Was not the strength given her from above, which enabled her in after life to perform her duty so well, though ofttimes the task was painful? That young girl rose from her devotions with a firm heart and a trust in the care and protection of the God she had been taught from early childhood to revere, and to regard as a Father. And she went through the other duties which devolved upon her, ere her mother's remains were consigned to the grave, with a firm step and a trusting heart, for her hope was in God.

Mrs. Somers had been married at an early age, and her prospects appeared promising. Her parents died a short time after her marriage. They were not rich, and all they had given their daughter was a good education and a mind well stored with useful knowledge. But George Somers and his wife were young, and what had they to fear! They hired a small house in their native city, and set out upon their new life. Mrs. Somers made her home a happy one. Some said she had education and talents far above her station, and wondered how she could content herself in the dull round of domestic duty. But her parents when they educated their daughter did wisely. While her mind was being enriched with useful knowledge, and what the schools could bestow, the heart had not been neglected; but that had kept pace with the intellect, in all good and pure things. She had rich stores of happiness within her own mind which the world knew not of, and which one with an undisciplined mind and heart could not possess. Mr. Somers was a kind husband and a good man. He toiled unremittingly and cheerfully, but his health gradually declined; he met with disappointment in business, and all his exertions seemed to be of no avail. He bore up against trouble and trial as well as he could, and he ever found a ready counsellor in his wife. Her quick eye saw that his cheek grew pale, his eye more bright and his step more feeble and slow. She saw all this before he confessed that he was ill, as she lay at night listening to his labored breathing, murmuring words, while she pressed her hand upon his brow, which felt hot and fevered beneath her touch.

A few years passed on and George Somers still lived, but looked like one just ready for the tomb. His wife toiled on in her humble home, and well did her heart bear up under her trials; and she now felt her talents had not been given her in vain, as she was able to instruct her children in all lessons suitable for their different ages. And when their eyes were closed in sleep and her husband had sunk into his broken slumbers, she would sit at her unfinished task with an unmurmuring heart and placid countenance. Or if at times she tired and her heart grew faint with weariness, she would go and kneel down and offer up a prayer to God, and gaze upon her children's sweet, still slumbers, and then upon her husband's pale and almost celestial countenance, and go again cheerfully to her task. But at length after years of suffering, the husband and father died, leaving her with three helpless children. It was about this time that Henry Barton having returned from sea, visited his sister, and his presence was cheering to the mourner. He had amassed considerable property in his different voyages, and with the characteristic generosity of a sailor, he offered it to her. She blessed him for his kindness; and when he again departed, it was not without many prayers for his welfare, breathed more fervent than ever for his protection. From that time till a few days before her death, she had not seen him, and his return was fortunate to cheer her heart with the assurance, that her children would not be left friendless in the wide world.

He kept his promise to his dying sister faith-

fully, loving the orphans for her sake, who had been to him a fair, gentle creature, regarded with a brother's most ardent affection; and though, in later years, they had been much apart, still the memory of the bright sunny days of his childhood would come across the mariner's heart, like gleams of sunshine from a brighter land. The generous brother boarded the three orphans with his aunt, a poor, but industrious woman, who was very glad to receive them to her house, for a small recompense. They were sent to suitable schools, for in our favored cities, such schools are open for all, high and low, rich and poor. When he saw that they were thus provided for, he embarked again on board the ship Albion of which he was captain, to be absent on a voyage of four years.

Those four years have passed away, and we will look in again upon the orphans. They are in a neat little room with an elderly lady, Mrs. Jackson, the aunt of whom I have spoken. A cheerful fire blazes in the fire-place, as the weather is cold and disagreeable, for it is the month of March. Mary and her little brother, are busy with a book before them, while Alice is sitting by the window and gazing out into the street. At length she speaks, 'Do you think that Uncle Henry will be here to-night?' They all raise their heads at the question. 'I wish that he would come,' little Herbert exclaimed, 'so that I could show him how I get along with my studies, for I know he will smile and call me his good little scholar.' Mary rises and walks to the window and looks out. Dark, heavy clouds are driving fast over the heavens—the wind is high and tempestuous, and every thing seems to tell of a stormy and dangerous night. The countenance of the young girl grows sad as she turns away from the window, half uttering hopes and prayers.

It was as Mary Somers had feared. The night grew more dark and gloomy, the wind rose higher and higher, and now and then was heard the distant pealing of thunder, and the rain and sleet fell thick and fast upon the earth. About midnight, the storm was appalling. Mary arose and lighted a candle—she could not sleep, for he who had been a father to her and her sister and brother, was exposed to the fury of the elements on that dreadful night, and if he should die, she would be alone again on the wide world! She thought of the night her mother died. It was a clear, still summer night when she had watched by her,—dead! and she recollected how calm was her mind after she had prayed, as she sat and gazed upon her pale, still features. She had prayed many times since then, prayed daily, for direction and guidance. And now she knelt to God for the friend he had given her, and when she arose, she felt calmer, and listened to the roaring wind and the driving sleet with a more resigned mind.

Towards morning the storm abated, and the sun arose in unclouded splendor. But it had been a night of fearful danger, and the morning presented a sad scene! The ravages of the storm had not been so great in the dense part of the city, though here and there a chimney had been blown down, or a loose shutter or blind carried away by the fury of the wind. But along the wharves the scene was appalling. Masts of dismantled vessels were drifting on the waves; and casks, and boards and numerous other articles were floating on the water. Large ships had parted their moorings, and presented a sad sight, with their torn sails flapping loosely on their broken masts, while they lay as they had been tossed by the winds and waves,—some nearly high and dry on the wharves, others careened over on one side. And worse than this! many a noble soul, the hope and stay of many hearts, in their pride and strength had found a watery grave, that fearful night, and no friend had heard their last cry! It was a sad morning for the three orphans, for it brought the tidings that the ship Albion had gone to the bottom, and all her crew had perished.

Poor Mary Somers now needed all her strength and fortitude to enable her to bear up under this new affliction. She had felt lone and sad when her mother died; but their uncle had provided them a good home, and his generous heart had given herself and sister and brother ample means of support. And though she had missed her mother much, and her young heart had lost all the playfulness of its girlhood by early affliction, still she had been contented; the cold, stern hand of poverty had not pressed heavily upon them, and she had not felt obliged till now to look forward to the future, doubting how they were to be provided with sustenance for the morrow.

She had improved much in mind, during those four years, having assisted her brother and sister in their studies, and carefully employed all leisure hours, as for a trifling sum she had been able to obtain books from a library in the neighborhood, the knowledge derived from which, aided by a

naturally strong and thoughtful mind, had made Mary Somers one who would have been an ornament to any circle in life. But she now felt that much depended upon herself, and she knew not where to turn for direction. Mrs. Jackson was kind and good to the orphans, and pitied them in in their lone state; but she was not one who could give much real good advice to Mary, for her mind was not naturally strong, and old age and trouble had impaired and blunted her faculties. Mary thought, at first, of taking a school; this she would have preferred, but how could she procure one? she had no influential friends to speak in her behalf, and she thought it not probable that her application at any time would not prevail while many others of higher rank and who possessing friends to speak for them, were desiring similar employment. She felt that it was useless to think of this course, and what other remained? None, but to go and endeavor to procure some of the needle-work which constitutes the support of thousands in our cities. Hard and laborious as it is, and scanty as is the reward, many seek for it daily, and bend till midnight over their hard task, to procure but a subsistence. And this was all the resource that was open to her. And the next day after that frightful storm, saw Mary Somers out upon her errand. And in this she was successful; and the prospect of an honest livelihood, frail as it was, cheered her, and she set about her task with a determined heart.

It was a late hour in the night, and the hum of business had long since ceased in the busy city. All was still; save now and then the noisy burst of wild glee of some nightly reveller, or the hollow tread of the watchman, as his steps fell upon the sidewalk. A light still burned in the humble tenement where dwelt the three orphans. Mary and Alice were busy with their work. The countenance of the elder was placid and serene, but the lip of the young Alice trembled, and a tear was in her eye, and every now and then she would drop her work as if unmindful, and stop and press her hand to her forehead. Young Herbert too was there, but he was busy with his book. He was deep in thought and happy, and the world was nothing then, to his young, dreaming mind. The group had long been silent. At length Mary looked up, and her eye fell upon Alice. The young girl hastily brushed away a tear, and resumed her work. 'Alice,' said Mary kindly, 'you had better go to bed, you are tired and wearied, and complained this afternoon of the headache.' 'But the work must be finished to-night, Mary,' said Alice, despondingly. 'I can do it alone in a very little while; you had better go,' answered Mary, drawing her sister to her side and kissing her flushed cheek. Alice sobbed for awhile upon her sister's bosom, but spoke not a word. 'Why,' said Mary, taking her hand, 'why were you looking so earnestly upon this little ring, your schoolfellow gave you? have you heard bad news from Grenville Eaton?' 'I have heard nothing,' said Alice. 'Is that then the reason you are sad? but you are tired and unwell, go to bed, and in the morning you will feel better and happier.'

Alice rose in silence, and Herbert looked wonderingly up in her face, as she kissed his cheek, and bade him good night. But he turned again to his book, and Mary to her work, and the brother and sister were silent for a while. But soon the boy grew weary, and it was with difficulty that even his book could chase away the influence of sleep. His sister looked up and smiled, as she saw that his head had sunk upon his breast, and that his eyes were closed. 'There, Herbert,' said she, putting her hand upon his forehead, 'you had better put by your book for to-night; you are too drowsy to do justice to its author; in the morning you will feel fresher and brighter.' Herbert roused himself, and closed the book. 'Are you never sleepy, Mary,' said he, 'that you can sit up so much longer than any of us? you must be tired —why don't you go to rest?' 'I must finish my work first; nor am I at all sleepy.' 'You are a kind sister,' said the young lad, 'and you have to work hard for us, but I shall soon be a man, and then I will work for you and Alice, and you will not be obliged to sew so much.' 'But you had better go to bed now, or you will never grow to be a man. So good night.'

They were both gone, and Mary was alone. It was long past midnight, when the work was finished, and she prepared to retire to rest. She took down the Bible from the shelf and read a chapter; she then knelt down by the side of her sleeping sister, and addressed a prayer to Heaven. She then gazed for a moment upon the face of Alice. There were traces of tears upon her cheeks, but a smile was on the lips;—she was dreaming of Grenville Eaton. And Mary softly kissed her, and lay down by her side, and was soon as unconscious of the world, as her sister. So tranquil are the slumbers of innocence.

And thus for some years did the orphans live. The elder sister was indeed young to have so much of care, yet did her spirit rise as woman's will, with every emergency. Cheerfully did she go about her daily task, a smile upon her lips to cheer the hearts of her young sister and brother, and a kind word of encouragement ever ready, when their spirits drooped. Yet had she hours of sadness. Hours when had it not been for her strong and unwavering trust in God, her spirit would have sunk. For there were times when all her scanty earnings were exhausted, and she could have nothing for the morrow till her hands had earned a little more of that money which seems sometimes to be the one thing needful. Yet she ever seemed to those who looked up to her for direction, cheerful and kind; they knew not of all her exertions for their support. Yet Alice was ever ready to assist her sister, and well had her joyous laugh and sunny smile cheered their humble dwelling. She had a voice clear and musical, and she would sing her simple songs and artless lays with a heart as free from care, as the bird's in the greenwood tree. She knew they were poor, but had they not ever been? she knew that they must toil for a living, but they were strong, hearty and willing. But gradually her young heart had changed. Her voice grew more soft and melancholy, her smile more sad, and her laugh less heartfelt. There was one whom she had known from childhood; they had been to the same school, and an affection, it may have been a mere childish one, had sprung up between them. They had parted; their school-days were finished, and young Grenville Eaton had given to Alice, as a token of his boyish love, a small gold ring. Well had that token been cherished by the young girl; she had gazed upon the magic circlet, and thought of the giver, and her love had gradually increased towards him till she felt almost as if her heart were plighted to the giver of that ring, although he was rich and far away, and she had not seen him, since the hour when he had placed it on her small and slender finger. But of this no more. A few words of the young Herbert, and we will proceed. We have said that he had the soft, dark eyes of his elder sister, he had also her kind and loving heart. His intellect was rich in power, and his mind great in capacity. Had he been placed in higher life, he would have been early marked out as a genius; but he was poor, and had no one to put him forward. None, did I say? Yes, there was one; yet she was young, poor as himself, and what could she do? But she was a woman, and my simple story will tell what her heart and hands could achieve. Mary saw his strength of mind and his love for study, and she determined that all his rich powers should not lie hidden and pressed down by the hand of penury.

Two years passed on, and Mary's hopes seemed near their completion. Even her fondest desires could ask no more for Herbert. Truly God had raised her up a friend in the time of need. The minister whose meeting she attended, was a kind, benevolent man, and to him she applied in behalf of Herbert. Mr. Saunders had noticed the orphans in their lone condition, and was glad to do all in his power for their assistance. He kindly offered to take Herbert under his charge, and educate him for the ministry, should he be inclined to that profession. To this Herbert gratefully acceded; it was indeed his most ardent wish, and now a fair prospect of future usefulness, and emolument seemed open before him, and he determined to apply himself assiduously to his studies.

It was just at the close of a summer's day that Mary sat alone at the window. She had just had a visit from Herbert, and she was watching to catch the last glimpse of his figure, as he passed down the street. Her heart was full of sweet, pleasant thoughts, for he was well provided for, and Alice and herself could surely get along in the world, young and healthy as they both were. But where was Alice? It was surely time for her to return. She had gone out with some work, and a considerable time had elapsed since she had left her home. Mary gazed anxiously down the street in the hope of seeing her. But it was nearly dark, ere she returned; and Mary saw by her flushed cheek, that something had happened to agitate her. 'You are late, Alice,' said Mary, 'could not you procure any work?' 'Yes, there it is,' said she, laying a bundle upon the table. 'But what is the matter, Alice? has any thing unusual happened.' Alice took off her bonnet, and put it in its accustomed place in silence; she then drew a chair by the side of her sister, and looked up into her face, with a strange, sad smile, 'We are to have a visitor to-morrow,' said she at last, 'an old schoolfellow.' 'Who, Grenville Eaton?' said Mary, looking into her sister's face, 'have you seen him.' 'Yes, I met him as I was going down the street,' said Alice, and her cheek glowed as she hastily proceeded. 'He asked me if we lived

where we used to, and said that he would call to-morrow evening.' 'I should like very well to see him, and what does my little Alice say to the expected visitor?' Alice looked round with a sad and almost discontented air, upon the plain, simply furnished room in which they were seated, and then up into Mary's face, and her soft eyes filled with tears. 'I see how it is, Alice,' said Mary, in a low voice, 'you wish to see Grenville Eaton, but you are ashamed of your poverty. But has he not known you from childhood? does he not know that we have always been poor? and if he chooses, though he be rich, to visit us, poor and orphans as we are, I know not why we should be ashamed to receive him. Indeed, Alice, you did not used to be afraid of his visits.' 'But we were younger then, and I did not know the value the world puts upon outward appearances,' said she, despondently. 'But if the world values them too much, my little Alice must not. I doubt not but Grenville will be as glad to see us, as though we received him in a more splendid style, and our hearts would be no better, nor our welcome more true, if we dwelt in a costlier habitation. Do you think they would, Alice?' The sister did not immediately reply, for she was thinking of the expected visitor, partly with pain, and partly with pleasure.

The following evening came, and with it came Grenville Eaton to the home of the orphans. Months passed on, and there seemed to be something strangely attractive in that humble dwelling to the young man. Many an evening found him beneath their roof, and Alice would raise her sweet face at his entrance and bid him welcome, while the blush would mantle to her cheek, and the smile come to her lip. The small, gold ring was still cherished, and round her white, slender throat glittered a chain, and to it was suspended the miniature of one whose lineaments were deeply engraven upon the heart that beat beneath. And Alice felt happy and blessed in her lot. The love of a manly, generous heart was hers. The one whom she had loved from childhood, and though their paths, to the world's eye, seemed far apart, yet to them they were as one. And to Grenville's heart none were dearer than the fair and gentle Alice. He brought her books, and they read together; and together they gazed upon the sunset, upon the clear, silvery moon, or into the starry heavens, and were all the world to each other.

And so time passed on, till business called Grenville to a neighboring city, and he must be gone for a year. He sat alone with Alice the evening before his departure. Tears were glistening in her eyes, and her brow was pale, and her lips compressed. Grenville also, seemed sad. He took her hand within his,—'It is but a year,' said he, 'and I will be with you again.' The hand he held trembled violently. 'A year!' she murmured, in a low, broken voice, 'and other forms will surround you, and other scenes will claim your attention, and business will engross your mind, and can I hope that Alice will be remembered?' As she spoke the last words, she raised her eyes to his. The soft, brown curls were clustering around her forehead, her eyes were filled with tears, and her lip quivered. Grenville gazed earnestly and fondly upon her; he parted back the clustering hair, and imprinted a kiss upon her fair brow, as he murmured,—'Alice, you will never be forgotten. Have I not kept your image in my memory even from very boyhood? and shall I forget you now? no, never! In twelve months I will return, and Alice, will you then be mine forever?' The soft eyes of Alice fell beneath his ardent gaze, her head sunk upon his bosom, and the tears came faster than before, but they were tears of joy; and ere Grenville left that dwelling, the orphan was his affianced bride.

Time passed slowly on after Grenville's departure; but it often brought kind and affectionate letters to cheer the heart of Alice. Yet sorrow came to the two orphans—Mary, the gentle and enduring Mary, was taken ill! Perhaps her constitution had been overtasked, but however that may have been, the cheek grew flushed, the breathing quick, and the pulse unsteady, and she was obliged to take to her bed, with fever raging in every vein, and pain in every limb. Alice tended her with true devotedness, and Herbert would leave his studies and come and sit by her bedside, and the good and kind Mr. Saunders visited her as a true spiritual comforter. Her sickness was long continued; and there were times when her mind wandered, and she fancied herself by her mother's side and the days of childhood come back, and again she spoke of that fearful, stormy night, when her kind friend and uncle met his sad fate. Sometimes bright, glowing visions were before the sick one's eye, and then came sights of terror and alarm. Her friends began to despond and feared for her life,

and many a tear was shed, and many a prayer breathed for her, as she lay unmindful of them all.

At last the fever reached its crisis. Mary sunk into a calm, sweet sleep, and the kind minister, brother and sister, watched with anxious hearts for her waking. As she slept, her breathing grew more regular, and even like childhood seemed that soft, sweet slumber, to the watchers around her couch. It was just at the close of the summer afternoon, and the sun was shining brightly, when Mary awoke. There was no flush of fever upon the very pale cheek, as she languidly opened her eyes, and looked around. Alice bent over and spoke to her in a low whisper. 'Alice,' said she, in a faint voice, 'why is it so dark? I must have slept a long time, for it to be night now.—You must be tired with watching, I feel better now, and you must go to rest.' 'No, no Mary,' said Alice, with a frightened voice, 'it is not dark. Do you not see the sun is just setting, you are not awake, you must be dreaming.' And Alice looked round in wonder and amazement upon her brother and Mr. Saunders, who approached the bed. 'Here, Mary, are Mr. Saunders and Herbert, come to see you, and they have been waiting for you to wake, as the doctor said you would be better then.' Mary's dark eyes wandered about the room, but on nothing did they seem to fix their gaze. 'Alas, alas, Alice,' said she, 'I do not see! indeed I fear that I am blind;' and the poor girl covered her face with her pale, thin hands. 'O Mary don't for pity's sake, say so,' said the wretched sister. 'Don't you see Alice, your own Alice, who loves you so dearly.' 'I hear your voice,' said she, in a mild, subdued tone, and she stretched out her arms, and put them round her sister's neck; 'I feel your soft cheek now, and the waving of your silky hair, but indeed, sister, I cannot see; nay, sister do not weep! I feel your hot tears upon my cheek, it is the will of God, that it should be so!' And the tears fell fast from the eyes of both the sisters, and Herbert flung himself upon a chair and covered his face with his hands, and the kind Mr. Saunders looked round with a sad, pitying eye upon the mournful group.

Alice had flung herself by her sister's side and was weeping as if her heart would break. Her fair, glowing cheek lay close to the pale one of the invalid, and the bright curls fell upon Mary's brow. The arms of the sufferer were flung around her neck, and her soft, mournful eyes filled with tears, wandered restlessly about the room. And the sun was shining brightly, his last pure beams were on the earth, and yet she saw them not! It was the hour that Mary had ever loved, and yet it was to her like the darkest night. Kind friends were round her; they had watched her waking with hopeful hearts, and she woke, but she saw them not, as they stood in mute anguish around her bed! The fever had left her, but, impenetrable darkness seemed to shut out all the world from her eager eyes! Mary was the first to break the sad silence. 'It is the will of God,' said she, in a resigned voice. 'Nay, Alice, sweet sister, weep not thus, and Herbert come near to me, and let me hear the sound of your voice, and Mr. Saunders will pray for us, that we may be resigned to this affliction.' Herbert came and took his sister's hand, and Mr. Saunders knelt down by the bed and prayed, and a holy calm seemed to enter into their hearts as he prayed to God for resignation under this great affliction.

Gentle readers, my story groweth long, and I must hasten to its close. Let us enter this place of worship. It is in a crowded part of the city, and many are entering there, yet perchance we may obtain a seat. Yes, we will seat ourselves here, it is close to the pulpit, and look, there is the minister, good Mr. Saunders, and it is his student, young Herbert Somers, who is to preach to day. He is young, yet fame is already his, and his name stands high among his brother ministers. He is entering. There is genius written on his broad, high forehead, and there is kindness of heart breaking forth in his sweet smile. There is a lady leaning upon his arm, a light, frail figure, and see how he bends his head to listen to her whisper. Look into her face, ah yes, you see they are brother and sister; true, her countenance is pale, but there is the same high forehead, the same sweet smile, and the same soft, dark eyes. But there is something peculiar about those dark orbs. Alas, alas, sweet Mary Somers is blind! There is a spiritual and holy expression upon her countenance, as she turns to her brother, and whispers a few words to him, ere he follows Mr. Saunders into the pulpit. Close behind the brother and sister, and now seated in that pew, are another couple. Ah yes, this is a bridal couple. A white silk bonnet shades the lady's blushing cheek, and the curls fall over her pure white forehead, her form is slight and fairy-like, and the rich satin dress falls gracefully around it. A small gold chain is round

her slender throat, and through the white silken glove, glitters a gold ring. Surely we have seen that chain and ring before. Yes, and that is the poor orphan, Alice Somers, now Mrs. Eaton, for that tall, handsome man beside her, with the raven hair and black eyes is Grenville Eaton now her husband.

But the services commence, and all is silent; and through all the exercises the attention of the audience remains firmly fixed upon their young preacher. And even that holy man, Mr. Saunders, even he, feels a thrill of pride as he listens to the words of that young teacher, and thinks that it was through him, he has become what he now is. Truly, are not the righteous rewarded in the earth? And Alice too, feels proud of her young brother, as she looks upon his speaking features, and Grenville is all attention to the brother of his Alice. And Mary—how does she feel?—the kind elder sister,—she who supported him when a young boy—when fatherless, and motherless he was left upon the wide world—who toiled through midnight hours for his support—and murmured not, and faltered not in her task? How does she feel, as she listens to his eloquent words and thinks that he is her own cherished brother, who thus stands and addresses the people as a teacher of holy things? O, this is a happy day for Mary Somers! she listens to his words, and her soft eyes are directed to his face. But alas, she does not see the glowing countenance of the speaker, yet she hears his voice—his words of truth and holiness, and feels as she listens, that she is well repaid for all her toil and trouble, and that it would be wicked to murmur because one blessing was taken away, when so many others were showered around her pathway. And she feels with the poet, that

'With but one sense, the heart may overflow.'

Charlestown, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

On seeing a Minister

Grasp a Whip and Case of Sermons together.

BY A DREAMER ON REALITIES.

THE Gospel of the loving Christ
Beside a braided whip!
O what strange contrasts in this life
Do oft together slip!
The summer cloud of balmy rain,
The electric sable mass;
The green, deceptive, poisonous weed,
Entwined with tender grass;
A golden point in purple set,
On stem of treacherous sap;
The serpent of the charming eye,
In trusting childhood's lap;
The hand whose blood is black with guilt,
In holy palm reposed;
The flowers all blooming on his grave,
Whose worth was ne'er disclosed.

But braided whip on sermons laid,
Is strangest contrast sure!
Mine eyes—so busy are my thoughts—
The sight cannot endure.
But oft such contrasts do we meet
In this low, misty world;—
The text is 'Love'—but hark! what bolts
Are at 'the sinners' hurled!
Infinite Love—a Savior's tears—
Eternal flames are lit!
White robes, green palms, and glittering crowns—
See yonder yawning pit!
Heaven's table 's spread—enough for all—
Dives is a crumb refused!
A mother sings, the angels list—
Hell by her child 's confused!
God's glory and our good are one—
Eternally they 'll sin!
Our love should spread to all the world—
Christ will then cease to win!

The Gospel of the blessed God
With ill made whip of man,
Are held together, and are used
By many a creed-leagued clan!
The first makes tender as babe's flesh,
Then comes the brutal lash!
As waters sparkle on the fount,
Then comes the stony crash!
And, buried 'neath the rolling rocks,
The soul looks up aghast!
The waters glitter, cool and bright,
But fierce the lightnings flash!
Lo! forth he comes, alive and whole,
And he is called 'the saved!'
Remembering more where lightnings shone,
Than where the waters laved.

Unbraid the whip—throw it away!
Lancet and balm the Gospel be;
Open the sores and pour the balm
With tend'rest sympathy;—
E'en as did He who raised her up,
The faithless to her lord;
He loved the soul, and sought its good,
The plague-spot robe abhorred!

Rockville, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The danger of tampering with Vice. No. 2.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

I WOULD say, then, to him who is at all disposed to tamper with any vice—you are in danger of subtracting from your own welfare. However slightly you propose to indulge in that sin, it will be *better* for you not to indulge in it at all. Indulge in it, and you will find that this is the case—resist it, and you will find my words prove true; in the one instance, they will be demonstrated in the anguish of a bitter experience—in the other, by the joys of an approving conscience, and the rewards of well employed gifts and opportunities.

For, consider—the hours you spend in dissipation—in gaming, drunkenness, licentiousness; are not only so many hours *mis-spent*, but so many hours *mis-improved*. If we are placed here for pupilage—if earth and life are our school; then every moment is burdened with a precious lesson for us which we may, according as we employ that moment, learn or neglect. The hour that you spend in drinking, or in gaming, you might spend in acquiring knowledge—and *you know* whether will the most conduce to your welfare that knowledge, or the fleeting pleasure that goes not beyond the convivial circle, or lives only in the excitement of the game of chance. The hour that you employ in yielding to small temptations, you might employ in doing a benevolent act—and *you know* whether you will be happier in remembering that act, or in revelling in that momentary indulgence. Thus, he who indulges in vice, though only in a small degree, not only becomes *worse*, but neglects an opportunity of becoming *better*—not only does *evil*, but loses some means of doing *good*.

Is there one who reads this, that is in the practice of any vicious course—who is strengthening himself with the idea that there is no great wrong in that course, and means to desist before he has done much, if any harm? Is there one who is thus disposed to tamper in the slightest degree with vice through its first and small temptations? I ask him seriously to consider the point. By that vicious indulgence you inflict a double injury. Not only are you doing evil, but you are neglecting good—you are neglecting the improvement of your mind and your heart. The hours which you select for these practices are, probably, those which you call leisure-hours—hours when you are free from the pressing requirements of business. These are the very seasons for improvement—the golden sands in the glass of Time, rich and inestimably precious. If you neglect these, you neglect your best opportunities for intellectual and moral culture—if you misemploy but a portion of them, still, so much of your time is worse than wasted.

This, then, is one truth in the case;—*he who tampers in the least degree with vice, subtracts from the amount of happiness which he might otherwise enjoy, and which the consistently virtuous man actually possesses.* We have shown that this is so, from the fact that he who commits evil and repents, has not so much happiness as he who resists that evil and conquers it—for he, in committing that evil, mis-spends and mis-employs glorious opportunities, which the consistently virtuous man uses for his welfare and progress. But the victim of vice not only incurs an actual loss during the commission of that vice, but also leaves a waste in his life over which, even in distant years, he will weep, even with keen remorse and anguish. Had he resisted that vice through all its temptations—had he refused to hold any parley with it; he would have been spared *so much* pain—he would have been, at least, *so much* the happier.

This then, we must admit, taking the mildest view of the dangers of vice. We have gone upon the supposition that a man only indulges in it a little—that he repents of it, and reforms; and still we see that it is the source of evil and unhappiness. We have enough, then, in this fact, to warrant us in lifting our voice against the yielding in the least degree to temptation—against taking even one step in the path of wrong-doing. Let him who has played but one stake—who has indulged in but one intemperate draught—who has been polluted but by one vicious act, beware. It is a dangerous matter, and its evil results, in almost every case, are vast and various.

II. I would, in the second place, warn against the danger of tampering in the least degree with vice, from the fact that *its small temptations are illusive and deceitful.* They lead us astray before we are aware. They often come to us in an innocent garb—they lure us with a pleasant smile; but let us not be deluded into any fellowship with iniquity.

> 'Vice is a monster of such hideous mien;
> It, to be hated, needs but to be seen,'

is the well known maxim; but the danger is that we do not always see it in its naked deformity. It comes to us, perhaps, when we are in the hey-day of youth and excitement, and spreads before us its glittering allurements, with the familiar catch-words—'There is no harm in *this*'—'There is no harm in *that*;'—'We will take but this one glass'—'We will play but this one game:' and, dreaming under this idea, it shears us of our strength and twines its green withes around us. Mokanna-like, it dazzles and cheats us and leads us on, until, in a fatal moment, it lifts the veil and we see its 'hideous mien'—to 'hate' it when it is too late to prevent our ruin. Think you the gamester, at his *first* venture, sees the ruined hopes, the bloody horrors, the depths of crime and guilt that shall cluster around him

when he puts down his *last* stake? Think you the drunkard beholds the haggard face of his broken-hearted wife, or hears the piteous cries of his starving little ones, or sees his desolate hearth-stone, when he *first* puts the fatal glass to his lips? Ah! no. This is reserved for that hour when his brain is on fire, and he is a crushed and writhing victim of intemperance. Had not vice such Proteus shapes—did it present in its *first* overtures the ghastly features with which it looks upon us when we become its chained and doomed victims, then would its power be lost, and its temptations be of no effect. But the pleasant associations with which it first comes to us—the deceptious, yet soothing words with which it tempts us to yield but *once*, '*only once*,' to its allurements—these, these are the snares of destruction—the too often fatal means of our overthrow.

We say, then, tamper not in the least degree with vice, under the specious idea that there is no danger in participating slightly in its pleasures. You know not how deceitful it is—how it leads you on, almost imperceptibly, to ruin. This delusive promise that it whispers in your ears, that you shall not be drawn beyond the bounds of innocent recreation and lawful action, it has whispered in the ears of hundreds, who pass you with haggard faces, who totter along the streets in the last stages of intemperance, who slumber in dungeons and lazar-houses, who moulder, forgetful and forgotten, in neglected graves, to which their burning passions, their wild excesses, and their guilty deeds hurried them.

The way in which such as these were led along, is simple. It is the old story. The young man started in life with fair prospects. He became acquainted, and his associations soon ripened into intimacy. Something was sought for that would cause the intervals of business and repose to pass pleasantly. A game at cards, or billiards, was proposed. Soon, it became apparent that a new excitement was needed to give zest to the game. 'Why not,' it was argued, 'Why not make up a small stake?—it shall be but a trifling sum, and there is no harm in it.' Mark the deceitfulness of this temptation. *That* was a small sum, to be sure, and it might, comparatively, be said that there was no harm in it. But did not that which began for amusement, become a game for interest, and then the deep hazard of desperation, until it ended in the gamester's ruin, and the gamester's shame? So was that victim led along; so have hundreds been dazzled, mocked, crushed! They have not resisted the fatal *first* attack of vice. They have not, as they should, hated it when it appeared the most fascinating. They have forgotten that it can never tempt them in its naked deformity, but assumes the air of innocent pleasure, or deludes them to resolve that they will yield to temptation 'only *once*.' 'Only once!'—how many have said that as they commenced the downward career! 'Only once,' said the young man, as he put the glass to his lips. Look now at his blood-shot eyes—listen to his delirious ravings; his is the death-bed of the drunkard! 'Only once,' said another, tempted by glittering wealth, that was in his reach, but not his own. Open yon prison-doors—look into that dim-lighted cell; *that* is the man, with the brand of infamy upon him, his prospects blasted, and his character lost! Oh! the sophistry of vice—beware of it. Listen not to it when it whispers smooth things. You have one guiding rule in this matter, that points your course of action as the needle points to the north. You have but to ask—'Is the matter proposed contrary to duty, to the fixed, firm path of rectitude;' and if the answer is 'yea,' let no syren-song delude you into Charybdis on the one hand, or Scylla on the other. Let not the truth, that others have been tempted just as you are, and as they have yielded to that temptation or overcome it, so have they been miserable or prosperous, escape your notice. Beware of one, of the least deviation from the right.

III. Once more;—we would warn against tampering in the least degree with vice—against yielding to the smallest temptation—from the fact that *great vices are generally reached through the door of small ones.* If you indulge the least in vice, you have no more security against ruin than thousands who have entered upon the same path, in exactly the same way that you have. They began by committing small evils—by tampering with vice. We may surely say that no man ever *deliberately* rushed into crime or guilty excess, the first time. No man ever sat down and said—'In so many years I will become a confirmed drunkard, or a reckless libertine, or a desperate vagabond.' And yet hundreds *have* become so. How was it? They began by *tampering* with vice. They partook of the evil at first, not by copious draughts, but by gentle sippings. The passion that led them to theft, robbery, murder,

was kindled first by one burning excitement, and then by another, until the mad flame ran riot through their veins, and their hands were stained with crime. The idea of becoming gamesters, libertines, sots, criminals!—it would have frozen the blood at their very hearts! Oh! no—'*they* were safe enough from such fate—they were only engaged in a little *innocent* amusement—a pleasant, convivial party.' There was lighted the spark of their destruction.

So did *they* reason—so, I say, do *you* reason, if you are indulging, in the least degree, in vicious courses. *Their* reasoning has proved fallacious—let us say, if you continue in your vicious course, so will *yours*. We lift a solemn warning against these small temptations. Go to that lone, deserted wife. Hear her sad story. She will tell you that that husband, who, she expects, will come home steeped in drunkenness, and strong in brutality, was, a few years ago, an honest, industrious, sober man. He began, however, to take a glass—say, once a week. He soon thought there was no harm in taking *two* a week. It was soon two a day. Anon, it was the insatiable thirst of burning intemperance. The peaceful home became the abode of abject poverty. The relics of her younger and happier days, were sold to gratify that evil appetite. Her children are famishing. Her weak hands cannot keep back from the desperate grasp of their father enough of her hard-bought earnings to buy them bread. Forsaken, desolate, crushed at the heart, there is but one rest for her—the grave! See the effects of one wrong indulgence!

But we need not take up time in illustrations. We trust that we have succeeded in impressing the danger of tampering with vice, from the fact that it leads to immensely evil results. Those results are not easily exaggerated. They are written on blood-dimmed and tear-stained pages of the great book of human life. They are recorded on peaceful tomb-stones, that guard the slumbers of broken hearts. They are traced upon haggard faces that scowl through dungeon-grates, or crouch in kennels and nooks of the streets. They speak in low moans from the homes of destitution and pining misery. They rise in fearful oaths from the haunts of vice and crime. They glow like a fever spot on the pale cheek of ruined innocence. They are seen on every withered hope, on every broken promise that strews the pathway of humanity. Where the coin glitters upon the eventful board, where the wine 'moveth itself aright' in the cup, where the haunts of licentiousness open their gates—away along, stretching over a frightful mass of misery and shame, we read in letters of undying light, 'Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!' Behold how a simple and single vice—how one evil deed, one victory of temptation over virtue—causes deep sorrow, abject wretchedness, burning guilt, cankering remorse, depraved appetite, disease, death, infamy!

We have said it is not easy to exaggerate the results of tampering with vice. Reality would far exceed our pictures. Living portraits might be exhibited, that would cause the cup to fall from the trembling hand, and the heart to melt with gratitude that it yet was saved from such an end. Still there are those, respected, honored, loved, who *will* tamper with vice—who will heed its allurements, under the idea that what they do is no harm, is very trifling, and they shall never fall. It is hard to dispel this illusion. It is difficult to open these charmed eyes. They look upon their neighbors and acquaintances—or think of some whom they have heard of—to whom they believe that those remarks are applicable because, really, *they* are indulging in vice; but as for themselves, they are pursuing a course that is quite harmless. It is time that such should awake from their delusion. It is time that they had learned that not the least tampering with vice, to the amount of a penny, or a drop, or a word, is safe. The principle that is capable of communicating evil, is capable of setting in motion a train of incalculably evil results. Through a thousand men, through fifty generations, it may prevail!

Thus we have endeavored to treat the subject of the danger of tampering with vice. It is an important and a needed topic. As we said in the commencement, it is well to labor upon the *sources* of moral evil. This tampering with vice—this yielding to small temptations—*is* we believe, one great source. Who is guilty in this respect! Let him abandon his present course! He is treading on the first steps of a dark and downward way. Let him withdraw his foot hastily, and be grateful that he may yet walk in the sunshine and the air of the pure upper heaven.

THERE is great professions among mankind. Some profess to take a deep interest in the welfare of their friends—others profess a profound regard for the well-being of the afflicted; while others profess great alarm at the treatment many receive at the hands of their professed friends. Such are professions. Let us act in justice.

Written for the Repository.

Country Life.

'O HAPPY if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom nature's boon
Cheers with her smiles, and every element
Conspires to bless.'

THE ideas entertained of society are various, according with the different habits, feelings and dispositions of individuals. Those who have become accustomed to the bustle, the frivolities, and the dissipation of gay life, are generally discontented excepting when they are in the midst of the pleasures attendant upon such scenes. Yet it is not always so. There are some aching hearts in the smiling crowd which long for retirement and communion with Nature. But those aching hearts belong not to such individuals as have received all their ideas of society from the halls of pleasure, and who have been regularly trained for the enjoyment of superficial conversation and heartless mirth. These would be out of their element when removed from the scenes of festivity, and, if left to their own silent reflections, would derive but little pleasure from a communion with their own hearts—having nothing solid within wherewith to entertain themselves.

But we judge too hastily when we suppose that every person in fashionable life—every person who is fond of dress, and show, and parade, is necessarily possessed of a weak and insipid intellect. There are many wise men and women who succumb to prevailing customs, and while despising the empty forms of fashionable life, are so situated in society that they cannot dispense with them conveniently. It is to be feared, however, that the votaries of fashion are generally wanting in those stable and substantial qualities without which no rational being can enjoy inward peace and satisfaction. Yet they are the subjects of envy to those unsophisticated persons who have had no means of knowing the hollowness of worldly pleasures. From this cause arise many miscalculations. The happy swain, while surrounded with all that is innocent, pleasant, and lovely, repines as he looks upon the gay tinsel of the world, and fancies that he should be much happier if he could mingle in the giddy dance and assume the livery of the sons of fortune. The milkmaid—the farmer's rosy daughter—pants for the gilded halls of the metropolis, and longs to assume the butterfly wings of pleasure and flit away to those flowery joys that look so pleasant to the eye, but so quickly pall upon the sense when more nearly approached.

Of all grand mistakes this is one of the greatest which our young men and women are prone to make. It is true that variety is pleasing, and we are all fond of change; but it is always better to endure a little monotony than to rush upon changes which are likely to make our situation still more unendurable. Again—much of the restlessness which we feel is owing to a want of consideration on our part—an unthankful heart—and a remissness in making the most of our situation. How often does the man look back upon the days of his childhood and sigh that they are past. Yet in the days of his childhood he panted to be a man. Now that he is a man he will not enjoy the happiness which is within his grasp, and when he was a lad, he refused to be comforted until he should become a man. Thus do we afflict ourselves with love of change, and disgust at blessings which ought to afford us rational enjoyment. To no other cause can we attribute the strange desire which the happy inhabitants of the country evince to rush into the crowd of cities, and exchange an honest independence for those servile and menial stations, to which their narrow means or deficient knowledge of the world condemn them. One case of this kind, with which I became acquainted, will answer for an illustration of this subject; and will prevent much didactic argumentation.

We once knew a young country girl of considerable personal beauty, and most engaging manners, who had been brought up and educated in the interior of one of the New England States. The free air of heaven, and the healthful pursuits to which she had been trained gave to her complexion that exquisite union of the rose with the lily which has so long been the theme of the poet's song. The peace of heaven dwelt upon her polished brow, and no tears but those of joy ever she stained her virgin cheek. She lived at home with her parents. When the morning blushed in the East, she might be observed among the flowers, looking like the daughter of Flora herself as she tended and nursed the opening buds and expanding petals. When the sun had reached his greatest altitude and poured down his sheets of flame upon the scorched earth, she hid herself in the wooded recesses of the surrounding hills, and plied her needle amid the fragrance of the wild grape, the clambering flowers, and the nameless perfumes of green things which always remind us of early

youth. She was happy and contented—the pride of her father's dwelling, and the ornament of the ———Valley. Her father was not wealthy, but he had enough for the supply of all the real comforts of life. His blooming daughter could attire herself as well as any damsel in the neighborhood, and there were none to look down upon her. When she walked over to the village church—the spire of which just shot up above the cluster of hemlocks that grew on the distant corner of her father's land—there was no lordly carriage to intercept her on her journey and cover her light airy bonnet with the dust of its wheels. When she walked up the aisle no purse-proud fop surveyed her with open and insulting admiration, like an animal in the market for sale. When service was over, she received the hearty greetings of a score of blitheful acquaintances as free from sorrow and as innocent as herself. She knew not her own happiness, nor how different was her lot from that of thousands who revelled in the blaze of worldly prosperity. The calm, the quiet of her native skies, and the peacefulness of the rural vale she knew not how to compare with scenes of a contrary character, for she had lived at home from her infancy.

As she began to put on the ripe charms of young womanhood, her company was sought by several of the neighboring youths; and one was accepted as a lover. He was as unaffected, as simple, and as innocent as herself. They seemed to be perfectly happy in each other's society. They would have been happy had they been united. He was a thriving young farmer, and his father's golden peach orchard adjoined her father's meadow lands. When I left the valley, I supposed that they would be united in a few weeks. Several years afterward business led me in that direction. I went a few miles out of my way to visit the valley. The well-remembered farmhouse was there, with its white garden gate, still shaded by the tall chestnuts, which had so often been the traveller's beacon to the house of hospitality. But the life and the beauty of that interesting spot were missing. At that I was not surprised, but I was astonished when her mother informed me that she had not married the young swain to whom her heart had appeared indissolubly wedded. 'Girls will be girls,' said the smiling old lady—'Margaret liked Thomas well enough—but she had a chance to make as she thought a better bargain. She is now a Boston lady. A young gentleman from the city paid us a visit and he was taken mightily with Margaret. He told her so many fine things about the city, that she must needs be a fine lady, and so she has run off from her poor old father and mother. But I don't know as we ought to find fault, since *she* is doing well.' After extracting a promise from me that I would call upon her daughter when I returned to town, she gave me the direction, 'Mrs. Anderson, No. 14 * * * * street.'

In a month afterward I was picking my way through the mud to the dwelling of 'Mrs. Anderson.' The appearance of the house was not prepossessing. It was situated in a dark, narrow street, in the dirtiest part of the town, surrounded on all sides by wretched old tenements, black and smoky. The house occupied by Margaret was little better than they, and as I knocked at the ricketty door, it reeled as if it would have fallen from its hinges. A squalid child stood in the entry endeavoring to knock down a large spider web with a pair of broken bellows. The insalubrious and smoky atmosphere of this dwelling would have deterred me from entering, had not a pale, hollow-cheeked, and poorly dressed woman presented herself in the passage.

'Good woman,' said I, 'does a Mrs. Anderson live hereabout?' She smiled and called me by name—but that smile and that voice! I turned away my head to conceal the rising tear, and it was a moment before I was sufficiently composed to return her greeting. This was Margaret. She had been indeed married to a citizen. Her husband was barely able to procure the necessaries of life, and she lived in the midst of discomfort and anxiety. In return for all this, she had the happiness of knowing that she was a 'Boston lady!' Thus was the fair flower of * * * * Valley condemned by a false ambition to wither and die in the atmosphere of poverty and gloom.

Written for the Repository.

On the Removal of Napoleon

From St. Helena.

THEY have borne him from that island tomb,
Where he in peace was sleeping,
Unmoved by the dash of ocean's foam,
And wild waves, madly leaping.

Ah meet was that high and rocky bed,
For one so brave and daring—
Who had ruled with might on a stormy throne,
His blood stained laurels wearing.

From the snow crowned peaks of the mighty Alps
The roar of his cannon thundered,

And Europe's kingdoms shook in dread,
While the world looked on—and wondered.

And Egypt owned his conquering power,
And trembling bowed before him;
And to the banks of the ancient Nile,
The tide of victory bore him.

Through Russia's realms to mark his path,
Moscow's fair towers were lighted!
And the Autocrat of the gloomy north,
Shrunk back from the blaze affrighted.

As to a brilliant meteor's flash,
The eye of the world was turning,
As brightly he beamed along the sky,
And dazzled with his burning.

But his guiding star went down in gloom—
O'er Waterloo's field it faded!
And dark and gloomy was his night,
And few his retreat invaded.

On Helena's lone and sea-girt isle,
The waters the rude rocks lashing,
With naught to disturb the silence there,
But the sound of the billows dashing,—

That mighty spirit passed away
From the chains of earth that bound him,
And he slept alone, on the silent rock,
With none to weep around him.

But they've borne him where the verdant vines
Above his grave are wreathing,—
Where the gentle winds around his tomb
A sweet perfume are breathing.

But a grave more meet was Helena's isle,
Enshrined in the rolling ocean,
For him who paid at ambition's shrine,
So dread, so deep a devotion. E. M. W.

Charlestown, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Good Manners.

'Show no part of study but the grace.'

All persons who are good natured and well disposed do not possess good manners. On the other hand, there are many ill-disposed and ill-natured individuals who would pass in the world for persons of good breeding. Many of the worst deceivers in society cultivate good manners in order to carry on their nefarious transactions with more ease and success.—For 'what fairer cloak than courtesy for fraud.' Shakspeare says that 'A man may smile and smile and be a villain.' Some of the most consummate villains in existence will pass very well for men of good breeding. A close scrutiny may detect no breach of etiquette—no awkward movement—nothing that would not be tolerable in polite society. That blot upon the human character termed 'A man of the world,' may be celebrated far and wide for his politeness, his affability, and tact. Yet some philosophers have defined good manners as the desire to bestow and receive happiness. This desire may exist where good manners are wanting; and good manners may be rigidly adhered to where there is no desire but to inflict misery—to benefit one's self at the expense of others. It will be understood that I here speak of good manners, according to the general acceptation of the words.

A person of kind and honorable feelings may not possess good manners. With all his desire to confer happiness, he may be endowed with no refinement of feeling. He may be deficient in education, in knowledge of mankind, and may be decidedly coarse and vulgar in his conceptions. He cannot, therefore, possess good manners which require a tact, an easy address, and a mode of performing the most trivial kindness, which will prevent the danger of wounding any of those fine sensibilities common in the advanced stages of society. The simplicity of such an individual will, however, plead for him; and a smile may mingle with the glow of resentment that has risen to our cheek. But the selfish and designing man, when thoroughly known and understood will give real offence, and his polished manners will only increase our resentment, as men entertain more horror of the smooth and poisonous serpent, than of the shaggy bear, the gaunt wolf, or the roaring tempest.

The well-disposed man, who is naturally rude and vulgar, will not give offence where he is thoroughly known; but the evil man will please only where he is not thoroughly known, and the society to which he may win his way by a polite address, would eject him from its bosom if he were stripped of his disguise. Still ill manners are a fault. They are regarded as such by every one who possesses delicacy of feeling. So conscious are the generality of mankind of this, that those who possess no refinement of feeling find it necessary to learn the mechanical routine of etiquette in order to secure a place in polite society. It would be extremely difficult to mimic refinement and to pass off the spurious for the genuine material were it not unhappily the case that a great proportion of this polite society is made up of people who, themselves, have little natural delicacy and who understand nothing but the *art* of politeness.—Individuals fall into a great error when they affect delicacy and refinement, and suppose themselves to be polite on the strength of this kind of mimicry. In the first place, it is so extremely difficult for persons of this description to obtain the necessary skill in the art, that they

sometimes betray themselves. As they do not act according to nature, it is not to be expected that they will at all times enact their part in the most approved style; and they affect the judicious observer in much the same manner as does the sight of a laced coat out at the elbows and soiled with grease, or a piece of carved work from which the gilding has, in several places, been rubbed off, betraying a very cheap kind of wood, not worth the labor and expense which have been bestowed upon it. Such persons would have done better if they had never assumed a garb not fitted to their persons. *The natural, honest, though rude manners of an unpretending backwoodsman are far more tolerable than the unsuccessful affectation of delicacy.* What is contrary to nature must always be in bad taste. Yet some individuals have, in a good degree, succeeded in covering up the natural rudeness of their nature or true character by the observance of a multiplicity of rules and regulations, as burthensome and as imperfect as were the ceremonies and formal observances of the old Jewish law. But alas! how vain have they proved in the hour of trial. Like all forms destitute of the spirit, their utter futility is every day exposed. Like an automaton the votaries of ceremony play their part in those peculiar situations for which they have qualified themselves; but when thrown out of the peculiar sphere for which they are designed can no more move forward with credit to themselves than a rail-road car could make progress when thrown off the track. But persons possessed of a good heart combined with delicacy of feeling will never appear to be regardless of the feelings and the comfort of others.

I make no doubt that the friends of Job appeared sufficiently regardful of his feelings when he was rich and happy; I do not doubt that they treated him with the most punctilious ceremony. But when the gale of adversity swept over his prospects and levelled him to the dust, their want of natural refinement was exposed. A man of delicacy would, at such a time, have avoided any insinuation that could have been construed into reproach; and, above all, he would have avoided the most distant hint that the woes of the sufferer were the result of his own misconduct. It is not sufficient to say that Job's friends were cruel —they were also coarse and vulgar. The Savior particularly alludes to this kind of indelicacy. 'Think not that those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all; for unless ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.'

I would not be understood as teaching that instruction is useless—but it must be instruction of the head. No rules of politeness can give birth to a refined taste; but knowledge is often requisite to direct and control that taste where it really exists. For instance—a man possessed of the most refined feelings might send his servant with a piece of good bacon to a gentleman who resided in his neighborhood. The gentleman's feelings are deeply wounded, and he turns the messenger out of doors. The donor is astonished; but when he makes inquiry, he discovers that his neighbor is a Jew, and that he very naturally supposed the bacon was sent for the express purpose of insulting him. Now had the former individual been instructed that the latter was a Jew, and that Jews detested pork, he would not have been guilty of this breach of politeness for the world. To commence a discourse respecting convicts or prisons when an individual within hearing has suffered by incarceration for some disgraceful crime would also be a great breach of propriety; yet a man ignorant of facts might be guilty of it. A person with the most delicate taste may err for the want of knowing the peculiar customs, prejudices, partialities, and antipathies of the people among whom he may be thrown. Instruction on these points will therefore be necessary.

Persons whose good manners have been the result of artificial breeding, and not of natural refinement, are very likely to suppose that a certain mechanical routine is to be observed every where and on all occasions. They appear to suppose that the rules of good breeding constitute one mould in which the manners of all persons must be cast. But it is not necessary that individuals should lose their personal identity in order to be polite. It is not requisite that a profound jurist should chatter like a gay lad of nineteen, or that the facetious man should measure out his humor by drachms. Diversity in character is pleasing; and a monotonous uniformity of manner is irksome and unprofitable. A man who is naturally open and candid may give way to considerable bluntness without violating the rules of good breeding; but he must give evidence that this sincerity is perfectly natural to him—for affected bluntness is far more disgusting than artificial gentleness. When we see a man particularly smooth and courteous, to persons from whom he is desirous of obtaining a favor, and very abrupt when conversing with those who are incapable of forwarding his interests, we are obliged to form a very unfavorable opinion of his head and heart. An honest,

straightforward man may sometimes appear abrupt, but he seldom wounds the feelings of those with whom he converses. A broad allusion to any natural defect or deformity is always much better than a clumsy insinuation, when such defects are alluded to in a careless common-place manner, the sufferer naturally supposes that the speaker thinks his peculiar misfortune a mere every day affair and nothing of which he should be ashamed; but when a delicate insinuation—very carefully worded—is used, he concludes that his deformity is regarded as a mighty matter that could not be named without creating quite a sensation. After such insinuation has been made, however, there is no remedy but to quit the subject as soon as possible. In these cases politeness should not be strained. The following illustration may serve. I was once in company with several young men, when a stranger was introduced who had the misfortune to be born without a nose. After we were all seated, one of the company handed round cigars. As the evening was very cold, he thought proper to say—'these cigars will warm your noses.' One of the company immediately jogged the speaker and covertly nodded toward the stranger. The unfortunate individual did not appear to have observed the remark; but the young man who had uttered the questionable words thought it incumbent on him to make an apology. He accordingly rose, with great formality, and, advancing directly in front of the young man without a nose, assured him in a labored speech of some length that in the observation which he had just made respecting noses, there was not the most distant intention of hurting his feelings—that so far from that, he considered him as peculiarly unfortunate, and that he pitied him from his very soul; and many other things he said which were intended to have a very soothing effect. Every other individual in the company thought the apologist extremely rude, and the sufferer himself was probably never so much mortified in his life. No apology could have expiated such an apology.

As I Think.

It is a man's proper business to seek happiness and avoid misery. Happiness consists in what delights and contents the mind; misery in what disturbs, discomposes, or torments it.

I will therefore make it my business to seek satisfaction and delight, and avoid uneasiness and disquiet; to have as much of the one and as little of the other as may be.

But here I must have a care I mistake not; for if I prefer a short pleasure to a lasting one, it is plain I cross my own happiness.

Let me then see wherein consists the most lasting pleasure of this life, and that as far as I can observe, is in these things:

1st. Health,—without which no sensual pleasure can have any relish.

2d. Reputation,—for that I find every body is pleased with, and the want of it is a constant torment.

3d. Knowledge,—for the little knowledge I have I find I would not sell at any rate, nor part with for any other pleasure.

4th. Doing good,—for I find the well-cooked meat I eat to-day does now no more delight me, nay, I am diseased after a full meal; the perfumes I smelt yesterday now no more affect me with any pleasure: but the good turn I did yesterday, a year, seven years since, continues still to please and delight me as often as I reflect on it.

5th. The expectation of eternal and incomprehensible happiness in another world is that also which carries a constant pleasure with it.

If, then, I will faithfully pursue that happiness I propose to myself, whatever pleasure offers itself to me, I must carefully look that it cross not any of those five great and constant pleasures above mentioned. For example, the fruit I see tempts me with the taste of it that I love; but if it endanger my health, I part with a constant and lasting for a very short and transient pleasure, and so foolishly make myself unhappy, and am not true to my own interest.

Innocent diversions delight me; if I make use of them to refresh myself after study and business, restore the vigor of my mind, and increase my pleasure, but if I spend all or the greater part of my time in them, they hinder my improvement in knowledge and useful arts, they blast my credit, and give me up to the uneasy state of shame, ignorance and contempt, in which I cannot but be very unhappy. Drinking, gaming, and vicious delights will do me this mischief, not only by wasting my time, but by a positive injury endanger my health, impair my parts, imprint my habits, lessen my esteem, and leave a constant lasting torment on my conscience; therefore all vicious and unlawful pleasures I will always avoid, because such a mastery of my passions will afford

me a constant pleasure, greater than any such enjoyments, and also deliver me from the certain evil of several kinds, that by indulging myself in a present temptation I shall certainly afterwards suffer.

All innocent diversions, and delights as far as they will contribute to my health, and consist with my improvement, condition, and my other more solid pleasures of knowledge and reputation, I will enjoy, but no farther; and this I will carefully watch and examine, that I may not be deceived by the flattery of a present pleasure to lose a greater.

Written for the Repository.

Worth of Hope.

BY REV. W. S. BALLOU.

'Auspicious Hope! in thy green garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.'
CAMPBELL.

The paths of life are interspersed with light and shade; and dark indeed would they be were they not illuminated with the rays of hope. When life is overshadowed in darkness, and the heart in its loneliness sickens at the prospect around, hope lights up its star in the mind, and dissipates the gloom.

Man sets out in life full of expectation; he looks forth with an ardent eye for happiness; and often bright visions of unreal bliss dazzle his visions as he gazes on. How light is his step, and how buoyant his heart, as he goes forth in the spring time of life to enjoy the visions of bliss and beauty that glow in his imagination and fill his mind with fond anticipations of delight. How sweet is the dream that comes over him! How bright the vision of the future! These are the sunny days of childhood and youth. The selfishness and coldness of the world have not chilled the ardor of his earthly hopes, nor suppressed the warm and free flow of his feelings, which are like the mountain cascade, ever leaping forth, and reflecting the golden hues of the sunbeam. But a change comes. The early flower that lifts its head with joy, and loads the passing breeze with its sweetness, is destined to wither and fade in the coming frost at eventide. So with man. When the vision that dazzled in the distance is reached—when the heart is schooled by the possession of the realities of earth, the brightness of the vision has fled, and the soul finds not that fullness of bliss and satisfaction for which it longed, and of which it had dreamed. And when about to descend the declivity of life, with an eye turned towards the vale through which we have passed, the brightest spot that delights and gladdens is the green oasis where we once sported in the halcyon days of youth.

'My youthful home! my youthful home! O would I were with thee,
Again to wander through thy vale, where the bright streams leap free.'

But the companions of those bright hours! where are they? Their footsteps are not heard in the pathway which we travel. And when we go once more and stand upon the spot of our youthful home, and stroll again over the scenes of early life, a mighty change, sad and drear, has past over it, and all that once lit up rapture and joy in our hearts has passed away. The companions who once mingled their voices with ours, and sported with us over these scenes have fled; the requiem of early joys seems to toll upon the ear; and the heart in its desolation feels that it is a stranger on earth. When light after light has thus faded away, how dear is the hope of a final home in the skies, where friendship and joy shall no more die away from our hearts! How poorly are we qualified for the journey of existence, without the hope of immortality which the gospel confers. Under its refuge the way-worn, and homeless pilgrim of time finds rest. Into its bowers, the weary and grief-laden come, and find a balm for their woes. Happy indeed is he, whose days are lighted by that hope which lifts his eyes from the transitory scene of earth to a world of changeless glory; and who, when wrapt in a mantle of grief while the sky is dark over him, can look forward to a final home, where his pilgrimage shall be ended in the enjoyment of the beloved, whose voices have died away from his path here, where we shall be '*children* of God, being children of the resurrection!'

Hartland, Vt.

Written for the Repository.

Moonlight.

'My thoughts are with the absent—
The beloved—the far-away.'

I sit and muse the hours away
Till night seems changed to noon,
So brilliant smiles the scene around
Beneath the moon of June.

The leaves hang silent on the trees,
There is no voice or sound,
For every bird that breathed a note,
Its sheltered nest has found.

The pearly dew with sparkling wreaths
Bedecks each leaf and flower,
And forms of light seem bending near
To bless this charmed hour.

Upon yon bright unruffled stream
The skies are pictured fair,
And the sweet moon looks down to see
Her image shining there.

And as beneath her silent spell,
The waters upward roll,
So does the tide of memory swell
Within my restless soul.

They come—the thoughts I tried to hush—
Like billows in their might,
Till the seventh wave outspeaks them all,
And shrouds my heart in night.

Why wake ye thus, O gentle moon!
Sad memories of the past?
Why should the eyes that look on thee
With tear-drops fill so fast?

Thou hast a spell of tenderness
Over this heart of mine;
The absent and the loved are bound
With every ray of thine.

Calista! in the 'stilly night'
My thoughts go forth to thee;
The moon which lit thy bridal hour,
Is shining now on me.

But little has that fair orb changed,
Since at the altar's side,
I saw thee in thy beauty stand,
A loved and happy bride.

I did not *weep*, for *thou* wert blest,
And tears were not for thee;
I could not *smile*, for then I felt,
How great *my* loss would be.

I gave thee up, with one fond prayer,
That all *his* promised love,
Through many long and happy years,
Changeless as *mine* might prove.

We still are friends, but not the same,
New hopes and ties are thine,
While lonely and bereft remains,
This wakeful heart of mine.

I sigh to meet thy loving glance,
Thy gentle voice to hear;
But sadly steal the hours away,
Thou art no longer near.

O, many a moon has come and waned,
And many a year gone by,
Short have our partings been; but now
Long miles between us lie.

And when I saw thee last, sweet friend,
A sad foreboding came,
To chill my spirit with the thought
We ne'er might meet again.

For in the silent hours of night,
Dark dreams have troubled me,
Dreams of the coffin and the grave,
But, dearest, *not for thee.*

No, bright *thy* future lot appears,
Before my dreaming eye,
And hope points out the many joys
Which round thy pathway lie.

O, ever, may those visioned joys
On thee and thine attend!
I leave thee to the care of heaven,
Mine own beloved friend.

Pale moon! what seest thou in the space
Thy silvery light doth fill?
The songs of revelry are hushed,
The viol's voice is still.

Thou lookest on the waning lamp
Which weary watchers trim,
On cheeks where tears have left their trace,
And eyes with sorrow dim.

Yet all untroubled is thy smile;
No searching eye can trace,
A shadow from the ills of earth,
Upon thy placid face.

Would that thy light, serene and mild,
With peace my soul might fill;
Would I could walk my path like thee,
And bid my heart be still. M. A. D.

Hartford, Ct.

Written for the Repository.

Activity a Christian Duty.

BY REV. S. GOFF.

MAN is an active being. He was designed by his Creator to employ his physical, intellectual, and moral powers, in procuring the comforts, the enjoyments, and the happiness of the present state of existence. From the highest to the lowest of our race, man is seeking for happiness as for 'a hid treasure.' Blessings are in store for him, but he cannot obtain them without paying the price which they cost. The earth and the heavens; nature and revelation, are full of rich treasures. The mind, the intellect, and the heart are stored with inexhaustible resources of pure enjoyment. But these treasures, and this enjoyment, are not for the indolent, the ignorant, and the undeserving. They exist *only* for the diligent, the persevering, and the deserving. He, then, who would enjoy the treasures of peace and happiness which the God of nature has every where in store for his obedient children, must be *active*—must *employ the means* which are conferred upon him for this purpose. If he would enter the temple of knowledge and drink from the fount of pure bliss he must apply the key of activity to the lock of perseverance, and the temple gate will fly open before him, and discover, to his enraptured vision, the glories of paradise within.

Man is also a progressive being. And there is no progression without activity. The temple of knowledge, and consequently of happiness—for knowledge is essential to true happiness—stands, as it were, on the summit of a lofty mountain. Not

unapproached by mortals, it is true; yet requiring untiring and persevering exertions for its attainment. But the pathway up the steep and rugged ascent is bestrewed with fruits and flowers. And these become more delicious, and grow more beautiful as the traveller progresses onward. Hence we perceive that activity is essential to the attainment of happiness; and that knowledge is essential to happiness; and that happiness becomes purer and more refined the nearer we advance toward the temple of all knowledge and consequent felicity.

This doctrine of activity and progression in knowledge and enjoyment is beautifully illustrated by man's intellectual career. What but activity of thought, and patient, persevering reflection could have enabled Franklin to discover the identity of the electric fluid and the lightning of the heavens? A discovery which has been of incalculable advantage to mankind; which enabled him to bring the fiery element from the clouds, and arrest the thunderbolt in its career of destruction. It was activity of thought also, which led Sir Humphrey Davy to the discovery and construction of the safety lamp, an instrument which has protected thousands of our fellow beings from the destructive 'fire damp' of the coal mines. And activity of thought enabled Sir Isaac Newton to ride, as it were, on the circle of the heavens, and converse with the stars, and read those 'lectures of heavenly wisdom' which are uttered by the earth, and repeated by the stars. And hundreds of instances might be added to them, where activity of thought, and patient, persevering labor, have raised individuals high in the scales of earthly wisdom and knowledge.

And think you, kind reader, that their enjoyment was not of a purer and more perfect nature than that of those who live in indolence and ignorance? Think you that Franklin, and Davy, and Newton, had not more exalted conceptions of the omnipotent energies and all-glorious perfections of the Uncreated Mind, than *he* whose observations are confined within the limits of a few miles around him, and who looks upon this earth as the most stupendous work of Almighty Power? Most assuredly they had: for the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of the Creator shine forth conspicuously in all the work of his hands. And the more we study these, and the better we become acquainted with them, the more shall we love the Maker of them all, and the better shall we serve him.

And as in the intellectual, so also in the moral career of the human race, there is no progression —no advancement, onward and upward, without activity. If, therefore, we would ascend in the scale of moral excellence, and enjoy those pure and refined pleasures of which our moral natures are susceptible, all the moral powers of the soul must be trained to active, untiring, and persevering exertions. Activity is the soul of christian morality. Jesus went about doing good. And as the essence of true devotion is 'love out of a pure heart;' so the essence of true christian morality is a life of active benevolence.

William Penn was a good example of christian morality carried into practice; for he sought the happiness and well-being of *all* among whom he lived. He proved the power and the practicability of the precept, 'Overcome evil with good.' By the law of kindness he tamed the savage ferocity of the red man of the forest; called forth the purer and nobler principles of his nature; and enlisted his sympathies as the constant and steadfast friend of the white stranger. But John Howard was a better example than even he. The records of the human race afford few, if any, instances, of one who more nearly imitated the Master he served. He had drunk deeply from the fount of God's everlasting love; he had imbibed much of the spirit of the Man of Nazareth; and truly might it be said of him that he went about doing good.' And *in* doing good to, and making others happy, he found an abundant reward for all his toils, and trials, and labors of love. And he could truly say, that the soft bonds which linked him to the wretched, while he soothed their sorrow, repaid him more than all the gifts an empire could bestow. Oh who would not rather be a partaker of the sublime joys and ineffable pleasures of such a heart—of a mind and a soul devoted to the promotion of human happiness, than of the low, sensual, sordid enjoyments of the ignorant and the indolent! The one is as much superior to the other, as the temple of virtue is to the degraded haunts of vice. Oh then, let us arouse to activity the dormant energies of our minds, and the latent powers of our souls, that we may reap the 'full reward of continual progression in moral excellence. For, we repeat, there is no true enjoyment without activity.

This is true in relation to christianity, as well as in matters of intellectual and moral culture. Man is an active being; and as such christianity

addresses him. It appears at once, and directly to all the noble, pure, and holy principles of his nature. These it calls into vigorous, active, and continued exercise. In the plenitude of his unchanging goodness, God has opened the storehouse of his boundless love, and poured out the immortal treasures of his grace upon his wanting offspring. From the dawn of creation, stream after stream has been flowing continually from that illimitable fountain, to cheer and gladden the heart of man. And when Christ came, those streams united and formed a mighty river on which were wafted to the human race, the treasures of immortal love. But these treasures can be enjoyed *only* by a life of persevering activity in the christian warfare. A celestial pathway is opened for man to walk in. It is bestrewed with the fruits of faith, and the flowers of hope, and the treasures of love! Gladdening streams of salvation roll gently along on either side; birds of paradise sing in the bowers above; and kind angels are beckoning us onward! At the end of the race grows the 'Tree of Life,' whose fruit is immortality, and whose leaves are *now* for the healing of the nations! But these unnumbered blessings are not for the inactive, the indolent and the slothful—for those who walk not in that pathway. They partake not of those fruits, nor inhale the fragrance of those flowers, nor possess those treasures. They drink not of those gladdening waters, nor listen to that enchanting music, nor are lured on by those kind angels. Nor can they eat of the fruit of the tree of immortal life, till they have been cleansed by the healing virtue of its purifying leaves.

Then christian, arouse thee to life and activity. Gird on thy strength, and run with patience the race set before thee. Thy Master has called thee to a life of activity—a life of toil. But it is the activity of happiness—the toil of blessedness and glory. And he is *now* saying to you, as he said to his followers of old—'If any man will come after me—if any man will be my disciple—let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.' Then awake thee, and be diligent to walk in the footsteps of thy Redeemer. He has set thee an example. He endured the cross despising the shame, and is now seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Remember, if you would win the prize, and wear the crown of a true disciple, you must run the race, and fight the battle of the christian. Run the race with patience and fidelity; fight the good fight; and keep the faith; and *then* there will be 'laid up' for you—and you will continually wear, 'a crown of righteousness'—yes, and a crown of glory too. *Then* 'the Lord will give grace and glory,' 'the one the consummation of the other.' It is a false and pernicious doctrine that the young convert, when first born into the kingdom of grace, by the spirit of love, becomes the perfect christian. Nay, it is not so. He is but a 'babe in Christ.' There is a *growth* in grace, and a *progression* in divine knowledge—a 'leaving of the first principles,' and a 'going on unto perfection.' Hence, says Paul to the Philippians, 'I count not myself to have apprehended, or become already perfect; but this one thing I do, leaving those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I *press* toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

Surely then, there is ample inducement to urge the christian onward—to stimulate him to faithfulness and fidelity in the christian warfare. A race—a celestial, a heavenly race is before him. And who would not run it?—Who would not lay aside every weight, and the sins that do so easily beset him, and run with patience the race set before him, ever looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith, that he might be a partaker of the same joy? And then a crown—an immortal crown—who would not desire to wear it? The great and the good of all ages—the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles, and the host of Martyrs who sealed their testimony with their blood—these have all run the race, and won the crown. And by their example, like a cloud of witnesses, they surround us—holding us in full survey; and inviting us to forget the past, and urge our way onward! ONWARD! Yes, that should be the christian's watchword. Onward, and upward, in christian love, and knowledge, and glory, and blessedness.

The christian cannot be stationary. He is moving either onward, or backward. The Apostle speaks of some who are ever learning, and yet never able to come unto a knowledge of the truth. The *true* christian cannot be of that number. He is ever learning, it is true, but ever coming unto the knowledge of *more* truth—truth of a purer, holier, more happifying nature. And herein consists the chief glory of christianity. It leads its votaries onward and upward; and the further they progress, the brighter becomes the way. To the diligent explorer of the paths of science as he advances—

'Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.'

So to him who runs the christian race, pleasure follows pleasure, joy succeeds joy, and one degree of happiness arises upon another continually, till death summons him to his eternal rest. Nor stops it even *then!* The all-animating voice of God, by the sweet influences of his spirit, in the gentle accents of Gospel grace, is calling us from on high; and in his own hand he holds the prize of peace, and joy, and heavenly rest, and life eternal! And as we 'press with vigor on,' Jesus bends benignantly from his throne of glory; we behold his smile of approbation, and hear his word of promise,—'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life!' And then the race will be but just begun. But all its toils will be over. Then the progress will be onward and upward forever—without interruption, and without end. Then we shall 'mount upon wings as eagles, run and not be weary, walk and not faint.'

Truly then there is placed before the christian a *prize* glittering with bright and peerless glories—a *crown* that fadeth not away—and which outshines all the laurel-decked diadems, and gilded coronets of poets, and orators, and warriors, and which shall shine brighter and brighter when these are blended in common dust.

We say, then, again to the christian,—Awake to thy duty! 'Put a cheerful courage on,' and *press* toward the mark for the prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus. 'Arise, and shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.'—And then thou shalt realize the blessedness of the promise—'The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.' If thou art a disciple of Jesus—if thou hast professed his name—then 'deny thyself, take up thy cross *daily*, and follow him.' Remember the christian life is a life of *activity*, and unless thou art up and doing—at 'work while the day lasts,'—thou canst not receive and enjoy the 'reward of well-doing.' Let not, then, the glittering toys of earth allure thy wandering eyes, or entice thy erring feet from the path of christian progression. Let not the 'care of this world,' or 'the deceitfulness of riches,' or the vain applause of popular favor deprive thee of the prize of righteousness, and the crown of life. Let not shameful inactivity, guilty slothfulness, or 'ignoble care' prevent thee from possessing the rich treasures of constant faith, and holy hope, and perfect love. But *deny* thyself of these and *do* the works of righteousness. Bring all the carnal and unholy propensities of thy nature into subjection to the law of thy mind. All inordinate desires and animal gratifications—'the lust of the eyes, the lusts of the flesh, and the pride of life,'—let these be denied, and *every thing* that hinders thee from coming up to the work with full purpose of heart, and 'enduring hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

And when thou hast done this—when thou hast laid aside every obstruction that hinders thy onward progress, then '*take up thy cross.*' This part of the injunction was peculiarly expressive at the time when it was uttered. The primitive disciple was called to forsake every thing that was near and dear to him—to leave houses and lands, kindred and home—and embrace, heart and hand, the cause of a despised and persecuted Leader!

But even then, as at all times, the path of duty was the path of safety. Those who forsook the cause of truth, and deserted their Master, and joined the ranks of the enemy were sure to lose their lives. While those who adhered to him—who took up their cross, and marched boldly 'through tribulation's gloomy vale'—come off conquerors, yea, more than conquerors through him who loved them, and gave himself for them.—But if the christian of the present day is not called upon to sacrifice so much as the primitive disciple, there is yet a *cross* for him to take up—a *cross* for him to bear. It is a cross for the indolent and the slothful to arouse themselves from that lethargic state of cold indifference and criminal inactivity into which they have fallen. It is often crossing to self-interest, and love of approbation to meet and withstand the sneer of superstition, the scorn of prejudice, the contempt of bigotry; and to buffet the tide of popular opinion. And in many things else will the christian find that he has a cross to take up and bear in passing through a perverse and gainsaying world.

But let him remember, if he would be a disciple of Christ, the love of his cause must be predominant in his heart. He must take up his cross and do his duty. For the Master assures that whosoever loveth father or mother, brother or sister, house or lands, *more* than him, is not worthy of him. Oh, then, christian, awake to thy duty, awake to thy interest, awake to thy best good. Let nothing—neither riches, nor honor, nor superstition, nor prejudice, nor popular favor prevent thee from following in the footsteps of thy Master, Jesus. But deny thyself, take up thy

cross, *and follow* him. Follow him through evil report as well as through good report. Follow him to the scene of mourning, lamentation, and woe, and let thy hand, like his, be ever ready 'to help a brother in his need.' Follow him to the chamber of the sick, the couch of the dying, and the resting place of the dead; and 'weep with those that weep, and mourn with those that mourn.' Follow him among foes as well as among friends. Follow him in a life devoted to the service of God, and the promotion of human happiness. Follow him to the Garden of Gethsemane, the hall of judgment, and the scene of crucifixion, and behold the sufferings he endured for you, and let your heart be purified and made better by the contemplation. Follow him now to the sepulchre and witness his resurrection from the dead. And then follow on to the Mount of Olives, and behold his ascension into heaven. Nor rest thee, till within thy bosom is implanted the living faith and the unfading hope that thou shalt ere long follow him *there*, and 'reign with him as kings and priests unto his God and Father forever and ever.' Then thou wilt be worthy to be called a disciple of Christ; and through life 'the spirit of glory and of God will rest upon thee.' Thy death will be peaceful, triumphant, and glorious, and in the morn of the resurrection 'shall be abundantly administered unto thee, an entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ!'

Written for the Repository.

My Father.

My Father! my Father! O, where hast thou fled?
Art thou sleeping yet, in thy cold, grassy bed!
Or has thy freed spirit, recalled from the earth,
Ascended to Heaven, the home of its birth!

I remember thee, Father, in life's early days,
How thou bore with my humor,—and joined in my plays;
Thy love and thy kindness, thy chidings so mild,
To me a capricious and frolicsome child.

Then thou wert rejoicing, in strength and in health,
The best gifts of Nature, the mind's purest wealth;
Thy step too was firm, and thy eye it was bright,
Thy arm it was powerful, and thy form upright.

Thou comest again beneath memory's light,
And thy locks with the frosts of age are white,
Thy steps are but slow, and thy strength is spent,
And thy form with the weight of years is bent.

Again thou comest! and O, how bright
Does memory picture the last sad sight!
I see thee stretched on the bed of death,—
Thy fast failing sight, and thick coming breath,
Tell that thy hour is come;
And it soothes the heart, tho' the eye must weep,
To know thou wert ready, and longed to sleep
In the silence of the tomb.

Farewell, dearest father! I see thee now
As when last I gazed on thy calm, pale brow;
The wind from the casement blew cold and chill,
And played with thy damp grey hairs at will,
For thou wert free from pain;
And if to an erring child like me
The gates of Heaven are unbolted and free,
Father!—we'll meet again. C. W. H.

Duxbury, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Fruit of the Spirit;

OR, THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

Chapter VIII. [1]Faith, or Fidelity.

'Oh, such the generous faith that grows
In woman's gentle breast;
'Tis like the star that stays and glows
Alone in night's dark vest;
That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more.'

Do you know, young maiden, that Fidelity hath the power to make thee grow old gracefully—to cause the silken curl, that now shades thy polished brow, to become even more lovely, when time has stolen its present charm and sprinkled it with his frost? What friend will regard the marks of decay on thy form when the heart that it enfolds has been true to its early promises; or who will deplore that the gay and buoyant tread has given place to slow and measured steps, if thy course has ever been that of faithfulness to life's higher duties? What though sorrow may be thy portion, and the world offer but few joys to thee! Knows't thou not that this Grace will inspire thee to 'hope on and hope ever,' trusting that the Lord hath still blessings in store for thee?

But why need I moralize any longer on the subject, when, as I cast my eyes to the window, I see such a practical illustration of it.

There she is—good old Anna Davis! faithful as ever to her calling. Why, verily, it seems to me that she is as necessary to the beauty, quietness, and order of yonder elegant domain, with its high pillars, arched windows, and verdant foliage, as the clinging Jasmine, that has twined so securely round the study window as to wholly exclude the scorching sun; or as that cool fountain that affords continual relief to the flowers, the weary bird, or restless bee. Indeed so long have I been familiar with her mild and active face, looking after the affairs of that wealthy house, with the vigilance of an interested owner, that

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1 *Faith*—fidelity in engagements, promises, and trusts. MACKNIGHT.

were she removed, I should expect to see decay soon crumbling those walls, blight withering those magnificent trees, and tall rank grass choking the growth of the flowers.

But why is Anna so peculiarly active this morning? O, report says, the young Squire and his fair southern bride are soon to return home. Anna could not have stepped round more lightly at the bidding of her grandmother, whom she dearly loved, than she has to make every thing comfortable for the stranger about to be mistress of the Mansion. I wish she could be sensible of how much more she has accomplished this morning than merely cleansing and polishing, for those who will scarcely notice it. She has given me many a silent and gentle reproof for my selfishness; and when I have seen her duster wave from the window to remove every particle of dust, and her busy birch flirt over the path, not suffering even an apple-blossom to lie in the way of the young bride's satin slipper, I have been resolving in my mind to regard more the wishes and wants of those around me, and to think no employment slight or simple that can add to the happiness or comfort of those I love, regarding that addition to their enjoyment of life a sufficient reward. And this is true Fidelity—to act in secret, knowing that its manifestations in good prepared for others will be enjoyed, although the hand which prepared it may not be recognized or known. Such is God's fidelity. True to his great and abounding love, he gives us many blessings in secrecy, which we enjoy as unconsciously as we inhale the atmosphere, and as truly they are our life. Many a time as I have thought of this, I have recalled the poem on Water by our American Howitt, and almost involuntarily the words have dropped from my lips—

'How beautiful the water is!
It loves to come at night,
To make you wonder in the morn
To see the earth so bright;
To find a youthful gloss is spread
On every shrub and tree,
And flowerets breathing on the air
Their odors pure and free.'

I have almost been incited, by beholding Anna, to tear myself from this bewitching morning air that now fans my brow as with a perfumed hand, as it is ladened with the sweets of lilacs, sweet-briar, and fruit blossoms, from the Squire's garden, and throw aside my pen, and go in search of some employment that will be of more service to my friends. Yet I feel that I must tarry to give a little sketch of faithful old Anna, and it may be that thus I may do some good, felt by others though unseen by me. At least, it will serve to imprint more fully and clearly this morning's lesson on my mind.

Did Anna think, years ago, when the gentle lady, once the mistress in that dwelling, sought out her poor home and relieved her parents from almost beggary and won her from vicious society, —did she think when on her bended knee, she sought a blessing for her benefactor, and promised to devote her life to her service, that years of privation and care would be her consequent portion? She asked not of that. She was as one who had awaked from a wild and troubled dream, to behold the clear and pleasurable light of the morning sun, and, rejoicing in its beauty, arises with gratitude and cheerfulness to tread the accustomed daily round, though trials and perplexities await them at every step. She however did not begin her earthly journey alone. She sought a guide that was ever ready to whisper, Press on —fear not! And O, the dignity and beauty that her companionship with that guide has given her! Seek thou the same, young maiden, even in the pages of Holy Writ. It will ever guard thy heart from the tempter's art, and seal thy lips to the utterance of all that is not pure and holy. I know the reckless youth has checked the oath, and the gay maiden has ceased her idle and harmful chat, caused by the mild and heartfelt rebukes from lips imbued with the precepts of divine truth. Seek then the guide that Anna sought, and it will impart dignity to the humblest station in which you may be placed, by giving a consciousness of your spiritual relations. Would that many a faithless domestic, who looks well —not to the household under her charge, but to her own repose and ease, could have learned lessons from her, when she strove so untiringly to relieve her mistress of the thousand petty cares of her family; would they could have gained one impulse to overcome indifference and listlessness, and repay the many kindnesses which a benevolent spirit bestows on them, from witnessing that true hearted being parting with the love of her youth to follow and serve the gentle lady and share her adversity. She has proved her devotedness to the object of that love, for though he is now a silver-haired old man, surrounded by a dependent family, there is not a member of it but what blesses and loves the Mansion housekeeper, who has ever extended a helping hand to their necessities. I have often watched the old man as he has leaned his basket over the gate, while

thoughtful Anna filled it with the ripest fruit for his invalid wife; and when the tear stole down his face, as he raised his hat to express his thanks, I have fancied that a reminiscence of early days stole over his mind. Some one has said it is difficult to look on the aged, furrowed, and wrinkled brow, and persuade ourselves that youth, beauty, and delicacy, were ever there. I fancy the old man thought it not so.

But I must to more distinct particulars in Anna's history as I have gathered them from the most aged in our village, conscious that faint and imperfect must be the best effort of my pen to sketch her portrait.

Anna was the only daughter of very poor and humble parents. Her father was one of that unfortunate class of men, who labor on from day to day with unremitting patience, yet are scarcely able, through lack of foresight or prudence, to furnish their families with the necessaries of life. His wife, with no prospect of rest or more prosperous days before her, toiled on her way, yet sad and slowly, as she bore the burden of regret and distrust. An accident that befell him while laboring in the neighboring woods and which was eventfully the cause of his death, excited the commiseration of the widow Rochdale, of the Mansion, and his last days were made happy and comfortable by her benevolent efforts. His wife's long debility by the shock of his death, was brought to a crisis, and she survived her husband but a short time; and the young Anna, who had known all the sorrows and trials of poverty, was kindly taken into the widow's family, to serve as a little waiting-maid until she was of an age to choose the course most agreeable to herself.

Time flew over her pathway joyously, and her attachment towards her mistress and her two beautiful children daily increased, so that Anna had no desire to leave them for any other situation, however lucrative, save to become the wife of Richard Law, the young farmer who occasionally aided Mrs. Rochdale's gardener in his labors. An attachment had long existed between them which Mrs. Rochdale did not disapprove, and they were looking forward to brighter and more prosperous days for a union. The troublous times of the Revolution, which separated parent from child, brother from sister, and husband from wife, and lover from mistress, began to gather their terrors around them, and they determined to unite their destinies, come weal, come want, come woe.

Mrs. Rochdale's family was of the English aristocracy, and in her conscientious loyalty to the royal powers, she was led to favor some measures, and shield in her Mansion the persons of some bitter and zealous tories, which raised the ire of the patriots, so that it was thought expedient to remove her, and declare her property confiscated to the state. She had promised Anna a marriage portion, and the renting of a pleasant little cot on her estate, but with a sad look she told her, she now could only leave her with her blessing in the hands of her heavenly Father, while she herself would seek a home, among her distant relatives. Anna's heart was too full for speech, and she employed herself assiduously in preparing the few necessary articles for the journey almost without uttering a word. Her thoughts, however, were many and active; and Richard, as he leaned over the gate to meet her that evening, saw, when she approached him, though her eyes were sad and swollen with tears, that there was a glance of fixed and resolute determination, which he could not comprehend. Indeed, poor Anna required all her strength to explain to her lover satisfactorily the step that she was now about to take—to leave him and all her dear associations, and share her fortune with her mistress, through her uncertain and wearisome journey. She could not look on the fevered cheek, and into the sad eyes of that dear lady, who had shielded and protected her from the world's misery and sin, and feel it in her heart to suffer her to depart with her two helpless children, without her assistance; and as she revolved it in her mind she would not suffer a single plea of self to be put in the scale of judgment to overbalance her strict sense of gratitude and duty, she soon formed the determination to accompany her. This determination was received with no thankless spirit, for to none did the lady feel more real attachment, and to none would she more willingly resign the care of her darling children; yet she could not know the full extent of Anna's kindness, or her gentle spirit would not have suffered her to forego so many comforts that she might lighten the weariness of her patron's travels. Anna told her not of her grief at parting with Richard; neither did she show her the little treasure she had accumulated from her presents and those of her guests, to embelish the cottage at her marriage, and which she now carefully laid aside to procure daily comforts for the widow and her children; but she endeavored to cheer and console the unfortunate by wearing the smile of happiness and contentment.

Another trial awaited the lady when at her journey's end. All the relatives she had fondly hoped to greet, had fled to England, save two brothers who had enlisted in the army, and whom report said had been slain. The disappointment was too great for Mrs. Rochdale's worn spirits, and she sunk into a rapid decline. Anna procured an humble and quiet apartment for her, and there, among strangers, she toiled for her and her children. Mrs. Rochdale could not linger long in her feeble and nervous state, and she died like a christian, on her lowly bed, without a murmur, blessing Anna with her last breath, while she committed her children to her 'of special trust.'

It was some time ere Anna left the remains of her beloved mistress, and with the two orphans, who loved her with fondness almost amounting to that they had felt for their blessed mother, sought again the village that had been their happy home. The children wept audibly when they came to the village that had been the scene of all their young and innocent delights, and the first glance at their once beautiful domain told them the feet of the destroyers had been there, and crushed beneath their careless tread every shrub and flower they loved in childhood, and torn the green mantle from their loved mother's favorite seat, and disrobed the house of all its beauty, save its graceful architecture. The sensitive Ellen strained her eye to catch the least vestige of early remembrance, but George, the proud and stately little George, shut his eyes and turned away his head, declaring the sight was too unholy to look upon.

Anna endured as severe a trial as the children. She watched earnestly for the cot that was to have been hers, and found it was inhabited; and she was not long in discovering that its occupants were Richard Law and his family. Sad indeed to Anna was the discovery that her long cherished hope of having him to share her trials and joys, and assist her in performing her duty to the orphans, was destroyed. But Richard, in the simplicity of his heart, never dreamed that Anna would return, and wishing for some companion, now that she was gone, chose her most intimate friend for his wife; and he never, through all his intercourse afterward with Anna, found cause to imagine he had given her pain.

After several years, during which Anna devoted her time and strength to the children, by a fortunate series of events, the property was again recovered, and the children were restored to the Mansion. Under the guidance of an honest and faithful guardian, the estate returned in a degree to its former beauty and elegance; and for awhile the young owners and their faithful Anna basked in the sunshine of prosperity. But the gentle and affectionate Ellen, ever of a delicate and feeble constitution, drooped and died. Anna had cherished and watched over her as a fair and beautiful young flower, and she laid her to her rest with almost a parent's grief. George—restless, sad, and eager to see the world—left his home for a foreign tour, leaving Anna with a worthy guardian to transact the affairs of his house. After several years he returned with a lovely and delicate bride. She was beautiful to look upon, and all the villagers blessed the sweet lady when she moved among them. George lived but to love and cherish her, and he besought Anna to leave no means untried to render her happy.

Anna's watchful eye soon saw that disease was lurking in her lady's system, and she strove assiduously to prevent consumption from adding her, to its victims. She often won her from books which were too often of a fictitious and exciting character, creating a morbid sensibility; and by her tales of poverty abroad, would influence her to enjoy the benefits of air and exercise while seeking the abodes of sorrow. She would seek the sunniest nooks, and the coolest shades, and brightest streams, to woo her mistress abroad; and to procure the flowers that bloomed around her maiden home, she would use the greatest efforts, and plant them beneath the sick one's window, and gather the fairest for her room. If the morning was too damp, she would watch her with the eagerness of a mother, and the thicker shoes and shawl were always ready for her. If at eve she had wandered late, she never failed to meet the messenger sent with a covering to protect her from the falling dew and chill air. But all Anna's efforts were unavailing, for soon after the birth of her first child, a beautiful boy, she died, leaving a devoted husband to mourn her loss.

The beautiful and quiet home had lost its attractions to George, and his weary heart could not look upon the scenes which his lovely wife had once converted into a fairy land, and he besought Anna to watch over his boy while he should become a wanderer again. He could not rest away long, however, and he returned after two years to press the living portrait of his beloved Julia to his heart. Four years he survived

to train and enjoy his darling son, and then he died, leaving him to the charge of Anna, with instructions for his future education.

The youth loved her with the deepest affection, and she watched over him with the same care and solicitude she had bestowed on his parent, at the same time continued the improvement of the farm through an industrious and skillful family. His education was strictly attended to, and he grew up well fitted for the profession he had chosen. He too has now travelled, and far in the south has formed a beautiful connection with a grand-daughter of one of those uncles that were slain in battle, and whom accident—no, it must be Providence—discovered to him, and he has won her to become the bride of his fair northern home. Anna anticipates joy and peace for them, and almost forgets the many trials and reverses she has passed through.

Hark! the carriage is rumbling through the long row of pines, and I must retire from my window, lest my anxious gaze to witness old Anna assist the young bride up the walk, may be deemed too impertinent; yet I must catch one glance of that aged servant, as she takes the arm of the young bride, never dreaming that she herself can need support.

There, my curtain is down, and trusting, dear reader, that you will not deem me intrusive, I will task your patience a little longer to read a passage I extract from a volume now lying on my table, and against which passage I find Anna's name written—it is Sharon Turner's tribute to 'old maids;'—'The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the well being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. To how many a father—a brother, and not less, a sister, is she both a necessity and a blessing! How many orphans have to look up with gratitude to her care and kindness! How many nephews and nieces owe their young felicities and improvements to her! Were every woman married, the parental home would often in declining life be a solitary abode, when affectionate attentions are most precious, and but from such a source, not attainable. It is the single class of women which supplies most of our teachers and governesses; and from the lower ranks,[1] nearly all the domestic assistants of our households come. What vast changes, not promotive of the general happiness, would ensue in every station of life, if every female married as soon as she was fully grown! Certainly human life would in that case have a different aspect, and must be regulated on a new principle, and would lead to consequences which cannot now be calculated. The single woman is therefore as important an element of social and private happiness as the married one. The utilities of each are different, but both are necessary; and it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly reason, and discreditable to every just feeling, for any one to depreciate the unmarried condition.' There—Anna! thou art defended!

Home Vale, Mass. ELLINORA.

[1] English phraseology—wealth is here—or should here be—no standard of high and low. The good are always high.

Written for the Repository.

'Concord River.'

O GENTLE river of my childhood's home!
Thy very name breathes holy peace and love;
Thy silvery current sweetly steals along,
Reflecting beauty from the skies above.

Mirrored within thy bosom's tranquil depths,
Heaven's own celestial blue in beauty lies;
And white clouds, spirits from the realms of rest,
And sunset's gleam, and evening's starry eyes,—

All smile approving on thy peaceful course,
So mild, so gentle in its onward flow,
Disturbed by no concealed, contending force,
A type of all that's meek, and pure, and true.

O couldst thou tell of all thy depths have seen,
How rich the tale to me thou wouldst reveal!
Has the light bark upon thy waters been
Of him, the white man drove with fire and steel?

Perchance in other days thy waves have danced
To the light music of his dashing oar;
It may be, that the murderous knife has glanced,
And the wild war-whoop rung along thy shore.

But scenes like these were all too dark for thee,
Thy waters would have curdled to their source;
Thy crystal mirror ne'er has blushed to see
The red man's blood, or heard his war-cry hoarse.

Thy fringe of trees, with their dark waving spires,
Has sheltered many a dusky Indian group;
Perhaps stood sentry round their council fires,
And heard the old man's words—the wild war-whoop.

Say, has the brave young warrior sought these groves,
To meet his dark-eyed maid at trysting hour,
To charm her listening ear with words of love,
Or guide her light canoe along your shore?

Aye, here he wooed and won his dusky bride;
Here, 'neath this aged pine's still deep'ning shade,
Meek forest flower, and brave old chieftain's pride,
And the 'Great Spirit' heard the vows they made.

These arches, too, have echoed with the twang
Of the young hunter's never-failing bow,
As from beneath their shade the wild deer sprang,
Then sunk, a victim to his skillful foe.

O'er scenes like these time's misty veil is drawn,
For long, dim years since then have intervened;
And Indian maid, and dusky chief, have gone
To the green hunting grounds, of which they dreamed.

Perchance their bones lie white thy waves below,
Or else, perhaps, beneath this mossy mound,
Where first the Indian lovers breathed their vow,
They sought their rest,—'tis consecrated ground.

Spare, woodman, spare these moss-grown forest trees,
Let no rude axe disturb the peace profound,
Or ruthless spade invade the quiet rest,
Of those who sleep beneath this fragrant mound.

Far other scenes have met thy gaze since then
When first our sires resisted Britain's power—
Along thy banks were marshalled valiant men,
O, what a thrilling int'rest had that hour!

How fearlessly they fought, these banks can tell,
For the bright heritage we now enjoy;
Ye marked the spot where gallant Davis fell,
A martyr in the cause of liberty.

Bear down the tale to ages yet unborn,
Of all that glorious day prefaced for us;
And here may grateful children often come,
And vow anew, to guard the sacred trust. L.

Concord, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Scraps from my Desk.

VICIOUS ACTS—WHY FORBIDDEN.

'Vicious actions,' says Franklin, 'are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful.' How long will it be before the world, aye, even the christian world will acknowledge this truth! It is a truth which proves that piety has its foundations in our nature—our constitution, and that God's commandments are manifestations of his love for man and interest in his well being! Too many regard fidelity to duty as a restraint which lessens the enjoyment of life, rather than as the guardian angel of the good and pleasant. They fear hell more than they love heaven. They seem to think that there is some real good to be enjoyed from the forbidden actions, and while a fearful prospect in eternity keeps them from the overt deed, they desire in their heart to do it. A great change would come over their feelings, did they but realize the solemn truth that actions forbidden are forbidden, not from any arbitrary purpose, but because they are hurtful to the creature;—for instance, it is wrong to steal, not because there is a commandment against stealing, but because theft violates all the sanctities which preserve the order of social life.

A GLORIOUS DREAM.

The reformed inebriate of Baltimore—Hawkins, who has done a mighty and heart cheering work in our city, made this remark in one of his addresses;—'I do feel for the drunkard. My heart yearns over him. I fell asleep to-day, just after dinner, and woke up crying. I could not help it, for *I dreamed of all drunkards being reformed.*' Was'nt that a glorious dream! Could it be made a reality, what an advance would be given to every work of righteousness and love in our land! How much of crime—of shameful ignorance—of impoverishing sloth, would be done away! And shall not this animate us to do what we can to make the dream a reality—to raise up the poor and betrayed inebriate, that he may be clothed in pure garments, and in his right mind sit at the feet of Jesus? The age demands of us effort—heartfelt, energetic, and persevering effort. By the desolation of thousands of homes—by the exposure of millions of children to a life of wrong—by the need of a well disciplined generation to meet the wants of the country we are invoked to be up and doing.

A GOOD MOTTO.

A month or two since, in observing the passing of a great procession, my attention was very forcibly attracted to an array of some thousands of Catholic Irishmen, each having a medal suspended from his neck by a green ribbon. I soon discovered them to be members of the Catholic Temperance Societies, and I could not but ask myself—how differently will the order and quiet of the city be affected now than formerly by these strong limbed and hardy sons of Erin! A noble reform indeed, for I have always found a temperate Irishman to be worthy of the respect of all who admire faithfulness and true integrity.—As these thoughts passed through my mind, I glanced at a banner borne by one, and held broad and open by two others. It was a pictorial representation of Jesus sitting on the wall of Jacob's well, conversing with the woman of Samaria, over which was this motto—'*Give me this water, that I thirst not.*' Give me to enjoy all healthy excitements, that I may not thirst for those that in the end bring heaviness and pain.

CONVERSATION AND READING.

THE communing with another mind, either by conversation or reading, may be always profitable, if we are on our guard as to what impressions we shall receive. We should keep our Reason calm, that it may dictate and direct the writing on the soul's tablets, as the schoolmaster watchfully overlooks his pupils as they write.

THE VOICE OF SOLITUDE HEARD IN SOCIETY.

EMERSON—R. W.—says and truly,—'It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.' Greatness is the effect of resolutely carrying out in society the calm and solemn counsels of meditative and devotional hours.

PRAYER.

'PRAYER,' says the same essayist, 'is the contemplation of life from the highest point of view.' And true it is, that prayer—fervent and loving—gives us an elevation of spirit, by which we are able to take juster views of life and feel that God has a great world to care for—of which we are but a small—an infinitesimal—part, yet of value and cared for.

A FINE SIMILE.

'As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills, passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.' R. W. E.

MAN OF SENSE.

FRANKLIN, in his life, speaking of some papers he had published, mentions one which was 'a Socratic dialogue, tending to prove that, whatever might be his parts or abilities, a vicious man could not properly be called *a man of sense*.' What his course of reasoning was, I know not, but his idea is a good one; for the most important of all senses is the sense of virtue—the perception of that which is right, just and good. It is this that makes all the others rightly useful; for no one can rightly use the common senses without perceiving that to be vicious is an unequivocal manifestation of foolishness.

TO A STRANGER.

Tottering beneath the weight of years,
Thy step is faint and slow!
And as I gaze, a spirit bids
My better feelings flow,—
And kind affections there awake,
Like living things in yonder lake.

While glancing on that lake, the eye
Sees naught but tranquil rest,
Yet currents course and beings swim—
A world beneath the breast!
So calm I seem, while feelings flow,
And living thoughts breathe strong below.

As in the lake though all unseen,
The finny tribe exist,
True to their part in God's great plan,
Lest rise the noxious mist
From off the lake's dark sluggish depth,
Sending abroad disease and death!

So in thy heart, and in my own,
These kind affections live,
Keeping the moral waters pure,
While there they motion give;
And happy in themselves, they bless,
Though none their presence may confess.

DASHING.

SOME poet has said of a character, that he had

'A dash of *purity and brightness*,
Which speaks the man of taste and of politeness.'

I wish this was the only kind of *dashing* among those who are styled men 'of taste and of politeness.'

BIRTH DAY.

JUNE, the 12th day! Yes, it is here, and it is true that eight and twenty years have bestowed on me their good and evil. Let me veil my face that I am no wiser or better, and let me think, feel and act more justly. 'What is our life?' A vapor! only in the brevity of animal being; not as it relates to the soul. What *is* our life? to eat and drink—see pleasant sights, and hear glad sounds? Let it not be so. Let it be to live near God and heaven. 'Fear the Lord and serve him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things he hath done for you.' Hear it, my soul, and be wise.

CLIPPING.

IT was a custom among the Greeks to cut off their hair as a mark of grief when a friend died, and we are told of one lady who on repairing to the tomb of her sister, merely clipped the ends of her hair so as to quiet her conscience in reference to the custom and the dead, very much as some merely clip off a little of the growth of a habit, when the solemn voice, which they cannot hush, commands them to divest themselves of it. It is mockery of virtue to content oneself with merely clipping vice. Let the whole be thrown off on the grave of the Past. B.

Written for the Repository.

Books.

Gentle reader, do not overlook this article, however unpromising may be its title, for it may contain something worthy of your notice. It is the policy of some writers to attract attention to their cogitations by prefixing thereto some showy or novel caption. But I have found,—and so have you,—that these magnificent titles, whether affixed to men, or literary effusions, are not always indicative of real merit. As a glaring gold-leaf sign is no test of the value and quality of a trader's merchandize, so are these dressy *titles* no test of the worth of the thing they are intended to *set off*,—as the phrase is. I do not mean to say that these do not often succeed, for, alas! they succeed but too well. Humbug is surely the ascendant genius of the times. Frogs, since the days of the Fabulist, have made vast improvement in the art of swelling,—or something tantamount to it. Once was the time, when, if they attempted to inflate themselves to the size of the ox, it was at an imminent risk of bursting. But now-a-days, frogs, in apparent dimensions, far *transcend* the ox. I say, *apparent*, for 'tis not that they really distend themselves to the bigness of the ox, but that through some optical illusion, caused by the magic of humbuggery, they are magnified even to the stature of *elephants!*

Byron sang of 'the age bronze;' and still the theme, if improved, would be abundantly fruitful —but perhaps not profitable. It is not well to be always censorious, though there be enough of wrong in the world that richly deserves the lash of the censor. We cannot but regret, however, that so many inflated frogs infest the high-ways of literature, and that their monotonous croaking is mistaken, by the indiscriminate reading multitude, for that 'concord of sweet' periods which can flow only from judicious, thoughtful, and well-disciplined minds.

'Man,' says a shrewd author, 'is a duperable animal. Quacks in medicine, quacks in religion, quacks in politics,' and—I would add—quacks in literature. 'Know this, and act upon the knowledge. There is scarcely any one who may not, like a trout, be taken by tickling.' There is a formidable host of literary ticklers; and, what is more, they tickle unwary trouts with *artificial* rather than *natural flies*. But to drop the metaphor, it cannot be denied that our popular literature is more artificial than natural—that straining and affectation are its besetting sins. Many writers would seem in print, what, in reality, they are not:—and hence, for the sublime, we have —the ridiculous—swelling and pompous crudities;—for the sentimental, childish drivelling, and for originality, we are presented with old stale thoughts tricked out in a redundant dress of showy words.

The true and the beautiful, seldom wear an imposing aspect. Simplicity is their chief characteristic. I wish writers could understand this. But then, for simplicity,—if it were the *fashion* to be simple,—we should be deluged with silliness; for as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so the isthmus that divides the simple from the silly, is very narrow. To nicely discriminate between them, a writer needs to possess a severe taste. It has become quite fashionable with writers to be *seraphic*, both in prose and verse. One would think, in perusing their rhapsodies, that the grossness of their humanity was completely expurgated, and that they hardly indulged a thought of this homely earth. I do not mean to identify these 'rapt seraphs that adore and burn' with the transcendentalists. There is this difference between the two specimens of refined humanity. While the former soar upward on the wings of holy and spontaneous rapture, the latter ascend, step by step, on the ladder of their Utopian philosophy. If these and the realists were really what their writings would indicate, they would be very proper persons,—no fault could be found with them. I fully agree with the poet, that—

> 'Unless
> He can above himself erect himself,
> How poor a thing is man!'

But then, he must do this in all sincerity and lowliness of heart. 'To erect himself above himself,'—that is, to build his manhood on his moral and mental nature, instead of his animal,—a man must, as a necessary preparation, utterly eschew affectation and hypocrisy. He must first have a sense of his baseness in order to realize the need of becoming nobler and better. He must not *assume* a character, which through patient and prayerful self-discipline, he has yet to attain. Our aforesaid rhapsodists and transcendentalists are guilty of this assumption. They, in aiming at perfection, overshoot the mark, and affect to have found something which is unattainable to human nature, while in its mortal stage. However sublimated we may become, still there will be a dash or two of earth about us.

If, however, we can develope 'the divinity that is within us,'—as we undoubtedly can,—and occasionally experience that 'joy unspeakable' which is the blest result of bright moral attainment, we shall do what is manifestly our duty, and what will constitute our chief happiness here below. But this is a calm and solemn work, and cannot be carried forward without humility and in deep earnestness. Let us not affect to be farther advanced than we really are—especially in print. Let not the receptacles of literature be encumbered with our empty pretensions. Let our thoughts be genuine, if we are to present to the public, even though they are somewhat *earthy* in their nature. Let them, too, be expressed in plain, simple, and hearty English. Let us not try to be *poetic* and *seraphic* when we really feel stupid, and, like Falstaff, not much better than one of the wicked. It is sheer folly to mount on stilts when we can walk much easier and faster on our feet.

It was my design to introduce to the readers of the Repository a *book* of the right stamp. Good books are very scarce, in comparison to bad ones. Good books, like good men, are sometimes passed by unnoticed,—or are appreciated only by the few; while a really poor book, by dint of puffs and brazen impudence, works its way to general notice and applause. Books are true representatives of their authors minds. A bad man cannot write a good book; neither can a man of vulgar mind write a *refined and modest* book. It was my design, I repeat, to introduce, in this article, to the readers of the Repository a book of rare and various excellence; but as this article is about long enough, I shall defer the introduction to some future occasion. Meanwhile, I would just say that I have often thought that contributors to periodicals might do more for their interest and worth by their making choice selections from good books that are not generally read, than by writing for their columns what is called 'original' matter. Ripened fruit is wholesomer than that which is green. A periodical is more acceptable to judicious readers, if its matter be manly, sensible, and hearty. There are many good, and even sparkling books, not generally read, a portion of whose contents would impart great interest and richness to the pages of any periodical. It does not comport with wisdom to toil and sweat in cultivating barren ground for half-grown and stinted crops, when the desired commodity can be had, in rich abundance, ready grown and harvested. Besides much of the reading matter which is published as *original*, is no more nor less than the essence of others thoughts dilated down to insipidity. Even if this were not the case, I can see no peculiar merit in being simply original. If a writer has an inventive mind; if he can glean lessons of truth and wisdom from objects which, to less gifted men, would be devoid of meaning, then he would indeed be *original* in the pure sense of the term. But if a writer exhibit nothing new either in his *manner* or *matter*, I can see no propriety in calling his productions 'original.' L. C.

Stoneham, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Napoleon at St. Helena.

THERE stands a rock, whose base the surging sea
Has chafed for ages with its rolling waves;
Around its blackened sides the storms play free,
And wild birds nestle in its dripping caves.

Upon its summit not a green twig grows;
No grass bathes nightly in the falling dew;
No leaf sighs there—no mild wind ever blows,—
And music! that lone spot, it never knew.

But one incessant, wild, tumultuous roar,
Comes up from where the waters swell and break;
As wave on wave comes rushing to the shore,
The crags and caves with rumbling thunder shake.

To this lone spot on St. Helena's isle,
Old Europe's conqueror oft at midnight came;
And there, alone, would tedious hours beguile,
By calling out the stars of heaven by name.

Along the sky, as on a battle plain,
He fancied they would march and wheel and meet;
Then charge and fight, retreat and charge again;
Then laughed the soldier at his wild conceit.

'Tis thus the passions of the human soul,
Will make the outward, feed an inward fire;—
E'en make the stars that in their courses roll,
A marshalled host, or seraph singing choir. D. B. H.

Written for the Repository.

Home.

MORNING.

IT is morning—morning in my quiet apartment. I will throw open the shutter, and let in the glad light of day. Soft showers are refreshing the thirsty earth. How brightly beneath my window the rank peonies hold up their green heads, just ready to burst forth into a deep, royal crimson. The daffodils, too, shoot up their green spikes to meet the falling rain, the columbine spreads forth its delicate leaves to the breeze, and the bright lances of the garden lily shiver like tourney-spears in the fight. What a rich perfume is scattered abroad from the sweet-briar, clamber-

ing above the very top of its tall white frame, and clasping the boughs of the flowering cherry-tree!

Near the centre of the yard are the dahlia-mounds, with their bulbs buried sixteen inches in the earth, waiting for the long warm summer days to call them up to the light. The air is full of the fragrance of lilacs, just bursting their round buds to the sunbeams which have followed the showers. The clematis and the grape vine too, are putting out their leaves along the lattice work of the arbor; and the woodbines, brought so carefully from the shores of the Niagara, have survived the winter, and are giving promise of a long and profitable life. Do they perceive any change from their shale beds in Canada, to the rich loam of mid-New-England? After a long listening to the restless thunder of Niagara, is there not something sweet and soothing in the low music of Bow-Brook?

This is a part of the outward life around me —within, is the more glorious life of the mind —mind that has a time-eternity—mind that is in books. Here Shakspeare holds up his splendid mirror of the world, and shows us men and women in every-day life; in stormy excitement; in delirious passion; in dreamy love. Here Milton exhibits his gorgeous pageantries of angels and of demons; or gives us the sweeter pictures of his imagination in the beautiful masque of Comus. Scott, too, with his Border Songs and Tales of chivalry, fills the quiet room with the wildest of martial melodies. And Byron with his glorious scene-painting has made my little study one vast panorama of the olden world with all its sublime features of mountain, and lake, and river; of seas that are eternal, and of empires that are in desolation. And who is this that has peopled the solitude with blue-eyed cottage-girls, ringing their clear voices among the glades and by the springs? Who is this that has gently led around me, the gray-haired hermit, the simple herdsman, the men and women of humble English life? His pictures are all rural, his shading soft and delicate, his colors of the bright Venetian school. You have heard me speak of him often.—It is the gentle Wordsworth—the poet of Rydal Mount.

Ah! it is a bright world, though a small one, this humble apartment of mine; yes bright, for the glorious countenances of the sainted dead beam on me from the lettered pages where their souls are registered. The passionate music of a heart whose throbbings were stilled upon the shores of Africa, and the rich, deep, solemn lays of England's sweetest minstrel mingle together in the silence like the soft, invisible strains heard by the shipwrecked mariners on the isle of Prospero.

EVENING.

The shutters of my windows are closed, and nothing but the soft light of a solitary lamp is thrown upon the walls of my apartment. A beautiful shadow from the tasselled willows and budded evergreens of the vases, falls along the casement of the window, and presents an appearance not unlike the gorgeous sculpture of feudal days. My own shadow, magnified by my propinquity to the light, streams across the carpet, and without the least apparent curve or inflexion, runs up to the centre of the ceiling, as though it were all one smooth and level surface. There is a soft lustre glimmering upon the face of the library, where the gilded titles stand forth in bright relief against the dark background of the volumes calling up a remembrance of those mystic signs which were emblazoned upon the walls of the palace of Belshazzar.

A faint, delicious odor is exhaled from the delicate musk-vine, and rich scarlet geraniums with which our little mantle-glass is daily supplied by a generous, flower-loving neighbor. The blossoms of the willow, too, have a lapsing sweetness as pure as it is rich, which makes one dream and feel more of Heaven than any sight or sound in the universe. And is it not a little Paradise, this home-room with its books and flowers, and its sweet, holy solitude? It has its music, too. Listen;—there is the fresh breathing of the wind through the tall elms that have shaken down their blossoms over all the grassy yard; and fainter and more indistinct is heard the low murmur of the brook that dances gaily along at the foot of the hill, now sparkling to the moonbeams, in the joy of a happy hour, and now veiling its too beautiful smiles beneath the shrub willows and black alders that are fed upon its waters. The ceaseless piping of the frogs, too, and the mournful trill of the tree-toad, make not an unpleasing accompaniment to Nature's less vocal music.

All these things have their rich ministries to the senses; but do they appeal less earnestly to the soul? Whence comes this calm tranquillity of the spirit, this bright-eyed hope of the future, this smiling memory of the past, but from the religious influences of beautiful perceptions? Whence comes this irrepressible impulse of the heart to gush forth in fervent melody, unless it be from

sympathies which have been excited in it by the voices of the little brook-minstrels, singing so patiently all the long, lonely night? S. C. E.

Written for the Repository.

The Mother and Mysteries.

A LITTLE child had lain for days on the couch of languishing—his delicate frame quivering with intense agony, ever and anon twining his slender fingers amid his damp, golden locks, and trying to hold himself still. The sight was melancholy to behold. As friend after friend came in, he would lift up his languid eyelids and gaze one moment and then close them again. But O the melting tenderness of that momentary glance! so full of patient suffering, so loving, and suffused with the tears he could not hide. None could meet that look and not be subdued to weeping; if any could, I envy not their sensibilities. But there was one who more than all else had sympathy for the child—his mother. With the truest maternal tenderness she had watched by his side day and night, and ministered as her own love and wise medical skill dictated. Yet he had grown more and more sick. His little frame—wasted and thin, was now racked with pain, and as oft as she told the visitor how good a child he had ever been and how patient he was then, it seemed as if her very heart would burst with grief as she saw his misery. And then too, when he spake of his grief, it was overwhelming to hear his language, so expressive was it of the truest resignation, as though good angels were whispering to him what to utter. Many hearts bowed as to a wise teacher and kept his golden words as precious. Prayers, tears, and groans, could not remove the racking pains, nor avert the work of death in that beautiful frame. He died. His mother turned from the holily beautiful face of the dead, and said—'*I'll no longer believe in an eternal hell!*'

'Strange words!' you will say, reader. 'Was she mad?' will, perhaps, be your next inquiry. Her words would not seem strange had you read the thoughts—the agonizing thoughts, that burned within, that coursed their way beneath the calm aspect she wore, like the strong and boiling currents beneath the quiet face of the stream. Neither would you deem her mad, had you known her feelings; for while she had been standing by her sick and dying son—so good, so gentle, and so patient—she had known 'the stern agony of thought.' She had been thinking of God and his Providence, while her eye rested on the manifestations of the intense suffering her child was enduring; and her soul quailed before the presence of the awful ideas that arose in the assembly and conference of Thought. Her spirit wrestled with angel strength against the power of the dark forms that would deny perfect love to the Deity, and Providence was still to her a truth and a happy truth. She felt that moral good was done by the sufferings of the child—but yet it was a mystery why he, the gentlest of all lambs, should suffer so much and so intensely. Here was mystery almost too great for the mother's heart. She wrestled with it and at last submitted.

A voice struck upon her ear. It was from one who could not be moved to sensibility even by such a scene as was there enacted. He spoke of God's judgments—how when we made idols of our darlings by loving them 'too well,' he took them away, that we might have our affections drawn towards heaven and escape the doom of eternal woe. The mother's frame shook with the power of her emotions. A new struggle came on, like the return of the convulsive spasms to the feverish. Her child died ere she conquered. She kissed his beautiful lips which were wreathed with a smile, as though the radiance of his last and happy thought had lingered there, hiding the shadow left by death. '*I'll no longer believe in an eternal hell!*' was the utterance of the victor mind. *The mysteries of this world are great enough to reconcile with the idea—the adorable idea of a perfect God, without bringing in such as attend the thought of eternal misery.* If the spirit, nerved by devotion and strengthened by prayer, quails sometimes before the one, how can it live in the presence of the other? There are no feelings in humanity that can in the least aid in the interpretation of the latter mysteries, and if we are reconciled to them—submitting, unquestioning, in our ignorance, it is at the expense of every tender feeling and kind affection. Let the 'stern agony' of calm, deliberate thought be endured, and the throbbing pulse of the fevered soul will never be stilled, till that mother's decision shall be acquiesced in. Many a brain has been maddened ere the wrestling was completed; and the poor maniac weeps out a life of suffering, because her creed proved too stern for her sensibilities. B.

Written for the Repository.

The Passion for Wealth.

The idea of property is innate in the human constitution. The desire of possession is implanted in human nature by the Creator; and therefore to say that this desire is not to be gratified would be an impeachment of the wisdom of him who made us. I would not therefore underrate the value of the conveniences and elegancies of civilized life: their benefits to society are great; and when obtained honestly, regarded with proper feelings and used to promote useful and benevolent objects, are not inconsistent with christianity or morality.

But the inordinate—the unhallowed propensity for gain which obtains in civilized life, is a great immorality;—one, against which, the pulpit and the press should more frequently speak—not in whispers, but in tones of earnestness and severity. The pursuit of wealth has become the distinguishing feature in modern civilization. In our own country, especially, it stands out in our history in bold relief. This is owing, doubtless, to the non-existence of a titled and hereditary nobility. Money purchases here that which birth inherits in Europe—influence and power. In the old world men are born to office and station; here they must obtain them. This accounts for our being as a nation, pre-eminently, money makers. We love money—that root of innumerable evils, so well, that it has become one, if not *the* main object of existence. This is somewhat strange when we take into view the facts that we are christians. The principles of the gospel we adopt —its doctrines we espouse. This nation is professedly a *christian* nation. It would have the civilized world so understand it. Nationally, as well as individually, we claim Jesus of Nazareth for our master, and his teachings we consider our guide. Our land is, emphatically, a land of bibles—sabbaths, churches, and christian associations. Such are our professions, such is our boast.

But alas! how inconsistent with our professions are our practices! In our efforts to become rich, we are not governed by high, moral motives, such as *should* influence christians, in the present state of the world, in their labors for the conveniences and elegancies of civilized life. Wealth ought to be looked upon, and desired and labored for, as a means subordinate to some other and higher objects, and not as a pursuit to be cared for and watched over as an ultimate good. Neither should it be regarded as a means for gratifying appetite, sustaining ostentation, or ministering to the vanities of dress, fashion and equipage. All these should be below the consideration of those who profess to follow Him who had not where to lay his head. But with us, money is regarded as an ultimate good, or as the means of gratifying the selfish feelings by elevating its possessor into what is called the higher circles of life—to the places of influence, power, and respect. Yes, dollars and cents stand higher in the estimation of our people than literature or science, intelligence or virtue. Money—property is regarded as the principal thing. The others are considered subordinate.

The passion for gain—I mean the passion for riches, pervades all classes of society. No age is free from its corrupting influence. Our youth are educated not to become men, in the highest sense of this term—as the highest excellence to which human beings can attain—but to become sharp men of business—not merely capable of getting a comfortable living, but of becoming rich. This sentiment, inculcated in youth, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength; and in after years its deplorable results are manifested in servile cringing to wealth; hypocrisy and selfishness in bargaining, and overreaching in trade. It has developed and cultivated the faculty of acquisitiveness, as phrenologists call it, till avarice has become the ruling passion—the vast root from which has sprung up a spreading and poisonous tree, laden with bitter and deadly fruit. How unlike that tree whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations!

There is no passion in the human heart, so deceitful as avarice, few so strong and active, none which clings to us with such increasing tenacity. Life, health, friends,—moral independence, —the tenderest affections—our highest spiritual interests, we will not scruple to sacrifice on the altar of mammon.

In public addresses and public journals—and in many popular books, the names of wealthy men are frequently praised and their characters recommended to young business men for imitation.

In every day language—the phrase 'he is doing well,' means, he is making money—he is getting rich; and a man's friends congratulate each other and him upon such joyous intelligence. The great error of the community—and that which perpetuates avarice and its concomitant evils—is

the regarding success in business pursuits, or in other words, the accumulation of wealth, as the true standard of worth: as if the possession of thousands or millions of property was conclusive evidence of superiority and true greatness. It is not so. True greatness is in the soul. It consists in high, expanded, noble thoughts, generous deeds, lofty and holy aspirations: in the manly struggle against wrong—the bold defence of right—the sacrifice of every object and pursuit inconsistent with justice and truth. Greatness does not consist in the ownership of houses, lands, stocks and merchandize. These may be owned, and frequently are, by the meanest spirits, the narrowest minds—the most contracted hearts. Let not the glitter and the pomp of wealth deceive those who would rise to true greatness. Judge not of men by the trappings and gewgaws which they wear, but by the attainments of their intellects, the feelings of their hearts, the character of their actions. By this criterion, and by this alone, should men be censured or commended, disregarded or honored. But so long as the erroneous sentiment prevails that men are to be measured by the length of their purses, so long will the struggle and strife for property continue, so long will the civilized world be filled with overreaching in trade, dishonesty, fraud and corruption; so long will riches be made the main object of human pursuit, and the true end of our earthly existence be forgotten or disregarded. Let the standard then by which we form our opinions of men—the standard of excellence to which we should aim, be that which the gospel sets up—namely moral, spiritual attainments.

It is somewhat problematical, I think, whether a person can be a genuine christian and at the same time a rich man. To say nothing of the manner by which he may have accumulated his property, there is something in the possession of great wealth which necessarily unfits a man's heart to imbibe the meekness, humility, and purity of christianity.

Hence, the terrible denunciations in the scriptures against him. A man cannot be rich unless he serve mammon; and if he serve mammon, he cannot at the same time serve God. He cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven till he has given his riches to the poor. Riches, not poverty, are the obstacles to christian attainments.

With the wealthy people of his age and country the Savior had little sympathy. He associated with the common—the poor people. From these, he selected his confidential friends, his bosom companions; and from this class of the community he received a cordial welcome. Ah! who would give him such a welcome now were he to revisit the earth as he came eighteen hundred years ago—houseless—friendless—clad in coarse raiment—soiled and covered with dust,—faint and weary with travel-lecturing to the rabble in the streets—declaiming against the vices of the great, and selecting a few poor and ignorant fishermen as his co-workers;—who, I say, would be the first to extend to this son of a carpenter the rights of hospitality—the dues of common courtesy. Would the rich invite him to their splendid and costly mansions? Would the learned clergy welcome him to their desks? I greatly mistake the character of the age if he would not be seized, and sent as a vagrant to the house of correction.

Let professed christians beware how they accumulate riches. Poverty is safer, aye better, much better, for the growth of the immortal spirit.

D. B. H.

Our Monthly Talk.

We had made a record of the thoughts we wished to convey this month to our readers, but the record, with a numerous collection of notices, has been mislaid, or lost, since the 'copy' came to Boston. We now write in great haste, and cannot recollect what we had written. Notices which are due, may be thus passed by. One thing, however, we distinctly remember, and that is, that we made an earnest appeal to our *delinquent subscribers* and to our Agents. We anxiously desire that those of our subscribers who have not as yet paid, will deliberate with themselves upon the propriety of making immediate payment. We need the effects of such a measure, and hope that our friends will not disappoint our expectations, for though a small matter to each delinquent, it is to us very important, for hundreds, nay, thousands of dollars are involved in it.

From a variety of causes, we have had to part with a large number of our former patrons—all of them, where any expression of feeling has been made, have acknowledged their good opinion of the work—its general interest, christian spirit, and literary excellence. We do not despair of having their places made good, trusting as we do to the friendly Agents we have, and the interest taken in the support of the work by our sisters in the faith herein advocated, illustrated, and enforced. We wait in hope.

This Number. '*Rose of Sharon.*' It will be seen by our readers that our sister editor has not furnished for this No. as much matter as she has usually done, but a sufficient reason can be given—the great and careful labor required to prepare for the press the '*Rose of Sharon*' for 1842. It is now passing through the press. We have had the opportunity to read some of the articles, and look over others, and risk nothing in assuring our friends that the next 'Rose' will be superior in literary excellence to the preceding volumes, while it will excel its predecessors in the beauty of its embellishments. We hope that an earnest and continued effort will be made by those interested in the success of this Annual to obtain subscribers soon as the Prospectus is issued, and there are peculiar reasons why we should be more than ever active in this business. We have every reason to believe that great, if not systematized influence, will be exerted to prevent the circulation of the 'Rose,'

simply because of the source of its origin—among Universalists. Some have been wont to regard Universalists as an ignorant, unrefined, and unintellectual class, and they will do all that sectarian prejudice can do to prevent this opinion from being changed. One individual who has gone out from our ministry and order, has seen fit to denounce, and level his bitterness against *our* Annual, and however unworthy of notice, or even contemptible any opinion of his may be to us, his anathema will have effect in certain quarters. We must be prepared for any opposition. Our opponents have descended almost as low as they can for advantage against us, and we have no reason to believe that they will lessen any effort that succeeds in prejudicing the public mind against Universalists and all which they do—every volume they put forth. Our friends will honor themselves in baffling the desire to restrict the circulation of the 'Rose of Sharon.' Let them present to those unacquainted with its merits, its claims to their countenance and support.

We are gratified to think that our readers will find the present No. a highly interesting one. We ask their attention to the beautiful story of the '*Elder Sister*,' by our very valuable correspondent, Mrs. N. T. Munroe. It will sustain her reputation as a writer who always appeals to the best principles and deepest feelings of our nature. Thoughtful readers esteem her articles very highly; and now that she hath 'a new name,' dear to woman, we expect that her success in awakening, through her writings, the purest affections, will be even more signal than in the past. '*The Reefer*' will be found an excellent poem, such as few of the monthlies can boast of. The authoress has an exquisite talent at analogies, and her moral lessons are sweetly eloquent. She has our thanks for her favors. '*Faith, or Fidelity*, No. VIII. of the Christian Graces,' will be found an excellent illustration of that grace of the christian. To quiet the guesses and surmises of some of the wise prophets among our readers, we will here state that 'Ellinora' is neither S. C. E., nor our humble self. '*The danger of tampering with Vice*,' will be found an article full of the wisest admonitions, and Br. Chapin has our thanks for it. We cannot enumerate the various excellences of this No., and rest satisfied that our patrons will be interested and edified.

☞Br. Ballou's article was laid aside at the time of its receipt, because we had just then placed an article on the same subject, and of the same tenor, into the hands of the printer; and we have just recovered it. We are glad to greet 'L. of Concord,' again. Her favors were very acceptable. We have attempted several times to read the '*Inebriate*,' but have been baffled, and in despair must say we cannot decipher it. This we regret, as we doubt not it is a good article, or we should not have kept it so long, nor tried so hard to read it. 'The Victim of Envy,' crowded out of this No., will appear in our next. Also, in our next will appear, 'The Bride,' 'The Old Graveyard,' by L.; 'My Home, Farewell,' and 'To ———,' by C. W. H.; 'Commune with your own Heart,' by Ione, 'Rural Sketches, No. I,' by L. A. P., and Heaven, by Josephine.

Our Book Table.

An Address, delivered before the Mercantile Library Company, of Philadelphia. By Wm. E. Channing. This excellent address is worthy a more extended notice than can be given in the pages of this work. The subject which the author discusses, in his usual elegant and forcible style, is 'the Age.' His object is to show its distinguishing characteristic; which is, 'the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to Universality.' What is meant by this is simply this; that Literature and Science, instead of being as in former ages, monopolized by a few favored individuals, is now being diffused among the great mass of the people. This address in common with other popular discourses from the pen of the Dr., proves him to be a Reformer—not, however, quite a radical, but yet one so thorough that the term leveller would not be misapplied if used to designate to what class of Reformers he belongs.

Dr. Channing has no fears that the movements among the laboring millions for a better social state, will produce those dreadful evils which the enemies and the mistaken friends of the hardy producers of wealth forebode. More danger and greater evils, he thinks, are to be feared from the patrician than from the plebeian ranks of society.

Trumpet and Magazine. This well known and extensively patronized periodical, has entered upon a new volume since our last No. It is too old and well known to need any notice from us; and we recur to its commencing a new volume more to show that we remember it, than because we think any word we can say will avail much.

Installation at Haverhill. Br. Townsend P. Abell, late of Castine, Me. was installed as Pastor of the Universalist Society in Haverhill, (Mass.) Village Society, on, we believe, the 15th of June. We were prevented by circumstances from attending, but by the prayers of an earnest spirit were with the rejoicing friends. We are heartily glad to record this service, for our good friends have been a long time without a pastor, and one was much needed. May the union be blessed of heaven. The sermon was preached by Br. O. A. Skinner, and is spoken of as highly creditable to him. In the evening, Br. Chapin preached, and the communion was attended to. All the services, we are told, were attended by full and attentive congregations; and we must not fail to add, that the choir, as usual, acquitted themselves with great credit. We should be happy to give the excellent and appropriate hymns by S. C. E., and E. H. Chapin, had we room.

Essex Conference. The next meeting of the Essex County Quarterly Conference will be holden at *Salem*, on the third Wednesday in July—the 20th. We expect a full attendance, as the place of meeting is easy of access, and our Essex friends are always alive and active. The subject of Sabbath School Teachers' Conferences, will be introduced, and the utility of such associations set forth by those who have discussed the expediency of establishing them. We hope to see many of the officers and teachers of the Sabbath Schools in Essex County present on that occasion, as we doubt not their interest in all measures which promise good to the institution they support.

Miniature Portrait of J. Q. Adams. We acknowledge the receipt of a finely executed miniature likeness of Ex-President Adams, engraved and published by Nath'l Dearborn, Boston.

Orange Flower Lotion. The same care for the good of our lady readers that would impel us to guard them against the many miserable cosmetics which are thrust before them in the public prints, leads us now to commend to the attention of those who need it, the 'Orange Flower Lotion,' sold only by Orlando Tompkins, 271 Washington St., one of the neatest establishments in the city. It is designed for the cure or prevention of pimples, tan, or freckles, on the face, being a cooling and soothing bath. It is recommended to gentlemen who are troubled with soreness after shaving, as highly beneficial.

List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending June 30, 1841.

J. A., Wentworth, $2; H. B., So. Stafford, $2; R. O. W., Dover, $5; A. S. T., Calais, $5; E. R. C., Claremont, $4; P. M., Westmoreland, $4; M. B. W., Saccarappa, $6; S. E. D., Norwich, $2; G. H., Stephentown, $2; J. S., Deer Island, $3; J. T. G., Bath, $10; L. P. D., Hanover, $2; R. G., Carroll, $2; R. C., Anson, $5; H. L. D., Freeport, $2; J. & F. B., New Sharon, $2; E. A. S., Camden, $2; G. W. B., Springfield, $2; O. H. Q., Little River, $1; M. D., So. Leroy, $2; C. H. P., Cedar Creek, $2; O. S. D., Pavilion, $2; E. J. B., No. Norwich, $2; A. B., Westfield, $2; E. S., Scipio, $2; W. M., Dunkirk, (pays to June, 1841) $5; L. E., Wilton, $4; M. R., Montrose, $2; P. M., Vernon, (settles in full for Repository for H. C., O. N., and G. A., up to June, 1841,) $5; J. J. S., Chepachet, $4; J. M. W., Westmoreland, $6; P. M., Lubec, $4; D. M., Canton, $2; L. A., Rockingham, (pays to June, 1842), $2 P. M., Broad Brook, $2; S. L. R., Barre, $2; E. E., West Winchester, $2; G. P., Brooklyn, $2; J. C., Meriden, $2; J. M. S., Persia, $2; G. W. N., Saco, $2; G. E. B., Nashua, $7; C. C. H., Gill, $2; C. H., Dover, $2; L. T. G., Lima, $2; C. L., Hammond, $2; G. R., Rochester, $6; E. E. P., No. Charlestown, $2; T. W. A., Claremont, $2; E. N., Little Meadows, $2; E. W. C., Waterford, $2; J. W., St. Albans, $4.

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For August 1841. No. 3.

Written for the Repository.

The Beatitudes;

Or the Elements of Christian Happiness.

Chapter II. Humility.

'Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

The aphorisms of our Lord which make the first part of the fifth chapter of Matthew's record, are commonly called the Beatitudes, each of them opening with the word blessed or happy. *Beatitude* comes from the Latin word *beatus*, signifying happy; and most commentators prefer the word *happy* instead of *blessed* in this connection, as the latter implies a superior degree of happiness. But it seems to my mind that our Savior meant to set forth the means of obtaining the purest and highest happiness of which our nature is capable; and he was wise who said, 'Our being's end and aim is not happiness—we may pass that by and find blessedness.'

One thing, however, is obvious, and that is—our Lord addressed himself to man's love of happiness. He did not condemn this desire or passion in man, and thus find fault with the make of our mental being, but sought to develope aright and give the best direction to this desire or passion. The world had long listened to unsatisfying views of the true nature and means of obtaining happiness, and with a better wisdom than that of the wisest he sought to end the debate.

The perfect law of happiness was yet to be given, and Jesus was to be the lawgiver. He did give it, but it was not for the outer man, but for the inward being—not for the senses, but for the soul. Herein lay unfolded the great mistake of men, and herein now lies unfolded man's great mistake, that happiness is not a sensual thing, but spiritual; for when man is surrounded with every thing the senses can desire, and every passion is gratified, there is still, far down beyond the reach of all this food, an appetite for something purer and better, reminding man of his mingled nature and need of heaven.

As when Moses declared, 'In the beginning *God* created the heavens and the earth,' he struck at the very root of idolatry and superstition, so Jesus when he commenced the beatitudes, struck at the foundation of all the false notions of happiness. He taught men to look beyond outward circumstances; not at men and things, but into themselves, and see if the right temper and disposition were there, and if their's was the character essential to happiness. The rich are not all happy, neither are the poor all unhappy; and when fortune flows in her favors, when power bestows her desired gifts, when fame sings her sweetest song, and health and friendship bless a mortal with their richest smiles, there may be sorrow or wo in his heart. It was so with Haman, Ahab, Solomon. The sacred page bears their histories, and a sad comment it is on unsanctified human ambition. While fame's clarion is sounding the note of praise, and wealth is increasing like the good seed in good ground; while the most abundant means are possessed to follow the beck of pleasure, and link to oneself a glad train, disease may be knawing at the vitals of a dear one, or calamity entering the home; and what then is all outer good, if the heart has known nothing better than fortune, fame and pleasure? God has opened many sources of happiness. None are to be despised. The desires for wealth, power, and fame, are good; it is their abuse and perversion that change them to foes; and while we love earth and its charms, delighting in the social relations and prizing life, we disobey no requirement of the Deity; but we do err when we forget the fluctuating nature of all that makes up the variety of these ever shifting scenes, and neglect to seek the supreme good of the mind. He that drinketh of the wells that

have their foundations in the earth, will thirst again; Jesus Christ alone can give the living water.

To him let us go, and there feel we are looking up into the face of a true friend while we hear him say—'Happy are the poor in spirit.' 'Poor in spirit,' sounds in many ears too much like 'poor spirited,' to be connected with happiness. But the idea called up by the latter phrase, has no fellowship with the Savior's meaning, for there is nothing in his religion that favors or cherishes abjectness of mind or heart. Far otherwise, for all its teachings are adapted to give to man such an idea of the worth of his nature, the excellence of its endowments and properties, and the glory of his destiny, as to inspire him with a vigor whose elasticity may never be lost. Paul gave a right idea of the spirit of christianity when he said—'God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.' There is nothing in christianity to break down the lofty and aspiring spirit—nothing to enfeeble the intellect, and shackle reason, but every thing to strengthen, develope, and direct aright the energies of the mental qualities of our nature, and unfold the true man.

Nothing can be farther from the truth than that Jesus pronounced his first blessing on the mind that yielded up its reason to be blindly guided by him. The idea is preposterous in the extreme; for without a full and vigorous exercise of the intellect, how could any one be inclined to be his disciple, when to the natural man there was nothing to gain, and everything to lose? And did not reason do all in the comparison of his doctrine with the scriptures, and convince the people that he was a man of God? Christianity opposed to reason! No, it purifies and exalts it. Without it we are as the beasts; with it, we are but a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor. Let us not dim, or give to another that glory, or make the honor God has conferred upon us our condemnation by unfaithfulness to its worth. Yet how many look on christianity as something that fetters and enslaves, rather than giving the free action and mental power which are desirable! And I marvel not at this, when I remember what is taught men for christianity—what views thousands have concerning it—and what low conceptions of the religious character are prevalent. I feel that I should be poor spirited indeed, had I the same views of God which millions entertain, and did I believe that he on 'slender threads' has 'hung everlasting things;' for I should deem my spirit to be of little worth to be so exposed. But with the truth in the heart, I can use the language of an eloquent writer and say, 'God, as he is manifested by Christ, is another name for intellectual and moral excellence; and in the knowledge of him, our intellectual and moral powers find their element, nutriment, strength, expansion and happiness. To know God is to attain to the sublimest conception in the universe. To love God is to bind ourselves to a being, who is fitted, as no other being is, to penetrate and move our whole hearts; in loving whom we exalt ourselves; in loving whom, we love the great, the good, the beautiful, and the infinite; and under whose influence, the soul unfolds itself as a perennial plant under the cherishing sun. Such is the God of Jesus Christ; a being not to break the spirit, but to breathe trust, courage, constancy, magnanimity, in a word, all the sentiments which form an elevated mind.'

Jesus when he blessed the poor in spirit did not favor abjectness of soul. Neither did he laud that dejection of mind that is ever fearful lest it hope too much from God. There are many such, though devoted to piety, yet always in sorrow from the apprehension that they shall lose God and glory. How much mental anguish results from this one cause! Hearts bleeding and minds distracted, attest its fearful effects. Spiritually poor indeed! but no blessedness can be connected with it; for it is as a poison pervading the whole system, destroying health, debarring from a thousand innocent pleasures, and making day dark and night hideous. It has caused mortals to feel that their dependence is on an almighty tyrant, rather than a beneficent Father, and made

> 'The fear of hell the hangman's whip,
> To keep the wretch in order.'

Jesus Christ had no sympathy with such spiritual poverty, neither has his religion; for christianity does not build its strength on the lowest feelings of our nature—on a slavish dread of outward evil, but upon the noblest faculties and affections of our being. He is ignorant indeed of God and Christ, who does not feel that the best offering which is brought to the altar of the Divinity is an affectionate and confiding spirit. Without this, obedience is but constraint; the Father is not served, but Misery dreaded. The Savior taught by contrasts, and when he declared, 'Happy are the poor in spirit!' he spake of the disposi-

tion opposite to pride and love of outer glory—that thirsting after outward dominion and splendor that made one passion of all desires, and swelled all hearts from the greatest to the humblest by pantings for national exaltation. To such the kingdom of heaven would be no kingdom; for what cares the sensual for the spiritual, or the earthly for the heavenly? His was the kingdom of truth; his reign, the dominion of righteousness; his honors, the excellences of piety; his rewards, the answer of a good conscience, peace within, a firm confidence in God, and a glorious hope of immortality. To be poor in spirit, in his sense, was to be humble, not aspiring after outer, but inner conquest, glory, and power. It was to feel that something better was needed than had before been given to satisfy the soul, and to be ready with an humble trust, like Simeon, to receive the desired good.

The kingdom of heaven! This was promised to the humble minded. What is our idea of a heavenly reign? Is it not a moral empire, a dominion of goodness, a subjection of the inferior to the better nature? It is. How plainly then do we see that it could only be promised to the mind free from that pride and vanity that fetter the spirit and weigh down its aspirations after the good, the beautiful, and the true! Our Savior in the aphorism we are considering, declared a literal truth—a great truth—a great moral revelation. The world had all along regarded martial virtue, a warlike temper of mind, as the pledge of true distinction and power. But Jesus insists upon the opposite. 'Happy are the poor in spirit,' those whose strength is not impaired by selfish considerations, who are ready to endure for the sake of being good and doing good; for theirs is the true kingdom, theirs is the loftiest throne, the mightiest authority. Poor they might be in the view of the world, but rich in the sight of heaven.

Thus the grace of humility is taught us and commended to our acceptance. The first among the beatitudes, and the first quality needed to make us happy, for well has the poet sung,

> 'Humility, that low, sweet root,
> From which all heavenly virtues shoot.'

Humility is the first requisite to true knowledge. So reality has proved. Newton was indeed an humble man. With all his learning, and consciousness of having opened new paths to the highest achievements in science, he was never boastful or proud. When Dr. Halley ventured once to say something in his presence disrespectful of christianity, Newton silenced him by the gentle answer, 'I have studied these things; you have not!' Here is the difference between minds. One lofty in its own acquirements, scorns the exercise of that humility which to the other is the source of sublimer contemplations than were ever opened by the heavens, and which unfolded capacities and affections learning and science alone can never reach. Newton gave up his mind to facts—submitted his reason to the real, and did not, therefore, like many called philosophers before his time, form a theory by speculation, and then strive to make nature's laws and phenomena agree with it. Hence the simplest incident could excite thought, which carefully followed, led him to the discovery that

> 'That very law which moulds a tear,
> And bids it trickle from its source,
> That law preserves the earth a sphere,
> And guides the planets in their course;'

and from this he could progress to the formation of a system of philosophical analysis of the governing principles in nature's magnificent round. Yet after all, a few days before he died he said, 'I do not know how I may appear to the world; but to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy, playing on the sea-shore and diverting myself with finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.' Happy are they who launch out upon that ocean with a like humble spirit, and not with the rash temper of the speculative and vain. Humility is the basis of true learning; the profound are oftener humble than the superficial, for many will make up in boasts what they want in knowledge, and substitute profession for principle. 'Have you got religion?' said a young revivalist, in a stage coach, to a venerable and pious divine, to him an utter stranger. '*None to speak of!*' was the simple reply. The young man took the rebuke, and stilled his noisy, intrusive officiousness.

In the study of the scriptures we need this grace. To how many who scorn our holy book, could Newton's reply to Halley be directed with propriety—You have not studied these things! They are too free to bend the united powers of the mind to the careful study of that volume, and therefore trample under foot the precious treasure of human hope, trust and joy. God has given man in his very nature—in his sorrows, his wants, his sympathies, and his aspirations—

enough to teach him the need of a voice from heaven; a voice that will not come from the stars though we invoke them, nor from the grave though we plead; a voice that shall speak of imperishable things, of unfading loveliness, undying glories, and an element for the immortal mind. And if with the sorrows and wants of our nature pleading for a God, Christ, and Heaven, men will dare to scorn the ark of the covenant of the Father with humanity, and tread in the dust holiest things, the retribution of injured nature will be known. To live without God and without hope in the world, is a sad destiny—the destiny of him who through pride will not come unto Jesus that he may have life. Humility comes to him, asking not why God has not revealed the secret things, but what he has revealed, conscious that the intellect has no powers that should be wasted in idle, fruitless, perplexing, and darkening speculations. How many through speculation darken counsel with words without knowledge!

This grace for which we plead, is needed to introduce minds, now strangers, to the truth of unlimited redeeming grace. 'It is false, it is vile, it is a scheme of the wicked one to fill his domains!' cry a thousand voices when Universal Salvation is mentioned, before they have examined with any carefulness a single feature of the doctrine. They scorn it—they despise it—they are too proud, self-sufficient in their own opinions, to give it sober attention; but, as do sceptics with the Bible, they know it is all idle, foolish, an imposition and delusive. *Know* it! as the church knew Galileo's doctrine of the revolution of the earth when they condemned him as a heretic and applauded every monk who preached against his theory. They *presumed* it to be against the honor of the scriptures, and therefore denounced and scorned what is now received by every reflecting mind. Truth is revealed to test the human passions, to bring out the latent feelings, and show the weakness and strength of man, and write on the page of history wise lessons for other generations. But man so loves the future and so intently gazes onward that the warning teachers in the far distance behind are forgotten, and he is still presumptuous, rash and proud. But the church cannot bend in subjection our doctrine as they could Galileo. Like the sun, it will shine and retain its warming, renovating, illuminating, and fertilizing qualities, whether the mists and clouds intervene between it and man, or not. Without humility, that required the yielding of long cherished opinions and advocated theories, no mind in Galileo's time could come to a knowledge of what study had revealed to him; it is so now, with doctrines and our faith. Men must discard pride, and humble themselves, or be without the knowledge—the soul-felt, heart-satisfying knowledge, of unbounded, free, full and complete sanctifying and redeeming grace.

We see then the blessedness of humility—its connection with our happiness. It was this grace that would have led the way to expel from the minds of the Jews the errors and anticipations that clouded their mental vision and blinded their reason, so that they could not discern in the spiritual heavens the uprising of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings. It is needed by us, that we may exclude from our hearts all the foes to spiritual improvement—all that makes us doubt, or act as if we doubted, that 'before honor is humility.'

'The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground its lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see,
True types of sweet humility.' B.

Marblehead, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Heaven.

'O, IT is to be feared, that heaven contains very few whole families. It is made up of the fragments of ruined households.' *Calvinistic Sab. School Report.*

O, WHEN the fireside circle breaks,
When friend of friend the last leave takes,
Must the fond heart with grief be filled,
Each rising hope of bliss be stilled,
By that sad thought, so fraught with pain,
We part and ne'er may meet again?

Can but the members of a few
Glad households, that the earth once knew,
Look round in heaven without a tear,
And say with joy, 'We all are here!'
Must the far greater part be left,
To mourn for friends of whom they're reft?

Must the true wife, whose earthly years
Were passed in fervent prayers and tears
For him, the loved, though erring one,
Whose smile was dear as light of sun,—
Find that in vain the tear fount stirred,
And prayers were but as words unheard?

Can it be true the beauteous child
Will roam through heaven in anguish wild,
In search of her whose mother-love
Was prized all earthly things above,
But o'er whom sin had thrown its pall,
And find that it is useless all?

Must the fond sister's ardent prayer
For him her dearest earthly care,

Whom she e'er strove to lead aright,
To love the God of life and light,
Be answered not, and he be seen
Tossed on the waves of anguish keen?

Sure such is not the blessed home
To which our Savior bids us come,
And ask for blessings at the throne
Of Him who loves us as his own;
That is a home where tears are not,
Where pains and sighs are all forgot.

O tell me not that e'er the mind
Can to God's will be so resigned,
That we can know some cherished friend
Is suffering pain that ne'er shall end,
And feel no tear of pity start,
No sympathetic throb of heart!

It cannot be! the callous soul
Alone is free from love's control.
The hardened heart dwells not above,
All are made soft by purest love;
And heaven to be a happy place,
Must all who've dwelt on earth embrace.

True, rusty links may oft be found,
Scattered from household chains around.
But God is love, and he is might,
And he will cleanse and make them bright.
Heaven's not made of parts, but wholes,
Not sorrowing, but of gladsome souls. JOSEPHINE.

Charlestown, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Rural Rambles. No. 1.

BY MISS L. A. PEABODY.

A MORNING IN MAY.

'BEAUTIFUL! beautiful indeed!' exclaimed my talented and sensitive companion, as we took a seat upon a rock on the side of the greenest and loftiest hill in the neighborhood; (our village may well be celebrated for its green and beautiful eminences;) and indeed, it seems to me the loveliest spot on earth. I had been walking with a fair friend along the road which passes by our dwelling, and winds round the shore of a clear, bright pond,—a reservoir for the mill-stream, which is not only the activity, but the actual glory of our little neighborhood. We stopped and gazed long and admiringly upon that pure sheet of water, that lay in its unruffled splendor like a sleeping thing of life. 'Twas a glorious scene;—one that would be better delineated by the pencil of a painter, than by the pen of the humble individual who is attempting to describe it. The dark evergreen forms of the pine and hemlock, mingling with the red blossoms of the maple and slender birch saplings in their white garb, as they thickly studded the opposite shore, lay mirrored in its clear depths, like another and a fairer creation. A little to the left of us, and on a parallel with the woodlands of which I have been speaking, rose a high hill, covered with a soft green carpet. Its summit, crowned with shrubs and the stumps of trees, is used for a pasture, and is separated by a rude fence from the more verdant mowing lands below. Then came to our ears nature's own melody—the sighing of breezes through the branches of the pines, mingled with the sound of the waters as they fell over the dam by the 'old red mill,' which stood a short distance below us. The only human form that greeted our vision, was the enterprising proprietor of this establishment, who might occasionally be seen passing before the windows with hasty steps, busily engaged in performing his accustomed duties. The pure breath of heaven came to us from the opposite shore, laden with the sweet fragrance of the pine, the arbutus and anemones, refreshing our spirits with its purity and sweetness, and causing us to rejoice in the supremacy of God's government, and in his guardian care over all his works. So beautiful was all around, we almost deemed ourselves in Paradise. The association, which our pure and holy faith causes to exist in the mind, between the beautiful things of earth and heaven, naturally arose in all its loveliness, while contemplating a scene so magnificent, and thrilling to our hearts.

We conversed of heaven and its inhabitants, and in our imaginations we saw the pure spirit of a fair young being, who, a few years ago, passed from earth to dwell in her native home. A delicate exotic was she upon our earth, and is it not meet that she should be removed to a better land, where the chilling blasts of affliction and adversity may not visit her too rudely, and where she may never more know sorrow and suffering? I see her now, with her dark, dreamy eyes, soft and gentle, yet intellectual in their expression; and can fancy I hear her sweet lute like voice coming in gentle murmurs to my ear, like the silvery cadence of a seraph's song. A sweet twin blossom was she to the fair being at my side; and what a pure and holy love was theirs! so sweet, so child-like in their affections, and with all their tastes and loves so beautifully interwoven, that almost their very existence seemed inseparable. But it is ever thus;—the fairest and the best of earth are the soonest stricken down by the hand of the Destroyer. And Oh! how long, and with what anguish of heart did the bereaved ones mourn the lost rose-bud, with-

ered, alas! in its earliest blossoming. And that lone, sweet flower upon the broken stem, bowed her head at this severe trial, even as the too early and delicate spring flower shrinks from the chilling winds and blighting frosts.

But time wore away, and the buoyancy of youth could not always yield to sorrow, and that bereaved sister regained much of her accustomed happiness;—yet did she fondly cherish the recollection of her beloved Ada, as an image of purity and truth; and as we talked of the dear departed, a sigh, low and tremulous as the first awakening of a zephyr, came to my ear; and as I turned my head, I perceived that Memory was busy at the tearful fountain of that young heart, sending its glistening treasures to her eyes, which rested there like the pure dew-drops of heaven reposing on the meek, blue violet.

Come, dear Ella! you are sad; let us pursue our walk. Hear how merrily those sweet birds ring out their gladsome notes on the air, and all nature seems to be rejoicing in the '*One Great Cause!*' We walked on, and soon crossed a brook on a wide piece of timber which is laid over as an apology for a bridge, at the entrance of a woody glen, in which we found an abundance of sweet May flowers—the treasures which we had been seeking. We soon gathered our hands full of those sweet gems of earth, and retraced our steps homeward, drawing lessons of the wisdom and goodness of God, from his sweet gifts to us which we held in our hands. I accompanied Ella to the village, and with another fair friend for my guide, I ascended the hill which is mentioned at the commencement of this sketch, occasionally stopping to gather the sweet *innocence*, mouse-ear and the bright yellow blossoms of the dandelions, mingled with sprigs of the glossy leafed laurel. A bright blue violet was found by Salina, before we gained our humble seat upon the hill-side. It was the first we had seen, and with a grace all her own, she placed it in my hand. I prized that gift, though it was a simple offering; and what a lesson of meekness and humility I read in that sweet flower. Well do I love the flowers for their gentle ministries to my heart; they have a world of teaching in themselves, and they bring their simple truths home to my heart with a deeper emphasis than ever fell from the lips of earth's ablest orators.

My companion had chosen a fine seat for our resting place, as it commanded a view of the most beautiful parts of the scenery around us. At the base of the hill, and directly before us, flowed a wide and beautiful brook, which is still known by the Indian appellation of *Latacoonamug*. Turning our eyes to the left, they rested upon some two or three dwelling houses, a cotton mill, and nearer to us a clothier's mill, shaded by a few old elms, which added greatly to the interest of the scene. To the right of us, extended as far as we could see, a long, narrow tract of woodland, through which passed the fair rivulet, glistening like diamonds in the sunlight, as it occasionally came to our view through openings in the trees. Farther on in the same direction, in a small clearing in the woods, the blue smoke might be seen rising from the roof of a low cabin, which appeared to us in the distance, like a cave; and still beyond, were two dwelling houses and a shingle manufactory in sight. But there was nothing near us to break the stillness round, save the songs of the robins and black-birds, and the merry chirping of the swallows, as they glided on their airy pinions close to the surface of the water, after lowering their soft breasts to the wave, then with gladsome notes rising higher in the air, seemingly rejoicing in their very existence. Hark! what delightful strain of music strikes our ears, from that clump of alders! 'Tis our old friend, '*Robert Lincoln*,' singing one of his best songs. And how happy those little tortoises seem! with their shining backs to the sun, as they lay on that old black stump, just peering above the surface of the water.

Long did Salina and myself busy ourselves with our pencils, and in viewing the scene around us; then we arose and descended the hill, crossed the brook, and came once more into the village; and as I returned home, my heart rose in grateful homage to my Creator for all his benefits bestowed upon us, and that he has given me a heart to love whatever is beautiful in this, our world; and for the pure faith that teaches us that God's care is equally over all his creatures, and his loving kindness is unto all.

Shirley Village, Mass.

We all need to be more just towards ourselves, and act up to our professions. Of what avail is it, to say we dislike the conduct of a neighbor, when at the same time, our own conduct is not only similar, but aggravated by our wilfulness.

Study to cultivate peace in all situations in life.

Judge justly,—by so doing the blessing of the needy will rest upon thee.

Written for the Repository.

Gossip.

Every reader is undoubtedly familiar with the word placed at the head of this article, and understands its meaning. It is the habit, so very common, of indulging in trifling and foolish conversation about other people, and at their expense—prying into their business, telling of some strange or wonderful thing that they have done, surmising as to what they are going to do, or indulging in some such silly and equally interesting tittle-tattle. The subject, I am aware, is rather trite, and withal, not a very poetical one. But I am not much given to poetry. I am addicted rather to plain matter of fact, leaving others better able, to toil up the giddy heights of Parnassus, and range in the sometimes misty regions of imagination and fancy. Hence, my choice of the present subject. Though trite, I know it is a useful one; and one, too, which, if there is any subject concerning which line upon line, and precept upon precept are needed, is certainly of this character. For, of all the little vices observable in the social minglings of life—of all the abuses of the tongue, especially, of which we know there are many, none is more common than the habit of which I now speak. Without exaggeration, we may say that it is to be found in every neighborhood, in city and country, and in every grade of society. The rich and the poor, the refined and the vulgar, the sensible and those not very sensible, each, all, are found addicted to this miserable habit of gossiping—this silly fondness for telling over new or strange things concerning their neighbors, and meddling with their tongues in that in which they have no concern. Though much has been said, therefore, I am persuaded that it is well and necessary that much more should yet be said respecting it, and that plainly and in earnest, too. For this reason I speak, and shall seek to speak in this manner.

I have spoken of the general prevalence of the habit. In remarking upon this, however, we cannot, I think, in justice, say, as of many other habits, that it is to be found alike among both sexes. Men have habits that are mostly peculiar to them, and we have no hesitation in so declaring; why, then, if such be the fact, should we hesitate to say that women have their peculiar faults? Evidently, we should not. In reference to this, therefore, I think my lady readers themselves will bear witness to my justice and entire impartiality, when I say (and I hope they will like me none the less, as I am sure I do not them, because I say) that, as a class, men are not addicted to the habit, but that, as a general thing, it is principally confined to their own sex.

And the fact that it is so may be very easily accounted for. Men are out in the busy world. They have their part to act there, amid its bustle and its noise, its declaimings and toils, its strivings for wealth and its graspings for station, and influence, and power. Their conversation, therefore, it is natural to expect, will be in relation to the out of door things of the world, business, politics, stocks, trade, and the like. With woman, however, it is not so. She moves in a more limited, though not less important sphere. Hers it is, retired in a measure from the business and turmoil of life, to be confined to the narrow, and yet, in a certain sense, extended, circle of home, and its in-door duties. Hence, there is not so large a field of common conversation presented to her as to man; and hence, the lack in this particular is too often made up by gossip and tattle.

It is not, then, owing to any peculiar constitution on the part of woman, that, as a class, the sex is more addicted to the habit of which I speak than men. It is owing rather to the different spheres in which the two sexes move, and their different habits of life and business. Place man in the circumstances of woman, and the probability is he would be quite as much given to gossip as women now are.

In thus accounting for the greater prevalence of the habit among females than among males, however, I would by no means be understood as making any kind of apology for those who practise it. Far from it. I regard it as a very unbecoming, besides being an unchristian employment, admitting of no apology, and capable of no excuse, be it practised by whom it may. There is enough, in all conscience, in such a world as ours, for a company, be it large or small, of sensible people, whether they are men or women, to talk about, without meddling with other people's business, or looking into other people's houses, or families, or troubling themselves in any way about what other people may do, or calculate to do. Men can talk about their business, to be sure, to keep them from such conversation; so may women talk about theirs, if there is nothing more interesting or important. Home, its duties, its cares, and the best way of making it a good and happy home—these are subjects, cer-

tainly, not very barren, or uninteresting, at least, to any one true as wife or mother, daughter or sister. And besides; if there is nothing but gossip and the private affairs of others to talk about, far better is it that the tongue should be still and that nothing should be said, each mind falling in and conversing with itself, than that the tongue should be employed concerning that which cannot profit, but may engender mischief and strife.

We know, indeed, that it is nothing criminal, nothing at all wrong for one friend to speak to another of others and of that in which they are concerned. It is natural; it is perfectly proper, at times. Indeed, there are occasions when it is our duty to take notice, and to speak to one another, of many things in which gossips are accustomed to deal; when the peculiarities or failings of others may be, and should be, noticed by us. 'We must take lessons of the contrasts as well as of the agreements in the world around us. But these lessons should be taken in the proper time and manner.' There is a right and reasonable way of doing every thing that is proper, and a right and reasonable way of doing this, therefore, as well as every thing else. And so far from there being any objection to its being done in this manner, duty loudly calls us to it.

The objection lies only against the gossip's practice—the practice of dealing in such things at all times and everywhere, of intruding into the privacy of home and family, of spreading abroad suspicions and surmises, and giving color and shape, and wings to undefined reports, and every doubt, and questioning. Here lies the sin, and here is the error to be cured.

And alas! how wide the need of the cure extends! How many there are who cannot spend a short time with a friend, or a company of friends, without falling into this error, and being guilty of this sin! Many, when there is opportunity for this, seem to have but little relish for any thing else. Any thing that will instruct and profit is dry, and dull, and uninteresting. They must have somebody else, or somebody else's business to talk, or to tell about, to be at ease. Such may well be called, in the language of the Apostle, 'busy bodies in other men's matters.' Meet with such an one, and you will hear of the marriage, or the intended marriage of certain parties, who are themselves ignorant of the matter; if a death has taken place, you will be very likely to hear of some very wonderful thing said, or done, by the deceased before death; if any thing new has taken place, no matter what it is, you will probably hear all about it, how it happened, and when, and where, and who was there. Meet with such an one, indeed, where and under whatever circumstances you may, you may always depend upon having some budget of news undone in your ears. Some engagement has been broken, or some new one has taken place; some new couple are to be married; somebody has been buying a new garment, or piece of furniture; perhaps at an extravagant price; at any rate, depend upon something. I have seen very many such—always full. Have you heard the news? Did you know that Mr. this one had done this thing, or that Mr. that one was doing, or going to do, that? Don't you think Mrs. X. has said such a thing, or that Mrs. Y. has been saying or doing something else? These and the like, are the questions in which they apparently find their greatest gratification and delight.

Gossips seldom confine themselves to that of which they themselves have been witnesses, or of which they have had personal knowledge. They almost always deal, among others, in those things which they have heard, and sometimes heard a great way off. Mrs. A. told Mrs. B. that Mr. C. had seen his neighbor—and so on to the end of the chapter. And here is where lies one of the great evils of the habit. A single sentence, nay, sometimes a single word, however unimportant in itself originally, by passing through so many mouths, and receiving so many versions, becomes so extended and warped from its original meaning, as to convey one altogether different, and serve as a text upon which volumes of scandal and gossip are preached.

And another thing; gossips almost always deal in great, very profound secrets. They would not have them lisped to any body—especially, to get out publicly, for the world. And every one who is favored with a hearing of them, is solemnly charged that they were told as an unrevealable secret, and that they must not speak of them even to their best friend. And thus the secret goes round.

Almost every one, undoubtedly, has seen many burlesque representations of these things, setting them and the whole habit, out in their own truly ridiculous light. But did any one ever read one that, in his or her estimation, went too far in the representation? I will venture to say not. It is something, indeed, which it is not possible to

picture in a light too ridiculous and foolish. And then, too, think of the valuable time wasted and misspent in it—time which might be employed in good and instructive conversation, benefiting the mind and heart, or in that, at least, which is amusing and harmless. Think, too, how cruel gossip is—of the many good names it has blasted or blackened—of the many sad hearts it has made—of the many tears it has wrung out—of the many bitter, miserable days and hours it has caused—of the many friendships it has broken—of the many homes it has made wretched and woful.

And then, again, consider how uncourteous and imprudent is the practice. What right has any one to intrude himself, or herself, into a neighbor's house, or family arrangements, or any of his private affairs? What business is it to me, or any one else, whether such a man wears a black coat or a brown one: whether his wife does this thing, or that, or neither? It is the highest degree of impudence for any one to meddle in such concerns of another. And then, too, the habit is unchristian. We are forbidden by the spirit, and by the express inculcations of the gospel, to be 'busy bodies in other men's matters.' Every one is to attend to his or her own business, and discharge his or her own duties, and leave others to do the same, cherishing ever a disposition to assist, if circumstances require.

Gossiping is something, too, which every one is ready to condemn. Take the most inveterate gossips in the community and they will condemn it, when it is spoken of as being practised by others, as strongly as any one. And I will venture to say, that if any one addicted to the habit, no matter to how great an extent, has been reading what I have said, he or she has agreed to it all; and very likely, some other person has been thought of to whom it will apply, and to them it has all been given. I speak, however, to every one given at all to the practice. Ask yourself, reader, Am I given to gossip? Do I love, or am I apt, to meddle with other people's private affairs, and to talk about what other folks have said, or done, or are going to do? Have I always some trifling news to tell, and do I love to talk about matters that concern my neighbors more than myself? And if you can answer these, or similar questions, in the affirmative, do not give away any thing I have written. I have written for, and directly to you. Take it all to yourself, therefore, and apply it accordingly.

We have seen gossiping to be foolish, cruel, impudent, unchristian and comdemned by every body. Who, then, will indulge in it? Not I,—let the response of every one be; and in this determination, let the prayer of the poet be ours:

'As every day thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Savior, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.'

East Cambridge, Mass. E. G. B.

Written for the Repository.

Romance of Woman. No. 1.

DOMBROWKA.

MIECZYLAS was the first Polish prince who received christianity. He was born blind, but at the age of seven, without any assignable cause, he gained his sight. 'It was not a miracle, however, which softened the heart of Mieczylas for the reception of religious faith, nor was a monk his preacher. Love was his priest, and woman's lips first schooled him in the principles of the christian religion. He was enamored of Dombrowka, the daughter of the Duke of Bohemia, a country which had lately embraced christianity. The lady refused to accept his suit unless he was baptized; and Mieczylas, prompted by the impulse of affection rather than faith, sacrificed the superstitions and prejudices of his fathers on the altar of love.'

Fletcher's History of Poland.

'TWAS evening in Bohemia; the soft light
Of golden sunset crowned the mountain brows,
And the sweet sisterhood who guard the night
Had met around it with their twilight vows.
The low-voiced winds were gathered in the vales,
To whisper to the flowers their wild, sweet tales;
And fountains prattling to the rosy beams
Of the reposing sun; and bright blue streams
Meandering softly through the violet dells;
And trickling rills like silver water bells;
And whispering leaves, and lonely vesper birds,
And singing vintagers, and home-bound herds,
Mingled their plaintive cadences, and made
Delirious music for the sunset shade.

She knelt, Bohemia's fair and gentle flower;
Dombrowka knelt within her own sweet bower.
The winds, pure messengers of life, were there,
Twining the fragrant jasmine in her hair;
And the red rose, with luxury of love,
Wove its long branches in a shade above.
Dombrowka knelt and bowed her graceful head
Above the sacred page which she had spread.
Her golden curls like morning sunbeams fell
Adown her shoulders in their fair bright swell,
And in the violet depths of her young eyes
Thought might have found its fathomless supplies.
Her small white jewelled hands were clasped in prayer,
And her bright lips breathed music on the air.

Silence was round her; but a step drew near—
A gentle step; and a dark eye, as clear
As the wild eagle's, grew serene and deep
As it fell tenderly upon her face.
That sweet impassioned face! where love might reap
Such undecaying strength, where it might trace
So much of human feeling blent with prayer!
Oh woman! never pleads thy heart with heaven,—

Thy fervent orisons ne'er cleave the air
Save to call blessings on the loved! 'Tis given
To thee to *pray*, to hope imploringly,
To seek thy God for *others*, and to be
A lone yet faithful priestess at the shrine
Of love o'ermastering, yet all divine.
The Prince of Poland listened to her prayer—
Listened unseen, and with a silent bliss;
Listened, and heard his own name uttered there!
Uttered with tears, and piercing tenderness,
Might he not weep? Though bold and strong of heart,
Could he resist the fervency of love?
Or quell the burning tear-drops that would start
With generous haste his heart's deep truth to prove?

But one short hour before, his love was thrown
Back on his heart, a slighted, worthless thing;
All the rich light of early life had flown,
And Hope lay prostrate with a broken wing.
How it came back at one sweet word from her
Filling his bosom with its songs of bliss!
That word of prayer! Oh might he dare infer
It gushed from her heart's hidden tenderness?
One moment passed, and at her feet he wept!
Passionately eloquent, he whispered there
All the strong joy which through his bosom swept,
When she had softly breathed his name in prayer.

'Mieczylas,' she whispered, 'I *do* love
Truly and deeply; but the God above
Whom *thou* know'st not, has heard my solemn vow;
Who weds with me, at the same shrine must bow.
Thou, Prince of Poland, to Sclavonian gods
Dost pour thine incense; and the flowery sods
Of thy green vales are stained with sacrifice
Offered to senseless idols. Prince, arise!
I love thee, but I love my God. We kneel
At different shrines; and surely *thou* must feel
That if our hearts meet ever, it should be
When we adore upon the bended knee!'

He answered not, but from his radiant eyes
Spake out his spirit's eloquent replies;
One little hand he dared to clasp in his—
To seal upon it one impassioned kiss—
To gaze in lowly love upon her face,
So beautiful in every heavenly grace—
To breathe her name—to pray to be forgiven—
To lift his hands adoringly to Heaven—
To call on God, the God Dombrowka loved—
And plead to have his heart's devotion proved.
There was a fervor in his eye—his cheek
Burned with the earnest impulse of his soul;
There were deep cherished thoughts he dared not speak,
Yet which he could not utterly control.
'Sweet lady, from my heart I cast this hour
Each heathen idol which my fathers served;
I own thy beauty's sway, thy spirit's power—
Henceforth with better faith my soul is nerved.
Lady, I worship at the shrine with thee—
Wilt thou, beloved, worship there with me?'

Her cheek grew pale. The rush of joy o'erpowered
Her woman's heart, too perilously dowered
With love. He drew her to his breast,
While she with trusting innocence confessed
Her heart's bewildering hopes.
'I am all thine,
If thou art God's; and thou this hour shalt prove,
By kneeling with me at his holy shrine,
The truth and beauty of thy faith and love.' S. C. E.

One half the amount of physical and mental labor now performed by mankind, would be amply sufficient (if properly adjusted) to feed and clothe all sumptuously. The cause why it is not so,—too much finery and luxuries.

Written for the Repository.

My Friend.

BY IONE.

Jane Stanley was my own chosen friend. The world called her haughty, but I, who was permitted to see her heart, knew that the charge was groundless. True, it was not in her nature to display the rich treasures of a carefully stored mind to the careless gaze of the indifferent; but if a sympathetic finger struck the lyre, it gave out strains of rich and heart-thrilling music. Her most partial admirers would not pronounce her handsome, but the most critical would turn away satisfied with her look of calm, dignified intelligence. To me, she had ever been the kindest and best of friends, and I valued her love the more, that I knew it was not thoughtlessly bestowed, or shared with the multitude.

There was one theme upon which my friend was always eloquent. I would I could portray the indignant flashing of her eye, and the crimson blood which suffused her cheek, when the vice of intemperance was discussed in her presence. The loathing and scorn, scarcely tempered with pity, which she poured forth on the offending, debased, and wretched inebriate, was startling from the very intensity of feeling to which it gave utterance. I could never define the reason of her peculiar abhorrence of this vice. She had never wept over the grave of a fallen brother or dear friend, but she saw, at a glance upon society, the fearful ravages of the insidious demon.

Jane was wooed and won in early womanhood by one worthy to possess so rare a jewel, and a happier bride never knelt at the foot of the altar.

Hers was the love of the full, deep stream, whose current was concealed, not the shallow rivulet, whose pebbly floor could be read at a glance. She departed for a distant city to find a home, but our correspondence was unremitting for two years; from that time until her death, which occurred a few months after, I heard from her only incidentally. The history of her last hours I gathered in conversations with her brother, and this I am about to relate. From the commencement of her married life she had looked the personification of happiness. She was universally admired in the city of her adoption, for love had softened the outward show of pride, and her intellect always commanded respect and attention. Her husband was loved with all the devotion of which her nature was susceptible, for she had

seen nought to lessen the esteem his virtues had inspired. Strange that the vice she most dreaded should have been the one to snatch her earthly idol from her embrace.

Go with me for a moment to her beautiful parlor, where she sat impatiently awaiting the arrival of her husband. She had thrown the book aside she had vainly attempted to read, and, having exchanged the evening dress for the loose wrapper, drew her chair to the window, and sat listening for his familiar footstep. It came at last. Jane rose to give him entrance and bid him welcome, but stood transfixed with horror at his altered mien and distorted features. She sprung from the hand that would have clasped hers, and confronted him with a look of mingled scorn and agony.

'Edward Morton, you have forfeited the heart which was wholly yours, and henceforth our lot must be a divided one. Go to your chamber, and leave me to the anguish of a breaking heart. You must *need* sleep.'

The last words were spoken with a depth of scorn which would have touched a heart less proud than Edward's; they recalled his wandering senses, and showed him the madness of which he had been guilty. He approached his wife and held out his hand, but her arms were folded upon her breast, and her lips were compressed and pale. 'Jane, this is not my first offence, but it shall be my last. Will you not forgive me?'

'Go to your conscience and your God,' she answered, with a terrible calmness, 'my forgiveness can avail but little.'

He took a lamp from the table and left the room. No sooner did she hear his footstep upon the stairs, than she locked the door behind him, and threw herself again into her chair. Her cold lips slowly parted, and she murmured, 'my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'—and then came floods of tears, and groans of unutterable anguish, for a chasm stood yawning before her, and a husband's hand was forcing her to its depths. This could not last long, and the fountain of her tears was exhausted. During the hours of that long and dreadful night, she paced the floor with a regular step. Once Morton approached the door, and begged her to retire to rest. 'I cannot sleep,' she said, 'and am far better here. I entreat of you to retire and leave me,'—she added in a softened voice, and again she was left to the solitude of her unutterable thoughts.

Morning found her at the window with a complexion like marble, and her eye beaming with unwonted lustre. She seemed like one over whom the storm had broken with irresistible violence. She had met its terrors with outward composure, but the ruin was within. When her husband descended, she met him with the accustomed salutations, but no remnant of a smile passed over her features. Edward would have spoken of the preceding night, but she forbade it. 'Let that be an interdicted subject,' she said, 'if possible, we will both forget the past. You need fear no reproaches, as I shall never allude to the subject again. I must leave you with your conscience and your God. My views and feelings are as familiar to you as myself, and repetition would only serve to harrow our feelings, while forgetfulness is most easily attained by silence.'

A servant entered and announced breakfast. Jane presided as usual, but her coffee was scarcely tasted, and the meal passed wearily away. Edward left the table, and approached his wife to give the usual parting kiss. She received it mechanically, but returned it not, and as soon as he was gone, retired to her chamber with directions that she should not be disturbed. I would I were able to follow her sad history day by day, but I could only glean this scanty remnant from her brother,—the only relative who was permitted to watch over the last months of her life. He told me that she grew more shadowy, day by day, and refused medical advice, until her failing strength refused to support her across her room.

It was a beautiful morning in the close of summer, her husband had left the city on urgent business, and her brother was persuading her to yield to their wishes. 'Charles,' she replied, 'a physician cannot heal a wounded spirit, and mine is pierced unto death.' The flood gates of her heart were open, and she told him all her sorrow. 'I have struggled against this,' she said, 'but it avails not. Since that awful night, Edward has been to me kind and devoted, and every leisure hour has been passed in my sick room. He has been mother, sister and friend, but the blow had been given, and the stroke could not be borne. He acknowledged that this was not his first crime, but he had eluded my vigilant eye, and had I not persisted in sitting up for him, it would have remained undiscovered. I had sometimes left a servant to await his coming, when, as I

supposed, urgent business detained him. The autumn flowers will bloom upon my grave and die there. The snows of winter will press heavily upon this form, which has ever been carefully guarded, but I shall be at rest. Come to me whenever you can, for your presence is very consoling. There is no shadow resting upon our intercourse,' she added, looking tenderly upon him, and this sounded more like a reproach than any word he ever heard her utter.

Sorrow had done its work, confidence had received its death blow, and there was left her but the refuge of the grave. She died when summer was pouring its rich tribute into the bosom of autumn, and he whose sinful indulgence had destroyed her, knelt upon her grave a sorrow-stricken, but a wiser and better man. From the evening when she discovered his fatal propensities, she never smiled. Her husband would watch her while she slept, and the tears would gather slowly in her eyes and roll down her colorless cheeks, as though the mind could not yield its burden of disappointment even to the sweet influences of the great restorer.

A few years have elapsed since the events above mentioned, and Edward Morton still lives, but it is evident to all that his heart has no interest in the things about him. His smile is sadly sweet, his voice soft and low, and his words few, but kind and touching. A very few know the secret of his sadness. The world calls him a mourner, but it knows not that remorse and regret mingle continually in the stream of memory. In the hush of evening, he visits the grave of Jane, and the moonlight and the stars are holy things to him, for her image is brightest and loveliest then. He fancies the winds have caught the spiritual tone of her voice, and bring messages of peace and pardon, and he returns to his home a lonelier but a better man, and more ready for the summons which shall re-unite him with her who was the star of his earthly hope. She disappeared early from his view, only to be re-set with added beauty among the jewels of heaven. Is not intemperance an unpardonable sin?

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

A Page from the Records of the Ideal.

I SAT at midnight on the rocky shore of the sea. Solemn was the stillness around me, disturbed only by the melancholy murmur of the waves that were continuously breaking upon the rocks at my feet. The moon was in the heavens, and in the sea. Above, her pathway was the unclouded blue; below, it was fretted and twinkling gold.

My thoughts in that hour were wandering from the mysteries of earth to the mysteries of heaven; from the spiritual of this life, to the life which is all spiritual. And I invoked the solemn power within me for an answer to that eternal questioning of the soul—'How much of that which makes our mortal being glorious, shall continue to glorify the Being which is immortal?'

There was a low breathing of music;—breathing, I say; and yet it was less palpable than breath. It seemed like the voice of the motionless air—or like the floating of a spirit which moves in an element of sound. So harmoniously did it mingle with my dreams that scarcely was I aware it belonged less to the inner than to the outer world.

Great God! and has thus the imploring Spirit power over the intelligences of thine immediate kingdom? Can the far reaching Soul overstep the bounds of the finite world, and claim an answer from the ministers who wait around thine own Eternal Being? Yes, yes! 'Before me there, *He*, the beloved, stood!'

I was not startled, but over my senses I had no power; no power save to gaze and to listen. Yes, it was he! not changed—no, thank God! he wore the same look, he smiled the same smile as when I used to kneel beside him in the impulse of an adoration which knew not whether to linger wholly with him, or to ascend with his pure spirit in its embrace, and like a weary bird, lie down at the feet of God.

He was not changed. How could the beautiful change? It is the *corruptible* that puts on incorruption; it is the *mortal* that puts on immortality. Oh never was *he* such! The beauty of his soul was incorruptible, it could not pass away; the mighty love of his strong spirit was immortal, *it could not die!*

'Hast thou been true to me, and to thyself?' There was a curdling of bitter grief in my heart as I murmured my reply. 'Have, then, all my sweet communings with thy spirit been but the idle dreams of a deluded heart, and hast thou taken no cognizance of the earnest invocations which have gone up to thee day and night for five long, desolate years—thrice desolate to me now, since they have been unrecognized by thee!'

'Beloved, *not* unrecognized by me have been thy ceaseless pleadings, not lonely have been thy communings; *ever* have I been with thee, even when thou wert not with me. I have known and cherished thy faithful love, which has faltered not, nor turned aside, though a thousand voices of earth have tempted it to stray.'

'O what are thousand living loves,
To one that cannot quit the dead!'

I exclaimed, half rising to embrace the form that stood so radiant before me. But though there was no look of repulse, a sense of my own earthliness came over me, and I sank once more upon my seat, happy enough in the consciousness that I was still beloved.

'Hadst thou been as others are,' he continued, 'hadst thou mourned thy love as one made desolate by death, I had left thee to the poor consolation of new ties and new affections. But thou didst not bury thy love; not beneath the cold clod didst thou lay it down to moulder with my clay; no! thou didst lift it unto heaven, and from thence didst call me down to be thy perpetual companion—thy guardian even unto death. Never hast thou doubted that I am with thee, that still I love thee, and thee, Oh dearest one, thee only! Remember this one truth—whatever is perfect and enduring upon earth, shall remain, untouched by death, perfect and enduring unto all eternity. Over the unchangeable the destroying angel has no power; but the love that perisheth in the grave has no resurrection to the joys of the eternal world. Such love has not been thine—and verily thou shalt have thy reward!'

Again was there a breathing of music; and lifting my eyes, I saw no form before or around me. Yet I knew that I was not alone, and when I replied to that beloved one as my spirit dictated and impelled, I felt that I was heard and understood—nay, more,—that I was also answered.

S. C. E.

Written for the Repository.

The Yellow Cinquefoil.

THE little yellow cinquefoil,
It groweth everywhere,
Where'er my rambling steps may turn,
It smileth for me there.
I tread the verdant meadows,
I climb the mountain height,
And ever find it blooming
So beautiful and bright.

The little yellow cinquefoil,
It groweth by the door,
And gracefully it creepeth
The verdant hill-side o'er.
It blossoms in the garden walk,
And by the sparkling rill,
And where the forest leaves hang dark,
It blooms in beauty still.

The little yellow cinquefoil,
It bringeth back to me
Remembrance of a sunny hour
Of innocence and glee,
When o'er the stream's blue waters,
We sought a fairy isle,
And there we found the cinquefoil,
So like an angel's smile.

The little yellow cinquefoil,
It groweth by the grave,
Untended by the hand of care,
Its tiny blossoms wave.
It hath a glad and sunny look,
Where else were too much gloom;
And I love to see it springing
Around the silent tomb.

The little yellow cinquefoil,
In truth I love it well,
For ever doth it greet my steps
By wood and mossy dell.
Around the mansion of the rich,
And by the poor man's door,
It groweth in its loveliness
Earth's pleasant places o'er.

The little yellow cinquefoil,
It groweth everywhere,
Where'er my rambling steps may turn,
It smileth on me there.
I tread the verdant meadows,
I climb the mountain height,
And ever find it blooming
So beautiful and bright.

JULIA.

Lancaster, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Sympathy.

'A HOLY thing from Heaven.'

WHAT a pleasing emotion is sympathy! What a source of gratification is the reciprocation of this feeling—it is positively necessary to the happiness of a benevolent and refined mind. It is essentially an unselfish sentiment, and one that does honor to our nature. What can better serve to bind man to his fellow man, than the ties of sympathy? The apostle Paul no doubt bore this in mind, when giving the admonition, 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.'

How soothing to the mourner is the tear of sympathy—and next to the blessed consolations of religion, it is felt and appreciated. And how does affliction unite the hearts of those who have suffered in the same manner, for they alone can truly enter into the feelings called forth by trials which they too have experienced.

Our Savior manifested this feeling on several occasions; and touching indeed is the simple

recital of his visit to the grave of Lazarus. He knew that he had power given unto him to raise him up again to life, and intended doing so; yet the sight of the tomb, the thoughts of the sufferings he had undergone—the grief of the mourning sisters and friends affected him, and '*Jesus wept.*'

How beneficial it is to visit the house of mourning, sad and solemn though it be. If God in his merciful providence, has not yet permitted our own homes to be made desolate by the angel of death; and if our hearts have not been chilled and cast down by the disappointments and cares of earth, it is well that we should sometimes be brought to turn aside, and consider our latter end —to feel that we too must go to that bourne from which no traveller returns; and be warned to reflect on the instability of all earthly blessings, that we may in some measure be prepared to abide the shock, when we shall also be called to separate from those loved ones who now make life so dear to us.

The feelings that are called forth by a visit to the house of mourning—the contemplation of the work of sickness, suffering, and of death, have a tendency to chasten and refine the heart and affections. And while endeavoring to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit, we are led to consider how we should feel under similar circumstances, and to think how soon death may lay his cold hand on some dear member of our own family circle! And this thought will render us more kind and attentive to our friends, and will occasion us to overlook the little failings to which all are more or less subject; and while we realize how feeble is the tenure by which we hold life's dearest ties, they become from that very circumstance to be better appreciated, and more dear; and verily, 'by the sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better.'

Happiness is also increased by sympathy; on all joyous occasions we feel inclined to call our friends around us, that they may partake of our satisfaction. Indeed we are so constituted, that we cannot, if we would, take pleasure in any thing that is not participated by another, excepting the solitary miser counting over his hoards, (and we have always been sceptical as to his enjoyment;) the poet truly says:

'Joy is an exchange,
Joy flies monopolists; it calls for two;
Rich fruit! heaven planted! never plucked by one.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight;
Delight intense is taken by rebound,
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.'

It has often been remarked that deep and lasting friendship has frequently taken place between two persons, whose dispositions, pursuits, and tastes, were perfectly dissimilar; and this may be, but we cannot conceive that their intercourse can be marked by the same degree of pleasure which is experienced by those, whose minds possess a reciprocity, which with electric power, causes each to sympathize with the other in thought and feeling,

'Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend.'

Let us suppose that two friends are taking a morning walk together; one an ardent admirer of nature, who feels what a glorious temple we inhabit, made by the hands of God himself, and that every part of it is eloquent of him; the other has not this taste, and when his friend, warmed by the influence of the scene, exclaims in the language of Milton,

'Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ning with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers;'

will he not feel the want of the sympathy that the mental blindness of the other prevents him from entertaining? And will he not experience a feeling of regret and disappointment, that the love of nature, which is to him a never failing source of enjoyment, should not be shared by the friend at his side?

How pleasing is the reflection to one who takes delight in the great and glorious works of nature, that however our minds may be affected—whether by joy or sorrow, we are never disappointed in seeking for sympathy amid the harmonies of earth! Are we the subjects of deep trials and afflictions? does not the mournful sighing of the midnight wind, the quiet of the dark and shady forest, the pensive murmuring of the mountain stream, and the stars looking down upon us 'like thoughtful eyes,' exert a calm and soothing influence upon our agitated spirits? Ay, even the lightning's flash, and the pealing thunder, we no longer shrink from with solemn awe, for the storm and the tempest speak to us with the eloquence of heaven, and seem to say to our troubled minds, '*Peace—be still!*'

And when we are happy, and look out upon

the world with joyful feelings, are they not increased by the cheerfulness that pervades the vast creation around us? The bright sunshine, the merry warblings of the birds, the wild bees' hum, the clear blue sky, the many tinted flowers of the field—all seem to sympathize in our emotions, with the 'perfection of beauty—the joy of the whole earth;' and we feel to lift our hearts in renewed thankfulness to a God of love, who 'hath made everything beautiful in his time.'

S. M.

East Randolph, Vt.

Written for the Repository.

To my Kitty.

KITTY! 'tis said thou canst not reason!
But that, I think, is downright treason,
And malice quite;
For how couldst thou unlatch the door,
Unless thou'd thought it o'er and o'er,
And seen how those who went before,
Got out of sight!

I've seen thee raise thyself erect,
Looking demure, and circumspect,
As any priest;
Then gently place upon the latch,
Thy velvet paw, and from the catch
Remove it with a *child's* despatch,
To say the least.

They say 'tis *instinct*, Kitty dear,
Which teaches thee to list and hear,
The slightest sound,
That issues from the hall, where peeps
The little mouse, who slily creeps
Abroad by night—and never sleeps;
Then on it bound!

And one bright, balmy summer's day,
When all *thy* kittys were at play,
Too near the well,
I saw thee scamper there, and mew,
And then the deep, deep well would view,
As if their danger well you knew,
And tried to tell.

What *reason*, Kit! hadst thou to fear,
That if the brink they played too near,
They might be harmed?
Does *instinct* teach thee how to shun
Each snare and pitfall, and to run,
And plead with *others*, who've begun
The play, unarmed?

Then—my kind and gentle Kitty!
'Tis a most lamentable pity—
That boasting man,
With all his pride of intellect,
To reason, guide, and to direct,
His fellow creature, and inspect
The gospel plan;

Did not possess *thy instinct*—Puss!
Nor make so much parade and fuss,
About his *mind*,
When he neglects its sacred calls,
Nor heeds his neighbor when he falls,
'Mongst thieves, nor breaks the chain that galls
His own *man*-kind.

And more than all—which proves to me,
That thou canst *think*—and places thee
Above man's race,
Is—that thou never hast been known
To taste the *drunkard's* cup—nor own
Among thy kind—e'en *one* who's shown
The tippler's face.

They basely slandered thee, my Kit!
Who said thou ne'er possessed a bit
Of *plainest* reason;
Ah! they will blush,—and be ashamed,
And feel each wild assurance tamed,
These truths to read;—and stand arraigned
Of vilest treason.

C. W. H.

Duxbury, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Scraps from my Desk.

FLOWERS AND THEIR TEACHINGS.

I HAVE been out among the flowers. What a refreshment has my spirit enjoyed therefrom, as the old drink in new life from the breath of the young. May I never cease to bless them as I bless them now; for were the passion I now cherish destroyed, what pages of richest thoughts would be made blank—what images of heaven would be unattractive—what teachers of the beautiful would be mute! Ay, flowers are indeed the smiles of God. At the morning of creation when the green earth lay in its beauty, the angels rejoiced—God smiled—and the flowers sprung up. The angels have loved them for this—poets have idolized them, and the spirit of the infant first rejoices when it greets them. A love for them can never harm. Is it not, therefore, a beautiful love? It nourishes the best affections and truest amiability; and the gentlest of our race have known much of it. Should it be lightly treated of—regarded as effeminate—jested as childish, and left to a few? No. In this world of sin, we are impious when we make a jest of aught that cultivates the sentiment of beauty—that charms the heart away from sordid pursuits, and tends to make man and woman more amiable. 'Flowers will be the first objects greeted in Paradise!' said a dying girl, as she perished in her youthful beauty—the Rose of Affection. What delightful scenes were before her! what an enchanting prospect! How unlike the thoughts of his heart who sees in the future naught but the grave! Let his grave be like his heart—earthy and stony; but O on hers, keep fresh and fair the flowers she loved—let there the daisy and the violet grow—let the rose unfold its beauties, and the fragrant pink breathe its sweetness there. Let the honeysuckle and the jasmine

twine around the porch, and weave a garland for the tomb. Hither the birds she loved will come and sing; and as oft as we visit the spot, our hearts will be filled with the beautiful thoughts and pleasant images she would have us cherish. She loved flowers—I will love them better for her sake.

FLOWERS AND THE STARS.

I GIVE what has been long hid from sight—perhaps waiting for the fittest time to come forth. Ask me who wrote these scraps, for I cannot tell you.

'The poets, who have in all ages been the high priests of nature, ministering at her altar, and teaching her votaries her beauteous theology, have, in their love to trace resemblances, likened the stars which shine in the firmament above, to the flowers that bloom on the earth below. This is a fine, but perhaps rather a far-fetched fancy—coming from the head, rather than flowing from the heart. Both departments of creation are well fitted to give birth to deeply serious, but at the same time delightful and hope-sustaining reflections. The same gracious Being who in his exuberant goodness called into existence the fair sisterhood of flowers, "made the stars also;" but, in all ages of the world, flowers have more occupied the attention, and exercised a greater influence over the hearts and feelings and affections of men, than the stars which "shine and shed their light above us." Nor is this to be wondered at; the stars only come forth at night, and begin to shine when men slumber and sleep; but the flowers are with us in our waking hours, rejoicing in the sunshine, and gladdening the eyes of the children of men as they wander over the earth. The stars are very far away, shining with their golden light thousands of miles above our heads; the flowers are near us, blooming at our feet, fair and fragrant, loading the air with their redolence. When we look up to the stars, a feeling of awe mingles with our admiration. We feel as if the eyes of angels were gazing upon us, and we become troubled in their presence. Not so while we look down upon the bright flowers which are blooming around us. They, too, inspire admiration; but it is an admiration mingled with love and affection. We regard them as sweet familiar friends, to whose silent but significant language we have listened with delight, as we sat in the garden-bower, or wandered in green lanes. In such places, the influence of their meek and gentle spirit has sunk into our heart, like the dying fall of evening music, soothing down every unkindly feeling, and diffusing around an atmosphere of purity and repose.'

'Flowers may be safely said to be the sole universal favorites of the human race. Stars seem sometimes too far off—too high up—and, let them shine as sweetly on us as they will, they are felt not to be looking to our world; our sympathies are surely not separated indeed from their smiles—Heaven forbid! But our hearts need the wings of imagination to bear them through the other; and even from the flight, how glad are they to return to earth! the sinking is happier than the soaring; and a small still voice says, "Child of the dust! be contented yet a little while with thine humble home." Not from lack of love speak we so of your blissful beauty! From every gratitude to Him who sprinkled you over infinitude—nor unmindful of us—are we often afraid to gaze on the night skies, in unaccepted worship. With them, in holiest moods, our hearts burn to claim kindred; but a sense profound of alienating sinfulness shuts our light, and the gates of eternity seem closed against us. Then to the lowliness of our spirits, is comfort given from the fair things of this our native earth; and the solitude grows cheerful again around us, as the moonlight shows us a constellation of primroses at our feet. Flowers indeed there are, that come and go with winter. Each season has its own; but through all the varied year the lovely, sweetest to beings who live to die and die to live, is the thought and feeling of the primrose. To "budding, fading, faded flowers, there belongs in every heart a peculiar world of emotions; yet are they all allied by one common spirit. Sadness we call it—or joy—or peace—or trouble; but it springs still from one and the same source—a source dwelling far within the soul, and in some innate power embittering or sweetening for itself its own waters. How they overflow the earth with beauty and happiness! or deaden it into a blank, barren as the grave."'

HERE is a passage from one who has done much to increase the number of Flora's disciples, and whose services in behalf of a better agriculture than known amongst us in the past, entitle him to great respect—Colman.

'In the two great floral kingdoms of nature, the botanical and the human, if we must yield

the palm to that which is alike transcendent in the beauty of form and motion, and in the higher attributes of intelligence, innocence and rural perfection, yet it can be no derogation to admire, with a rapture bordering upon enthusiasm, the splendid products of the garden; and especially when their beauties are combined and arranged, as on this occasion, with an exquisite and refined taste. What is the heart made of which can find no sentiment in flowers! In some of the most striking displays of this occasion, in the Dahlias, for example, we see what can be done by human skill and art in educating and training a simple and despised plant scarcely thought worthy of cultivation, to the highest rank of gaiety and glory in the aristocracy of flowers. We may learn from such success a lesson of encouragement in the education and training of flowers of an infinitely higher value and perfection.

The vast creation of God, the centre and source of good, is every where radiant with beauty. From the shell that lies buried at the depths of the ocean to the twinkling star that floats in the more profound depths of the firmament, through all the forms of material and animated existence, beauty, beauty, beauty prevails. In the floral kingdom it appears in an infinite variety, in an unstinted and even a richer profusion than in other departments of nature. While these contributions are thrown out so lavishly at our feet, and a taste for flowers seems almost an instinct of nature, and is one of the most innocent and refined sentiments which we can cultivate, let us indulge and gratify it to the utmost extent, whenever leisure, opportunity, and fortune give us the means. There is no danger of an excess, under those reasonable restrictions, which all our sentiments demand.

"But," says some cynical objector, "flowers are only to please the eye." And why should not the eye be pleased? What sense may be more innocently gratified? They are among the most simple and cheapest luxuries in which we ever indulge.

The taste for flowers every where increasing among us, is an omen for good. Let us adorn our parlors, door-ways, yards and road sides, with trees, and shrubs, and flowers. What a delight do they give to the passer-by? What favorable impressions do they at once excite towards those who cultivate them for their own gratification, and find after all their chief pleasure in the gratification which they afford to others? What an affecting charm, associated as it is with some of the best sentiments of our nature, do they give to the sad dwelling places of the departed and beloved.'

Here is something from one whose life is mostly spent in the political arena. It must have been a pleasant hour when he penned this paragraph, forgetting the strifes of the age and bathing in an element of beauty. He gives an idea of the Useful which deserves to be remembered. Read carefully.

'It is very common with men who think there is nothing rational that is not connected with dollars and cents, to ridicule the study of flowers. "What good can come out of it?" they ask, "will it improve a man's fortune, or increase his stock of useful knowledge? Will it render him a shrewder calculator—will it earn him his bread or make him a fortune?" Grant that it will accomplish none of these useful purposes—it ought to be encouraged — though regarded merely as an amusement, out of which no evils can arise. They are very greatly mistaken who believe that no actual *utility*, in the common niggardly sense of the term, can be derived from the study of botany—but setting all this aside, we would encourage the study, as tending to fill up many hours of idleness with an interesting and agreeable pursuit. Every new amusement that is discovered which can be participated without any danger to the health or the morals, provides an additional means for the moral improvement of society, inasmuch as it serves to divert many minds from pleasures and entertainments which are liable to be accompanied with vice. Though to a mere plodder in the common business of life, it may seem almost ridiculous, to be engaged with enthusiasm in naming and preserving a few insignificant wild flowers, yet this very zeal may preserve many a youth from corruption and ruin, whose passions might otherwise lead him to seek for amusement in the haunts of dissipation and vice. Every amusement is useful, if it is innocent—since every thing is useful which contributes to one's happiness without bringing with it an equal amount of evil to one's self or others. There are very many pursuits, which are useful in no other way than by contributing to our pleasures. Let plodding misers and conceited sensualists ridicule them, because they neither fill one's coffers, nor spread his tables—we would answer them by saying that the most distinguish-

ing mark between men and brutes is, that the latter pursue only the *useful*, whilet he former are about equally busied in the pursuit of the *fanciful.*'

One more, and I will leave desk, study, and all, for the free air, where the living flowers toss their beautiful heads and dance to the music of the zephyr as it plays with the harp of the trees. I love to be there—it is a fancy ball.

'The charming thoughts that are associated with flowers, with their shapes, colors, and fragrance—their poetical uses—their seasons and successions—and all that has been said about them by bookmen and lovers, lie so close at hand, and are so familiar in the aggregate to the world at large, that, like most familiar things, they are generally treated with neglect. People don't care about flowers, because they have them growing luxuriantly under their eyes, and because one crop of blossoms is no sooner wasted in the air than another crop comes out, and because, in fact, do what you will, you cannot exhaust the flowers, which are endowed with a perpetual vitality, and which without any artificial help, even against all sorts of unneighborly difficulties, will grow and grow, and flourish, and throw off their perfumes as if it were designed in the scheme of the creation to show the principle of immortality throughout the minutest works of nature.

But with all our indifference—more apparent than real—every human being loves flowers. Here is a bunch of freshly cropped violets. Not to say one word about their delicate and most exquisite aroma, it is impossible to look into their deep cups without being struck by the image of loveliness, retreating and blushing and trying to hide itself within its darkly brilliant folds, which they present palpably to the imagination. Well, we no sooner get this idea into our heads, than we begin to recollect what has been said about violets—what Shakspeare said about them—what beautiful and passionate pictures have been drawn by poets concerning them—and what loveable spots they nestle in in the poetry of all ages and languages. In a moment of time we are thus carried away into a boundless region of contemplations, and the chances are a hundred to one that, if we have only patience enough to dream out our dream, we shall have traversed a more expanded surface of delightful associations over this little bunch of violets that we should care to do in the noblest library in the world.

Books are great and glorious agents of civilization and happiness. They are the silent teachers of mankind, filling the mind with wisdom, and strengthening the understanding for the strife of action; making us powerful and gentle, wise and humble, at the same time. But we cannot be always buried in our books; we must go out into the sunshine; and it is necessary in order to enjoy our books, that we should also enjoy the privilege of air and light, drinking in health and vigor, to enable us to make the best and most profitable use of our sedentary hours. In direct opposition, then, to books, or rather in secret combination with them, we would place flowers—the out-of-door books Nature has so liberally provided for us in such a rich variety of types and bindings, as to leave no excuse for not gratifying all our individual tastes. The lover of flowers has this advantage over the lover of books, that he can never be at a loss for variety; but we suspect the classification is somewhat arbitrary, and that there is hardly any one who loves the one who does not also love the other. The best way to enjoy either is to enjoy both; to take them alternately, so that they may relieve and show each other off to the best advantage. A walk in an open field, and one hour spent in gathering wild flowers, to be afterwards grouped into a vase upon the library table, is by no means the least suggestive preparation for a morning's reading.

When you say that such a person is very fond of books, you mean that he is a constant student; but you imply no more. He may be fond of profound books or flimsy books; and it is of the last importance that you should be more explicit in your description, if you would have your friend obtain any credit for a taste above the dismal round of the circulating library. But when you say that such a person is fond of flowers, it is impossible to mistake your meaning. There is no room for misconception as to what is meant by a love of flowers. You need not be a floriculturist to be fond of flowers—you need not have any knowledge of botanical names, or vegetable physiology; but it is indispensable that you should have a soul and a heart for beauty and the sensible glories of the green and bounteous earth. To love flowers, is to love nature. What may not the love of nature do for man, when all other avenues to his feelings are blocked up by selfishness, or care, or worldly influences? Let him but cherish this fertile corner in his affections—fertile in hope

and goodness—and we need not despair of the darkest natured of our race. He can be reached in this one point of sympathy, when all other appeals have failed. He is vulnerable here, if the rest of his organization be as a sheet of mail.

Hence, flowers occupy a space in the consideration of worldly happiness, much greater than we might suspect at the first blush. They belong to the sunshine and the productive soil—to the light—to the winds—to the pathways, and the banks of the streams—to the skies, whose tints they reflect, and into whose radiant depths they ultimately fade, and above all they belong to us by right of birth and possession, and the loving nurture of our hands and eyes, and our scientific discoveries, which have taught us how to make perpetual summer, and to inspire the roots of sweet flowering things with additional springs of propagation. And these same flowers, which are so beautiful in themselves, so lusty in the fragrance that pours through their delicate leaves, and so fragile to the touch, live where we cannot live, and by means unknown to us. On the loftiest mountains, inaccessible to the foot of man, they leap into the clouds; in the depths of the ocean, where we cannot see them, they blossom and flourish; on naked rocks where there is not a particle of dust to take root in, they burst into bloom, and even amid eternal snows they clamber and work their way into the frosted air, where we find it difficult to sustain life, reproaching us by the hardiness with which their slight tendrils sprinkle their buds abroad. There is a river in Russia, the name of which we happen to forget—which in the wintry season is one mass of ice, yet its banks are covered with roses, of which it seems there is a constant succession. All flowers should be to us what these roses are to the icy stream—suggestions of health and beauty, reminiscences of the summer time, and hopeful contrasts between the morbid intervals of life and its vitality. Flowers are always on the sunny side of things, and we too should keep there as much as we can.'

Revised for the Repository.

Despair and Faith.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

Night brooded on the waters. The black folds
Of autumn's tempest-clouds had skirted o'er
The bright cerulean, and the diamond stars
That here and there peep'd through the opening rifts,
As eddying winds swept on the frowning piles
Of blackening vapor, seem'd like orbs of love,
Faint beaming through the gathering mists of death.
In misery's vale I sat, beside the stream
Of melancholy, where its silent wave
Join'd with the gloomy tide of black despair.
My spirit sank in utter loneliness
And discontent; and murm'rings wildly rose
In my crushed heart, for life's best gift had fallen
A prey to death; and blank oblivion's wave
Roll'd darkly o'er the future, where to me,
No ray of hope illum'd the dark expanse.
Suddenly, on the brow of midnight shone
A beam of light divine. The gloomy clouds
Roll'd back their folds of darkness, and a form
Of starry brightness, from the blue serene
Of the eternal heavens came rushing down,
On dazzling pinions of ethereal light.
At her approach the face of nature smil'd,
And murm'ring sounds of melody came forth,
From hidden fountains, where the crystal springs
Leap through the pearly grottos, and anon,
Well in the tangled vale, and merrily
Ring their soft silvery chimes to flowery banks,
And gently kiss the rose, that stoops to view
Its damask beauty in the limpid wave.
She gently shook aside the golden plumes
That clustered o'er her brow, and swept the cords
Of her seraphic lyre, till the vast dome
Re-echoed with the heavenly symphony.

Whence are the meteor-flames that blaze
Bright o'er the mental vision,
As if the soul had caught the rays
Of the star-arch'd Elysian?

Whence comes the mighty unseen power
To the war-worn chief, denying
The slumbers of the midnight hour,
By his lonely tent-fire lying?

That bids him seek on vision's car
The ensanguin'd plain of battle,
Where peals the clarion-blast of war,
And the death-drums loudly rattle.

Where the deep mouth'd cannon's lightning-flash
Wakes up the sleeping thunder,
And gleaming sabres fiercely clash,
Till the life-founts burst asunder.

And battle's cloud-wreath'd demon rides
Wild o'er the rolling surges;
And gory carnage fiercely strides
Where Death his war-horse urges.

Till eagle-pinion'd victory lifts
On high her blood-stain'd banner,
And plants her throne on his own lov'd cliffs,
Where the storm's dark pinions fan her.

What power has taught the soul to stray
Through seas of glaring ether?
While the diamond orbs around her play,
And the moon rolls far beneath her.

To climb the bright ethereal road
Up the shining sapphire mountain,
Where stands the emerald throne of God,
Beside the eternal fountain.

The fount of love whose diamond wave
O'er golden sands are gushing,
Where the shining ones their plumage lave
On flaming pinions rushing.

Whence all the radiant orbs that burn
On the high seas of glory?
Go read their mystic lore, and spurn
The atheist's gloomy story.

There is a power on high that reigns,
  Enthron'd in dazzling splendor,
And seraphs in their loftiest strains,
  Fail to speak forth his grandeur.

That mighty Power hath called to birth
  Th' unconquerable spirit;
And though it droop while chain'd to earth,
  Yet still it will inherit

Immortal life; where Zion's Dove
  High on Salvation's towers
Unfurls the radiant wing of love
  O'er all the blissful bowers.

The music ceased: the lingering shades of night
Dispersed before the golden wing of morn.
Aurora flung her crimson banners out,
Whose violet fringes, waving in the smiles
Of day's rejoicing monarch, mirror'd forth
To my enraptured spirit, the glad dawn
Of that eternal morning, when the Son,
(His mediatorial kingdom ended) shall bring forth
His ransom'd jewels from the dark domains
Of gloomy death; when the all-glorious range
Of beatific vision shall disclose
The ever vernal landscapes, the bright streams,
Whose sources never fail; the crystal founts
Of endless love, whose stainless waters gleam
In diamond beauty 'mid the shadowing stems
Of the immortal amaranth, that droops
With its excess of fragrance: like some young
And happy heart, in the glad morn of life
Upon whose inmost cords the Holy Dove
Has breathed with quickening impulse, till the gush
Of overpowering melody, that breathes
Along the spirit-lyre strings, seems a weight
Too much for the imprisoned soul to bear.
My heart grew buoyant at the gladsome sound,
Earth, sky, and river seemed with glory rife;
The woodland songsters tuned their joyous hymn
To heaven's King; my soul in silence bowed,
And owned him King eternal, Lord of all.
Malone, N. Y.

The Stranger and the Maiden.

BY MRS. CAROLINE L. HENTZ.

'Twas a festal eve. The lamps sent down their trembling rays, reflected by shining crystals, and wreathing silver, on myriad forms of beauty and grace. The music sent forth the merry gladdening strains, and bounding feet kept time to the joyous melody. Evening shades deepened into midnight gloom without, yet still the gay notes were heard, and the unwearied revellers continued their graceful evolutions.

Just as the clock struck twelve, a stranger entered the banqueting room, and as she passed slowly on unannounced, and unaccompanied by any guide or protector, every eye was turned towards her.

'Who can she be?' whispered a young girl to her partner, drawing close to his side.

He answered not, so intently was he gazing on the figure which now stood in the centre of the hall, looking calmly and unmoveably on those around. Her white robes fell in long and lumberous folds to her feet; her fair shining hair floated back from her face like fleecy clouds, tinged by the moonbeam's radiance, and the still depths of her azure eyes shone with a mysterious, unfathomable lustre.

'Why are ye gathered here?' asked she of the young maiden, who shrunk back as she glided near her with noiseless step. 'What mean these glad strains, and the flowers that decorate your brows?'

The low, thrilling melody of the stranger's voice echoed to the remotest corners of that spacious hall, and the minstrels paused to listen.

''Tis a festal eve,' answered the trembling maiden, 'and we have met in joy and mirth to commemorate the era.'

'Why is this night chosen as a scene of festivity?' asked the sweet-voiced stranger.

'It is Christmas eve,' replied the maiden, 'the bright night of the Savior, and it is our custom to celebrate it with music and dancing.'

'It was once celebrated in ancient days,' said the stranger, 'with a splendor and beauty that would shame the decorations of these walls. While the shepherds of Chaldea were watching their flocks beneath the starry glories of midnight, they heard strains of more than mortal melody gushing around them—rolling above them, the thrilling of invisible harps, accompanied by celestial voices, all breathing one sweet triumphant anthem—"Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, and good will to men." While they listened in adoring wonder, one of the stars of heaven glided from its throne and travelling slowly over the depths of ether, held its silver lamp over the manger where slept the babe of Bethlehem. Then the wise men of the east came with their costly offerings, and laid them down at the feet of the infant Redeemer. And where are your gifts?' continued she, turning her still, shining eyes from one to the other of the throng; 'What have you brought this night to lay at your Savior's feet in commemoration of your gratitude and love? Where is your gold, your frankincense and myrrh? Where the gems from the heart's treasury, that ye are ready to sacrifice on the altar of your Lord?'

The young maiden whom she had first addressed, cast one fearful, earnest glance on her gay companions; then unbinding the roses from her brow, the jewels from her neck, and drawing from her fingers each golden ring—'Where is the

altar,' she cried, 'that I may place my offering there?'

'Come with me,' said the stranger, 'and I will lead you where you can find more precious gifts than these—gifts that will retain their beauty when the garlands shall wither, and the diamond and fine gold shall become dim.'

The maiden took hold of the stranger's hand, and passed through the hall, which she had so lately entered in vanity and mirth. Her companions pressed around her and impeded her way.

'Oh, stay with us!' they exclaimed, 'and follow not the steps of the stranger: your eyes are dim, your cheeks are pale, shadows are gathering over your face. She may lead you into the chambers of death.'

'Hinder me not,' cried the fair maiden. 'I may not slight the voice that summons me—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."'

A celestial smile beamed on the face of the stranger, as they disappeared from the festal hall. Through the long sweeping shadows of the midnight they glided on, till they came to a wretched hovel through whose shattered casements the night gust was moaning, making most melancholy music. By the dim light of a taper they beheld a pale mother, cradling her wasted infant in her arms, striving to hush its feeble wailings, looking down with hollow eyes on the fearful ravages of famine and disease, then raising them in agony to Heaven, imploring the widow's and orphan's God to have mercy on her.

'Lay down your golden offerings here,' said the stranger, and your Savior will accept the gift. Have we not read that whosoever presenteth a cup of cold water to one of the least of his disciples, in his name, giveth it unto him?'

The maiden wept, as she laid her offering in the widow's emaciated hand. Again the beauteous stranger smiled.

'The tear of pity,' said she, 'is the brightest gem though hast brought.'

She led her forth into darkness once more, and held such sweet and heavenly discourse, that the heart of the maiden melted within her bosom. They came to a dwelling whence strains of solemn music issued, and as the light streamed from the arching windows, it was reflected with ghostly lustre on the marble tomb stones without.

'They breathe forth a requiem for the dead,' said the stranger; and she entered the gate through willows that wept over the path. The music ceased, and the low, deep voice of prayer ascended through the silence of the night. The maiden knelt on the threshold, for she felt that she was not worthy to enter the temple. She hardly dared to lift her trembling eyes to heaven; but bending her forehead to the dust, and clasping her hands on her breast, she exclaimed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

'Thy Savior will accept the offering,' uttered the stranger in her ear; 'the prayer of a broken and contrite spirit is an incense more acceptable to Him, than all the odors of the East.

'You shall see me again,' said the stranger, when she led the young maiden to her home, by the light of the dawning day; 'you shall see me again, and we will walk together once more—but not among scenes of sorrow and death, for they shall have fled away. Neither will we walk through the shades of midnight, for there will be no night there. There will be no moon nor stars to illuminate the place, "for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the lamb be the light thereof." Farewell—I may not dwell with you, but ye shall come and abide with me, if you continue to walk in the path where I have guided your steps.'

Never more were the steps of that young maiden seen in the halls of mirth, or the paths of sin. She went out among the children of sorrow and want, binding up the wounds of sorrow and relieving the pangs of want. She hung over the death bed of the penitent, and breathed words of hope into the dull ear of despair. Men looked upon her as she passed in her youthful beauty, as an angel visitant, and they blessed her in her wanderings. Her once companions turned aside, shrinking from communion with one whose eyes now spoke a holier language than that of earth. They felt that she was no longer one of them, and speaking of her a little while, she was forgotten by them in the revelries of pleasure. At length she was no longer seen by those who watched for her daily ministration. Her place was vacant in the temple of God. The music of her voice was no longer heard in prayer and praise. On a lowly couch in her own darkened room, that young maiden was reclining. Her face was pallid, and her eyes dim, and her mother was weeping over her. Flowers were strewed over her pillow, whose sweet breath stole lovingly over her faded cheek; and as the curtains of the windows waved in the light breeze, the moonbeams glided in and kissed her wan brow.

The mother heard no step, but she felt the air part near her couch, and looking up, she saw a figure standing in white flowing robes by her daughter's side, with a face of such unearthly sweetness, that she trembled as she gazed upon her.

'Maiden,' said she, 'I have come once more. I told thee we should meet again, and this is the appointed hour. Does thy spirit welcome my coming?'

'My soul has thirsted for thee,' answered the faint voice of the maiden, 'even as the blossom thirsts for the morning dew; but I may not follow thee now, for my feeble feet bear me no longer over the threshold of home.'

'Thy feet shall be as the young roe on the mountain,' answered the white robed stranger —'"Thou shalt mount on the wings of the eagle."'

Then bending over the couch and breathing on the cheek of the maiden, its pale hue changed to the whiteness of marble, and the hand which her mother held, turned as cold as an icicle. At the same moment the fold of the stranger's robe floated from her shoulders, and wings of resplendent azure softening into gold, fluttered on the gaze. Divine perfumes filled the atmosphere, and a low, sweet melody, like the silvery murmuring of the distant waters echoed through the chamber. Awe struck and bewildered, the mother turned from the breathless form of her child, to the celestial figure of the stranger, when she saw it gradually fading from her sight, and encircled in its arms there seemed another being of shadowy brightness, with outspread wings and fleecy robes, and soft glorious eyes fixed steadfastly on her till they melted away. The mother bowed herself in adoration and submission, for she knew she had looked on one of those angel messengers who are sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation. She had seen, too, a vision of her daughter's ascending spirit, and she mourned not over the dust she had left behind.

Written for the Repository.

The Victim of Envy.

BY MISS SARAH E. STARR.

When the young, while buoyant and happy, diffusing gladness all around them, and full of rich promise, are snatched by death from loving and admiring friends; how many considerations are apt to arise calculated to excite rebellious feelings in the heart, and make resignation a difficult attainment. We think of the aged who companionless and solitary, are awaiting their summons from a world which charms no longer; of those to whom the weight of physical infirmities has rendered life a burden; and of the corrupted and debased, who are viewed with contempt and abhorrence by all except a few who love on in despair and anguish; and are ready to exclaim why were not some of these taken from the embrace of guilt and misery, and those still left with us in whose absence we are so lonely and desolate? But if early in life bright prospects are suddenly clouded;—if the fury of persecution is poured upon the young and innocent; there is a joy,—a triumph, mingled with our sorrow, when they are removed from the power of the oppressor to an eternal abode of peace and security. If in moments of selfishness the thought that their voice may not again be heard; that their smile may be seen no more, is fraught with bitterness; remembrance of the trouble which came upon them during their short sojourn here, is more than sufficient to reconcile the bereaved to their loss. . . . . Maria Horton was the youngest child of a clergyman who resided in a small village in one of the eastern states. He lived to see his offspring one after another, with the exception of Maria, carried to their long home; but soon followed them, leaving his little flock destitute of a shepherd; and his companion in the decline of life with but the one earthly comfort. Mrs. Horton deeply felt her afflictions, but she was a sincere christian, and possessed a well disciplined mind, which together with her affection for her only remaining child, enabled her to appear calm and cheerful. There were some who understood and knew how to appreciate her lofty nature; but many who supposed grief could not exsist where there was no boisterous display, called her heartless and unfeeling. Their want of sympathy, however, was fully compensated to her by the kindness of the young pastor who was called to fill the place made vacant by death. He had been the intimate friend at college of one of her sons, which caused her to almost feel as if the lost had been restored.

At this time Maria was about seventeen; and with dark hazel eyes, auburn hair, a delicate complexion, and graceful form; her appearance was extremely prepossessing. She was endowed too with a superior intellect,—that gift so seldom bestowed in connection with personal graces. Though she had left school, her fondness

for study was unabated, and Edwin Archer, the young minister, volunteered his services to assist her in the pursuit of knowledge, which were gratefully received. Kept by her own taste as well as the recent decease of her beloved parent, from mixing in gay society,—friendly intercourse with Caroline Linden, a kindred spirit, a few domestic duties, and occasional visits of benevolence, principally occupied the time not devoted to her books. In this manner more than a year passed pleasantly away. Would that peace could have remained longer unmolested in that young breast; but too soon was a new tenant admitted.

The Macy's, an aristocratic family belonging to the village, who had a few years before removed from a neighboring city, determined on giving a large party; and in great condescension as they thought, included Maria Horton among the invited guests. She was somewhat opposed to attending it; but her objections were overruled by her mother, and the invitation was accepted. The evening came, and Louisa Macy, the eldest daughter, who had bestowed all her attention upon external accomplishments, and was distinguished for them above all that gay assembly, received, as she had proudly anticipated, universal admiration. Though much gratified with attracting notice from so many, there was one present, for whose regard she felt particularly anxious. He had been a stranger to her until that occasion; but was invited by her brother, who still transacted business in the city where they once resided, and had there become acquainted with him. Tall and commanding in person, with manners equally removed from the insipid and disgusting airs of the fop, and the unpleasing awkwardness of rustic ignorance, and a cultivated mind, Albert Wells was in truth no ordinary character. He possessed too a large fortune; this, in the opinion of Louisa Macy, was by no means his smallest recommendation. He had directed much of his attention to her for some time, when a low voice of enchanting sweetness fell upon his ear, and turning his eyes to where the sound proceeded from, he saw a young girl attired in a simple white muslin dress, and unadorned except by her own surpassing loveliness. Inwardly wondering that he had not observed her before, and wishing to ascertain whether her mental gifts and acquirements corresponded with her dignified and tranquil style of beauty, he immediately requested of Louisa an introduction. It was granted with as much grace as her mortified feelings would permit, for her quick jealous eyes had not failed to mark the interested gaze which Albert Wells had directed towards Maria Horton. His respectful greeting was returned by Maria with retiring grace, but when she found that he did not commence his conversation with a series of idle and unmeaning compliments, as is too generally the case with gentlemen, her diffidence gradually changed to an engaging frankness. Much as he was at first charmed with her beauty, he was still more so with her intellectual remarks upon whatever subject he started. Delighted with meeting one he thought so well calculated to ensure his happiness for life, he asked and obtained permission to call upon her before leaving the village. From that time Maria was conscious of a newly awakened feeling. Love,—too often the foe of peace —with all its powerful influence, was at work within her breast. From that time, too, Louisa Macy marked her as her victim—the victim of her envy. What was it to that haughty and imperious girl, that Maria had *unconsciously* interfered with her purpose; that she had frustrated her plan, though it was artlessly and undesigningly done, was sufficient to excite the most fiendish passions of her nature. And as she watched the mutual growth of that affection, the fierce flame raged in her soul with increasing violence. When the hope, with which she would sometimes flatter herself, that some unforeseen circumstance might possibly separate them, was crushed upon learning that a few months after their first acquaintance they had agreed to become united at no distant day, she determined to execute a diabolical intention which had entered her mind.

Let us now go back a short space, and enter the study of Edwin Archer. He is seated before a table covered with books, but they are unheeded, for he is wholly occupied by the consideration of a painful subject. He has long deceived himself with the idea that towards Maria Horton he felt but a brother's affection; but seeing her beloved by another, and loving him in return, has revealed to him the true state of his feelings. The trial is causing him a severe struggle, but he will come off conqueror. That to love her any longer will be vain and even sinful, he feels assured; and as it is denied him, he will check his too ardent regard until he can look upon her as a brother only would. If we commence to pity him, the emotion is soon swallowed up in

admiration of his noble spirit. Had Louisa Macy been more like him in disposition, our story would terminate in a more pleasing manner. . . . One morning Albert Wells directed his steps to the Post Office with the expectation of receiving a letter from Maria, and in this he was not disappointed: but another too was handed him, which contained the darkest insinuations with regard to her character. No name was attached to it, neither was there any clue connected with it, by which he could discover the author; but strange as it may seem, it sufficed to poison his mind, and he fancied he could look back upon a chain of circumstances against the innocent girl who loved him so devotedly. Why was she treated with so much coldness by most of the influential families in her native village, and especially that of Louisa Macy? Why did she lead an almost strictly retired life? These, and many other queries, which if ever agitated before, were favorably solved, now served to exaggerate his aroused suspicions, and the letter on which was transcribed the warm sentiments of her heart, was torn in atoms. That it caused him many bitter pangs to think her, he had chosen to tread the path of life by his side, a guilty creature, cannot be doubted; but how differently would the case have affected her, had it been reversed.

> 'Fond woman in her constancy,
> E'en when the stormiest comes on,
> Clings closer to the much loved one:
> Nor dreams, till every tie is parted,
> That all within is hollow-hearted.'

As there was no way of silencing his doubts except by making direct inquiries into the subject; and that idea he shrunk from as soon as it presented itself, he decided upon writing a letter of separation. It was very brief, merely stating in substance, that circumstances, of which until recently he had no knowledge, must forever present a barrier to their union; and that all intercourse between them must cease. As might be supposed, it was a dreadful shock to Maria, for by no warning whatever, had she been prepared for it. Pride prevented her from soliciting an explanation of that mysterious and cruel communication, and in the presence of no one but her mother and Caroline Lindon, was she ever known to allude to it. Hope would, perhaps, have again dawned upon the mind of Edwin Archer, and the feelings which had long been stifled revived in his heart, had he not beheld manifest tokens that Maria Horton was soon to be claimed by another power. The affair left such scope for her imagination, and pressed so heavily upon her heart, that its blighting effects were not slow in displaying themselves. The redoubled attentions of her mother, Caroline, and Edwin, could not make her forget the past, and she rapidly declined. . . . . The same night that death visited the quiet cottage which had been her abode through life, a far different scene was transpiring in a noble mansion at a small distance—the home of Louisa Macy. A brilliant party had again assembled there, and she stood up before them and gave her hand to Albert Wells. The two-fold object, of causing him to think of her rival with aversion, and become her own, was now accomplished; but the gratification it had promised to yield, was wanting.

She knew that Maria Horton was dying, and accused herself with too much truth of being her murderess. She fancied in the midst of all that mirth and revelry, that she could hear her groan; and her guilty and affrighted conscience portrayed features, once faultlessly beautiful, horribly distorted by the agonies of death. Those who were with the wronged and injured one that hour, had the satisfaction of seeing her fall calmly and gently asleep. Albert Wells was not aware that Maria's last moments were at hand, nor even that she was seriously ill; but notwithstanding that, her image held possession of his mind and deprived him of enjoyment. Fearing his bride might observe his abstraction and divine the cause, he exerted himself to the utmost to appear interested in what was going on around him; but the thought that if no suspicions had ever found way into his bosom, how much happier he would have been with Maria Horton by his side, was constantly present. Had not remorse been so busy in the soul of Louisa Macy, she would perhaps have suspected him of looking back regretfully upon the past; but as it was, she could only think of him in connection with the fearful price he had cost her, and during the continuance of her life she felt unceasingly the gnawings of 'the worm which dieth not,' and the raging of that 'fire which is not quenched.' Her partner saw that she was wretched and unhappy, and feeling sensible that he had not married her from motives of affection, reproached himself as its cause. He treated her with uniform kindness, but it mitigated not in the least, her misery. At the end of a couple of years she gave birth to a child, which lived but a few hours. Fever and delirium succeeded; and from her wild ravings the knowl-

edge of her guilt was gathered. The horrors of that scene, which were closed by death, it would be impossible fully to depict. Expressions of anguish, and shrieks of despair, loud and shrill, burst from the lips of that miserable woman as visions of the past floated before her disordered gaze. Her whole frame was convulsed by frightful spasms, which increased in violence until they rent asunder the bands of life. After the painful excitement produced by his wife's shocking revelation and its awful accompaniments, had subsided, a settled stupor took possession of the heart-broken Albert Wells. He conducted his business, but in every movement and action appeared more like an automaton than a living being.

In the village where most of the scenes of our story have been laid, may be seen a small, but neat parsonage, the abode of Edwin Archer and his wife, who was once known as Caroline Lindon. After her death in whom they both took so much interest, their friendship ripened into deep and lasting affection; and never were the fortunes of a pair more worthy of each other united. Mrs. Horton resides with them, having been induced to do so by their warmly urged request. She appears as placid and unruffled as ever; looking not upon this world as her home, its trials and changes only operate in increasing the satisfaction with which she reflects upon a bright, unclouded future.

New York City.

Written for the Repository.

The Grave.

'THE grave is not deep. It is the luminous foot-print of an angel who is seeking us.' LONGFELLOW.

THE grave is deep. Far—far below
Where mortals tread, and flowerets grow,
Mild zephyrs sigh and wild winds blow,
The loved dead sleep.

The grave 's *not* deep. 'Tis but an inn,
Where we throw off the garb of sin,
E'er Heaven's pearly gates we win,
Our God to meet.

The grave is dark. No cheering ray
From eyes of love, or orb of day,
Can reach where sleeps the pallid clay,
So stiff and stark.

The grave's *not* dark. The holy light
Of Jesus' feet, hath made it bright,
To safely guide from sin's long night
Our spirit-bark.

The grave is cold. The damps of death
Are gathered there; the frozen breath
Of winter reaches far beneath
The earth's dark mould.

The grave's *not* cold. The love of God,
Who chasten's all with mercy's rod,
Suffuses e'en the valley's clod,
With warmth untold. C. W. H.

Duxbury, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Curiosity.

THE wise man hath said,—'I applied my heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness.' This was certainly a good application of the heart in a useful range of knowledge, within the bounds of the Real, so that the mind might have a right understanding of the wickedness of the pursuit of the ways of folly, and of indulgence in those vain and rash excitements which have an effect upon the system akin to madness. *Curiosity* is the principle here brought into action; and it is the master prompter to laborious investigation, patient research, and unwearied application, that lead on to the most wonderful and beneficent discoveries, familiarizing the mind with the great truths of natural and revealed religion; while in others it causes life to be wasted in visionary projects and mystical speculations, and debases the best powers to that which is utterly useless and vain.

It is well for us to understand this common feeling or principle of our nature.

'It came from heaven—it reigned in Eden's shades—
It roves on earth—and every walk invades;
Childhood and age alike its influence own;
It haunt's the beggar's nook, the monarch's throne;
Hangs o'er the cradle, leans above the bier,
Gazed on old Babel's tower—and lingers here.

To all that's lofty, all that's low it turns;
With terror curdles, and with rapture burns;
Now feels a seraph's throb, now, less than man's,
A reptile tortures, and a planet scans;
Now idly joins in life's poor, passing jars,
Now shakes creation off, and soars beyond the stars.

Yea, thro' life's stages may we mark the power
That masters man in every changing hour;
It tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb, and frozen seas to roam;
By air blown bubbles buoyed, it bids him rise,
And hang an atom in the vaulted skies;
Lured by its charm, he sits and learns to trace
The midnight wanderings of the orbs of space;
Boldly he knocks at wisdom's inmost gate,
With nature counsels, and communes with fate;
Below, above, o'er all he dares to rove,
In all finds God, and finds that God all love.'

That curiosity lives in us as an active intelligence

we know—we are controlled by its influence every hour, and its power is oftentimes irresistible, and lessens in no small degree the freedom of the will. We talk much of curiosity, but, in general, its real and important office in our mental being is but little understood, and we are apt to speak of it as among the minor and lower propensities of the intellect. Far otherwise is it. And we are led to this unjust estimation by forgetting that the noblest virtues, and the most degrading vices, spring from the same passions differently directed, and that all our passions are needed and useful in the wise constitution of our being, but may be perverted or too strongly excited so as to produce evil. Take for instance the love of excitement. This in some character or other is common to man, but how differently is it directed! It is gratified by the sweet feeling of delight that comes over the soul in the contemplation of the beautiful in nature, or while hearing a welcome strain of music, or gazing on a lovely picture, or reading an interesting book, or listening to the eloquence of the orator; others find its gratification in mere animal sensations and delight, seeming never to raise them to the dignity of a religious being; and while in the dreams of poetic fancy, or the opening truths of philosophical research, or the raptures of devotion, some find the needed and satisfying excitement, others find it in the intoxicating potion, in the race and the fight, or the enchantments of gaming. All lasting reformation of character must result from the different direction of this common feeling, for it must be gratified in one way or another; give men the gratification of elevated feeling, intellectual enjoyment, and religious affections, and they will not desire or have aught to do with the excitement of "the flowing bowl.' The temperance reform owes more of all the true success it has obtained to the increased and general love for the lecture room and the lyceum than to any thing else. The whole of religion is the right direction and action of the passions, feelings, and affections, common to our nature; and the whole of sin is the wrong direction and action of the same. If men knew and realized this, they would have a clear and rational idea of the religious character, of regeneration, and of individual duty; and would understand how much is meant in the declaration—'Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.'

Here is presented direct and in full the influence of the perversion of curiosity—the guide to inventions; as here all man's corruption and degradation is traced to the inventions sought out to pervert and overact the passions, feelings, and affections. With this effect of curiosity we are all well acquainted; we have suffered from it, and it will indeed be a blessed thing when men shall be curious only for that which is good. And this is the right direction of this principle, and thus directed it has wrought wonders. Indeed its effects are so astonishing that we are apt to imagine individuals endowed with supernatural gifts, when we discover what stores of knowledge they gathered, what discoveries they made, and how much they have led on the march of mind. Had Sir Francis Bacon been curious only to philosophize after the manner of his time, would he ever have given to the world the system that made him the reformer of philosophy, and that established the true principles of study and investigation? No. Scholastic subtilties, and visionary speculations would still have reigned, causing men to be ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

The same idea may be applied to all the wonderful changes in the application of the sciences, and in the opinions concerning the laws and influences in nature. Wherever we look, we discover the mighty power of curiosity, leading to searching and seeking in the hidden depths of knowledge, that wisdom may be discovered, and the reason of things understood. It is great with every one, acting according to the bent of the mind, and good, or hurtful, according to the feelings and passions associated with it—the motives by which it acts and the purpose that controls it. I care not how curious men are if they will only *reflect* sufficiently—if they will give reason her rightful sway, and remember that imagination may give such hues to folly as to make her appear like wisdom. Pointedly and profoundly hath it been said—'By the vulgar I do not mean the mere mob, but men of every class who *reflect but little.*' An admirable definition, but not always honored. The poor and depressed have too much been termed the vulgar, but often among them has arisen the mighty reformer, and by the efforts of profound reflection in the retreat of obscurity, he has been made able to come forth to baffle the exalted and great.

In reference to religion in particular what an instructive application has our subject! God hath made us to be curious in respect to religious

things, in implanting in us the principle of faith and the aspirations after a holier and happier state. It matters not, we here repeat, how curious men are, if they will reflect sufficiently: Here is the trouble, they will not as they should, *reflect;* curious to hear and to plunge into strange speculations, they rush on without any due preparation of mind to reason carefully, and control the imagination and their excitability, and before they are aware of a change approaching them, they are confused, perplexed, alarmed, converted. Here is the cause of the strange scenes, and the wonderful metamorphoses, that occur in the protracted meetings of excited religionists. Persons are curious to see and hear; they go without any careful preparation to judge things calmly and correctly; then enter the theatre—they are pleased by the fantasies—soon something attracts their attention differently—they become more serious —fears are awakened by imagination made vivid, and they at length declare themselves converts. Sober sense and profound reflection have had but little, if any thing, to do with all this. How could they? The dominion of sober sense and reflection is not felt or acknowledged amid strange excitements and appeals to the feelings—to man's love of happiness and dread of suffering. The whole of the strange conversion was the result of throwing one's self amid excitement with unguarded feelings and without due thought concerning the office of reason and reflection.

The effects of curiosity as connected with the religious excitements, for which our age will be noted in history, are indeed often ludicrous, but never strange to a philosophical mind. And in respect to religious and moral truths how perverted and abused is the principle of curiosity! How few are there in this community who apply their hearts suitably to understand the laws of nature, to trace out the causes of the phenomena connected with the revolution of the seasons, and become acquainted with the organic laws of their own being, upon obedience to which physical health and happiness depend,—how few are there of such compared with the number of those who are troubling themselves by being curious about the end of the world? And how few of these thus troubled realize, solemnly and truly, that the world may end to them much before the time predicted for its dissolution? Yea, mathematical calculations, founded on suppositions, attract more attention than the simple, but infinitely more important, rules of every day duty. Novelty, novelty, is the order of the day, and did not necessity compel them to industry, there are many who would, like the Athenians, spend their time in nothing else, but to tell or to hear some new thing. Happy is it for themselves, their friends, and society, that they are not able thus to imitate the speculating Athenians. And it is a fact, not generally known, that the great leader of the new measures revivalists vindicates his procedures on the ground of the necessity of gratifying the common love of novelty; as thus we read in Finney's Sermons on Revivals—'When a measure has novelty enough to secure attention to the truth, no other new measures should be introduced. You have secured the great object, *novelty.* And the more sparing we are of our new things, the longer we can use them. By a wise course, this may undoubtedly be done for a long series of years, until our present measures have sufficient novelty in them again to attract and fix public attention. And so we shall never want for something new.' May we but consider such language as to scorn to apply the policy it dictates, and which makes religious institutions and ordinances but means to attract the love of novelty, and consequently dooms them to nothingness so soon as their novelty has passed away. And when they are discovered to be but like the new scenery and dresses that call attention to an old play to be performed in the theatre, will reflection be satisfied? or will not a reaction take place, and the attention pass away with the novelty that attracted for the time? 'A spasmodic religion' is not the religion of the heart, baptized in the waters of truth and love, and which makes the most powerful curiosity of the mind to be—to know Christ and how to follow him. Such a religion is not born in the soul by the artificial heat of periodical excitement, but is there created by due attention to the Savior's directions—'Search the Scriptures.' 'Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?' 'Come unto me ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Noble indeed is that curiosity that is inquiring after Christ in the way of his appointment, and that, spiritually, searches for him, as did, literally, his parents when he was first lost to them.

Let us then remember, that as in other things, so in religion, there is a right and wrong curiosity. One person is curious to know why God has not revealed more; another is curious to know what he has revealed. One confines his curiosity to speculations concerning the Unity or Trini-

ty of God; another seeks rather to know the perfections and character of the Deity. One would define the true nature—the divinity or humanity—of Christ; another seeks to know the relations that exist between Christ and him, what he has been, is, and will be to him by the ordinations of the Almighty. One is ever inquiring whether or not all punishment is confined to this life or extended into the future; another seeks to make the right application of the sureness of a righteous retribution for evil done. One speculates and dwells on the question whether the resurrection is immediately after death to each, or at a future distant time to all; another seeks to strengthen his confidence in the truth of a glorious life immortal, leaving the times and seasons with the Father.

Which of these we should imitate, is very easily seen, for that curiosity is the best which is associated with inquiries that tend to increase our acquaintance with the character of God, the principles of his government, the aims of life, and the hopes of the soul for an existence eternal and glorious. While there is enough of the useful and happifying to engage our curious thoughts, we can afford to withdraw our curiosity from that which is idle and vain; and reason dictates the propriety of keeping a proper balance of mind, so that we do not run mad after one peculiar speculation, or give up all our thoughts to one subject, but justly divide our attention so as to give play to the various faculties of our being, and be temperate in all things.

But above all subjects in importance and practical utility in a religious point of view, is the character of the all ruling God. Here we may justly be greatly curious—here we may apply our heart to know, and to search, and to seek out, with profit—here we may linger as engaged in a work worthy the employment of the noblest energies of the loftiest mind. To know God aright is the sum of natural religion—the first and grand and inductive principle of revealed religion. Men do not understand this fact as they should. They cause the articles of a creed to shape their idea of God, instead of making the true idea of God shape the articles of their creed; and thus they go on familiar with a creed and its relations, but ignorant of God and the great purposes of his will. The Apostles understood this, and the knowledge of God was the great want with man in their sight, and hence the warfare in which they were engaged was against every high thing that exalted itself above the knowledge of God. And this is the christian warfare now. Many are the high things thus exalted which hide from the mind the true knowledge of God and make it worship it knows not what. To how many in the professed christian world has the preaching of the unknown God yet to be made, for the Father is as yet to them unknown—he is not seen in the beauty of his paternity and universal love, swaying a sceptre of righteousness and equality, and leading on the course of events to a consummation glorious as he is powerful, perfect as he is wise, and universal in blessings as he is good. Let '*God is Love*,' be written as the eternal truth concerning the Deity's character—felt to be such, and as such associated with all investigations of the scriptures, and it is as impossible that the doctrine of endless sin and misery should be believed, as it is that a mind receiving fully the truth of the revolution of our earth, should cherish faith in the doctrine of the dark ages maintaining the coursing of the sun. And while that holy truth is recorded in our sacred book, the hope of man may be ever strong in the ultimate universal prevalence of the faith of the Restitution.

B.

Written for the Repository.

The Sea Shore.

'Tis now the hot noon of a summer's day.
Alone I sit upon a pebbly beach,
Beneath the shadow of a giant cliff,
And gaze upon the unbounded sea.
No living thing is moving on its surface.
Not e'en a whitened sail, or island green,
Breaks the smooth line of the horizon.
The ocean seems asleep: its bosom heaves
Like a warrior's when he slumbers
With his armor on—glistening in the sun.
No other signs of life the eye beholds,—
Save here and there a weary cloud moves languid
O'er the blue arch above, like an angel
Longing to drop upon the cooling waves,
But dares not leave its native heaven, unless
To do some deed of mercy in this world.

Hark! there are sounds in this lone retreat:
Sounds of the grandest music. It is made
By the ever rolling waves along the shore.
E'en in the calmest and the stillest day—
Such as now is smiling on the world,
When not a breath of air is moving
On the ocean's breast, or sighing o'er the land,
The gentle roll of waters on the shore,
Steals o'er the soul with soothing melody.

In this sweet spot, on such a day as this,
I love to lie upon the smooth, hard beach,
And see the waves chase one another on,
And hear them sing their sounding requiem.
How beautiful they break against the rocks,
Then die retreating on the pebbly shore!

This is the place and scene for holy thought—
For high and heavenly aspirations.
The soul is here unbound from worldly cares.
How it springs from the trifling things of time
To hold communion with the works of God,
And thinks this world of little worth, unless
It be the entrance to another. D. B. H.

Written for the Repository.

A whole Family in Heaven.

Man by nature is a being of sympathy. He is not content with being free from misery himself, but he wants others to be free! he is not satisfied with being delivered from the curse of slavery himself, but he wants others delivered; he is not content to be saved from intemperance himself, but he wants others saved. Nor can his happiness be perfected until his wants are satisfied. They are the wants of the *inner man;* and are therefore parts of that holier existence which is to survive the death of the body, and never can it feel fully satisfied and perfectly at peace, while there is an individual being suffering under the curse of intemperance, under the curse of slavery, under the curse of sin, and its knowledge of that suffering remains. It, therefore, is a cheering circumstance to the philanthropist, to hear of the delivery of even *one* soul from bondage and death; and to the christian, to hear that *one* has turned from the error of his ways, and embraced the Savior.

Nor is this feeling of the social and religious nature of man, to be deprecated or condemned as anything improper or unworthy of our regard. Jesus, the man of God who knew no sin, wept; —he wept at the grave of a friend;—he wept with those who wept, and the Jews said, 'Behold how he loved!' He wept over Jerusalem and in prospect of the dreadful overthrow that was soon to come upon it. This was the tear of sympathy; and it cannot be wrong to feel as Jesus felt, or weep as he wept. It is far from being unbecoming in us to imitate such an example.

And this feeling is not confined to this world, nor to man in the days of his flesh. Saith him of the golden mouth, 'Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.' And again, 'Likewise I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.' It is cheering, therefore, not only to us, but to the angels of light and glory, to hear that even one sinner has returned to God. This feeling then is a noble feeling; it is a lofty virtue; it is not to be stifled or set bounds to, but to be cultivated as one of the divinest of feelings. Man, then, is not an independent, separate and abstract essence. He never was designed to enjoy earth exclusively, or occupy heaven alone. He has sympathies, social, moral and religious; and by these sympathies his happiness is intimately,—nay, inseparably connected with the happiness of those around him. His kindred first, his friends next, and the world next. But in none of its manifold varieties is this feeling held to be more sacred or hallowed than when it assumes the character of a kindred tie, and becomes a family bond. Hence it is in this sense that we are now to view it, and in this light we are to contemplate it in this connection. The human sympathies belonging to man's nobler nature, we have seen, do not permit him to be a cold and indifferent spectator of the world, but constitute him a relative being whose happiness depends in a great measure upon those around him. These feelings in their most sanctified and hallowed form, lead to alliances of the affections, and these become the foundation of families. Here the social sympathies assume a kindred form, and become sanctified and hallowed by nearness of blood. This is the most perfect view we can have of the social sympathies: and if they are founded as they must be to be rendered perfect, in deep religious feeling and vital piety, they constitute the highest sense we can have of earthly bliss and perfect peace. There is not a more beautiful sight on earth, than that presented by a family unbroken, all united in love, sitting together amid each other's smiles, confiding in one another's hearts, believing one religion and worshiping one God. A father and mother, parents and children, brothers and sisters, faithful to their God and one another, breathing the same prayer morning and evening, and with one heart and with one mind, praising the Lord in the beauty of holiness. O it is a delightful sight; it is a heaven in miniature; a very paradise on earth.

But let that family be broken:—let one be taken from it, and their happiness is no longer unalloyed. Is one gone? They anxiously await his return. Does one become a prodigal? There is joy when he returns. Is there no prospect of his returning? That is a little heaven on earth no longer. Is he in misery? They weep. Does he finally return, saying, 'Father, I have sinned?' The fatted calf is killed, and there is no elder

brother to murmur; but that family is again happy:—it is again a heaven in miniature. But one dies. Perhaps it is a little one; perhaps it is the aged sire; perhaps the mother is taken; perhaps a brother or sister is left a lonely one. Religion now alone can give peace. Is there hope? Is the father sure that his partner has gone home to glory? Is the mother sure that her little one is safe in the arms of Jesus? Is that brother or that lonely sister sure of meeting a whole family in heaven? and would heaven be heaven to him or her without? At such a time, a faint hope that it *may* be so, will not satisfy. This cannot speak peace. There must be assurance at such a time. And it is laid down as clear, that nothing but a firm and unyielding faith that every one of that family are to dwell in glory, can satisfy that lonely one. [I now have in my mind a soul that can testify to the truth of this!] But farther nothing short of the fruition of such a faith and the salvation of every individual member of that family, can perfect the happiness of one individual thereof.

Christianity as we understand it, gives this assurance; and it does it in no uncertain language. Before a family is broken, it gives them the pleasing assurance that every individual thereof is going to heaven:—that not *one* shall be wanting. And this assurance makes them happy. It is therefore good to live by. When the family is about to be broken by the death of one, it assures the dying one that the weeping ones around him, whom he loves, are to meet him in heaven;—that not one shall be lost. And this assurance makes death sweet, and heaven a *home*. It is therefore good to die by. And it says to the mourning ones, 'Mourn not, thy friend is not dead, but sleepeth;' 'he is gone, but not lost:' therefore mourn not, ye shall meet him again in the skies, and in a better land. It is therefore comforting to the mourning and soothing to the sorrowing. The poet Burns, one of nature's sweetest singers, staying with such a family as that we have been speaking, over night, left the following lines in the room where he slept:

'O thou dread Power, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke
Long, long be pleased to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes,
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway:

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A FAMILY IN HEAVEN!'

Yet all this is but a heaven in miniature. It is only an emblem of 'the good, the beautiful, and the true.' An unbroken family on earth, with nothing but love to unite them, is only a figure of that heaven which is above. Carry it out in its highest sense. God is the Father of the spirits of all flesh. All mankind are brethren. Heaven is the *home* of all men. Stop not at the ninety and ninth, but seek till you find the hundredth.

What a delightful thought! What a glorious hope! What a cheering prospect! How happy does such a faith make man! This is that religion which contains all that good men desire, promises a realization of their fondest and best hopes, goes hand in hand with the most enlarged philanthropy, and insures a consummation of all the holiest, and best, and most elevated and enobling of man's sympathies and angel's perfections. 'Herein do I rejoice with a serene eternal peace.'

WM. H. GRISWOLD.

Andover, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Fruit of the Spirit;

OR, THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

CHAPTER IX. MEEKNESS.

'MEEKNESS as a natural temper, sinks into meanness and servility; but when, as an acquired temper, built upon principle, and moulded into a habit of the mind, it is the grand distinctive characteristic of the religion we profess.'

THE scorching sun of a midsummer's day, that since early dawn had been playing among the roses, prying into the depths of the purple bell, and dancing on the glistening leaves of the vine that enriched the piazza of Mrs. Courtney's beautiful dwelling,—had, at last, withdrawn its beams to bestow them on less fairy-like scenes, when her daughter Emily, with her gay young visitors, who had shrank from its scorching gaze on their

soft, delicate complexions, bade it farewell with joy, as they now sought the cool and shaded retreat. They were a light hearted and thoughtless band; and the eye could not but gaze in admiration on the smooth fair brows and beaming eyes unmarked by a line, and undimmed by a shadow of the world's care or sorrow; and as it watched the busy fingers weaving, in gay colors, the beautiful design, or forming with the bright needle some tasteful article of apparel, occasionally pausing in their employments to turn the leaves or read aloud from the gilded volumes, or to give freer reign to the mind's beautiful fancies, it could not but convey to the imagination, images of light and loveliness untarnished by contact with the rude and discordant world. But alas! while yet the eye gazed, the ear caught some strains that caused the observer to take his vision from what were deemed regions of purity, and direct it again to the soiled flower on the dry sod of the beaten path; for ah! like those dim objects of earth, is the young heart which cannot receive the heavenly dews of love and benevolence, ere the dust of earthly pride, vanity and prejudice, gathers around it. The view from their beautiful retreat was one of exceeding quiet and loveliness; and some of their number, as they gazed upon it, were not unmindful of the heavenly vision, as they received into their heart the calm serenity of a scene, that to the care-worn and afflicted seemed 'fashioned for a happier world.' Far in the distance lay a neighboring village with its white dwellings embosomed in foliage, and its tall spires towering to heaven—glistening and sparkling in the sunlight, seeming bright pyramids of stars. Rich orchards and cultivated farms sloped down toward a noble river, which seemed to have paused in its onward course to dally with the bended boughs and nodding flowers, while it stole a reflection of their grace and beauty to give loveliness to its own pure bosom. All the rich hues of the summer clouds too, were mirrored there—and the sunlight danced and glittered on its surface and lighted it up as it wandered far in the distance, until it became as

'A line of silver mid a fringe of green.'

Nearer them wound the village road, following the course of the river, while directly opposite on the beautiful sloping banks were situated many of the quiet dwellings of their neighbors. To be sure the architecture and aspects of the dwellings varied, for there was a row of noble buildings to the right, while to the left many were seen embrowned and decayed by time, but none were destitute of graceful trees and smooth verdant lawns.

Why should many of the young friends of Emily Courtney, who could look abroad on all this magnificence and beauty with hearts at ease, remain so unmoved and regardless? Alas, their mind's near-sightedness could not carry their vision beyond the line of the village road; and to the objects that passed to and fro there, was their whole attention directed; and not the most charitable and christian-like were many of their observations on the frequent passers by. One was dressed too meanly—another too gaily. One was all the time gadding, another had just found time to crawl out. One walked too proudly, another too languidly. These criticisms, with various remarks on the business and characters of the individuals, employed most of the time, until a young lady, neatly attired in a plain black dress, with a trim cottage tied closely round her interesting face with a simple ribbon, advanced, and raising her sedate but cheerful looking face to the group, smiled, bowed, and passed on.

Emily, and the young friend nearest her, looked thoughtfully as she passed, while significant glances were exchanged by some of the other ladies.

'I declare, Amanda!' exclaimed Harriet Manly, who had watched the lady eagerly; 'Mrs. Chalmers has gone into that old black house again! is it not the third or fourth time we have seen her this week?'

'Why, yes,' was the answer, 'she will lose all her former friends soon, if she continues long in this course. Here she has pleaded positive engagements in her family, as an excuse for neglecting to call on the Knapp's, the Hartley's and Burnham's, and this week she has passed repeatedly their dwellings, on her way to that low family.'

'Well, it's her own fault if she does lose them,' returned Harriet; 'for if she does not respect herself, no one else will respect her. That's what I've been taught ever since I learned my alphabet. And I'm determined to move always in the most genteel and respectable society,' she added, bowing gracefully to her laughing companions.

'Only think,' says another voice, 'what advantages Mrs. Chalmers has had for becoming the most accomplished and fashionable lady in town! You know her father was very rich, and after that spendthrift son became an outcast, he lav-

ished every indulgence upon Caroline, as his favorite. But what did it all profit her? You know she rejected many high offers which would have brought her to stations where her accomplishments would have brilliantly shone, and chose after all to become the humble wife of that obscure young clergyman, who had nothing to recommend him but clear voice and brains.'

'I don't know,' again ejaculated Harriet, 'as he has even those qualities to recommend him, for I have never set my foot on the threshold of his little rusty looking chapel, which none but the poor and low frequent. However, I should think Mrs. Chalmers, if she adopted the right method, might advance his popularity a little, for some do pretend to say he has talent of a superior order; but in the place of seeking for him the patronage of many of her wealthy friends, she devotes the most of her leisure hours to the humblest of his humble parishioners. Apropos, old stupid Kent's family.'

'Did you notice how meanly she was dressed?' said another maiden as she played with the golden key suspended on her costly chain. 'I don't believe that even a Betty in her father's family ever appeared in the street with less ornament, or a more simple hat or dress. And that is not all—'

'But enough—I pray you!' tearfully exclaimed Emily Courtney, who had waited, in breathless anxiety for the conclusion of the idle chat; for she had seen at the nearest window the form of her elder sister, and she felt how truly her noble heart would grieve, when she overheard, as certainly she must, the foolish remarks of her young friends on one whom she knew Sophia regarded with almost veneration. A nearer observer might have seen the emotion that had played over that sister's intellectual face during the conversation—the shudder of deep feeling when the light allusion to the brother was made—the glance of indignation at the mean estimate of the worth of her friend's accomplishments in her present situation—and a smile of bitterness at the weak remarks on her dress. But they all passed and left nought but a tear of pity to tremble in her dark eyes, as she arose from her seat and joined the company without.

Some of them started in amazement when they discovered that the high-souled and dignified Sophia had been a listener to their thoughtless chat. She perceived their surprise, and looking around upon them, said with a tone of deep emotion, 'My young friends! I could not so readily forgive you the injustice you have done my dearest friend, if I in the least imagined you were at all sensible of her inestimable qualities, or the high motives which prompts her present course. Mrs. Chalmers is the same refined, affectionate, and graceful Caroline, that was once the life and charm of our gay assemblies; but circumstances called her to fill a different sphere, and she obeys its simplest duty.'

'Well, Miss Courtney,' said the undaunted Harriet, 'I should like to know what called her? I never could conceive what did—but all at once she seemed seized with a sudden passion to visit among the destitute, the oppressed, and even the vicious. Why, don't you think, Miss Courtney, not long since she was visiting her rich aunt in company with my sister. After tea a walk was proposed. When they were quite a distance from home, there came on a violent shower, and they were obliged to seek shelter in one of those miserable hovels on the hill. The ladies would not, of course, you know, go into the dark, filthy rooms, but preferred to stand in the old porch; yet Mrs. Chalmers went in and sat down, questioned the inmates, who stood gaping at her, as to their situation, and took up a little dirty, ragged child in her arms—parted its matted hair from its forehead, and declared that its eyes—which my sister said shone like glass buttons through all that dirt—were the most lovely she ever beheld. And don't you think, the very next Sabbath, we saw the identical child with her mother passing our house dressed in clean clothes for church. I should not wonder if they sat in Mrs. Chalmers' pew.'

'Harriet,' said Miss Courtney, 'your woman's heart should be moved to pity, not indignation, by that instance of Mrs. Chalmers' meekness. Do you not see what effect your recital has had on your young friend?'

'Why Emily, Julia, and even Amanda!' said Harriet, looking around on the tearful group. 'What in the world did I say, that should affect you so?'

'Harriet, will you listen to me? perhaps I may excite one throb of sympathy in your heart, by disclosing to you the secret of Mrs. Chalmers' thoughtful and meek spirit.'

As Sophia invited their attention to a recital, it was pleasant to see the willingness manifested by the group to listen to her, though she was about to set forth Meekness—a grace too much slighted, and too often coupled with the inactivi-

ty of those who have no energy of character, and who are constitutionally placid. Meekness as a grace is an acquired characteristic, and much energy must be called forth, ere many who now have it not, can possess it—ere all Emily's friends will be of the meek.

With a calm and sweet expression of countenance, Sophia began:—'Caroline was once as gay, careless, and fond of the world's gear and glitter as you; but deep, far down in her innermost heart, was a mine of the purest and holiest affection, which, perhaps, a smooth, quiet, and untroubled life would have failed to open. But it was early penetrated by a severe infliction, and the treasures which from it have sprung to bless and cheer the cast down and sorrowing, whereever they may be, have caused many to bow in deeper devotion and gratitude to that Father who wounds but to heal. She and her brother were the younger children you know of a wealthy parent. Early in life they were deprived of their mother, and Caroline was left to the charge of her elder sisters. They all loved her tenderly, but the deep affection she would have bestowed on a mother, seemed granted to her brother Edgar. No little care or trouble of her younger days was wept over in secret,—there were no tasks that she struggled through alone,—no pleasure that she enjoyed privately, for her fond young heart knew where was the one ever ready to participate with her. And then as years advanced —O you that have kind, noble brothers, know the joys their intercourse must have granted them —he was her protector and counsellor—she the true, gentle friend.

Their sweet intercourse was first broken by his removal to college; and the young Caroline, who had never doubted his infallibility, thought and prayed only that he might return and find her all he wished. Bright were the pictures her fancy wove of her noble young brother, leaving his seclusion in future years, crowned with the laurels of success, and going abroad with a firm manly purpose to enlighten and purify his fellow beings.

All of his vacations were passed with his sister, and her bright young dreams were pictured to him. At first they found a ready response; soon they were unheeded, then laughed at, while he carelessly patted her cheek, and called her a silly, ignorant girl. After a season he found no time for intercourse with her, but his days of recreation were devoted to excursions abroad, with the companions he had brought with him from college. Caroline searched within her own heart for the change, fearing she had not cultivated her mind aright to become his companion, and more earnestly did she strive to fit herself for intercourse with his, as she thought, nobler mind.

Alas! she knew not that in that secluded and far off retreat—his college home, foul sin and crime could lurk. She knew not that even there the false prophet with his glittering veil could enter, and by his vain attractions lure many of the yielding and unsuspecting ere he threw aside the sheen and displayed his hideous aspect. Poor, unfortunate Edgar! his trusting and yielding heart soon became a prey to some hardened and heedless villains, and the frequent allurements of the poisonous bowl and the billiard table stealthily offered him, unnerved him for his duties, and heated his brain for more daring and ruthless adventures.

Report at last came to the ears of his family. They entreated and remonstrated, but all to no purpose. While in their presence, his natural tenderness of heart would yield, and he would promise reform; but the serpent's coil was around his heart too tightly, and its fascinating eyes lured him beyond the light of home, and heedlessly he abandoned himself to its wiles, and was lost! Offence upon offence was committed at college, and upon his young and careless head fell all the sin of the more crafty and cautious. He was expelled as unworthy, and came again to his home. Ah! how different was his return from what his proud friends had anticipated! His old father for years had looked upon him as

'The heir of his great name, whose rising strength ere long,
Would bear his trophies well;'

and when he beheld his degradation he looked on him with bitterness and reproach, while he told him of his withered, wasted hopes. His sisters feeling that all their entreaties had been disregarded, almost spurned him from their presence, as a disgrace to their noble house. For days he would wander from his home, and return not until impelled by necessity. His wants were coldly and mechanically attended to; and so carefully had he been nurtured that he knew not as yet how to dispense with many services it was difficult to obtain. Caroline alone, amidst all his degradation and estrangement, looked tenderly upon him, spoke kindly to him, and was ever ready to do what she could for his comfort.

Often when with his brain heated and bewildered he had thrown himself on the couch that one careful friend had smoothed for him, he would awake from his stupor with a soft hand bathing tenderly his fevered brow, while low but fervent prayers were breathed to heaven for his relief and reformation. Sometimes the anguish of remorse would come, and he would rise from his couch and throwing his arms around that young creature's neck, he would weep bitter tears of penitence, and promise amendment. His proud spirit would not brook the scornful and indignant glances of his friends, nor would he kneel to them for pardon, and he at last formed the resolve of quitting them forever.

The eve before his departure he stole into Caroline's room, and looking over her shoulder, found her intently reading her little bible that he had given her in their hours of happiness. Thoughts of his young, innocent days came to him, and he laid his head upon her bosom and wept like a child. 'Caroline, pray for me, a hardened wretch!' he sobbed. 'There is no feeling in my heart save for you. And through your tenderness alone shall I ever be restored.'

'Edgar, Edgar!' exclaimed she, straining him convulsively to her bosom—'I would weep my life away for your recovery. I feel that I could spend my days in prayers and supplications for you. O why will you not return to the path of innocence and virtue? O kneel, kneel with me here and promise it!'

'I promise it, sister, but not here. I am a miserable, degraded man. The good all shun me—the vicious alone claim me as of their society. My father and sisters loathe me; you and you alone art kind and gentle with me. I must depart. Ask me nothing more. You alone will care for my absence, and I promise you some day that you shall hear from me.'

Caroline could not remonstrate, for she felt she could bear any thing for the sake of his recovery, and his face seemed lighted up with a high resolve.

Nothing was heard for a long time of Edgar. No one seemed to care whither he had gone. The young clergyman who had taken the pastoral charge of that humble, but very worthy society, had met Caroline often in her walks, and her meek, but suffering look had awakened his sympathies. He sought an introduction, and the affectionate interest he evinced for her, won from her the story of her grief. He sympathised in her sorrows, and spoke tenderly of her poor erring brother. He knew the influences that had been around him to draw him from virtue, for he had known him at college. The christian-like and benevolent spirit he manifested toward the weak and erring, drew the heart of Caroline closely to his own. In his society a calm and holy peace was infused into her soul, and she learned more fully than ever to heed our Savior's admonition, 'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls.'

A deep and holy affection for each other grew within their hearts from their intercourse, but they forebore to mention it to Caroline's father, for they knew that all his proud hopes were now centered on her, and his health, which was rapidly declining, she felt should be her tenderest care without a thought of self. Her sisters had married and left the paternal home, and she was left his sole attendant. During her father's long illness she forebore to speak of her brother for fear of the effect upon his excitable mind, and she nursed him as tenderly as an infant, checking the least thought that arose in her mind of his former harshness and cruelty.

The lamp of life waned low, and her father's days seemed almost spent. One evening she sat alone in his room supporting his pillow that he might gain a little rest, for his spirits seemed unusually depressed, when a letter was brought to her. It was from Edgar. The hasty perusal told her anxious, throbbing heart that, in a far-off land, among strangers, he had wept alone in secret for his sins, and with truth and humility had sought pardon from above; but not until he had obtained forgiveness from his old father, could he feel that his pleadings for reconciliation with God were answered.

When the father awoke, refreshed by his sleep, Caroline carefully told him of the letter and its contents. While she read it, tears thick and fast flowed down those aged cheeks, and he groaned as he thought of his son's sufferings far away. She read his plea for pardon, and looking up with a countenance full of love, joy and hope, she exclaimed—Do you grant it, father?'

'O yes?' said the old man, convulsively clasping his withered hands, while the tears flowed faster down his pale, sunken face. 'God knows I forgive him, and bless thee, too, my child!' and he clasped his trembling arms around her neck, and breathed his last.

After her father's death, Caroline made all

effort possible to discover the true situation of Edgar, and won from him, by letter, the truth, that though engaged in business, he was often, from his ignorance in worldly affairs, in deep want. Her father's will—dictated in a moment of passion—had left him penniless. A part of her share was willingly sacrificed for him, and placed in his possession without listening a moment to a doubt of his right to it. She willingly relinquished her father's splendid establishment, and gave herself to the protection of the young clergyman in his humble home. All they have, above what is needed for their simple wants, is devoted to suffering humanity. They covet not worldly splendor, but they have sought the ornament of a 'meek and quiet spirit,' which in the sight of God, if not of man, is of great price. Edgar may never return to his home again, but ever will his heart respond to the touching lines of Byron to his sister,—for when all forsook and frowned upon him his sorrowing spirit could breathe,

> 'In the desert a fountain is springing,
> In the wild waste there still is a tree,
> And a bird in the solitude singing,
> That speaks to my spirit of thee.'

Miss Courtney paused from deep emotion. She had nerved herself for the recital which nothing but the strong hope of imprinting one deep and lasting impression on the hearts of those thoughtless young creatures, could have drawn from her. She had gained her desired end, for not a word was lisped by the now thoughtful group as they raised their tearful eyes to Sophia. She arose, pale and trembling with emotion that sprung from a love she had suppressed for years, and hastily she returned to her silent apartment.

The shades of evening had gathered, and the group arose to depart wiser and better than when they first gathered there. 'Do you not think it is true,' said the volatile Harriet, who had almost forgotten her sadness, in wondering why the beautiful Sophia Courtney never married,—'do you not think it is true, as we have sometimes heard reported, that Edgar Norton was the first love of Miss Courtney, and when he became unworthy she could think of no other?' It was even so, Harriet.

Home Vale, Mass. ELLINORA.

When societies are formed for relieving the sick and the destitute, instead of meeting at one another's house to sip tea and chat, go to the home of the needy, and there bestow your alms.

Written for the Repository.

Reason Disregarded.

There is no fact that is oftener denied, and which can be more easily demonstrated, than what we have often asserted respecting the disparagement of the true office of Reason by the dominant theology. There is no denying the daily manifested fact, that men will reason like *reasonable* beings—like those who honor that lofty attribute of our mental nature, while subjects *not* connected with religion are the themes of conversation, but adopt altogether different principles of discourse soon as the subject of religion is introduced. And yet if there be one theme which should call out the noblest exercise of reason—its full strength, penetration, and acuteness, it is that. Why? Because some of the greatest evils in every community, from the far retreating ages of the past to the present day, have had their origin in the divorcement of Reason and Religion. The domination of many a false religion has here its power, and men have often and extensively dignified credulity, or implicit belief of assertion, with the name of faith. No greater mental evils have ever cursed the human race, than have gained power through the discarding of the true office of reason in reference to religion, and yet still it is set aside and despised.

Not a great while since a young lady was conversing, not reasoning, upon the subject of Universalism, and being asked what she thought of the doctrine as advocated by her friends and relatives who are firm in the faith, she answered, 'It appears all reasonable when they talk about the doctrine, but *that makes no difference with me.*' What is this but a plain avowal that the reasonableness of a doctrine is no commendation of its merits or principles to her? And yet she is an intelligent female—possessed of a mind good in many respects, and of considerable conversational talent. But what are the highest attributes of mind when united with a prejudiced spirit—a spirit that cramps and fetters all the powers of the soul when they would exert themselves in reference to the most important subjects? A doctrine *appears all reasonable*, but that makes no difference with her; i. e., it is all the same as it would be did it not appear all reasonable! O it is enough to wring out—it has wrung out—the bitterest tears, to see how many kind, generous, and affectionate spirits are bound to error by

slavery of mind—by the passive yielding of the reason to the blind guidance of the despisers of the Beauty of all Truth and the Glory of all Hope! It moves to tears, because we know what joy is taken from the heart—what loveliness is removed from, or veiled to the spiritual vision, and how much less glorious the future is than it should be to them. O woman! honor thy reason! for thus thou wilt be led to the reception and fervent love of a faith that will accord with the deep, the unutterable sympathies of thy being, feeding the hopes that make the beauty of thy love, and give a strong soul to thy devotion to the purification of the sinful world. A faith that will bless and satisfy in all the varied circumstances of life—that will give a glad heart to gratefully enjoy the good of prosperity, and a glorious spirit of prophecy to sketch pictures of heavenly loveliness on the dark curtain of the future, when misfortune, bereavement, or death, visit thee. God bless and aid thee to use thy reason, so that his holy word may give thee such a faith—the faith of universal, preserving, sanctifying, and redeeming love. B.

Our Book and Memoranda Table.

Several notices were lost and not recovered in time for our last No., so that we have more than usual to insert, and are deprived of any room for a familiar talk with our readers. Yet we do talk to them by our notices.

Rose of Sharon, for 1842. The prospectus of this new Annual will be sent to our friends in this No., and we do earnestly hope that not a little effort will be made to see what can be done to give this work a speedy and extensive circulation. To every young lady who is so situated as to be able to rightly solicit subscribers to this Annual, and in whose heart is the love of our faith, we appeal for assistance. We appeal strongly through our restless anxiety to give a wide circulation to this queen of the Annuals—an anxiety springing from a knowledge of its worth, and from an acquaintance with what will be done to prejudice the public against it, by those who 'blaspheme the worthy name by which *we* are called.' Gentle maiden, who lookest hereupon! dost thou love our holy faith? and art thou desirous to have it more respected by those who deem its advocates unrefined and unintellectual? Give then thy countenance to this work; deny thyself of other gratifications, if need be, to possess it, and thine shall be a welcome Rose, its leaves all bright and fadeless, and full of the sweet fragrance of holy and pleasant thought. ☞ *Read the Prospectus.*

☞ Those persons who obtain subscribers are requested to return the Prospectuses by the 10th of Sept. next. The work will be published on the first of Sept.; and we are requested to state that the publisher, Mr. Tompkins, will have a large supply with him in New York, at the time of the meeting of the General Convention there, which will afford a good opportunity to many of our friends to obtain copies easily through the ministers who may attend the Convention; all of whom, we doubt not, will be perfectly willing to transact the business.

Family and Pulpit Bible. The possession of a really good family Bible, is no very ordinary occurrence, and yet it is a matter of great importance. When one is bought, it is not intended that it is soon to be superseded by another, but to last through life—to become more and more sacred by increasing associations of a hallowed character—to be one of those treasures to which the heart will longest cling. When the mother gives it to her bridal daughter, or the father to his son, they hope it will be such a treasure—one that they will 'love for the giver's sake and read for their own.' A good copy must be a matter of importance, that the eye of taste may be gratified, that it may be kept with care, that it may be easily read by the aged and young, that aids may be furnished to understand its contents, and that it may be a sacred ornament of the household. Each of these qualities is of consequence, and will be so allowed by those who have given attention to the matter. And we are happy to state that an edition of the Bible corresponding to our Ideal, has been published by B. B. Mussey, Cornhill, Boston. The paper is firm and white—the type clear and full—the marginal references of the best class—the index sufficiently extensive—the list of scripture names, with explanations, full—the Concordance, Brown's approved—and the tables of weights and measures valuable. The plates are of a good quality, the Family Record neat, the Apocraphy in its place, while the binding is strong and rich—beautiful calf. There is no exaggeration in this description, and an examination will convince our friends of the fact. For a family or pulpit Bible, we know of no better edition. We are told by a friend, who knows, that there is no better edition in the country—and therefore we cannot but advise those who are seeking a good Bible for the family altar or the desk, to possess themselves of a copy of the edition published by Mr. Mussey.

Essex County Quarterly Conference. The last meeting of this Conference was held in Salem, July 21. A good meeting was enjoyed. An animated discussion of the importance of Sabbath School conferences, took place, and a resolve passed recommending the officers, teachers, and friends of our schools to give attention to such organizations, which recommendation we trust will be kindly received and carried out. Ordination was conferred in the afternoon on Br. Henry C. Leonard, now of Gloucester, West Parish. The Sermon by Br. S. A. Davis, from Ohio. The Right Hand of Fellowship, by Br. Prince, of Essex, was a beautiful and touching performance. The Conference adjourned to meet in Georgetown, Oct. 20.

Sabbath School Association. Among the anniversaries which called the friends of religion and the great interests of humanity to our city the last week in May, was that of the Universalist Sabbath School Association. A good delegation from our Schools was present, and the business was done in unity of spirit. The public exercises, though unreasonably neglected by our city friends, were of a very interesting character—the sermon being delivered by Br. Greenwood. The Report by Br. Adams, was of great interest, being well condensed from the returns made by the pastors or superintendents of many schools. All these returns unite to speak of the interest children take in the exercises of their schools, of the delight true teachers enjoy, of the great importance of interest for the schools in the hearts of parents, and the great value and indispensability of a good library. A good deal was said upon the last item, sufficient to convince any one that something like a concentrated effort should be made to aid in selecting from the great mass of books, the good and valuable. If each school would make a catalogue of *examined* books found to be good, and these lists were brought together, an excellent catalogue might be formed. Many teachers are too fastidious, not remembering the variety of opinions that exist among Universalists on minor points of doctrine, aside from the great and glorious truth of the final restoration. Remembering this, many volumes may be culled from Unitarian libraries, of the highest worth and interest. Indeed we are, and gratefully own it, indebted to the Unitarian press for some of our very best books, and to it we look for more.

We trust the *Circular and Address* sent out by the Board of this Association, will receive the earnest attention it deserves. They are full of the best hints and advice, and

will do good in giving right ideas of the duties of officers and teachers in our schools.

We hope that the subject of auxiliary associations—alluded to in the resolves—will receive due attention from the friends of Sabbath Schools. The teachers of neighboring schools will find great benefits arising from forming a County or Teachers' Association, to meet at suitable times, and at the several churches, to discuss matters of importance pertaining to school discipline and instruction—to hear addresses and mingle thought to mutual profit.

MASTERMAN READY. A Story. By Capt. Marryatt. This brief tale, unlike most of Capt. Marryatt's productions, is entirely free from profanity, vulgarities, and low expressions. The tale itself is one of the most lively interest. It describes a storm at sea—a shipwreck—the landing of a family who were passengers, upon a lone island, and the various means by which they were made comfortable and contented in that desolate place. The hero of the story—Masterman Ready, is an old weather beaten tar, upon whose coolness, courage, and tact, the salvation and comfort of this shipwrecked family are made to depend. The book is intended for children, and a capital one it is; for it teaches in the most striking manner the advantage of practical knowledge and a familiarity with hardship and danger. The story of Masterman Ready carries us back, in imagination, to our boyish days, when we were so delighted with Robinson Crusoe, that we never tired of reading it. This story of Marryatt's is somewhat like it. Every person who begins to read, will not rest without finishing it. If such readers are to be found, all we have to say to them is, we are very far from wishing to possess their taste.

ESSAYS. By R. W. Emerson. This book is original—original both in thought and style. It is difficult to point out its characteristics, even in general terms. The book is full of noble spiritual thoughts—lofty and transcendental sentiments; and these are uttered without any attempt at logical arrangement, or much apparent effort for rhetorical beauty. Some portions of the Essays, we must confess we cannot understand; but what we do understand we accept and admire. And we would fain believe that the fault is in us, and not in the book, that we are unable to apprehend or comprehend more of its deep and holy meaning. We flatter ourselves that the older we grow, and the more we read of Mr. Emerson's productions, the better we shall understand, the better we shall love them. The faults, if there be any in the work, we are unable to perceive, and of course cannot point out. Indeed, we are not sure that we should mention, should we ever discover faults. We feel confident we should not, unless there were many, and these gross and palpable. We hazard the opinion, that the good things in this book will far, very far outweigh all the imperfections and errors which the most prejudiced and fastidious critic might discover after the most laborious examination. There is something within us which immediately responds to the sentiments in these Essays. We feel the dignity, the nobleness of human nature. We realize the immortality of our destiny. We are made better philosophers, better christians, better men. We recommend the work to all who love the highest order of truth—we recommend it as the best ethical and spiritual book of the age.

L. E. L. We have received from Mr. Mussey a copy of the *Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L., in two volumes, by Laman Blanchard.* This is a work which has been looked for with great impatience by the admirers of this lovely and ill-fated daughter of the Muse. It is a work, too, which we feel confident will not disappoint her warmest friends. The mystery of her fate, it is true, is not explained; but this is evidently not the fault of her biographer. Eternal silence must keep the chronicles of her dying hour. But her *life*—it is one still gliding stream of beautiful thoughts and generous deeds; a model for all true and delicate feminine natures; a sweet picture of self-sacrifice and earnest devotion to the happiness of those she loved. Of her poems we will not at this time speak, as we intend, at some future day to read them carefully with reference to a more elaborate review. Some extracts shall at that time be given; meanwhile read the following on 'Immortality.'

'Strong as the death it masters, is the hope
That onward looks to immortality;
Let the frame perish so the soul survive
Pure, spiritual and loving. *I believe*
The grave exalts, not separates, the ties
That hold us in affection to our kind.
I will look down from yonder pitying sky,
Watching and waiting those I love on earth
Anxious in heaven until they too are there.
I will attend your guardian angel's side,
And weep away your faults with holy tears;
Your midnight shall be filled with solemn thought;
And when at length, death brings you to my love,
Mine the first welcome heard in paradise.'

'TALES FROM LIFE.' Br. Tompkins:—Amongst the number of publications which you have issued in defence and illustration of the faith, for some time past, no one has given me more pleasure than '*Tales from Life*,' by Br. Geo. Rogers. Being somewhat acquainted with the author's felicitous talent for narrative writing, I had promised myself much satisfaction in the perusal of this little volume; but my expectations have been more than realized. Were I to attempt criticism, I doubt not that I might find myself able to give a *slight* preference to some *one* of the Tales, but not without adding, *all* are capitally executed. There are in it no sickly, love-lorn ditties, unbecoming the character and mission of the book. The work is in thorough, good keeping, throughout. It is not overwrought, nor yet is there any thing aimed at, which is not reached. Since what I have said, I have said because I believed it true, and not for flattery, I do most heartily wish the book might be widely circulated. Should any one be induced to purchase the work from this commendation, and *repent*, if he will give due notice thereof, he shall receive the price again twice told, and be well paid for his trouble. Br. R. in his preface intimates, that should this effort meet with favor from the denomination and public, he may be expected to furnish us with kindred labors. Professing to know somewhat of the tastes and wants of the Universalist community, I will venture to say to him, that, the laconic, but comprehensive command in the Apocalypse, is in this matter, specially applicable to himself, (viz.) 'WRITE!' I must say, Br. Tompkins, in conclusion, that, had I books for publication, the exceedingly rich manner in which yours are got up, would induce me to patronize your establishment. J. C. WALDO.

MANCHESTER, N. H. We are glad to hear of the settlement in this place of Br. G. W. Gage, late of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who was installed as pastor of the Universalist Society, June 23. Sermon by Br. E. H. Chapin. Manchester is a busy place, and needs an active minister—active in body and soul, and such a one we trust has been directed to the friends there. Br. Gage has our best wishes and prayers for his success.

GOSPEL BANNER. This most excellent periodical has entered (July 17) upon its 7th volume, and is decidedly one of the most vigorous of our denominational publications. There is a frankness, boldness, and integrity, in Br. Drew, which we admire, and a plainness of utterance, which is a praiseworthy trait in an editor, in this age of mysticism. His paper is always interesting, and we heartily wish him a great increase of patronage. The Universalists of Maine are false to themselves, if they do not give him a generous support.

'UNIVERSALIST BELIEF; Or the Doctrinal Views of Universalists.' Thus readeth the title of a new work by Br. Asher Moore of Philadelphia, published in a very neat style by Gihon, Fairchild & Co. We intended to read this volume ere we noticed it, but divers circumstances have occurred to prevent careful perusal. Such volumes should,

of all others, be noticed critically, and we are very ill satisfied with the hasty and brief notices usually given of them —so ill satisfied as to resolve to read critically ere we pronounce an opinion again. Of this volume we therefore say that its style of composition is good, and we have no reason to believe that the work as a whole is not commendable. With this belief, we commend the volume to the attention of our readers. It is printed and bound very neatly; 215 pages 12mo. Price 50 cts. Can be had of A. Tompkins.

New Map of the Vicinity of Boston. We acknowledge the receipt of a very neatly executed Map of the vicinity of Boston, with the dates of settlement, population in 1840, and distance from the capital, drawn by Alonzo Lewis, and published by Nathaniel Dearborn, 53 Washington Street, Boston. This is a valuable and convenient map, as it is done up in thick covers, making a thin volume about 5 inches by 3 1-2; and we commend it to public attention.

The Bible Universalist. Such is the title of tract No. I, published at the office of the 'Star in the East,' Cincinnati, O. It contains 32 scripture arguments for Universal Salvation; or rather it contains passages of scripture quoted with reference to the doctrine of Universal Salvation, and remarks to set forth their pertinency. The tract is from the pen of our industrious Br. E. M. Pingree, who vigorously applies himself to the important work of the controversialist in truth's behalf; and his writings have given to the Cincinnati weekly an earnest and strong character, which must command attention in every thinking community or circle. He and our good Br. Gurley are well united, and we wish them great success.

Worcester, Mass. We rejoice to hear of the organization of a Universalist Society in the beautiful town of Worcester. The pleasantness of that town always wanted one charm to us—the association in the mind of the existence of a brotherhood in the faith. About fifty persons, we learn, signed the Constitution at the commencement, and under the judicious labors of Br. S. P. Landers, we have every reason to believe that the society will become permanent, will increase, and exert a good influence in the community.

'A Letter to Rev. Nehemiah Adams, occasioned by his Sermon entitled "Injuries done to Christ;" by a Unitarian.' The author of this excellent production, we understand to be Rev. E. S. Gannett, and it is highly creditable to his christian disposition. Most effectually, and yet kindly, does he rebuke, and show the unreasonableness of, the position so commonly taken by Trinitarians—I am right, and am hurt by all opinions at variance with mine, and what injures my feelings injures Christ!—not remembering that, —as the author of the letter remarks,—our feelings are also wounded by the views which they hold. We thank the friend who gave us this pamphlet, and may make it the subject of a future article.

Lectures on the Elevation of the Laboring Portion of the Community. By Wm. E. Channing. A renewed perusal of this work has served to increase our very high estimation of its excellence. It is a 'tract for the times,' whose sober meaning is worthy of being written on the hearts of all who toil in the great workshop of life. It cannot but breathe strength into the soul of the laborer—it cannot but make him feel that his vocation is honorable and worthy of being honored by him, and it cannot but give him new and higher impulses. First, the author considers in what consists the elevation of the laboring class. In treating this, he offers in the opening a few excellent thoughts on the negative of the question;—that the proper or desired elevation of the laboring portion of society does *not* consist in raising them above the need of labor—making life one long holiday, for he has faith in labor as an ordination of God for our highest good. Again, this elevation is not to be gained by efforts to force themselves into what are called the upper ranks of society. He wishes the class he addresses to rise, not to the wearing of the artificials of life, but to substantial improvements and real claims to respect. Under this head, there is a very fine passage on Fashion—'a poor vocation.' Again, he does not expect that this elevation will come by seizing on political power and bending the administration of government to their particular interests. In short, it is not an outward change of condition, but elevation of soul. 'Without this, it matters not where a man stands or what he possesses; and with it, he towers, he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale.' 'A bird may be shot upward to the stars by a foreign force; but it rises, in the true sense of the word, only when it spreads its own wings and soars by its own living power.' The elevation of man is to be sought for, or consists, in the force of thought exerted for the acquisition of truth, in force of pure and generous feeling, and in force of moral purpose. The author next meets nobly several objections, and then with the utterance of strong thought, shows us the grounds of hope for the desired good. It is a beautiful whole. We commend it to all, for it is worthy of universal perusal.

Eagle of the Mohawks. This work, which is now being published in the columns of the Union and the New York Christian Messenger, is to appear at last in the form of a book. Although we have not read any portion of the story as published in the Union, yet we feel assured from what has been said by those who have perused that part which has been printed, that the tale is one of interest and excellent moral tendency. We like the title—we admire the subject. Forest scenery and the Indian character are to us full of the romantic. Price, $1 for the two vols. Six copies for $5.

Stephen's New Work. We have received from Mr. Mussey, a copy of Stephen's new work on 'Central America,' but have not opportunity to examine it sufficiently to venture upon a notice this month. Before the issue of our next number, we design to give it a careful examination and to speak of it as we believe it deserves. Some friend has remarked to us, that it is worth the price of the work to be permitted to look at its mechanical execution—and whoever has read the former volumes of this popular writer, will need no certificate of its *internal* power to interest and amuse. S. C. E.

Origin of Evil: an Essay addressed to the American Clergy of all Denominations, with a view to the improvement of Morals, Politics, and Religion. By a Layman. In press, and to be published the 15th Aug. inst.; to be had of A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill. pp. 24, royal octavo.

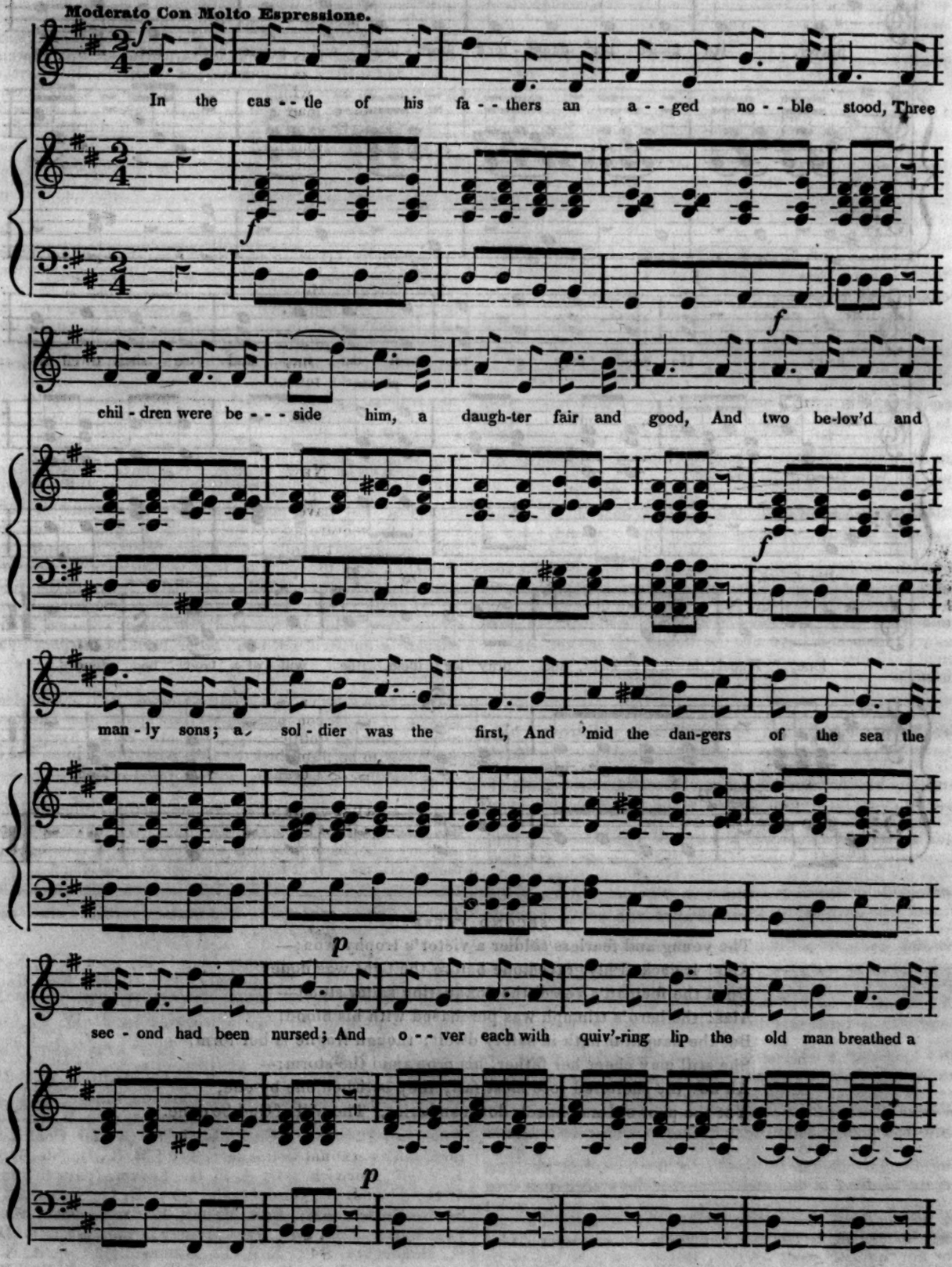
To Correspondents. Several articles intended for this Number have been crowded out. We anxiously look to many who have *promised* us articles, for a fulfilment of their promises. Is it right to neglect us thus long?

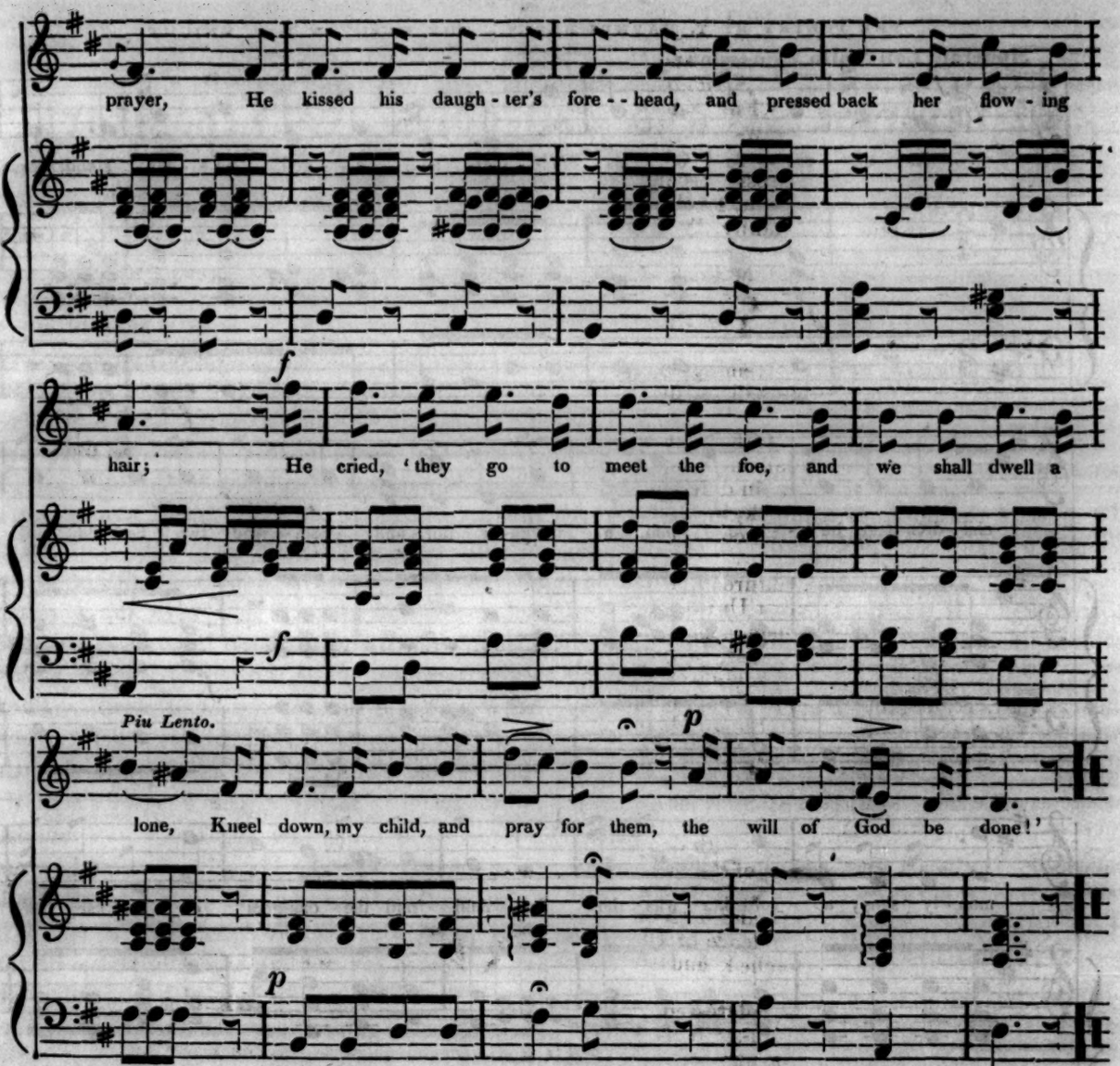
List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending July 30, 1841.

D. K., Westport, (pays to June 1842) $2; S. S., New York, $2; E. B. F., Lunenburg, $2; P. M., East Randolph, $4; R. L., Freeport, $2; R. H., Troy, $2; J. O., Erie, $2; M. M. G., Petersham, $2; L. W. T., Columbus Centre, $2; A. K., Hartland, $2; C. A., Cheshire, $4; N. R. W., Dunbarton, $8; P. M., Denmark, $2; A. J. L., Madison, $2; M. E. C., Madison, $2; D. M. G., Middlefield, $5; L. B., Cortland Village, $2; J. B., Burtonville, $2,50; H. L., Salisbury, $2; M. S., No. Attleboro, $2; T. D. C., Philadelphia, ($2 for Contributor), settles account to this date, $10; M. B., Buffalo, $10; J. V. W., Norwich, $4; A. C. H., Levant, (pays to June 1841) $1; J. G., Gordonsville, $5; D. D., Yates, $2; S. J., Dexter, $2; Post Master, E. Williamston, $4; Post Master, Erie, $4; Post Master, Levant, $2; R. D. F., Middlebury, $4; E. A. T., Milltown, $2; S. A. N., Bristol, $2; E. P., New Berlin, $2; H. D., Haverhill, $4; L. C., Haverhill, $2; M. K., Winchester, $2; S. S., Cuba, (no subscription received for less than one year) $1; B. P. B., Lyme, $13.

The Old Noble.

THE POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY.....THE MUSIC BY J. P. KNIGHT.





SECOND VERSE.

The young and fearless soldier a victor's trophy won;—
Alas! it decked his gravestone before the fight was done!
Upon the foeman's vessel the conquering sailor stood—
Alas! the hero's triumph was purchased with his blood!
But the daughter hath in safety dwelt; though fragile is her form,
She still may cheer her father, his prop amid the storm;—
Ah no! the sheltered rose must fall; they perished one by one,
Yet the poor old man kneels down and cries, 'The will of God be done.'

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For September 1841. No. 4.

The Beatitudes;

Or the Elements of Christian Happiness.

Chapter III. Sorrow.

'Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.'

To declare the mourner happy, brings a strange sound to many ears, and produces far different than feelings of conviction that the aphorism is a correct one. It was doubtless so when our Lord uttered the words, 'Blessed are they that mourn!' Many in that vast throng knew what mourning meant, and could not connect the least idea of happiness with it. Nor did he pronounce the blessing on all mourning; for he knew, as well as the apostle after him, that there was a sorrow that worked not life, but death, and by which, therefore, the heart was not made better. He looked into the hearts of his hearers—he saw there deep lamentation for the vanished glory of Israel, that beauty had departed from her high places, and the heathen still triumphed; as he saw this, he pronounced that mourning blessed when it led to the acknowledgment of the cause of Zion's desolation and produced a true grief for sin—the lament that her iniquities had caused the sceptre to depart from Judah. Well he might do so, for it was this feeling that would lead them to contriteness of spirit, and prepare their hearts for the comforts of the gospel. That mourning was, and is, intimately connected with human happiness by which the heart is made better — the disposition improved — the child brought home nearer to God. And when this lesson is learned, we understand the spiritual value of afflictions, the true philosophy of sorrow, and how our griefs may be reconciled as the ordination of wise Benevolence, for our highest and best good.

Ossian speaks of 'the joy of grief,' and his language is the poetry of truth. There are deeper well springs of joy in grief than in any of the luxuriant grounds of pleasure, and many have tested the reality—finding in experience a valuble comment on the sweet Psalmist's words—'They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.' There is a power in sad and mournful music, in the breathings of the melancholy muse, and in the touching narrative or painful tale, to which all hearts respond; and an undefinable joyous sadness is felt as we mourn with the mourner. The gay and sportive recital loses its charm after a few perusals, while the tale of sorrow always has a freshness that interests and pleases. There is a chord touched that gladness cannot reach, and its music, though sad as the strain of the dying swan, is sweet as the song-bird's in the hour of its love, and teaches the tender morality of sympathy with our kind. Life would be monotonous and dull, were it all joy; for who would wish to see the river flow ever smooth and gentle, and earth present one aspect of vernal brightness? The dews on the flowers have made them more charming, and tears in human eyes have woke a love smiles alone never could have created. Yes, indeed, grief has been, and may be, sanctified for our happiness.

Happy are they who mourn! could be better declared by him who did declare it than any other; for with him, in his gospel, were the interpreters of the mysteries of life, and the ministering spirits of love from the better world. He saw how the human heart was waked from its lethargy of sorrow, taught of the instability of earthly things by afflictions, and made by bereavements to inquire for the everlasting home and unshadowed beauty. He knew how adverse to human good was that lethargy, how fatal to lasting peace the fastening of the mind to earth, and how little man knew of his higher nature while here to him was heaven and time eternity. Therefore he could well pronounce a happiness

connected with mourning, and promise comfort to the sorrowful heart that would hear him. Whatever makes us feel more our better nature, and realize more our immortality, may be regarded as contributing to our blessedness.

Perhaps the original application of the Savior's language, though it has a deep and wide meaning, was to the bereaved—those who were mourning the loss or sickness of dear objects of love, and that to them his gospel of life and immortality would open springs of living comfort. Such would eagerly seek his doctrine, finding in its spirituality the sympathy needed, and be ready to follow him, while the gay and the prosperous would give little or no heed to his teachings—and therefore the sorrowing could be pronounced happy, as the issues of that sorrow were seen by him.

We take our Lord's words in their full meaning and broad application, as conveying a spiritual truth; and in showing how that truth is connected with the developement of our better nature, we aim to demonstrate the benevolent mission of sorrow.

'The true sorrow of humanity,' says an old writer, 'consists in this;—not that the mind of man fails; but that the course and demands of action and life so rarely correspond with the dignity and intensity of human desires; and hence, that which is slow to languish, is too easily turned aside and abused.' Or as another has quaintly remarked, 'There dwells, in every man, a passionate longing for a better world, which he tries to assuage by earthly pleasures, as the women in India put snakes in their bosoms for coolness; but ours knaw into the heart, and it perishes, with its feverish thirst unslaked.' Man does not recognize the true intent and purpose of his deep desire for happiness, why there is such a contrariety between the mind and the outer world, and he flies over earth, vainly seeking the satisfaction he pants for, till his wings droop in weariness, when they should be bathing in the sunlight and gaining strength in the pure and free air of heaven. He prepares himself to live for time and this world; and when disappointment or death comes, there arises a sorrow such as angels deem only becoming a being who has no knowledge of an immortal destiny. Sorrow clears away many of the clouds that have obscured his vision; he is brought from the Imaginary to the Real—from life as he would have it, to life as it is. Who will not say there is blessedness in mourning, when it awakens man to the consciousness that this is not his home—that here the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—and no continued order of things which can insure him that as is to-day, so to-morrow will be? Men do not learn this lesson soon enough; not till after the world has often time had the best strength of their days, and has chilled their affections. And from this flows most of our sorrows; for this ignorance and blindness leads to the giving up of the heart to perishing things, preventing the influences of the better world from acting upon our tempers, passions and affections, and sanctifying them to our best good; for while they are unsanctified by trust in heaven and deep and holy thoughts of eternity, they are without their true balance, and their best traits are hidden. Hence wild passion's excess, the low and groveling feelings of selfishness, the ill placed attachment, and the long and dark train of miseries springing from want of sympathy with and from our kind.

> 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy,
> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy;
> The youth, who daily farther from the East
> Must travel, still is nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended;
> At length the man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.'

Sorrow must perform the mission of bringing the soul back to the heaven that is around us in our infancy—to such a love of heaven as we then had for our home, to such a confidence in God as we then had in our mother, to such an eager and passionate longing for the things of eternity as we had then for the future, and to such a trust in a surrounding and protecting love as we had then fixed in the friends around us. When the heart is thus brought back from the world and the things which disappoint and betray, the new creation is commenced—the old heavens and earth begin to pass away and the new to be unfolded—and we are amid a world of light and beauty which has religious associations that make spiritual types of every thing; and though it has no audible voices, it has a language the most impressive, because the language of deep thought and feeling. There is all this—and experience alone can tell how much more—in the apostolical description of the effects of the spirit of adoption in the heart, summing them up in one phrase, '*a new creature.*' Blessed are they who mourn, for *thus* are they comforted.

O many have found sorrow for the dead the parent of a living and joyous faith! While the beloved was around them, earth was all sufficient; they rejoiced in the smiles of love, and revelled in the romance of life; they dreamed not of heaven, for they had a heaven of their own. But the great teacher—death—came to one, and the language of the other heart was:

'If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had past,
That time would e'er be o'er,
When I on thee should look my last,
And thou should smile no more.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart,
In thinking still of thee!
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.'

The heart that mourns the departure of such a loved one, and the glorious light so brightly beaming once around its path, cannot be soothed by thoughts of the *value* of the loss. The memories of the past, the dear relations of life broken, the tender associations connected with a thousand things, the remembrances of looks, smiles, tones, and words, that have hallowed hours and scenes, make the tears well up from their deepest fountains. Those drops as they fall, ease their hearts, and they feel it a luxury to weep; but there is no blessedness till the rays of immortality's sun are reflected upon them, changing them into a bow of immortal promise. And how often in those hours, suddenly as when during a summer shower the sun darts out its light, spanning the heavens with the glorious bow, does the consciousness burst on the soul that for them in the purpose of God's grace, there is all the heart can desire—heaven, re-union, eternal love!

Perhaps death never comes more suddenly to any than to the mother as she bows in gladness over the child of her heart, who has ever scarce known of sickness, but who is suddenly touched with the blight of disease, and ere the smile has fairly left its cheek, death's dews rest upon its brow. If she was ever reminded that children sometimes die, she turned only to read more searchingly the signs of promise of life and long continuing health in her own. It seemed to her wrong to think *hers* could die, though many passed away from homes around, as ray after ray of pleasant light. And when the face of her dear one is changed, it completely overwhelms, for she was utterly unprepared. And to comfort her there is placed in her hands, 'The Mourner Comforted,'[1] and she turns and turns till her eye is attracted to an article entitled, 'Consolations in the Death of Infants.' 'Ah!' says she, 'here my heart will find comfort!' and she reads. But O who can describe the effects of ice floods of horror which roll over her affections as she reads this cold passage: 'Indeed' (as though it were a matter of surprise!) 'some have thought that all infants dying baptized are certainly saved. And a very learned and accurate person has lately contended for the salvation of all infants, whether of christian or heathens; and that *by the addition of the whole infant world, the number of the saved will be greater than that of the damned.* But I *doubt* we cannot easily be *certain* of this, how desirable soever it may appear to be true, and *that it is saying more than we have sufficient ground in the Scriptures to support.*' The writer adds that it is a very agreeable thought if it could be made good, but thinks 'we should not be wise above what is written, or pretend to greater certainty in the matter than we have sufficient means to come at.' This is the way the mourner is comforted by Episcopal teachers! 'Miserable comforters are ye all.' Denying even the hope of salvation to the mother for the infant dead! O mockery of the religion of him who blessed little children! Blessed are they that mourn, when the bereavement makes them test the hollowness of such doctrines, and leads them to the Resurrection and Life—to the truth as it is in Jesus, not man.

Again;—how many have thus been taught that 'it is for others rather than ourselves, that the fond heart requires an hereafter.' He that has lived out all love, who has none to whom the affections are bound, may rejoice in the nothingness of scepticism, and be glad to doubt the reality of a future life. O he is desolate indeed! But not so with him who feels that doubt or disbelief tells him that, as a certain writer has said, 'those he has loved with all the passion, the devotion, the watchful sanctity of the weak human heart, are to exist no more! When after long years of desertion and widowhood on earth, there is to be no hope of re-union in the *Invisible* beyond the stars; when the torch, not of life only,

1 A duodecimo volume by an Episcopal Clergyman, with the beatitude which is our theme for a motto. The extract is a specimen of the style in which attempts are made to comfort. Cold consolations are these!

but of love, is to be quenched in the dark fountain; and the grave, that we would fain hope is the great restorer of broken ties, is but the dumb seal of hopeless, utter, inexorable separation! And it is this thought, this sentiment, which makes religion out of wo, and teacheth belief to the mourning heart, that in the gladness of united affections felt not the necessity of a heaven!' This has been often God's way to wake the worldling, to rouse the slumbering wanderer, and teach the unbeliever the necessity of religion.

And O, thank God! how many by mourning have been made to give that candid and prayerful attention to the evidences of our faith which insured belief, but which for years they scorned to give! The child passed the infantine age of unaccountability, died; the unbelieving father or mother has departed; the dear brother or sister is no more on the earth; or a friend, loved as the apple of the eye, has gone down to the chambers of death; and an awful uncertainty rests on their fate—for the doctrines of men marked them as the unregenerated, and perhaps they were of the sensual and ungodly. They stand by the grave and think! O God of love! what thoughts run like liquid fire through the brain; they see them arraigned before the bar of a 'Justice turned to Wrath,'[1] and

> 'God in the grasp
> Of his almighty strength, takes them upraised,
> And throws them down, into the yawning pit
> Of bottomless perdition, ruined, damned,
> Fast bound in chains of darkness evermore!'

And what is the effect of that vision? The heart forgives the dead—it asks no vengeance for any wrong done; it sorrows that error and vice ever darkened their fame. Is it satisfied with the fate awarded by the fancy of their doctrine? Can it find comfort therein? No! no! every compassionate feeling of the human soul rises up in rebellion against it, or reason totters and the brain maddens with the overwhelming weight! The hour of the death of loved ones—loved though sinful—has convinced many of the hollowness of all the pretensions of all doctrines antagonist to ours to the qualities of a comforter to the bereaved heart, and they have come through sorrow to our faith, as the sceptic comes to christianity. We may talk of the utter and eternal misery of the felon on the gallows who died in his hardness of heart, and not be moved; but there are those to whom such language will sound more withering than did the death sentence in the criminal's ear. We can converse calmly of others' griefs, but our own we feel; and when the priest, who by his intellect, not his heart, has pronounced the eternal ban upon many a wretch dying in guilt, finds at last his own son—precious though disobedient, dear though vile—is one of the same, the heart of the man conquers the intellect of the priest, and he cannot pronounce the anathema, no more than David could take his heart from Absalom.

Reason gives comfort when the good and faithful die. Many are the volumes put forth for mourners full of consolations for those who mourn the departure of virtuous friends; but when those who have been led away by the foes of goodness die robbed of all spiritual beauty, the heart that mourns for them can find therein no comfort—nothing to say—'David was comforted concerning Amnon;' but there comes from them many a tone that jars terribly the chords by which we feel, made peculiarly susceptible by grief. They come to the gospel. They read with eyes from which scales seemed to have been removed by tears. They see in Christ a tenderness they never saw before, and he becomes unto them the resurrection and life of the world. They learn the extent of resurrection grace, and that the voice of scripture answers the questions of the heart—How are the dead raised up? Shall sin be destroyed? Shall the loved be redeemed? Joy beams into the heart. Happy they rise from their grief, with a confidence, a trust, a spiritual and all-pervading comfort, they never knew before. Christ is in them the hope of glory, not only for self, but for all loved—the whole race. 'Heaven would be hell, if loved ones were not there!' says the poet Percival; and it is true. Heaven is heaven, because we trust loved ones are there, sanctified and pure, and that we with them shall praise Redeeming Grace.

The application of our theme is very far from being exhausted. There is blessedness in sorrow when it wakes up feelings of love and sympathy for others; when it makes us dissatisfied with ourselves and inspires effort for improvement, and whenever it leads to a higher estimation of our spiritual nature and to more constant and true devotedness to its relations. So should it be with us—always seeking out and applying the lesson the Spirit would teach us by our sorrows:

> 'How little of ourselves we know
> Before a grief the heart has felt;

[1] Pollok's 'Course of Time'—lauded as *evangelical in sentiment!* The true evangelism of partialism.

The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Though blight and blast their course fulfill.

Love's perfect triumph never crowned
The hope unchequered by a pang,
The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bound,
And Sappho wept before she sang.

'Tis only when it mourns and fears,
The loaded spirit feels forgiven;
And through the mist of falling tears,
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.'

B.

Written for the Repository.

The Calls of Death.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

'I AM content to die, but Oh, *not now!*'
MRS. NORTON.

I HEAR thee, Angel! Thou hast called me long
With varied summons to the peaceful tomb;
But on my soul the hold of earth was strong,
And I recoiled from the unanswering gloom,
And prayed, amid familiar scenes a longer time to roam.

It came when youth and hope were beating high,
Soft as the breath of summer on the air,
But life's young pilgrim could not bear to die
While earth was glad, and all around was fair;
The beaming eye had known no tear, the heart no throb of care.

It came again, and life was not the same,
But Oh, so slight had been the change, my heart
Still shuddered at the dread and awful name
Of *him* whose sure, and stern, remorseless dart
Doth from the blessed bonds of love the trembling spirit part.

Once more it came, when year on year had fled,
And clouds had gathered in life's morning sky,
And Memory pondered o'er the changed, the dead;
Still Hope was near with bright and trustful eye,
And sang her joyous song till earth looked all too fair *to die*.

It cometh now, nor to my Father's will
Yet bows the spirit, for another gleam,
The last and best, is shining brightly still,
And calmer, purer, steadier far, its beam,
Than aught which yet hath shed a charm on life's dark-gliding stream.

And yet a little longer I would stay
Beneath the influence of that tender light,
For in the radiance of its lovely ray,
Once more, upon my time-corrected sight,
Life hath put on a deeper joy, and earth again is bright.

Yet Oh, my Father, if thy high behest
Command that soon my dust to dust be given,
Spare to the last this lingering gleam of rest,
And let my life go out like summer even,
With soft and glorious beauty clad, till melting into heaven.

DEATH. What a vacuum is caused in a family by the death of a fond parent, or child, and how grave seems the vacant seat! Our mother, earth, has received another of her own.

Written for the Repository.

Hungering and Thirsting after Righteousness

BY REV. T. C. ADAM.

[THIS article is the concluding portion of a sermon which we listened to in Boston, some weeks since, and which contained so much consolation and encouragement, that we could not forbear a request for its publication. If there are any among our readers, as doubtless there are, whose minds and hearts have been distrustful of spiritual progress, who have felt, and suffered from, the weakness of a willing spirit, we commend to them a careful perusal of the excellent counsel which follows. Constantly tempted as we are, weak and faltering in the path of light, beset by reproaches and misgivings of conscience, we can nowhere find so great a source of comfort and encouragement as in the words of our Savior: 'Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, *for they shall be filled.*'

Where conscience is the paramount principle of character, the course of the spirit is continually upward and onward—continually far-reaching into the sublime glories of the heavenly kingdom; yet how often, even in its highest and strongest flights, does it pause almost in despair at the illimitable height above it, and at the awful proximity of the earth beneath. How great and constant need has it, therefore, of an assuring voice—a voice from below that shall go upward, from above that shall invite, and soothe, and encourage. God's blessing be upon these words of our brother, and make them gracious ministers of peace and encouragement to all those 'who hunger and thirst after righteousness.'] S. C. E.

* * * * *

WE would now notice a doubt or difficulty which we know has troubled, perplexed, and discouraged many a one who has set out, with all sincerity and earnestness of purpose, in pursuit of righteousness—moral excellence, ever-increasing goodness. Their experience so little authorizes them to think that they shall ever be filled or satisfied, that in an hour of despondency and forgetfulness of the pleasures they have already tasted on the way, they have put, or been ready to put the question, Will those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, indeed and very truth, ever be satisfied? According to the explanation we have already given of the beatitudes, asserting, namely, that the promises annexed should not be considered as arbitrary re-

wards, but as the natural and inevitable consequences of the character, conduct, or disposition referred to in each particular instance—according to this explanation, Jesus himself answers this question. His language properly interpreted says: Those who seek the dominion of conscience, right, uprightness, righteousness within them, with the strong, vehement, and not to be denied craving of hunger and thirst, such will be satisfied—it is the natural consequence of this condition of their mind, that they will ultimately attain the object of their desire, and that, meanwhile, they should be making gradual approximations towards it: If then we doubt not the words of Jesus, the question is answered.

But this, we are well aware, may not be entirely satisfactory to such as may be discouraged or perplexed as above stated; to such as may be disposed to put the above-named question. If we guess aright, the source of doubt or hesitation from which such questions usually originate, there needs some other answer to set the mind at rest. The source from which such difficulties, such questions usually spring, then, we suspect to be this —a consciousness of *some* desire after increasing goodness or righteousness—some sincere, earnest, though, perhaps, but feebly-influential desire —and at the same time an oppressive dread that the person is approaching no nearer to it—a melancholy consciousness that the object is far from being realized, the inward craving far, far from being filled or satisfied. We appeal to every one who has taken any steps in a divine life, in an emendatory self-discipline, if he has not found that, just as he has made advances in the divine life, his conscience has become more sensitive, —more quick-sighted to detect, more authoritative to condemn, all remaining unrighteousnesses or departures from the law of right; if it has not frequently appeared to him that the more he or she strived and struggled after righteousness, and perfection in goodness, the greater seemed his or her remoteness from the object—the greater the distance to be travelled over, or the work to be done, ere the object could be obtained. This is a strange, a perplexing fact, a seeming paradox, and I question if it can be made intelligible except to those who have felt it in their own experience. But, nevertheless, it is a fact that the more righteous and perfect we become, the more sensible are we of, and the more poignantly do we lament our remaining unrighteousnesses and imperfections. Blessed are they who have discovered this in their own experience—blessed and happy has Jesus pronounced them when he said, 'Blessed are they that mourn,—mourn over their remaining evils, wrong-doings, unrighteousnesses, imperfections, for according to an established law of heaven, such godly sorrow *if* accompanied with corresponding and consistent labors and exertions, will lead to reformation—such persons, if consistent, will labor, will continue the work of sanctification, until all these evils and imperfections are eradicated or overcome, and then will they be comforted. Now we suspect that the question we have named originated in this increasing nicety of conscience—in a feeling that notwithstanding that there is not wanting a desire of betterness—of increasing goodness and righteousness, and notwithstanding that something may actually have been done towards the realization of this desire, yet that the goal or bourne seems far remote, and that the work to be done increases in extent in proportion as an entrance is made upon it.

If originating in such a consciousness, those who have such doubts or perplexities might be thus addressed:—Be not discouraged, even should the work to be done seem to be only increasing and enlarging upon your hands; for it is well with you—it is an omen of good when your experience is such. There are quite a number of considerations which should and would tend to keep you from yielding to hopelessness and despair of ever attaining the object of pursuit, if you would only think of them. A few of these—by no means *all*—may be here suggested to you.

Recollect then, in the first place, that it is a law of God's moral administration that the farther we advance in goodness, the more cognizant of remaining evils and imperfections our conscience or moral sense becomes. If the ground yet to be gone over—the work yet to be done, therefore, appears to you greater, in a certain sense, than when you first commenced it, it is a good sign—a sign that you are walking in the right path, and that God is carrying you forward from one degree unto another of righteousness, moral excellence, and perfection.

Again; Consider that something analogous to this increasing sensibility of conscience to the great extent of goodness yet unattained, even by the best of us, takes place in other departments of human desire and pursuit. Who was ever satisfied with riches, or possessions of this world? Who was ever satisfied to the full with wisdom,

learning or knowledge? Take the latter case as one in many respects analogous to your own. Look around you, and as a general law you will find the most ignorant and illiterate the most self-conceited of their attainments—the most obstinate and inflexible in their judgments—the least open to reasonable argument or conviction, and the least desirous of more knowledge. Somewhat like this was the case with you while your attainments in goodness were small; you were better satisfied with yourself, in one sense at least, than you are now when your attainments are greater. You were less sensible of the heights and the attainments in virtue yet before you, and less desirous of reaching them. Somewhat similar, too, is the case of many a youthful student. When he goes for the first year to high-school or college he returns generally very self-conceited, and proud of his great proficiency—of his great attainments in science or literature. His eyes are not yet open to the immeasurable fields of knowledge and of literature yet before him—yet unexplored by him. A second year generally makes him less proud, less self-conceited, more sensible of his deficiencies, and of the immensity of the ground yet to be gone over ere he become perfect or even greatly proficient in knowledge. A third year makes him still more so, and a fourth; and if he devotes his whole life to making attainments in only one department of science, he will, as a general rule, be less conceited and even less satisfied with his attainments at the end of a long life, than he was the first year of his collegiate course.

A circumstance related of Sir Isaac Newton well illustrates this; and as it has been of service to some who have suffered under the pressure of the very fears and discouragements we are here attempting to remove in you, we would beg your attention to it, in the hope that it may bring encouragement with it to you also. You know that this man devoted almost a whole life to making researches and advances in one department of human knowledge, and that he succeeded in making such discoveries as carried human science and human vision much farther than any one had done before him. And yet notwithstanding all the sciences he had mastered, and all the advances, discoveries, and improvements in knowledge he himself had made, he was not vain, nor self-inflated; he was humble as a little child, and thus, or somewhat to the same purpose, expressed his feelings: 'I feel,' said he, 'as if I had only begun to explore the great field of knowledge; I feel as if not even ankle-deep in the great ocean of truth; as if I had been, all my life, only picking up shells on the shore of that illimitable ocean which yet lies before me.' Such, we may well presume, would be your language in regard to moral excellence or righteousness, even were you to make as signal attainments in virtue and all moral excellence as Sir Isaac Newton made in science, and a knowledge of the physical laws of the universe.

But we must confine ourselves to the brief suggestion of one other source of encouragement in the pursuit of moral goodness and righteousness. It is this. You are destined to be progressive beings, never perfect, but always, except when indolent, inactive, or positively vicious, making progress toward perfection. It is essential to this condition of gradual and ever-increasing progress and improvement that your desires—your ideal, should ever keep in advance of the actual,—of present attainments. Were it not so, you can easily perceive the consequences. You would inevitably stand idle and inactive for want of an object of desire to stimulate you to exertion. You may, therefore, be well assured that it will always, at least after the greatest attainments in this life, be with you as now it is; you will never be filled or satisfied in the sense of obtaining a feeling that you have already attained, either were already perfect; but as Paul said, so may you, 'This one thing I do, forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those that are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high destiny of mankind which God has set forth in the sinless perfection of our great Exemplar and pattern —the man Christ Jesus.' Paul adds, 'As many as be perfect, (that is, would be perfect) be ye thus minded;' and they are the world over: they are always forgetting or lightly esteeming the attainments and the progress already made, in comparison, at least, with what remains yet to be accomplished. And so it is with all who are disposed, in some of their moods of mind, to put such a question, to be perplexed by such a difficulty or doubt as we have been endeavoring to answer and remove. So it is with such, and so it ever will be. Perfection and the desire thereof, will ever be ahead of all attainment; and it will ever seem as it does now, as if this bright canopy of perfection were ever elevating itself above our heads away into the heaven of heavens, far above

and beyond the reach of all possible, or at least of all ordinary performances.

Be not discouraged, therefore, we would say to those who are ready to faint and falter in their up-ward and on-ward race; hunger and thirst with earnest, urgent, constant, oft-returning, and unquenchable desire after righteousness, and all moral excellence; you will be satisfied, you will be filled with a feeling, a consciousness of an ever-increasing harmony with God—an ever-increasing likeness to his image—a feeling that God dwells in you and you in him, that you are making progress in the divine life, and becoming more and more partakers of a divine nature;—your holiness will increase and consequently your happiness; you will never indeed be *fully* satisfied, but you will always be abundantly satisfied, compensated for the progress made. Hunger and thirst, then; occasionally you will be feasted and well satisfied or filled; but it is essential, indispensable to your progress and perfection, that the hunger and thirst should ever and anon be renewed, else never could you arrive at the destined perfection, bliss and beatitude of your moral and spiritual nature.

Let it, then, be the influence, and the effect of these remarks, to make us all renew and corroborate our vows and resolutions to obey the eternal law of gradual progress, and to make it more and more the business of our lives to press onwards to the goal of goodness and perfection.

'Dost thou not feel the empire of the soul
Is great, surpassing all that kings can claim,
. . . . and dost thou not
Feel conscious that thy spirit's strength can sway
A sceptre far too mighty for thee now,
While thou art clothed in mortal vesture here,
That oft entangles and throws down the soul,
And makes a subject of what should be king?'

If so, then will you be false to the nobility and capacities and cravings of your nature, if you do not *press on*. Hear again the spirit-stirring voice of song:

'There is an everlasting voice echoing
And echoing in my ear,—Press on! press on!
And though I go amid the silent haunts
Of wood and hill, or by the rolling sea,
Or yet amid the busy crowded mart,
I hear the pealing spirit-sound, Press on!
And often when my soul is stirred and roused
To earnest action to obey that voice,
I feel an angel's wings beneath, and seem
To soar above the earth—am lifted up
Away from sensuality, and all
That binds the spirit to the grosser world:—
And blessed is the freedom.

Press on
Is *still* the pealing voice within the soul,
The echoing voice of God, who in the depths
Of our mysterious nature, hath prepared
One sacred place that yields response to none,
Save to his spirit-voice; and if at night,
When the still heart has sympathy with stars,
And hears their solemn music, thou wilt hark
To hear the deep—low tones within,—Press on!
Will greet the mystic ear devotion opes.'
. . . . . .
'Trust thou that voice, and it will bid
Thy soul have strength to hope for life and joy
Eternal and most pure; a heaven thou'lt have
In thine own heart, and thousand angels there
Will keep thy mind awake to God and good,
And for the goal of goodness thou'lt press on!'

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

'Original'!

'Ripened fruit is wholesomer than that which is green.'

I don't know why—but *so* it was—that this short, common-sense saying of 'L. C.,' in the Repository for July, should have started me out into the field of meditation, with pen in hand, to think, and write, and then to get printed the subjoined important and 'original' things of intellect. The reader, too, may ask the intent of this small talk. Let him follow on—for he might, perhaps, be in worse company.

When 'L. C.' penned the above shrewd saying, (—it *was* shrewd where he placed it, although any old grandmother might have said the same in quite a different connection,—) the relative subjects of 'original' and 'selected' matters were in his mind. I desire a word in the same strain—glad indeed that 'L. C.' has so aptly introduced it to the readers of this good paper.

There is at present an unnatural taste in the world of ideal creations, for originality. People get so tired of themselves and of all things *common* around them, that something new must come up at every convenient or inconvenient season. New school books, orations, sermons, essays, editorial articles, plays, dresses, cooking stoves, and patent medicines are sought. Improvement is the order of the day. Even novelty gets wearied, and seeks relief in itself, in vain.

'Long time ago' was it said, 'there is nothing new under the sun.' The truth of this saying applies to our subject. That which we call originality is in nine cases out of ten, only a repetition of something which has been done, said, sung or written hundreds and thousands of years before. We ape others in thought, word and deed;—we steal with the most unscrupulous grace what has been often stolen before, and swell with the exhilarating idea that we have been original!

But the mania rages. 'Originality' is the watchword. We must have it in the literary world. Swarms of newspaper and magazine writers pretend to it with faces of brass as well as pens of steel. They prose without mercy after the same old fashion; and because the batches are made up into new shapes, they are devoured by the voracious public. Many of our servants who dish out to us our literature, do it with the manifest determination to cram us with 'original.' Selections—good, better, best though they may be, are not the things. Original! give original! And so it comes from the knight of the quill who in the work of catering is 'constantly on hand'—now and then indeed agreeable to the palate, but oft-time 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' From little penny 'Clippers,' 'Transcripts,' 'Budgets,' 'Posts,' 'Mails,' and 'Expresses,' to huge moving 'Jonathans,' 'Notions,' 'Libraries,' 'Omnibuses,' 'New Worlds,' and 'All Creations,' we are surrounded with 'originals;'—so the worldlings think. But they are not all wise.

In the scientific world originality must come up. Phrenology yet puzzles inquirers, and picks their pockets for experiments on their skulls,—it is so original;—and so with animal magnetism—for this is an experiment on skulls in more senses than one. 'Grammar Pierce' chirps and buzzes the science of language by the hour or month, the yard or mile; turning old Lindley Murray topsy-turvy, and playing such 'tricks of authorship' before the gaping multitude, as to make all grammarians in regular standing weep scientific tears, and inspire not a few with desperate resolutions to write original grammars, and 'set up' for themselves. Exact miniature ghosts make their appearance in Daguerreotype. A galvanized man is made to stand, walk and dance. A truly living man has just invented wings for human flight,—soon shall we be in the air! Professor Espy has been to France and obtained letters patent for managing storms, and would draw Boston audiences to hear him lecture, were it not that his science is too airy. It must come nearer, so as to be seen on a stage, like one of Dr. Collyer's magnetized subjects. New music which when played brays 'horrible discord,' comes out in streams to the noise-making world, and is admired because it is 'original,' while those who execute it revile and slander the soul-moving music of the old school.

Wonders are sought. The old and ordinary will not satisfy; notwithstanding the shameful ignorance of the great mass in the very first principles of science. They are still reaching out for a scientific novelty. All this, because 'the schoolmaster is abroad.'

In the religious world the same propensity for originality is seen. Men are not content with plain, simple forcible truth. They want powerful stimulants with it. They seek new and strange dishes thereof. Bible reading and thinking is not strictly in place with the age; it might have answered fifty years ago. Ministers may now talk about it; but books written in more modern style than that of the Bible should now be read. It hath even been declared from the pulpit that the inimitable account of the sacrifice of Abraham needs improvement, or deserves obliteration.[1] The New Testament is strangely awry. St. Paul was not systematic, and ought to have lived in 1840 or '50—that he might be learned; as Germany was somewhat wild, and Cambridge College had not been erected, when he wrote to the churches! In consideration of these things, and about fifty thousand more which may not now be particularized, certain of our fashionably religious congregations require a ministry fitted for the age of 'originality,'—not a ministry of deep, clear thought—but of the high, the distant, the soft and hazy,—not of pointed, logical, doctrinal reasoning, (horror!) but of new words and phrases, polished sentences, pearly interrogations, golden exclamation points, and diamond periods. And it would often add to the beauty and originality of a sermon, if it could be preached from a text not in that antiquated volume, the Bible, but from Xenophon's Hiero, Cicero's Tuscalan Questions, Seneca's Morals, Bulwer's Ernest Maltravers, or Emerson's Essays. Glory to originality! What wonders will it not effect for the world of religious reformers; and how will it render null and void such sayings as these from an old fashioned missionary; 'Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the rudiments of this world, and not after Christ. But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.'

But I will desist—or I shall be annihilated by the crowd which I see coming in search of 'something new.' Nevertheless, before I close, permit me to say, that I am a friend to progress

[1] See Rev. Mr. Parker's Ordination Sermon, about which so much vaporing has been witnessed.

—have no fears of innovation—shrink not from truth—love not antiquity for its own sake—would have manners modernized if substance be not changed,—and have no great horror in the thought that humanity should be whimsical;—yet against one thing I do protest, and that is the rabid taste for 'originality' now prevalent, while there is at the same time prevalent such consummate ignorance of what has been already said, sung, written and done on 'this terrestrial ball.' J. G. A.

Malden, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

'Why Weepest Thou?'*

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

Upon the resurrection morn
Of Him who died to save,
A tearful woman was the first
To seek his silent grave;
When o'er that lone deserted spot
The mourner came to bow,
She heard his well known voice exclaim,
'Mary! why weepest thou?'

'Forget thy grief, and haste to those
Who now lament for me,
And tell them that their risen Lord
Thine eyes were blest to see;
Say that the Master they have loved,
To each his blessing gives:
And be thou joyful in the thought,
That thy Redeemer lives.'

Sad is my spirit and cast down,
Disquieted my soul;
The rushing torrent of my tears,
I can no more control:
While unresisting, to the storm
Of passion wild, I bow,
I hear my Savior softly say,
'Mary, why weepest thou?'

'Let no vain grief thy peace destroy,
Thy dearest hopes shall die;
They fade before thy vision here,
To beam again on high.
When prone to murmur at the ills,
Which must thy portion be,
Look to the fatal cross whereon
Thy Savior died for thee.'

Rebuked, dear Jesus, at thy feet
My passion I resign,
Let my own heart forget its pain,
While I remember thine:
Thy thorny crown, thy taunting foes,
And wounded side I see;
What are my sufferings to those
Of Him who died for me?

Lord, soon thy lesson is forgot,
Thoughtless I turn away,
And fix my love, my joy, my hope,
On idols formed of clay.
Alas! the dark insatiate grave,
Is opening for them now;
But there again my Savior speaks,
'Mary, why weepest thou?'

'Remember while thy tears flow fast
Above the silent sod,
Nothing thou lovest there remains,
The spirit is with God!
Have I not told you many times;
And shall my word be vain;
That as I triumphed over death,
So shall they live again?'

Lord, I believe! thy soothing words
My faith, my hope increase;
Like oil upon the tossing waves,
They hush my soul to peace:
A peace, a hope, so deep, so sweet,
Which nothing earthly gives:
I will be joyful in the thought,
That my Redeemer lives.

* John 20th.

Written for the Repository.

The Summer Rain.

'Wafted up
The stealing cloud with soft gray blinds the sky,
And in its vapory mantle, onward steps
The summer shower; over the shivering grass
It merrily dances, rings its tinkling bells
Upon the dimpling stream, and moving on,
It treads upon the leaves with pattering feet
And softly murmured music.' SHELLEY.

The rain is falling—the vegetable world has waited long and anxiously, and has not been disappointed. It comes invisibly. I exert the utmost powers of vision and cannot see the falling streams or drops; but I hear it as it falls upon the roof and stirs the leaves of the trees and plants; and as I hear it, I think of the beating of my own heart, that, unseen, sends the vital element through a thousand avenues. The rain is the blood of the material world. Sent out by the pulsations of the great heart—expansive force, it circulates through the whole wide range of the body, and every portion of the indescribable vastness, receives benefit from it. I love the rain when thus it comes—so gently, so musically, so free from the associations that rise in the mind when the wind is strong, the descending streams are heavy, and the trees bending and bowing, like a multitude when a long line of honorable guests are passing, and to whom respect must be, at least, outwardly paid. Now I can almost see the flowers distending their little throats to drink in the blessing—the twigs spreading out their leaves to catch it, and the grazing animals in the pasturage bend their necks and receive it. Even the travelers seem to love to be beneath the shower, and the little children open wide their palms to catch the drops, while they turn their faces to the sky and laugh merrily as the rain falls upon them, making them wink, and bathing their heated brows. The maiden, the housewife, and the aged dame, bear out the flower

pots into the yard, where the rain may water the favorite plants, and they stand each at the window or door to see the small crystals dance on the leaves or rest in liquid brightness in the folds of the flowers. 'Blessed rain!' exclaims the sick one in her chamber, as the curtain is put aside and the cool air comes in, refreshing as the voice of love after mingling with the clashing throng. The world without looks brighter to her gaze. The dazzling paleness of the leaves has departed, and the softly glistening green is grateful to her sight, while the fragrance of the sweet briar rushes in and fills her room. A new life steals over her frame, more cheerful thoughts engage her mind, and she feels more hope than she has known for many a weary day. The farmer rejoices in the reviving gift, and rapidly looks from part to part of his fields to see how much is received by them all, and then gazes up as he thinks of the distant lot and his neighbors' fields, to see how far the showering clouds extend.

The scene in the city is pleasant far beyond description. There the warnings of the gathering clouds are little heeded, and when the rain comes, it comes to make a thousand say, 'What a sudden shower!' The tradesmen who believe in show—in gaining customers through tempting the sight, run to take in their finery, while the store that has seen but few persons to buy, is now filled with many to seek shelter. The workmen leave their benches, the clerks put their pens across the ear or between the lips, and the trader forgets his bargains, to rush to the doors and enjoy the cool air and the rain. This is the time for jests and jokes. The hurrying of the travelers, the dripping dresses of the fashionables, the slips and falls of unlucky pedestrians, and the scrambles of the fruit dealers and the haberdashers, afford infinite amusement to the bystanders. There's music too in the shower here—as the water pours down through the tin spouts, dashes on the signs and shades, and rushes along through the streets, down the grates of the tunnel. And what is more musical and beautiful than the falling of the rain on the quiet waters of the harbor! Millions of drops, every one sparkling like a diamond and rebounding from the surface, and with a whispering sound sink into the bosom of the deep, as though they felt they should be as well off there as in the cloud, and were telling each other so. And there on the wharf, by that good old pump from which we have drank a thousand times, the hand the cup—stands the drivers of the watering-machines, feeling completely 'cut out' by the shower, yet patting their horses and thinking of release from labor.

'The rain is over and gone.' And though at a sixteen mile remove from the ever loved city, I see the beautiful and joyous display on the wharves, as hundreds of sails are spread and the merry shouts and songs of the sailors are heard on every side, while the waters reflect the gorgeous and infinitely varied clouds floating in beauty above. The streets are no longer dusty, and are filled with hurrying travelers eager to make up lost time, while the traders hasten to arrange again the attractive show—yet all of them pause in their flight, and labor to admire the circling bow, that tells them to remember God and his promises amid the cares of busy life.

Around me here the scene is beautiful as there. The window of my study is opposite a pleasant street, at the head of which two noble trees hide a doctor's and a parson's mansion from my sight. The irregular range of white and dark houses on both sides, are washed clean and bright, and the tree that here and there protrudes itself, nods in sympathy with my praise and love of the shower. The grass on the banks is greener than it has been for weeks, and the spots where the scorching sun has withered every blade, shine with golden beauty. The chapel where a faith far different from mine is advocated—has more charms than of late, as it glistens in the light and the running drops cleanse the glass of the windows. Would that like effects could be wrought upon those who are wont to gather within its walls, by the doctrine that drops like the rain, and distils as the dew—as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass. But the broad stones in front glisten to smile me into hope, and the beautifully cultivated and fruitful gardens on either side, cheer me to labor, as they demonstrate what effort can do even in reference to the material. The clouds float over my elevated position in every variety of form and hue, and a smile rests on every thing within sight. Blessed be the summer shower! agent as it is of so much good, waking up joy in so many hearts. I wait for another visitation of the angel of the rain, when the earth shall again be ready to echo her pattering feet. B.

To be busy in doing good, is balm to the mind.

Written for the Repository.

Evening Twilight.

'Tis in that hour when twilight throws
Its mellow light o'er every thing,
When mountain top and valley glows,
And birds their evening vesper sing;

'Tis when the western clouds are spread
In graceful forms along the sky,
And gold and crimson, blue and red,
Are blended, all in harmony;

'Tis then the stormy passions cease,
And cares are hushed within the breast;
A thousand voices whisper peace,
And anguish leaves the heart to rest.

'Tis then the spirit soars in praise;
Then gushes from the heart its prayer;
For while the evening twilight stays
We feel—we *know* that God is there.

Duxbury, Mass. C. W. H.

Written for the Repository.

Love and Absence.

'The love that might,
By absence be extinguished quite.'

Can this be love—that true genuine love, which hath its dwelling deep in the inmost recesses of the human heart, and like the warm blood that there ebbs and flows, giving life and animation to every nerve and muscle—pervades every faculty of the mind—is mixed with every thought, and affects every impulse of the soul? No! 'tis but its counterfeit! Where the heart has really bestowed its warmest esteem and affection, (and we believe the first to be necessary to the last,) absence will not diminish that attachment—it will rather gather strength from that very circumstance, even as the force of the cataract is increased by its height from the stream.

How delightful it is to indulge in thoughts of the dear and the absent. The little failings to which all are now or less subject, are forgotten, and we think only of those amiable qualities that so much endear them to us. Memory loves to recall and dwell upon each kind word, look, and tone, and we fancy we again behold their pleasant faces, and return the warm pressure of their hands. We seem indeed to commune with them in spirit, and we appreciate them better, and love them more. We could not forget if we would! The endeavor to do so would counteract itself. Give me no lethean draught! For although I might thus lose the remembrance of much that is painful, I would not even on these conditions be deprived of thoughts of the past—the loved and the absent. Pure and hallowed are the feelings that spring from such reflections. It is this that gives a refinement to friendship, and melts the heart into a tenderness it never knew before.

Absence is truly the test of friendship—by it alone we can form an adequate conception of the strength and power of the ties that bind us to those we love. And absence alone can tell us whether we are the subjects of regard to others. And painful though it be, to experience the bitter disappointment, that our 'heart's wealth has been poured on dust,' let us not shrink from the discovery. Better, far better is it, to know we have been deceived, than still to confide in a regard which is of so little worth, as to be diminished by absence.

Does the tender mother with her little family gathered around her cheerful hearth at night, forget her boy, long absent as a sailor on the deep? No! dearly as she loves those who are now clinging so fondly about her, her thoughts are most with him who is not there! And when she supplicates her Father which is in heaven, on behalf of her dear ones, her warm and heartfelt prayers for that absent son, dwell longest upon her lips. And here we are reminded of the affecting parable of the prodigal son. See that aged parent with trembling steps, and tears of joy flowing from his eyes—hastening with outstretched arms to welcome the long absent wanderer! He has not forgotten him—but he has forgotten all else—he has forgotten his desertion of him in his old age, the squandering of his substance, his misspent life! Beautiful and touching illustration of our heavenly Father's love to his erring and wayward children! His brother is jealous on account of the rejoicing manifested by his father, and how pathetic is the language of the latter, when in the fullness of his heart, he thus replies to the remonstrance, 'son,' thou art ever with me—this thy brother was dead and is alive again; he is lost and is found.' S. M.

East Randolph, Vt.

'As a fish will sometimes gather force, and, with a longing, perhaps, for the brightness of upper air, leap from its prescribed element, and glitter a moment among the birds, so will there be found men whose souls revolt against destiny, and make a fiery pluck at things above them. But, like the fish, who drops, panting, with dry scales, backward, the aspiring man oftenest regrets the native element he has left; and, with the failure of his unnatural effort, drops back, content, to obscurity.'

Written for the Repository.

Romance of Woman. No. 2.

It is hoped the title we have given to a short series of poems upon historical themes, of which the following was intended to be the commencement, will not suggest any association with 'Records of Woman;' for we are fully sensible of the immeasurable distance at which our best efforts must lie below those of her who stands at the very head of female poets. *Suggested* by her 'Records,' this series may have been, but is chiefly intended as a sequel, or, more properly, a companion to a former series, called the 'Poetry of Woman!'

The Tomb of Cecilia Metella.

But who was she, the lady of the dead
Tombed in a palace? Byron.

The obscurity which veils the history and character of her whose ashes it once contained, renders it, to one at all given to vain imaginings, more eloquent than if it were the concomitant of a most interesting and elaborate chronicle.
Tuckerman's Sketch Book.

Je suis entré dans le tombeau de Cecilia-Metella, et je m'y suis assis sur l'herbe. Ces fleurs qui, dans le coin d'un tombeau, dans l'ombre, pour ainsi dire, de la mort, faisaient briller leur couleurs; cet essaim d'abeilles réfugiées entre deux rangs de briques; le miel qu'elles compovaient là, ce doux bourdonnement de leur vol léger, qui s'ecchappait du silence et venait distraire ma pensée; ces azur des cieux, formant au-dessus de ma tête une voûte magnifique, que des nuages d'argent et de pourpre peignaient tour à tour en fuyant; le nom de Cecilia-Metella, qui peut-etre fut belle et sensible, et sans doute fut malheureuse; le souvenir de Crassas, l'image d'un mari désolé, qui tâche, en amoncelant des pierres, d'éterniser sa doleur; . . . . tout cela et mille autres impressions que je ne saurais, ni démêler, ni nommer, jetèrent peu à peu mon âme dans une rêverie délicieuse.
Dupaty's Lettres Sur L'Italie.

In beauty stands it 'mid the wrecks of power,
'Neath the soft splendor of Italian skies—
A crumbling monument, a round old tower—
A question of the past with no replies.

The ivy clings around it like a thing
That loves decay, and beautifies its work;
And birds of joyous song and radiant wing,
And murmuring bees among its ruins lurk.

The very flowers have tracked the secret way,
That they might blossom on Metella's grave;
And their rich perfume, shed above the clay,
Is the best incense that the dust could crave.

Resting unknown beneath the ivied tower,
How many a wandering footstep turns to thee;
Turns from the wrecks of Roman pride and power,
To muse on thee and on thy mystery.

Thou'st lived, Metella, thou hast loved and died;
A common history; nor need we more
To name thy name with reverence and pride—
Thou wert a woman, and thy lot is o'er.

In early childhood by Egeria's fount,
Where oft high converse Numa held of old,
And o'er the gorgeous Palatinean mount,
Perchance thou hast often wandered uncontrolled.

By Tiber's banks, o'er Roma's proud old hills,
And thro' the verdant plains around them spread,
'Mid blushing flowers, and softly glancing rills,
Perchance by maiden dreams thou'st oft been led.

Enough of fame to thee that thou wert born
Of pure patrician blood—a *Roman's* wife;
That thou the home of Crassus didst adorn,
Brightening the stream of his luxurious life.

And he hath loved thee, he for thee hath grieved;
And centuries have passed since o'er thy dust,
He raised this 'stern round tower,' and thus believed
To keep thy name in everlasting trust.

Still stand in beauty, with thine ivy crowned,
Tomb that a husband's love hath sanctified!
For this, Metella, art thou still renowned,
Tho' all we know is—*thou hast lived and died!*

S. C. E.

Written for the Repository.

The Fruit of the Spirit;

or, the Christian Graces.

Chapter X. Temperance.

'Tis to thy rules, O temperance! that we owe
All pleasures, which from health and strength may flow;
Vigor of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiments refined.'

We are soon to part, patient reader, for I have but one more Grace to present to your notice; but though the last, it is not the least in importance; for it is the province of *Temperance* to preside over all the others, to guard them from the excesses which change virtues to vices, and make unsightly branches show themselves where once was a beautifully healthy growth and great promise of fruitfulness. By temperance we are not to understand that reference is made solely to one kind of indulgence that poisons the health of body and mind, ruins the happiness of home, distracts society, and spreads ruin and desolation on every side, and against the suppression of which so many strong and powerful measures are adopted and carried out; but we are to understand the restraints which the christian law of happiness requires us to put upon all our desires, that they all may be controlled in harmony with each other and moral excellence; and hence the maxim is correct, that 'restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.'

All the passions of our being are good, rightly developed and directed; but the best may be prevented by intemperate indulgence. To those whose influence is felt at least throughout the little community of home, I would fain present this Grace in all its attractive powers. I would clothe it in the beautiful garments of an angel, that it might hover near them day and night. It would touch their eyelids with the first beams of the morning sun, and bid them rise with the grateful orisons swelling in their hearts for the thousand sources of enjoyment and usefulness opened to them. It would disperse listlessness and check the uprising of vain and foolish desires; and

would close the lips when anger or calumny would defile them. It would so guide them that they might pass through scenes of mirth and gaiety as the wise travelers of old passed through the valley of Baca—using not its enlivening draughts to excess, but only as means of refreshment and invigoration, to strengthen and bless.

While my thoughts dwell on this virtue, I am reminded of an incident and conversation that occurred some time since, while I was traveling in a stage coach through one of our beautiful New England villages. It was toward the close of an autumn afternoon; the whole day had been spent within the narrow limits of the coach; but the tediousness of many a long mile was forgotten when its termination found us still amid the rich and glorious scenes of Indian summer, and the sad thoughts occasioned by parting with friends, were rendered less sad by the cheerful countenances and animated conversation of our fellow travelers. They were five in number;—a communicative and sensible old lady in sable robes, whose kindliness of heart was manifested many times during our journey by the proffer of her snuff-box, smelling bottle, or fan, on the first appearance of indisposition in any of the company; an intelligent looking lad, her grandson; a middle aged gentleman, with free, frank, and courteous manners; and two young ladies, modest, unaffected and polite. From each and all—from the good old lady to the youngest one—whose greatest worldly care for the present seemed the protection of a delicate geranium from the elbow of the gentleman who in his earnestness in conversation would often forget its existence,—there were expressions of thought and feeling which have never escaped my mind; and as I thought of the sweet intercourse I had enjoyed with loved ones whom I had left that morning, and felt the happy influence even of the society of strangers, I could not but make mine the language of the author of 'Hyperion'—'Shall I thank God for the green summer, and the mild air, and the flowers, and the stars, and all that makes this world so beautiful, and not for the good and beautiful beings I have known in it? Has not their presence been sweeter to me than flowers? Are they not higher and holier than the stars? Are they not more to me than all things else?'

It was, as I have said, nearly sunset, and we had arrived at the last village in our route. It was situated on a plain, and as we ascended to it from a high hill the scene was perfectly enchanting. The light and shade on the lawns and meadows—the mingling of many hues on the thick foliage that almost screened the villagers homes from sight, all gaining additional lustre from the golden rays of the autumn suns, formed a camera obscura-like picture as we caught glimpses of tiny forms in the distance, and to our ears ascended the busy hum, mingled with the schoolboy's whistle, the cricket's chirp, and the ripling music of the mimic cascade. But the ardor of our admiration was damped even on our entrance into this little Eden, for the first dwelling that met our eyes was a large neglected looking tenement, with shattered panes and broken blinds, and before its door lay a prostrate sign that bore evidence that the building had once been the stranger's home, but the wretched and bewildered beings who emerged from it, too plainly showed that it now made strangers at home. A cool and sparkling fountain near the door—the only relieving sight—attracted our weary animals, and the postilion drew up near it. We would fain have closed our eyes at the sight of the unholy objects before us, had not a little girl, rushing into the door and crying bitterly, attracted us, and fastened our attention there. She seized the hand of one who had just entered, and almost drew him in his benumbed state to the door. He resisted her, and reached forward his hand for the proffered glass. She looked wildly into the face of the tender and exclaimed, 'O do not give him more! poor mother is sick and alone, while Willy and Charley are crying for bread. Give me that fourpence.'

'Go off, child—your father can take care of himself,' said the man; and the young creature, whose strength was exhausted by the effort, finding it wholly unavailing, came sobbing down the steps. As she passed by the coach, the gentleman of our party questioned her, and she simply and earnestly told the story of her father's downfall, her desolate home, and sick mother. Her tender and artless eulogy on that mother drew tears from our eyes. A sum was dropped into her hands, and as she clapped them exultingly together, she cast a stealthy glance up toward the door of the house, and whispered, 'He'll find it.' Just then the jingle of the bells of the baker was heard, and quick as thought, off she ran, as her keen appetite well understood the signal. Our horses were soon on their way, and as we passed the child, she smilingly held up

her little shawl filled with the needful for her suffering home.

'The poor little creature makes great count of what is small,' said the eldest young lady whom the gentleman had familiarly called Isabel.

'Ah yes,' said he, 'she has need of that now, though once her home yielded her every comfort.'

'Then you know her father, do you not?' we observed.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'He removed here a few years ago from the town of my residence, and a sad move it was for him; for his downward course has been a melancholy proof of the effects of first yielding to the tempter.' ''Tis true, my son,' said he, addressing the lad, 'as one of our country's most able writers has remarked, "The lover of social pleasures little dreams that the glass, which animates conversation, will ere long be drunk in solitude, and will sink him too low for the intercourse in which he now delights. Intemperance comes with a noiseless step, and binds its first cords with a touch too light to be felt." '

'Was he free from the spoiler's art when he first came here?' asked Isabel.

'Yes, he was always a happy, cheerful being,' was the answer, 'easily yielding to the excitement of amusement; but the society by which he was surrounded, had ever exercised a good influence over him; and not until his removal here, to become gardener at the residence of an opulent and luxurious gentleman, had he ever been known to indulge in stimulants. Ah, poor fellow, I do blame him for his weakness in exercising so little control over himself, and neglecting duty and reason; but more do I blame the reckless intemperance of the man who first bewildered him by the splendor and dazzle of luxurious banquets, where the sparkling wine flowed freely; and still more I blame him who, because of the intemperate love of gain, wilfully robs his family of bread, and offers no resistance to his weakened nerves so long as he has a penny to add to the avaricious purse.'

'Ah,' said the old lady, who by no means had been an uninterested observer of the scene, 'Ah, there is a vast deal more intemperance in the world than merely the use of intoxicating drinks, and though it does not rob the face of its fairness, and the form of its grace and erectness, it does steal away the best feelings and affections of the heart. O my young friends,' she added, with much affection in her look and tones, 'in the course of my long life I have traced the downfall of many a promising son and daughter, to the want of proper control over their tastes and propensities.'

'It is true,' said the gentleman, after a pause, 'and as the love of excitement seems inherent in our natures and is so early manifested, those to whom the charge of the young is committed, cannot be too cautious that this passion is directed to pure and virtuous pursuits, and healthily indulged. There is the taste for reading, for instance, wherein the bent of the mind is so early discovered; when rightly directed, it is a life long blessing, bringing us into communion with the best minds; but when left to the judgment of the young, untaught and imaginative, it often generates the bitterest curse.'

'The certainty of that,' said the young lady with the geranium, 'was forced upon me when I recently visited an interesting friend of mine. I remembered her as a thoughtful, studious girl, who would often steal from the amusements of her schoolmates, that she might enjoy herself in that which was more congenial to her taste. Her mother was kind and indulgent, but possessed of rather an indolent mind, and had never given a thought to the character of her daughter's reading, yet priding herself with the idea that her daughter would one day be a learned lady, because 'she read so much.' Books of fiction, giving false ideas of life and high wrought pictures of the affections, early engrossed her attention and vitiated her taste; and now, she who gave promise of early talent and usefulness, is the personification of affectation and sentimentality.'

'And perhaps,' added the gentleman, 'she will be led into what she considers a romantic attachment, will make her home miserable, and the end will be like the scene we have witnessed to-day.'

'The love of the beautiful and the power of imitativeness,' he continued, 'are other traits which can be made productive of the greatest happiness or misery. When rightly directed, they impart elegance and grace to the humblest home, and throw around it those thousand little charms which would otherwise be wanting, giving life and vigor to the whole outer and inner world; but when wrongly influenced and overpowering to our better judgment, and permitted to gratify the lower propensities of vanity and selfishness, their effects are often as fatal to the

peace and prosperity of home, as many indulgences that appear far more blameable.'

'Yes,' said the old lady, 'many a poor, wretched parent can trace the line of her misfortune back to the time when she coveted the gay dress, or rich piece of furniture, of her more prosperous neighbor, and permitted the thoughts of it to revolve in her mind until she persuaded herself it was actually necessary that she should have it.'

'The fondness for amusements and over indulgence in their accompanying luxuries,' said our intelligent looking Isabel, 'too often proves to be the "joy that in the end hath heaviness;" for the faculties and vigor of body and mind will soon yield to their enervating power. I have a friend who would set no limits to the gratification of this taste, excusing herself with the plea that it was perfectly innocent and harmless. She had a brother whose careless and intemperate habits caused her much sorrow and mortification; she had time after time plead with him to resist, but in vain. One evening, just before her departure to a ball, she had been more than ever earnest, when somewhat excited, her brother exclaimed, 'Ellen, what is the use of all this! You must practise what you preach, ere I'll follow you. Here you've been a whole week employing all your powers to complete that splendid dress. You will spend the most of the night at the ball, will return wearied and sick, and will scarcely make an effort to arouse yourself until another ball calls you to study out another fashion. Now I advise you never to tell me of talent wasted, and of time misspent, again, until you direct your own to a little more advantage.' The appeal forced conviction to her mind, and since that time she has been a different being.

'And yet,' said the geranium holder, with a slight blush, 'you do not join in the indiscriminate condemnation of the amusement of dancing and its gaieties?'

'By no means,' answered Isabel, with animation. 'The Jews celebrated their sacred festivals with dancing, and I think it a pleasant and healthy excitement when rightly attended to. I often recall the remark of Mrs. Hamilton in that portion of her letters on Education which treats of Religion. She says—'Let me not be laughed at for the confession, and I shall freely acknowledge that I at this moment look back with infinite pleasure to the delightful period, when, with the simplicity of infant innocence, I poured out my little soul in grateful thanks to the Almighty for the happiness enjoyed at a dancing school ball.' 'And she speaks also,' added Isabel, 'of the benefit produced to her mind from the powerful association of felicity with the Divine favor.'

'A singular confession,' said the gentleman, 'but one worthy of being remembered.'

'I'm sure I can make one like it,' said the more confident geranium holder.

'And so can I,' added Isabel, 'but I question if any such religious feelings are awakened by the fashionable and promiscuous balls now so common.'

Just as she ended the coach stopped at the Post Office of the village in which our journey was to terminate. Two men stood before the door engaged in high dispute. We should not have imagined from their menacing looks and angry tones that Religion was the subject, had not a few remarks met our ears which decided the case.

'There,' said our gentleman, 'is another species of Intemperance—the intemperance of speech. Those men will extol the light of reason, independence of mind, and the value of discussion. Yet if one sees proper to differ in opinion from the other, he is in danger of being called a fool, a heretic, or a blinded soul; which he returns with no gentler speech, or greater consideration. Each one is certain that all the light and knowledge belongs to himself, or his sect, and the rest are wrong. Ah! tis thus that our holy religion becomes a jest and a bye word to the thoughtless and indifferent. The zealous partizans, unmindful of the legitimate effects of christianity, become the harsh and unspiritual, and furnish themselves with the weapons of opposition, brandishing them to display their skill at every opportunity, and manifestly for their own glory. Thus they clearly prove that their hearts have received none of the spirit of the religion they laud.'

As the gentleman paused, our friend Isabel—who had apparently waited until the last moment, that she might lose none of his remarks—arose and modestly thanking us for the pleasure of her ride, took leave, saying to the gentleman as she descended from the steps—'You must call tomorrow, Doctor you know not how mother has improved under your care.'

'There,' said he, as soon as the door closed and the coach again moved on—'There is a perfect model of Temperance,—so good an illustration of our general theme that I cannot let it pass without notice, and I am glad for this reason

that we are all bound to the extreme part of the town. In Isabel's short life she has known the extremes of affluence and penury; but so equally balanced are all her feelings and desires, that it has produced no jar in the nice harmony of her noble mind. When surrounded by the blandishments of elegant society and the allurements of luxurious habits and customs, her pure mind yielded not to their temptations, and she early felt that the abundance around her did not release her from obligations to her fellow beings, and that happiness consisted in yielding her powers to the service of God and his children.

She sought the law of right to direct her every thought and act, and strictly obeying its injunctions, a beautiful agreement was produced in her mental, moral, and physical constitution. She may pass through changes and trials, but her well disciplined mind will discover in them her clearer title to an inheritance above. Since her change of circumstances, her virtues have shown out with more strength and beauty than ever; for she has proved the support and comfort of a declining mother, and the hope and joy of a disappointed father.'

'Does she reside here?' asked one.

The country it was thought might be beneficial to her mother's health, and during this summer she has boarded here—her daughter defraying the expenses and adding to her comfort in many ways by the proceeds of a school she has procured here; she appropriates none of her earnings to herself, save what is absolutely necessary. She has just returned from a visit to her father, for his employment will not allow him to also dwell here, and she knows he needs her society sometimes. She will soon return to the city with her mother, and the prudence she has exercised has enabled her father to procure a pleasant winter residence for them.

Here the halting of our horses at the hotel put an end to the conversation, and as I was the only one to tarry there over night, I bid farewell to my pleasant companions with feelings of regret, commending the young schoolmistress to the gentleman's care. And as the carriage passed away, I could not help thinking in my heart that he who will exert himself as the Doctor had to interest and improve and make pleasant the time to stage-coach travelers, and remove the restraints, coldness, and often rudeness to which they are liable—is a public benefactor.

Home Vale, Mass. ELLINORA.

Written for the Repository.

Dew and Holiness.

'THE fervent heat of yesterday's sun had almost parched the face and exhausted the sweets of nature. But what a sovereign restorative are these cooling distillations of the night! How they gladden and invigorate the languishing herbs! Sprinkled with these reviving drops, their verdure deepens, their bloom is new-flushed; their fragrance, faint or intermitted, becomes potent and copious.' HERVEY.

I HAVE been meditating on the phenomena of the *dew* so welcome to drooping plant and flower, and often winning our admiration by its loveliness. I have consulted the scriptures for the sacred associations therewith, as is my custom when considering any part of the natural world, and these associations I find to be eloquent indeed. I notice that Moses in his last blessings on the tribes, thanked God for 'the precious things of heaven, *for the dew*;' and as he did this he doubtless thought of the good bestowed by the ministry of the dew, which caused him in his sublime song to liken the effects of truth to the distilling of the dew—as the small rain upon the tender herb,—divinely fitted to impart new life and increase the fruitfulness. It was because of this, that God in the time of need promised to be as the dew unto Israel; and because of this also, brotherly love is likened to dew. Transient virtue or goodness is also compared to dew, but not for the reasons just mentioned, but because it soon passes away; or rather it is compared to the early dew which promises much in the warm climate where it is ever grateful, but which is suddenly suspended by the action of winds or clouds.

The subject has thus become pleasant to me—may it be so to the reader; and I cannot put it from me for another till I have traced out a spiritual analogy between holiness and the phenomena of dew. This is not an employment of mere fancy, for it is of the greatest consequence for us to connect spiritual things with the natural world that is ever before us and attracting our attention by some of its great variety. We can do thus, and in doing thus we shall surround ourselves with sacred teachers, while by hallowed associations the beautiful in nature is made more lovely and attractive.

First, then, of the origin, or formation of dew. During the day the moisture of the earth rises in invisible vapor and hangs suspended in the air; when the coolness of night comes on, this vapor is condensed and falls to the earth in small drops called dew. Some portion of dew is formed by

the vapor being condensed ere it rises into the air from the surface of the earth, and jewels the grass and flowers sometimes with minute pearls ere the sun departs. The deposition of dew is always most abundant when the night is cloudless, and where there is no protection from the atmosphere. 'Whatever interferes, in any way, with the process of radiation of heat from the earth's surface, has a great effect on the deposition of dew. Hence the radiation of heat, and consequently the deposition of dew, are obviated by the slightest covering or shelter, as by thin matting, or even muslin; by the neighborhood of buildings, and innumerable other impediments near the surface, and matters interposed at a great distance from the earth's surface.' 'A knowledge of this has enabled gardeners to preserve plants from frost, that otherwise must have perished; and in the early settlement of the western counties of Maine, the formation of artificial clouds as they may be termed, by the condensation at evening of the immense volumes of smoke that arose from the lands that were being cleared of timber, was found to be an effectual safeguard to such late crops of corn as were endangered by frosts. Indeed it is found that the cooling of the earth necessary to the deposition of dew rarely takes place while the thinnest strata of vapor is visible in the atmosphere. Young plants in the garden may be preserved from frost by spreading over them anything however flimsy that will prevent the radiation of the earth, as a simple mat, or a box with a milinet or muslin covering, or even a linen cloth, provided that the covering does not touch or rest upon the plants. Vegetables or trees growing near walls, houses, or high fences, are sometimes saved by the partial check these afford to radiation; and every farmer who plants his orchard, knows that corn or potatoes planted under the trees will remain green long after those around them have been killed. In this case the spreading top or foliage of the tree intercepts the radiated heat and returns a part of it to the earth by the electric currents that exist in all living vegetables.

'The rapidity with which dew forms about sundown, may be considered a pretty sure criterion of the degree of cold which will prevail during the night; and of course the necessity of precaution, or otherwise, may be determined on in season to save such plants as require protection. The formation of ice in warm climates furnishes a curious proof of the radiation of heat. In Bengal and principally in the vicinity of Calcutta, some 300 or 400 persons, previous to the introduction of New England ice by Yankee enterprise, found a constant and profitable employment during the summer months, in the manufacture of ice, for the use of European residents. Broad, shallow unglazed earthen pans, were placed on dry straw, and when water was poured into them, ice of the thickness of half an inch was sometimes formed in a night; and those nights, in which dew was deposited most copiously, were always found to produce the thickest ice, while clouds or wind interrupted it entirely.'

Thus we perceive that dew is formed wherever the process is not impeded, from every part of the earth. The vapors that rise, rise from all the varieties of moisture that exist, from the putrid pool where poisonous insects lurk, as well as from the pure waters that bathe the roots of sweetest flowers. From all, the transformation can be made, by which that which had no beauty becomes as beautiful as pearls resting on the brow of loveliness, yea, more so. So with man and holiness. From all the varieties of human characters; from the most morally putrid, as well as from those whose affections have always run pure and sweet, the laws of spiritual transformation can produce holiness, beautiful and fruitful as the dew. They have done so. They are doing so. The divine influence is ever operative; and converts to Christ are multiplying as the drops of dew on the clear, cool summer night. The pearly globes which rested this morning on the flower beneath my window, in which the light was swimming like gold fish in the glass, were perhaps yesterday a part of earth-defiled moisture utterly devoid of beauty; but the sunbeam, like an angel pitying the impure, did not shrink from kissing it and winning it to rise from its low estate. It rose—became changed, and lo! as a sinful spirit from the baptism of truth, it again mingles with the things of earth with sweet charms. Beautiful types of spiritual transformations, will the dew ever be to my sight; and to God shall my prayer be, as oft as I see the morning light giving beautiful hues to the crystal drops,—

'O may thy Spirit in my spirit shine;
As shines a sunbeam in a drop of dew.'

2. Dew is formed by the action of natural laws, and according as the laws are permitted to act, the effect is produced. So with spiritual laws, man, and holiness. All effects are produced by

laws in matter and mind, and it is only thus that they can be produced. But some seem wholly to disregard this fact in reference to the outward and inward world, and therefore they are ever aiming at effects blindly, wasting much of their strength in unphilosophical speculation and effort. Man loves too well the devices of self-will, never giving enough solemn thought to the query: 'Should it be according to thy mind?' Should the infinite concerns of the universe be all made to contribute to working out thine impulses? Rather, O man! seek to make God's mind thine, and then thou mayest have thy will and be innocent. We must work with God, if we desire real good. We must work with, not against his laws, else we shall war without victory, and spend our strength for nought. In all departments of human effort this maxim will hold good; therefore, in the highest efforts, those made to gain holiness, we must obey the laws that govern these. It is not when the winds of excitement are around, and the clouds of mysticism obscure the clear stars of faith and hope, that the dews of holiness are best and most abundantly distilled upon the heart, reviving its drooping powers and filling it with fragrance to breathe out unto heaven. O no! We are never to forget that we are creatures of reason when holiness is our aim or object; we must not mistake excited feelings for firm convictions, nor impulses for deliberate promptings to do right. 'My speech shall distil as the dew,' is the voice of religion to the soul. The 'still small voice' comes nearest and most powerfully to the heart; and the angel of strength draws nigh to him who at the evening is alone, as Jesus was, to commune with messengers from heaven. They come in our thoughtful hours to incline us to review the past; to think over the relations we have held in life; to question our desires, examine our passions, and test the purity of our affections, and contrast therewith the demands of God's law of duty, excellence and happiness. They come to waken anew and more powerfully our aspirations after good; to incite us to stronger purposes and more determinate aims. They come to spread before us the great gain of holiness, and promise us most abundant reward for all sacrifices made in the cause of progress. Heavenly thought is distilled upon the soul like dew, cooling the feverish desires, and imparting new life to what was faint and drooping. These we need, and that greatly too; but they are not to be received but by the action of the spiritual laws. If we place impediments in the way, we must be without the dew of holiness; dew that is never dangerous to any plants that are worthy of our care or of being preserved. Emerson hath said true, 'A little consideration of what takes place around us every day, would show us that a higher law, than that of our will, regulates events; that our painful labors are very unnecessary, and altogether fruitless; that only in our easy, simple, spontaneous action are we strong, and by contenting ourselves with obedience, we become divine. Belief and love—a believing love will relieve us of a vast load of care. O my brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the centre of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. It has so infused its strong enchantment into nature, that we prosper when we accept its advice. The whole course of things goes to teach us faith. We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.'

3. The dew is formed and distilled upon the earth in secrecy and silentness. We see not the wonder working operation of the transforming laws, and as invisibly, so silently they effect their object. We feel the falling drops, and when they find a resting place, they make themselves manifest,

> 'till they infuse
> Deep into nature's breast, the spirit of her hues.'

So is it with man and holiness. All is silent and invisible. There are no voices heard speaking to the soul, and when the spiritual transformation is going on most powerfully, the ear can catch no sound, all is still as the movements of worlds in space. The affections and passions are moulded into beautiful harmony, as it was said of the building of the temple; all was still, 'so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building.' It is not the noisy, ostentatious, and bustling professor who grows the fastest in real holiness, who subdues most continuously and effectually the enslaving passions, and manifests most to the eye of Omniscience an increasing worthiness as a disciple of Jesus. 'The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation.' For although when christianity first appeared it produced no little commotion, yet this commotion was not the spirit of christianity. Its author was the Prince of peace, and the great blessing he proposed to confer was peace. Hence he likened the progress of the sovereignty of his truth over

man and its growth in the soul, to the working of leaven and the growing of the mustard tree. There is nothing stable born amid convulsions; and if needed convulsions come, they are but as the breaking of the earth with the plough, that preparation may be made to sow seed. In peace all the virtues best prosper; conscience is heard more distinctly when she utters her monitions; and the mind is not by confusion deprived of the right use of its powers. Thus in silentness, as the dews are formed, the affections are rightly fashioned, and the wonderful work of the spiritual creation is carried on, and the supremacy given to holiness.

4. The beauty of the dew is universally admired. I never met a person who had so little of the love of the beautiful as not to love the dew, as it reposed in many hued transparency on the flower—stealing in amid the leaves of the rose—nestling far down in the cup of the petunia—washing the dust from the violet—brightening every hue of the thousand children of Flora—trembling on the vine leaves and on the grapes, and hanging circles of jewels around many a drooping branch and twig. In every form the dew is pleased to take, it is beautiful, whether it be the minute drops that vanish as soon as they touch the grass blade, or those that linger long after the sun is up. Wherever we see the dew, it is beautiful, when faintly discerned at twilight, or when the stars mirror their dim rays in the crystal globes, or when the moonbeams are full and clear, or when they catch the first glimpses of the morning light. How I have loved to pour out the glassy drops into my hand from the flower cup, and watch the varying beauty as they danced on the flesh, and seemed to smile and frown as I bore them to the light and then to the shade! And to see them as they rest on the grass, or tasseled corn, or feathery grain, when the slanting moonbeams fall there—how beautiful! Or when beneath the same light, they repose on the golden fruit of the orchard, and roll, when the gathering is too great, into the lap of the curled leaves, providing nectar for the birds, who at morn eagerly stretch out their necks and open their bills from the branch beneath, to catch the cool drink as it falls. When with wonderful ingenuity they shake the twig above the nest in spring time, it is a pleasant sight to see the dew fall into the open mouths of the young, stilling their cries, and causing the delighted parent to give forth his sweetest song with a clear throat. The dew is always beautiful, in all its forms and wherever it shows itself; and so is holiness. In all its forms and manifestations, holiness proves its claims to be ranked among the loveliest of human attractions. It belongs to the diviner beauties; and it is a proof of the goodness of our nature that we are able to appreciate this order of loveliness, and as oft as we behold its brighter manifestations, to desire its possession. The beauty of the dew is pureness reflecting heaven's light; and what is the beauty of holiness but purity of soul reflecting the heavenly light of love and truth; therefore, O maiden, if thou wouldst be lovely, seek purity of heart by giving all thy powers to christian truth, that it may transform every affection into angel beauty, and make thee lovely in holiness—'the ornament of the beloved of God.' The beauty of holiness will give charms to the countenance it can borrow from no other source—charms that will endure—charms which will make the presence of the immortal to be confessed. O I have heard woman mourn departing beauty; crying out against destiny and wishing to die young, lest human love should be outlived, and there should be no tenderness in the eye that gazes upon her. Sad picture is it thus to see woman lament! Man has called her an angel, and she has so truly believed it as to forget to seek an angel's dowry and make her spirit a sister to the angels. Had she sought thus to make herself, she would ever feel young, for angels never grow old, and her beauty would be unfading and fadeless. Calm, steady progression would be the glory of her life, and she would never be left to mourn over flowers planted in youth, but no longer flowering, and to weep in weakness like those who have fed

> 'Too much upon the lotus fruits
> Imagination yields,—fruits which unfit
> The palate for the more substantial food
> Of our own land—reality.'

5. We should speak of the fertility of dew, for in the East this quality makes it the object of great love and value. 'The dew of heaven' was promised as a signal favor, and it was often the life of the vegetables in that hot climate. The abundance of dew often bestowed may be in some degree imagined by a reference to the account of Gideon's fleece, where we are told of his wringing out at morning 'a bowl-ful of water.' As dew supplied the want of rain, and was essential to the fruitfulness of vegetative life, it became an eloquent metaphor for the richest blessings; and a fearful curse was in the invocation, 'Ye moun-

tains of Gilboa, let there be no dew upon you!' When the prophet speaks of the deliverance of the people from captivity, he draws a striking figure from the dew when he says, 'Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs;' i. e. the dew of the dawn, bright, betokening the approach of day, and thus fruitful with hope. And O is not holiness fruitful as the dew in the East? Verily, it is; and if the anxious heart earnestly prayed for the blessing of the dew upon his land, much more should we plead for the blessings of holiness upon our hearts, that they may be fruitful to the praise and glory of God. Our joy should be to hold fast to the precious promises of love divine, and by cleansing ourselves from all vileness, to perfect holiness in the fear of God. Ah! we must be fruitful indeed in good ere we can perfect holiness; but our duty is, and our joy should be, to aim to that end, using all the aids granted us by the merciful and helping Spirit. Then shall we be fruitful in blessings unto others, and our reward will be great. 'Herein,' said Jesus, 'is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; *so* shall ye be my disciples.' 'The fruits of *righteousness* are, by Jesus Christ, unto the praise and glory of God,' saith Paul; and he saith also, that 'the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth.'

I must leave my theme, for I have dwelt far longer upon it than I intended to; yet the time and thought have not been illy expended if one mind shall thereby be led to think deeply and to profit on the origin, beauty, and fruitfulness of true holiness, which alone can beget in the soul that sympathy with divine things by which God is seen in his works, adored in his providence, and glorified for the redemption he hath purposed in himself for all mankind—

'When his Spirit shall in their spirits shine,
As shines a sunbeam in a drop of dew." B.

Written for the Repository.

A Vision.

THE cool eve of a summer's day;
I wandered where the waters play;
The moon's soft light around me lay,
The green boughs o'er me hung.
I always loved that little nook,
And nestled down beside the brook,
Upon its shining face to look,
And shadows o'er it flung.

The blossoms round sweet perfume threw,
From lips all wet with evening dew;
The fire-flies danced as if they knew
No one around them wept.
I thought of pure and holy things,
'Till lulled by lays my brooklet sings,
And fanned by some kind seraph's wings,
I dropped my lids and slept.

I dreamed of all things wild and free,
And angel forms there came to me,
Of those who shared my childhood's glee,
Who still live in my heart.
But one there came, a being bright,
Whose soul long since had taken flight,
Which shadowed o'er my spirit's light,—
She of me seemed a part.

As she drew near her earthly goal,
Her whispers fell upon my soul,
Softer than ocean's softest roll
E'er sounds to mermaid's ear.
She clasped me as in days of yore,
And bade me weep for her no more,
For she was happier on that shore,
Where friends part not as here.

She told me of the spirit's home;
And O, I longed with her to roam
Beyond the blue and 'starlit dome,'
And dwell in angel bower;
I even strove to spread the wing,
To search for joys earth cannot bring,
But found I was a mortal thing
Without one angel power.

'Adieu! adieu!' she sweetly said,—
'I must away to mother's bed,
To still the throb of her aching head,
For God has willed it so.
Adieu! adieu! I'll e'er be nigh
To soothe your pain and dry the eye,
And I will come when thou must die,
With thee to heaven go.'

She spread her wings to the balmy breeze,
And soon was lost 'mid darkling trees,
While I was left on bended knees,
Musing on all she'd spoke;
'Till filled with joy, that one so pure
Should stoop to earth my ills to cure,
'Twas more than sleep could long endure,
And suddenly I woke.

My little brook was babbling still,
The brilliant flies yet danced at will,
The same light rested on the hill,
As did an hour before;
I sought my home and bowering vine,
But still those eyes looked into mine,
Those soft white arms would round me twine,
I did not wish for more.

Though years have passed since that blest eve,
I ne'er have felt lost joys to grieve,
Or rising wish this world to leave,
But her bright form would come;
To teach me of the bliss above,
Where all unveiled is God's free love,
And joy shall all our pulses move,
Our own eternal home. JOSEPHINE.

Charlestown, Mass.

'As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him; for he refresheth the soul of his masters. Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof, when thy neighbor hath put thee to shame. Debate thy cause with thy neighbor himself, and discover not a secret to another.'

Written for the Repository.

The Rose of Sharon.

'THE ROSE OF SHARON: a Religious Souvenir for 1842. Edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgarton. Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey. 1842.' pp. 302.

IN our notices of the forth-coming of this work, we have fully expressed our opinion of it, which we need not here repeat. Our peculiar relations to the editor and the work, must be our apology for not attempting anything like an elaborate review of it, as we might not be regarded as a sufficiently unprejudiced judge. Yet we may be allowed to say that we are fully persuaded the volume is worthy of the patronage of all the friends of religious literature—of all who rejoice to sustain a work of the character which has been accorded to the former volumes of this by the candid.

The first qualities that attract the attention are the binding and plates, which are fully equal, if not superior to last year's. We think we may safely say, that an improvement in the plates will be perceived by all, and they are certainly of an interesting character and beautifully executed. They are four in number besides the frontispiece, which is one extra, or more than the previous volumes contained.

The opening article is by one who is well worthy to lead—Mrs. L. J. B. Case, and is entitled, '*Therida*; a tale of the Northmen.' We regard this article in all respects equal, at least, to any that has ever appeared in the 'Rose;' and it must deeply gratify every one who loves to greet a polished composition and a story of strong and high wrought interest. We shall not attempt an abridgment of it. We cannot do it justice.

Next comes an admirable poem by T. B. Thayer, entitled, '*The Son of God.*' This poem far exceeds any we have ever met with from its author's pen, and eloquent it certainly is. We should like to present the whole, but must content ourself with quoting a stanza or two to give an idea of the measure and loftiness of thought. Our author, with a majestic movement, describes the night of error that hung over the world ere our Savior's advent—then the Birth—then the Preacher and Worker of Miracles—then the Death—and then comes the finale:—

'He sleeps within the sepulchre; and, over hill and plain,
The angel of the night has spread his shadowy wings again.
O, will he wake from out that sleep? The world is hushed in fear,
And, half unconscious, waits to see if God will yet appear.
The long-expected hour has come, the hour of second birth;
But hark! that voice amid the heavens! that thunder-tramp on earth!
The mountains reel from out their place! the valleys quake with fright!
O God! these, these thy heralds are! thou comest in thy might!

Pale Death turns paler still before thy terrible array,
And in his hurried flight he casts his broken chains away!
The Grave, betrayed, with trembling hand, unbolts its iron door;
And lo! O God, thy Son comes forth, and lives for evermore!

Then peal again the triumph-hymn along the earth and sky;
Sublime the truth that stands revealed, MAN CANNOT WHOLLY DIE!
But in the glorious spirit world, redeemed from sin and strife,
From God's own hand he shall receive the crown of endless life!'

We are next presented with '*Our Metropolis*,' by J. G. Adams. This is an interesting contribution, and will be read with pleasure. Boston deserves the commendations he has pronounced upon her, and those who read this article will learn why to us Boston is the beloved city—city of our birth and pride.

Next in order, we are presented with a pretty poem by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer—'*The Spring where the Willow Tree grows.*' The scene is thus described in the opening verse:

'I know a green lane that leads down to a spring,
Where all the long summer the bob-o'-links sing.
Across it a willow its long branches throws,
Beneath whose cool shadows 't is sweet to repose.
The bright, yellow cowslips grow thick on each side,
And fresh-water cresses are rocked on its tide.
Long years have gone by since I sat on that spot,
A fond, dreamy girl, but 't is not yet forgot!
O softly and sweetly and gently it flows,
That spring on whose margin the willow-tree grows!'

Here is a tribute we are glad to greet, '*Barney Hill*,' by H. Ballou 2d. It is a beautiful descriptive poem, pleasant and musical.

Next is a poem to accompany the plate of '*Ruth and Boaz*,' by S. C. E.

And here is an article of which, we suppose, we cannot be allowed to say anything, because it is '*The Knitting Society*,' by Mrs. E. A. Bacon. Yet we must say of the *subject*, that it is a New England Sketch, and those who have read the 'Christian Graces' in the Repository, may know what to expect in reference to style, &c.

'*Tale of an Invalid*,' by one who never writes ill—Mrs. J. H. Scott. This poem will not permit us to take a leaf as a specimen of the flower.

'*The Ideal of a True Life*,' a fragment of an unwritten lecture, by Horace Greely, one of the most vigorous and the best writers in the country. We have but one fault to find with this article and that is—it is too small a fragment.

'*Night Studies of the Artist*,' a Poem, by Miss S. C. Edgarton. The subject of this poem was drawn from the life of Blake the artist, who lived in an ideal world most of his time, possessing a strange power to call into his presence the forms of the great and the good of history, so that he sketched them on the canvas, as though he had real sitters. The poem is a fine one, of deep interest.

'*The Greek Maiden*,' by Miss M. A. Dodd. This is most certainly an excellent composition —a tale of great interest, and must engage the sympathies of every reader of sensibility. It bears us back to the time of the apostle Paul's labors in Athens, and when trials unknown to our age met the determinate christian. The article is highly creditable to the author—who always interests her readers.

Here is a poem for which we must find a place in our pages next month, '*The Death of Murray*,' by Mrs. L. J. B. Case.

'*Burns*,' by A. B. Grosh. This is the longest article in the book. It is a vindication of the poet from the unjust charges too often made against him. Much, very much has of late been written upon 'Burns,' and the theme is still a fruitful one. With the editor of the New Yorker we say, 'That Burns erred, we know and feel; but let us do justice to the sincerity of his penitence, and compassionate the strength of impulse that led to the wrong.

'What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.'

After all our regret for his infirmities, we must take him as he was, for he could not have been Robert Burns, the child of song, of impulse, and of tenderness, the pious, sensitive, and independent man, struggling with adversity, his fine spirit wrought to desperation by the pressure of poverty and a hard, unsympathising destiny, had he not been endowed as he was, mentally and morally.'

Here comes next a rich poem on '*Twilight*,' by Mrs. S. Broughton. The whole is like the first verse, sweetly musical:

'The sun's last rays are on the stream,
And brightly in the mellow beam,
The tiny, crested wavelets flow,
With murmuring music, soft and low,
As when the Peril of the deep
Within their choral chambers sweep,
With silvery touch, their breathing shells,
Or zephyrs ring the wildflower bells,
When night her silent watch has set,
And stars in ether-halls are met.'

Another very beautiful poem, rich in description and holy thought, '*Filial Love*,' by S. C. E. And then, by the same, comes an admirable tale entitled '*Rosalie*.' We are confident that the tender beauty of this article will be confessed by all who read it with sympathy for wonder working love, manifesting itself as strongly in the sister as in any other relation in life.

And here is our own contribution, '*Acted Poetry*;' then another poem by Mrs. Sawyer, '*Let me die Young*;' and a sketch by S. C. E., '*The Stolen Boy*.' The next we give entire, '*Casual Counsel*,' by H. Greely:

'"What readest thou there, my fair-haired boy,
With eye so soft and blue?
What spell has chilled the tide of joy,
Which late thy veins ran through?"
Up looked he from that page of fear,
(Such dread our race inherits,)
And spoke the title, low but clear,
"The World of Evil Spirits."

"Hand me the book, my gentle friend,
And let me o'er it glance,
Whilst thou a patient hearing lend
To what I may advance.
'Spirits of Evil,'—ah, my child!
They are of fearful might:
'T is well thou seek'st to shun their guile.—
Be sure thou seek'st aright!

"'Devils!'—Ah yes, in this world of woe,
They throng each trodden street,
By day, by night—where the lonely go,
Or where the joyous meet;
But dread them not in shapes like *this*,—
Absurd,—grotesque,—abhorred;
Ah no! they revel in forms of bliss,
And shine at the sparkling board!

"In glossy suit,—perchance of black,—
The Devil is oft arrayed;
While the dapper boot on his sinister foot
Does honor to Crispin's trade.
Ah! not by outward shape of fear
Is the cunning Devil shown;
But the gamester's wile or the scoffer's sneer
Shall make his presence known.

"'Witches!' Ah yes, they too, abound;
But ne'er in a garb like this;
They rather in silks than rags are found,
And betray, as of old, with a kiss.
When the witch looks out from a wanton's eye,
Or up from the ruby bowl,
Then, if thou wouldst not to Virtue die,
Stand firm in thy strength of soul!

"'Ghosts!' Ah, my child! dread spectres they
That tell of our wasted powers;
The short-lived elves of Folly's day;
The ghosts of our murdered hours—
Of friendship broken, love estranged,
Of all that our hearts condemn;
Of Good repelled to Evil changed—
Beware, my boy! of them!"'

'*The Forest Grave*,' by Mrs. J. H. Scott. A tender poem, full of that sacred melancholy which gives a touching sweetness to nearly all Mrs. Scott's writings.

'*The Mysterious Tell Tale*,' by C. F. Le Fevre.

This is a reminiscence of the fancies of a childhood, when the discovered rogue wonders how his guardians know so much of secret matters. It is a pleasant article.

'*The Recluse*,' by Miss S. C. E. This we must find room for, that our readers may feel what we would say.

'T is the rich hour of sunset. Through the pane
Of the old cloistral window streams the tide
Of glorifying light, which for a dower
The dying day leaves to the earth it loves.
The scented jasmine hangs its starry flowers
Around the antique casement, where the light
Enters with noiseless step, and with the touch
Of its own beautiful lip imparts a seal
Of love to youth's fair brow,—a brow
As pure as though wild thought had never dwelt
Within its regal palace.
There she knelt
With her fair hands clasped on the Book of Life,
And a small jeweled crucifix upraised
Devoutly, as it might have been by one
Whose hands had touched the wounds, the bleeding wounds
In the Redeemer's side. O beautiful
In younger days had been that dimpled face,
Now turned with a serener loveliness
Toward Heaven, which ever seems so near and bright
To a grief-chastened heart. The royal blood
Of France throbbed in her pulses, and had lent
Its softest blush to her round delicate cheek,
And to her merry lip the brightest hue
Of its too passionate crimson. She had moved
In princely courts, and been the cynosure
Of eyes that worshiped with an eloquence
Lips dared not utter. Even a monarch's heart
Had felt the witchery of her smiles, and laid
Its love, like a voluptuous incense, at the shrine
Of her too dazzling beauty.
But it passed,—
All passed, and she is here; more blest, I deem,
Than in her gayer hours, though grief hath laid
Its surgeon hand upon her heart, and left
Some aching wounds. O truly blest alone
Are they, who by the wondrous deeds of Time,
Gentle or stern, have learned the holy peace
Which dwells with God. Who have been taught to seek
A deeper love from Him; a love more pure
And firm than that which lives in human hearts,
And throws a transient glory o'er the earth.

What now to her are courtly splendors? What
The lulling voice of flattery and love?
She has *a hope in heaven*, and earth's wild lights
Wax dim before its glory. Peace with her
Makes its abiding home; and though the world,
With its consuming pleasures comes not here,
Yet the gray cloistral wall hath not shut out
The cry of human suffering. Its low tones
Thrill through her silent heart, and she has learned
How sweet it is to comfort and to bless.
O say not they are sad to whom earth leaves
The humblest usefulness. There is *no* joy
In life like doing good to those who need.'

'*The Schoolmates*,' a prose article by Mrs. N. T. Munroe. This we know will be admired, for it is one of Mrs. Munroe's most finished compositions, full of interest, and rich suggestive thoughts. We cannot select any portion without injury to the whole, and must therefore refer our readers to the book itself; which reference we trust our brief notices will hasten them to make.

The volume closes well with a very excellent poem by E. H. Chapin, entitled '*The Beautiful*.' Read this passage on *Flowers*:

'The Flowers are beautiful, on the hills,
Out in green paths by shadowed rills,
In woodlands sweet, where fountains flow,
In bright fair places that young hearts know.
In nooks of the desert, on mountains high,
They gladden the traveler's weary eye,
And meet him, wherever his footsteps roam,
With a smile of love and a breath of home.
Mystic, they stand in the morning's light,
As if angels had shed them abroad by night;
Rooted in earth, looking up to the sky,
Like hopes in the soul, of its destiny.
They clamber free by the rich man's door,
They stoop to the touch of the lowliest poor,
And at childhood's laugh and childhood's eye,
They thrill, as with pulses of sympathy.
At the altar, they bloom in the bride's bright hair,
At the grave, they are wreathed by the mourner there,
And gently above the dead they lie,
Like earnests of immortality.'

Read also the conclusion:

'Thou by whose fiat all beings have life,
And each, in its season, with beauty is rife,
The glories beneath, the glories above,
Interpreters are of thy Wisdom and Love.
May we read them,—their pages are glowing and free,—
And learn from them lessons of Duty and Thee!
May our spirits be pure, their innermost strings
In harmony tuned to all beautiful things,
Bringing forth evermore in the depths of the soul,
In order and light, like the planets that roll,
The thoughts and affections that in them should be;
The love for mankind and the service of Thee,
The efforts and labors of Duty, sublime,
All of them beautiful, each in its time!'

We hope these brief notices will serve to incline the reader to believe that the 'Rose' for 1842 is really worthy of attention, and that it will be an ornament on the table and a pleasant intellectual companion. Minds of a different taste and judgment than ours, would select other portions of the volume as specimens of its beauties, so that the reader of this article must by no means imagine that we culled anything like the most of the gems. We look for an extensive sale of the work, and shall be glad to greet it wherever we mingle in social life. And wherever we do meet it, we shall think we have found one indication, at least, of good taste. B.

Written for the Repository.

Summer's Departure.

'The summer 's the season that 's dearest to me.'
MARY HOWIT.

My heart is sad, for summer is departing! Summer, in which my soul luxuriates amid the beautiful of the verdant creation, and I feel that ten thousand pulses of gladness answer every joyous beat of my heart. Summer is my delight. It

has to me more images of glory and blessedness than all the other seasons combined; and fewer thoughts of human wretchedness are in my mind than at any other portion of the year. When a fine warm day comes in the winter, how exultingly does the heart exclaim, 'What a beautiful day for the poor!' It is so all through the summer with me—it is all one bright day for the poor. The little ones can sit out in the open air and play by the running and musical streams—chase the bright winged insects and be charmed by the birds—flee to the woods and pluck the berries and easily satisfy their wants; but in winter they must be to bed early and rise late, and remain for weary days caged in uncomfortable homes.

How glad I was yesterday, when I passed by a small cottage, to see the sight I there saw—thy smiles, O summer! gave it all its beauty. It was past sunset, and the father had returned from his work and sat on the cottage threshold, with a child at either knee, one telling him of the pleasant day at school and the ramble after school hours, and the other relating the wonders he had discovered among the flowers and the birds, and each asking a multitude of questions. The weariness of the day's hard labor was all forgotten as there he conversed with those fresh hearts, and answered their queries. The good dame was near by, leaning over his shoulder, with a hand on either side of the door, full of joy as she watched the little tottering form that was driving the straggling chicken to the covert, scaring it with his laughter and shouts. The father looked forward into the little garden before him, and rejoiced in the growing things he saw there; and as he turned his head and looked up to his wife, I could not but think he was uttering some expression of thankfulness for her care and diligence in his absence. He rose to enter the cultivated plat of ground as I passed, and I could not but recall Mary Howit's poem on the poor man's garden, and went on saying to myself,

'Ah, yes the poor man's garden!
It is great joy to me,
This little, precious piece of ground
Before his door to see.

* * * * * *

All day upon some weary task
He toileth with good will;
And back he comes, at set of sun,
His garden-plot to till.

* * * * * *

And there is his potato-bed,
All well-grown, strong, and green;
How could a rich man's heart leap up
At anything so mean!

But he, the poor man, sees his crop,
And a thankful man is he,
For he thinks all through the winter
How rich his board will be!

And how his merry little ones
Beside the fire will stand,
Each with a large potato
In a round and rosy hand.

* * * * * *

And there, on Sabbath evenings,
Until the stars are out,
With a little one in either hand,
He walketh all about.'

He walketh, methinks, with a calm aspect—an aspect that reproves my murmuring that summer is departing. I will heed the lesson, and look out upon the beauty before me without shadowing thoughts, learning holy instructions from what must soon pass away. It tells me of opportunities for improvement and for doing good, which are now around me, but will soon be gone. It reminds me of the sacred injunction, 'Let them that love the Lord be as the sun, when he goeth forth in his might'—to bring to maturity the fruitfulness of spring. Our love of the Lord can best be shown by maturing the good desires and sacred affections of our hearts, that they may produce abundant fruit; by giving full growth to the virtuous principles sown in our early being, and increasing in excellence as those should on whom is bestowed the best of ripening influences from on high. Thus shall we be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might—in his full power and strength. And then will our

'Free spirits, innocently gay,
Enjoy the most that innocence can give,
Those wholesome sweets that border virtue's way—
Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.'

Summer is departing! O I grieve to bid it farewell, for with it goes so many symbols and types of heavenly things. But it must depart, for the high ordinance of heaven cannot be defeated; and soon the luxuriance that now delights will vanish. It has fulfilled its mission, and wherefore should it be delayed? I will bow as I have bowed when the beautiful young have passed in their loveliness from earth. I know not whither the beauties—the hues and glories of summer vanish to; but I feel that heaven is the home of the departed loveliness of our friends. No winter comes to them.

'They walk with God,
High in salvation, and the climes of bliss.' B.

How much better it is to go round among the destitute, the sick and the infirm, and assist by our aid and counsels, than to spend our means in debauchery and idleness.

Written for the Repository.

Sermons in Stones.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

STERN, bold and mysterious, on the mountain-tops and in the river-beds, by the glens of the 'elf-folk,' and in the caverns of the sea, rise up the world-old rocks in the pride of their antediluvian years. They are the historians of another and a younger world; of nations buried beneath the ruins of time, physical change and centuried ignorance, where the lamp of science can illuminate only here and there wild fragmentary vestiges of a strange existence, in which the animated tribes were of forms whose giant symmetry is forever jointed with the past, and where vegetation had yet learned only the simpler rules of her Doric sculpture.

While the earth was yet 'without form and void,' 'the Spirit of Elohim moved upon the face of the waters.' What the immediate results of its operations might be, the inspired historian has not affirmed, but the rocks in their auto-biographies have recorded themselves as the product of Divine genesis, and more ancient than any principle of created life. Masses of primordial strata, thrown up by those passion-fires which for nearly sixty centuries have been burning in the bosom of the earth, stand around us as witnesses of an original formation, whose elements could have been borrowed from no anterior decay, and consequently must have come forth as they now exist, natural compounds from the creative Spirit of God.

Wonderful, grand old rocks! what giant caskets are ye of poetry and mystery! And you, ye later offspring of the fallen monarchs of the wood, ye deluge-born masses of transmuted life petrified while the very hearts were beating in their cells; what oracles are ye of the unwritten and fathomless sublimities of God! What chronicles of life, and death, and by-gone worlds are involved in your sealed and flinty tomes! The stone-grown bones of the huge mastodon, the Goliath of beasts, lie entombed in your magnificent sepulchres. There, too, sleep the mammoth palm and the club-moss seventy feet in height! The degenerate lichens which seek a precarious existence upon our walls, may look upon the fossil-bones of their royal ancestors, and exclaim in truth, 'There were giants in those days!'

Neither are ye voiceless, ye sentinels of the past! The traveler by the Orinoco, and the wanderer amongst the rocks of the Thebiad, testify that when the earliest smile of the returning sun rests upon your bosoms, voices of melody come forth like the breaking of the chords of a lyre. So, also, spake the statue of Memnon, that miracle of old, whom science has degraded to a senseless block, speaking not as the oracle of the gods, but upon the simplest principle of philosophy.'

And you, ye timeworn Sagas of those who bowed the knee to the gods of Calhalla! By our river-sides have ye stood for centuries, bearing witness to the emprise of those who came from 'the dark Norse mountains,' and sung the songs of the Scalds by our wilderness shore 'long time ago!' The spirit of Odin is upon you, but a mightier than Odin shall be discerned in your decaying sculpture, even Jehovah, and 'his handwriting upon the wall!'

Nor may we pass idly by the 'black stone' of the Caaba, on which the pilgrim Moslem imprints seven kisses in testimony of his devotion to the renowned prophet of Allah. In every age and in every clime the human heart clings to some tangible witness of the Divine; and whether it be the silver-circled stone of the Caaba or the simple passion-flower that luxuriates beneath the tropic sun, the war-cry of Mohammed is written upon leaf and tablet, and finds an echo in every heart, 'There is no God but God!'

Proud old rocks! strewn over the plains and mountain-tops of our great world, ye are preaching to us of the past in voices manifold and strange. From your shapeless masses the artist has wrought out his glorious dreams, has given human beauty, and the expression of a soul to the senseless grain of the block, has sculptured you into delicate flowers and voluptuous fruits, and given to you forms of grace and godlike majesty. He has set you above the consecrated spots of the past, and made you the ostensible oracles of the future. Oh many voices have ye, wild old rocks, whether standing in crumbling magnificence by the shores of the proud old Nile, or in native and undisturbed solemnity looking down upon the 'cataract monarch' of this newer and happier world.

Solemn preachers, indeed are ye, standing like faithful sentinels above the dust that perishes. Sculptured in columns and classic temples, or simply chiselled with the common *Hic-jacet*—the only posthumous fame we need—ye point out the resting-places of the loved, and tell us what is 'hallowed ground.' Not monuments of ruin are

ye,—no!—but stepping-stones to the eternal world;—land-marks on the way to Heaven! Beneath you lies all of us which can perish—the poor unthinking form which the soul for a little while deigned to make its home, and we love to kneel above the dust, at times, and weep; but ye are pointing us to an imperishable home in the heavens, where no land-mark is needed to tell us of the presence of the loved, for there they shall be with us forevermore, and their monuments shall be the love of God, and the joy of heaven.

Written for the Repository.

The old Grave-yard.

THERE is a spot where well I love to stray,
  Though in the haunts of busy men it sleeps,
Like some green island in the restless sea,
  Round which the ever-tossing billow sweeps

Within the low enclosure all is peace,
  No anxious, rambling cares, disturb the breast;
Life's turmoil, toil, and fever, there must cease,
  The weary frame there finds a quiet rest.

No costly monuments of pride are there,
  Wealth's gorgeous trappings all are laid aside;
The rose, or lily, watch'd with tender care,
  Or simple head-stone, tells the loved have died.

No yew tree casts its gloomy shadows there,
  No weeping willow there doth darkly wave,
Wild locusts fling their fragrance on the air,
  And their white blossoms strew upon the grave.

Well were ye chosen, gentle wildings, well,
  To deck the place where our beloved repose,
For in the alphabet of heaven, ye tell
  Of love, that not e'en conquering death subdues.

And yet when life is o'er, its pulses stilled,
  I would not that ye lay me there to sleep;
Already, are its sacred precincts filled,
  Disturb not, then, a rest so still and deep.

No; rather make my grave 'mid stranger dead,
  Than mar the verdure of that holy sod;
What matter where we lay the weary head,
  When the soul revels in the smiles of God. L.

Concord, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Tribute to the Memory of the Dead.

DIED in Wrentham, on the 14th July, DR. SAMUEL BUGBEE, aged 60.

THE artist of ordinary talent may obtain an accurate portrait of the *body*, but it is the master only, who has power to make his sheet instinct with the beamings of mind. And when even he would cause the votive canvass to give forth the vivid rays of intellect, and to utter in looks the varied workings of the gifted soul, he finds he has a task before him on which all his powers may be exhausted; and even then he shall acknowledge that he has succeeded in tracing but the shadow which is cast from his subject by the light of life!

So with the one who would portray the character of man. One possessed of but ordinary skill, may, perhaps, present satisfactorily the lineaments of an ordinary mind; but who, save a master, shall be able to describe the workings of a soul of surpassing strength and energy; which, ever active, and ever varying in the emission of its light, with manifest desire to reach every corner of the minds with which it came in contact, seemed to live only to pour the exuberance of its own vivacity *over* every soul with which it had intercourse in the world.

It will not be expected then, that one who holds the feeble and unpractised pen of the writer, shall attain to any thing like doing full justice to the character of the subject of this notice; nor, indeed will this be attempted, for many other reasons besides his conscious incapacity to accomplish the object. I shall attempt to do little more than to take such notice of the truly gifted and benevolent subject of my remarks, as a brief acquaintance, under circumstances calculated to lead to the inner recesses of the soul, and to disclose there a heart throbbing with philanthropy inspired by the impulses of religious truth, has suggested.

Dr. Bugbee had for many years been a practising physician of great eminence and success, in his native town and county where he also closed his useful life. And in his arduous calling, his labors were almost incessant by night and by day. For beside the constant drafts made upon his superior skill, the warm and generous impulses of a heart sensitive to human suffering, led him with the same cheerful alacrity to the rudest hovel where penury has her abode, and, whence he knew that other compensation than the 'luxury of doing good' was not to be expected, with which he would repair to the mansions of the sick, and suffering rich, where he knew that his pecuniary reward was ample and sure. And from circumstances which will yet be named, together with the peculiar qualities of his mind, he was always enabled to go as a messenger of comfort and peace, even where the inveteracy of disease prevented his going as a messenger of health to the suffering.

It was from his own lips that I received the

narration of the principal incidents of his life, especially as influenced by the great subject of religion; to present which to the reader, is the leading object of the writer in this paper. But the circumstances under which they were communicated,—the deep and strong emotion which moved their utterance, together with the strong workings of a masterly mind in unfolding its own career, gave a majesty, and even a sublimity to the scene, which inspired such emotions in my own mind, as I have not the most distant hope of imparting to the mind of the reader.

In the domestic circle, Dr. Bugbee was as the sun in the visible creation, giving life, light, and fruitfulness to all. The power that moved him in the discharge of its various and important duties, was not the fitful glow of fondling passion that moves the grosser mind; but the deep exhaustless fountain of a tender regard, constantly welling up from a heart overflowing with kindness to all. The counsels of a well-stored mind given to deep reflection, and of a vivid intellect quick to perceive the bearings of any subject, constituted the power by which he ruled, or rather *swayed* the minds of those committed to his parental charge; and a love such as warms the good husband's and father's heart, made his counsels effective and the circle blest. Gladness and joy were ever within their dwelling, save when sickness, or suffering beyond human control, cast a shade over their happy home. With this kind of suffering, however, the family had, in latter years, been painfully familiar. A few years since, they were deprived of a beloved and promising son, who was killed in Boston, by accidentally falling from a window to the pavement below. About four years since, by that dread disease consumption, by whose almost noiseless and unsuspected step, so many are hurried from the joyous scenes of earth, they were deprived of their beloved Harriette Francœur, whose many superior and amiable qualities moulded by the mild influence of the Gospel of Peace, had rendered her not only one of the most valued links in the house-hold chain, but even extorted the confession from a clergyman of an opposite faith, that 'she had lived before her associates an eminent pattern of every virtue.' And more recently their eldest son just entering on the busy scenes of manhood, as a practising physician, for which he had been amply qualified, was by over-exertion in study,—prompted by an ambition to render himself eminently useful in his profession, bereft of reason, and is now a maniac in a retreat for the insane, and (I believe) without prospect of his restoration to his mind.

These afflictions were all borne by the family with christian fortitude and submission;—and by none more so than by the subject of my notice.

It was at the funeral of his cherished daughter before named, that I learned from his lips most of the incidents I record. I had been called to minister the consolations of the gospel to the family in their affliction;—and at the close of the funeral solemnities, when they, in christian trust, had committed the body to the grave, and the pure soul to God, the family were assembled at the request of their respected head, to listen to a recital of the workings of his mind; and to learn from him the rich sources of consolation, and sustaining hope which he found in the christian religion,—and the high estimation in which he held it, as a soother of the sorrows of the afflicted.

I have often thought of this occasion with emotions of peculiar satisfaction. For although I was called there as one whose office it was to impart instruction and solace, yet I was myself the instructed, and I trust was made better by the interview.

It was here I learned from an experienced mind—a mind schooled alternately in the three prominent halting places of the soul, Partialism, Infidelity, and Universalism or christianity, to set even an increased value on the christian religion, as manifesting the grace of God which bringeth salvation to all men.

In youth Dr. Bugbee had been educated in the systems of those who taught the doctrine of unending misery for a part of the intelligent creation of God, as resulting from the DECREE of the Divine Being, according to the orthodoxy of Calvin. To *such* orthodoxy, however, he always felt a strong repugnance on the ground of its unnatural cruelty. But as his mind, with the increase of years put on that strength and vigor, for which it was distinguished, he turned for the exercise of its religious powers, from human systems, which constituted the prevailing religion of that day, to the works of God, as manifested in creation. He had been religiously taught that the Bible conveyed tidings of endless wretchedness for some of the creatures of God, and *that*, by positive decree;—he had heard this often, and solemnly asserted, by those professing to be the ministers and expounders of the word, as the

doctrine of the Bible;—and he was soon led, as all clear, and unprejudiced minds must be, on due reflection, to discover that *that* doctrine admitted from the Bible, then God's works, and the word ascribed to him, are at irreconcilable odds.

The voice of nature in the beauty, harmony, and wisdom of creation, speaks eloquently to the soul of the goodness and beneficence of the Creator, both in design and execution. The testimonies to this truth are enstamped on every object; and the soul made keenly susceptible to the impressions of such goodness could not remain unmoved, nor unaffected. True, that which was called religious education, was strong;—but the power of truth to him was stronger. Without even suspecting that the word of God had been misinterpreted to his mind,—that the doctrine which brought discord between the works and word of God, was but an adjunct, which the weakness of human wisdom had fastened to it;—without even dreaming that the ministers of that doctrine, to whom he had been instructed to look up with reverence, as oracles of wisdom, could possibly be in error, he was forced, from evidence which he could not resist, to regard the works of God as true, in evincing the divine goodness—and hence, that which was called his word—being in opposition to them, *false.* Thus circumstanced he rejected the Bible, and avowed *infidelity!* The coldness of its death-like hand was on him, and he lived for many years, (I believe nearly *twenty*) with no ray of light resting on his mind, to lead him in hope beyond the narrow boundaries of earth. But with this he was unsatisfied—he was restless. And he would often feel that if human being were thus bounded, the gift of life were an enigma which he could not solve; and he would mentally exclaim,

> Why am I here life's evanescent hour,
> The sport of fortune, and the mock of power?
> If all beyond be never ending night,
> Why urged to drink a moment's fitful light?

He was frequently invited by his friends to listen to the preaching of Methodists, and of other Arminian sects, who held the doctrine of endless misery as resulting not by decree, but by the falibility of man; in the hope that he might see, in their systems, something to engage his mind. But all to no purpose. In all these he saw, still, the haggard and hideous form of relentless cruelty. To him the God who *permits* the infinite and endless wretchedness of the dependent being whom he creates, through weakness of the nature given, and the God who decrees the suffering, were one. Nor could he discover a shade of difference in the moral character of the cause, or in the wretchedness of the doom. Still there was the cruel fiend of endless torture! still the contradiction between the works, and so called word of God! and still the scarcely more satisfying alternative of infidelity was adhered to.

But at length, after a lapse of some twenty years thus spent in darkness, light unexpectedly broke upon the Doctor's mind. That doctrine was making progress in community which disencumbers the divine word of that cruel, and abhorrent sentiment which man has added to it; and presents the religion of the Bible, as but the religion of nature shining in the gospel of Jesus, with a freer and a fuller light.

Our venerable father Ballou was invited by some friends, to bear his testimony to the christian doctrine of divine and universal goodness, in the town where the Dr. resided. The minister of the limited faith of that day, became alarmed, and supposing, perhaps in sincerity that his flock was in danger of being exposed to the ravages of a wolf, he determined for once at least, to imitate the good shepherd, and stand for their defence. He determined to attack the preacher of universal grace, in the presence of his people, and scatter his arguments to the winds. And as a sort of aid in his work, Dr. Bugbee, (infidel as he was,) was invited to be present. He attended; and happy indeed to him was the result. Of the issue of the controversy I need scarcely say, that the assailant was repulsed at every point! But truth gained a mightier victory then merely the repulse of an assailant. To use his own words, Dr. Bugbee there heard 'the first common sense sermon to which he had ever listened in his life, and it was like the fructifying shower, to the parched land. It aroused his attention, and he was induced to enter on that field of investigation, which, after long and patient study, and a critical examination of the New Testament, in both the Greek and English, resulted in his full and firm conviction of the truth of the doctrine of universal salvation through Jesus Christ; and the cordial reception, by faith, of that revealed word of God, which, bearing this doctrine to the world, most beautifully harmonizes with His works; and presents His adorable character in the glorious light of a Father, and an everlasting friend of His intelligent creation. That word, thus disencumbered of all that had rendered it repulsive to the reasoning mind, was gladly reverenced as a guide

to duty, and to God. And to use again the Doctor's own language, it presented to his mind the most beautiful, perfect and harmonious system of natural and moral philosophy which it is possible to conceive; as well as the only system of religion worthy the gift of God, or the reception of man.

Having now received by faith that blessed gospel whose radiance not only makes luminous the path of man below, but pours its effulgence on a blissful futurity and immortality for man, Dr. Bugbee was now, not only prepared to live, but to *enjoy* life: and to impart the joys of his own mind to others. There was no subject on which he more delighted to dwell, than on the great subject of religion. And, at the time to which I have alluded,—in the presence of his family, he drew a contrast of the then condition of his mind, with what it was in the days of his infidelity, truly melting to the soul; and in colors so vivid as must have made an ineffaceable impression on the minds of his family, and left there a conviction of the gospel's worth which will cause them to cling to it as earth's greatest good, even to the last. He had loved his daughter almost to idolatry—for she was worthy. And no one who knew her could believe the language of her father exaggeration when he declared that 'it would have required a stronger effort in her to disoblige a parental wish, than it would in those who had long lived in vice, to become pure.' But that daughter, in all her loveliness, had bowed, in the stern conflict with disease; and the sensitive soul of her father had been called to drink the bitterest cup ever presented to his lips,—she was in the grave! But still, in the calmness and submission of the christian philosopher, he could lift his confiding soul to heaven, and exclaim, 'Father, not my will but thine be done!'—He could present the cup of christian consolation to his weeping family. And while in the act they were feeling the tenderness of his parental regard, he could with all confidence and trust, point them to a better father—a better friend in heaven, and calm their anguished bosoms by a portraiture of His undying love.

Nor were his labors of love confined to his family alone. From the first of his conversion to the truth as it is in Jesus, it was his delight to go with the gospel's balm, (as a companion of his medical exertions) to the sick and suffering; and when professional skill should fail, he could comfort and console with heavenly truth, and aid the spirits of the expiring to depart in peace! Thus in the hour of their need he proved a blessing to many souls. In the busy walks of life, as an advocate of gospel truth by example, by precept, and by argument, he wielded a great power. He was the friend of virtue, because the friend of man. Animated in all the sympathetic emotions of his soul, by his great and exhaustless theme, his mind was constantly alive to everything that could interest and instruct mankind; and his companionable qualities made his society sought and delighted in by many of every faith. His heart always buoyant—always happy, had in its spontaneous overflowings, in conversation as he always drew upon an inexhaustible fund of wit and anecdote for illustration—often reminded me of the constantly gushing fountain, the spouting of whose waters sent their sparkling spray in every direction, like jewels flashing in the sunshine. But when engaged in argument, especially on the great subject of religion, the workings of a giant intellect quick to perceive and powerful to analyze, were seen. And I can think of no more appropriate object by which to represent him, than the gallant ship ploughing its way in majesty through the ocean; before whose progress the glistening waters leaped and danced, in gladdened testimony to its power! while the strongest argument of opposition was as the feeble shallop that chanced to cross its pathway, and instantly driven to the bottom by its unchecked career!

But in the midst of his usefulness he has gone, yet we thank heaven to a peaceful and honored grave! Yes, he whose skill had frequently arrested the progress of disease in others, has himself yielded to its wasting power. His confinement by sickness was but about two weeks; though the disease of which he died (enlargement of the heart) had been secretly undermining his health for a long time, of which he was well aware; but to spare the feelings of his family, he never intimated it until about six months previous to his death, though he then said it had been fastened upon him for eight years. In consequence of the nature of his disease causing tendency of blood to the head, his mind during the few last days of his life, was less active than usual, and he said but little; yet that little always expressed calmness and resignation, and willingness, yea desire to depart. And conscious that his death was near, a short time before his decease, he called his family around him, and made

disposal of such of his temporal affairs as called for his advice, with the utmost calmness and composure, and at length departed

> 'Like him who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

We cannot mourn for him. But the living claim our sympathies. The medical fraternity has lost in his death one of its most useful members and brightest ornaments; society a soul whose every wish was ardent for its prosperity; the cause of Universalism one who had known by painful experience, the comparative worthlessness of all other systems of religion, and who from strong conviction of its importance to the well-being of mankind, was wont to advocate it with an ability which few can equal. The poor and the distressed have lost a constant friend, the sick an able medical adviser and christian counsellor, and the world an honest man.

But his family! his wife and children, those who were wont to bask in the smiles of his ardent faithful love! what shall we say to them, and especially the younger portion of them, who have been bereft of a counsellor and guide of surpassing ability and regard, and at a time, too, when they most needed his aid? As the best expression of our sympathy, we can point them to the example of their departed friend,—his cheerful confidence in God, under every trial—his unabated confidence in prospect of death! And for their comfort and peace, we can affectionately urge them to heed what may be regarded as his dying declaration to a beloved daughter, that 'he thanked God that he had reflected on the subject of religion and made up his mind when he was well, and his reasoning powers strong, and did not put it off till he was called to a sick bed;' and we can urge them to profit by its suggestions, that their last moments may like his be those of resignation and hope. And more than this, we can in the soul's confidence commend them to God and the word of his grace, in the full assurance that the time cometh, when in joy such as earth has never witnessed, they shall meet their departed friend, and all whose death they have had occasion to deplore, where the faith which cheered him here shall be lost in gladdening fruition, and the united family of God shall chant the ceaseless praises of redeeming love!

T. J. G.

'He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, shall gather it for him that will pity the poor.'

Written for the Repository.

The Physician to his dying Child.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

'Tis a bright land, my child!
Beauty is smiling in its quiet streams;
Its green savannas, too, are softly wild,
And rich as Eden dreams.

The beautiful young flowers
Are blushing in the vales to woo thee forth;
And there is glory in the noontide hours,
And freshness in the earth.

Here are the gay-winged birds,
Whom thou hast loved so well, my gentle boy;
They come around thee warbling gladsome words,
And hymns of love and joy.

Oh Science! I have knelt
Long years before thee, and have made thy shrine
My dwelling-place, till I have almost felt
Thy potency divine.

And now when I would woo
Thy gentle aid for one more dear than life,
I find that thou art powerless to subdue
The spoiler in his strife.

Vainly I've culled the leaf
From the wild brookside, and the woodland slope
To bring him healing; naught but silent grief
Sits in the place of hope.

Alas! my own dear child!
The dearest treasure on this life's rough sea;
How have I worshiped till my love grew wild
In dazzling dreams for thee!

I would go delve the ore,
And bid it minister its healing gift;
And every flower should yield its balmy store
Thy drooping form to lift.

But medicine no wealth
Of life's rich currents can restore to thee;
Dry at their fountains are the springs of health
Beside youth's flowering tree!

My gentle-hearted one,
Look forth once more upon this radiant clime;
Thou art so young thou canst not yet have done
With the loved things of time.

Thy mother sets in tears
By the lone fireside of our northern home,
Waiting in solitude, and grief, and fears,
The hour for thee to come.

Thou shalt return, my child;
Thy mother's kiss will meet thy pale, cold cheek;
But sealed will be the lips that would have smiled—
She will not hear thee speak.

The music from her heart
Will die away; the sweet-toned chord be mute,
Which at thy gentle touch could once impart
Strains like some soft-voiced lute.

Yes, thou shalt go, ere long,
To the dear home so loved by thee and me,
Where the wild blue-bird pours his joyous song,
Upon the old elm tree.

Go—but with pulseless breast,
With pallid cheek, and glazed and sunken eye;
Yes, thou shalt go in the home-tomb to rest,
Where I, too, soon shall lie.

God calls thee hence, my son,
And thou shalt go in his bright place to dwell;
I must not murmur;—may his will be done!
Beloved child, farewell!

Written for the Repository.

A Stray Leaf.

'Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest.'

There are few of us who do not often feel a longing like that of the ancient Hebrew—a longing for *rest*, far away from the tumult of the world. It is not a fit of misanthropy; no cold contempt of the world, nor desire to shun mankind, but a weary feeling, attendant upon spirits oppressed as ours are with sins, and sorrows, and frailties.

We look in vain for abiding beauty, for unsullied purity, for a peace that will not decay. The mark of frailty is upon every earthly thing, and beauty is ever the earliest to pass away. There is no satisfying fountain, 'no continuing city.' The wandering foot finds no bright oasis in all this wilderness-world; hope casts no anchor in all this shoreless sea.

'This is not our rest.' We feel it every day of our lives, be they bright and joyous, or sad and wearisome. Shadows are continually falling along our paths. Loved ones are stricken, and perish at our sides, and all the ties of the heart are powerless to draw them back to life. We yield them because we *must*. Not blindly, it is true, for most of us have a degree of christian faith; but unwillingly, even when we believe ourselves most resigned.

And is it to be *ever* thus? Shall we not sometime partake of the 'glorious rest' of God? Revelation and creation alike assure us of this truth, and yet we mourn. It is a beautiful faith, and yet we distrust it. Why should we? Have we not all assurances, even to the oath of the Most High? Perhaps the cause is chiefly ignorance. We cannot weave a picture of perfect purity and felicity, without making it so glorious as to seem illusive. We dare not believe so blessed a lot will yet be ours, forgetting that the apostle has declared, that 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'

EVELEEN.

'Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel.'

Written for the Repository.

Obituaries.

Julius Dodd. It was not with a mere momentary sorrow that we learned the death of Julius, brother of our esteemed correspondent and friend, Miss Mary Ann Dodd. He was a young man of great promise, and we know in some degree the grief of the hearts that have been wrung by his departure, for we have wept as our sister weeps. We know not the particulars of his death, but do know that he has been called in the morning of life, while many felt they could repose much hope in him. We present our christian sympathies to his relatives, particularly to our sister, praying of the God of all comfort that he would grant them that wisdom whereby they may exercise true submission. We rejoice that the richness of our faith is theirs; and may God grant to our sister holily pleasant thoughts as she recalls the words of Jesus to Martha, and receives them in the highest and most glorious sense, '*Thy brother shall rise again!*'

We wish to record an humble testimonial to the worth of one whose departure has touched many hearts with deep felt grief, who was pleasant in her life and beloved in death, Mrs. Sarah C., wife of Eben. F. Gay, and daughter of Philip Adams, of this city, aged 38 years. It seems but yesterday that we saw her in the full glow of health, promising herself many years of life, and blessing her companion by the diligent performance of the duties of the wife and mother. But, alas! we know not that we are sure of our dearest treasures for a day, or how soon mournful desolation may ruin the beauty and gladness of our homes. She is gone—gone no more, save in visions, to enter the home of which she was the chief joy, and one heart more than others is bereft. To *him* we tender our sympathies, trusting that he may find strength to sustain the trial. May the pleasant memories of the past be dear to him, and speak to him of a world where joy shall be renewed, without fear of parting.

'A man shall be commended according to his wisdom: but he that is of a perverse heart shall be despised. The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting: but the substance of a diligent man is precious. Only by pride cometh contention; but with the well-advised is wisdom. A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.'

Written for the Repository.

Pearls.

Do NOT imagine, reader, that I give this name to the thoughts or ideas to be offered to you, but read on, and you will know the meaning of the caption.—A Presbyterian clergyman by the name of Frame, in North Salem, N. Y., in answer to a respectful letter requesting information where in the Bible could be found the record of a law with death temporal, spiritual and eternal, as its penalty,—ends with the remark—'I think it my duty to regard the injunction of Him whom I profess to serve, "not to cast pearls before swine!"' As though a fellow immortal asking for theological information, could be a swine, and proof of the truth of endless misery a pearl! It is in this way that sacred writ is made in common talk to point a jest—to become deprived of its hallowing power by base associations. Does this theological *Frame* imagine that he really serves Christ when he thus acts? Does he dream that he has thus obeyed the spirit of his Master's injunction? It is an easy matter to call a fellow being *a swine*, much easier than it is to prove that the arguments used to support the doctrine of endless torment are *pearls;* and the attempt to palm them off as such, only show show men can mistake paste for pearl. We know but of one analogy which such arguments can have to pearls, and that is—pearls are excrescences on oysters under the deep waters of warm latitudes—the effects of disease, and it is so with the usual proofs used in support of endless misery; they are the result of disease, while reason has been long buried under the deep and dark waters of mysticism. The divers after the pearl oysters, or shell fish of the oyster kind, find it a perilous business, and are often destroyed by sharks; similar is the fate of those who plunge into the depths of mysticism, to cut off of the rocks of error the clinging shells and basket them. How many find it perilous indeed, and alas! how many have been destroyed! But the unbasketing is like the review of what the pearl diver sometimes brings up—a mockery of hope, no pearls, but a mass of putrifying shells.

Again; pearls in themselves have no value—they belong not to the essentials of life—we can live without them. So with the doctrines of endless misery. Pearls appear beautiful only when pleasure wings the hours, and the glad soul thinks but little of the deep sympathies and highest wants of his being; and so, if ever, it is with these doctrines. When distress and stern anguish come, and the soul is asking for the bread of life, that soul is, when presented with these doctrines, like the traveler in the desert, as, a-hungered and weary, he began to despair, when lo! in the distance he saw a bag on the sands—he leaped to possess it, hoping that it would prove a bag dropped from some caravan that would not miss the food it contained—but alas! he threw it from him with disappointment, and exclaimed—'Oh! it is only pearls!' Pearls are the food of pride—of ostentatious aristocracy, and it is so with these aristocratical doctrines; they please pride, the pride that trusts it shall possess a lofty seat.

But when we come to consider the beauty of pearls, how sweetly they rest on the fair, intellectual brow of loveliness, and the value men have set upon them because of their beauty,—then all analogy fails. The doctrines of death eternal have no beauty—they are not in harmony with any order of loveliness, and men have no reason to regard them as valuable. They can be worn only on the brow of despair; for their presence in the hall of rejoicing would be as the taking away of a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon nitre. They are all mockery; and if men lament that Linnæus' discovery of how artificial pearls might be produced from the common river muscle, *is lost*, never having been published; we must regret with deeper sorrow that the art of making artificial theological pearls should be so well preserved and so frequently and widely published.

In the use made by Mr. Frame, as above, of the Savior's words, we do but have an illustration of an almost unpardonable presumption of Presbyterian preachers. They make a great ado about the Catholics and the presumption of the priests of Catholicism, while they claim a like infallibility, and treat those who differ from them with the same dogmatism. What but this kind of spirit would have dictated such a letter as we have referred to? That the force of the man's bigotry may be seen, let us refer to the original connection of the words quoted, and see what kind of character he presumes to make a Universalist, asking his attention as a religious enquirer. The passage occurs in the sermon on the Mount, and reads: 'Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, *lest they trample them under their feet, and turn* AGAIN *and rend you.*' To what kind of characters did Jesus refer? Certainly to the most abandoned and outrageous of all; for

what others could be likened to hungry swine disappointed in the food thrown to them, and madly turning to rend those who threw it?

But we leave the subject with merely remarking on the moral. Our Lord would teach us to exercise judiciousness in attempting to exert a religious influence. There are, indeed, no times or circumstances that can forbid a man exerting the religious influence of a holy conversation and demeanor, but there are times and circumstances which will not permit him to assume the character of a religious teacher direct—when he will thus but cast pearls before swine—will throw out religious sentiments and instruction while those who hear are utterly unfitted to consider them. Our Savior gave many examples of this judicious conduct; he never forced his teaching on any, and was, as we should be, discriminating in his choice of times and places. These remarks, however, must not be understood as recommending an effeminate course—a fearfulness and timidity that are at variance with christian boldness; for boldness, tempered with respect for mind, is highly necessary in this non-heroic age. B.

Written for the Repository.

Spiritual Joy.

Consider first *the sources of spiritual joy.* These are abundant—they are the streams of that river that makes glad the city of our God. They are found in all the truths knowledge brings to us—the true idea of God, of what makes up the fullness of his paternal name, and the unchangeability of his love. We can also have knowledge of Jesus—the beauty of his life, the glory of his death, the sublimity of his mediatorial reign. We can also have knowledge of man—that our brethren are of like passions, desires, and affections, and have many claims to our love. We can also have knowledge that is power to do good, to fill up the measure of our days with acts honorable to our nature, beneficial to the world, and according with thespirit of Christ. We also can anticipate the end of sin and the grand consummation of the Restitution, believing that the resurrection state knows not a cloud of evil, and that as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. If we rightly appreciate and improve these sources of spiritual joy, the world will in vain strive to lure us from duty, and our hearts become purified after the likeness of our Master's.

The superiority of spiritual joy. It claims kindred with the enjoyments of angels, seraphim, yea, with the happiness of God. It is the exercise of our best feelings and superior faculties. It has no power to taint, to leave a sting behind, to produce heaviness. It comes with the same freshness to the aged christian as when in the morning of life he answered the call of God for his heart. As through life we feel it a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the familiar sun, so is spiritual joy ever new, ever sweet.

The strength of spiritual joy. 'The joy of the Lord is your strength,' was the ancient assurance to a desponding people. 'It is,' rightly observes a writer, 'the spring of our greatest efficiency for good; the great mover and inciter of the soul to holy action and achievement; the sustainer also of our energies in accomplishing our benevolent undertakings; what, above all things, keeps the mind going cheerfully forward in its spiritual efforts and adventures, and bears it on without fainting or weariness, to a successful issue of its struggles and conflicts.' Most true this language, for as the pleasure of his pursuit leads the ambitious to new labors, so does spiritual joy strengthen for new efforts and victories. And who has not understood something of the great strength of spiritual joy, when he has marked the spirit of rejoicing that is confessed in the most painful narratives of the Apostles, and that could cause the uttering of the exhortation: 'Rejoice evermore!' to the persecuted and afflicted Thessalonians.

The need of spiritual joy. There are hours when all other sources of joy are dry, when earth loses its richness and the heavens their brightness and beauty, and the heart must commune with itself. Then if the evanescent enjoyments of sense have engrossed all our attention, if we have cherished no sympathy with the things of the spirit, and know not by experience that the kingdom of God is joy, righteousness and peace in the Holy Ghost, we are poor—wretched indeed. Outer splendor will but mock us, the voice of mirth fall harshly on our ear, and the heart feel a bitterness that sickens the soul. We need to treasure up the riches of spiritual joy, that we may be rich within when the outer world becomes poor to us, when sunshine and beauty do but remind us of lost jewels of love, and there is naught so pleasant as the hopes of heaven.

The effects of spiritual joy upon character. In one word these are summed up—heavenly-mind-

edness. It weans us from a too fond attachment to earth, and sets our supreme—our strongest affections on things above. And in thus assimilating our minds to the mind of Christ, it softens all that is harsh in the character, it removes every unkind affection, it refines the passions, and sanctifies all the feelings. We should find no joy in the pursuits of false ambition, in envying the gifts or successes of others, in indulgence in harsh and unkind judgments, but we should be free from all the evils of unholy emulation and selfishness, wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God, who rightly values all things, of great price. It leads to communion with God, the effects of which are well described by the poet:

'When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied;
So, when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor and her canvas furled
In some safe haven of our western world,
'T were vain enquiry to what port she went,—
The gale informs us laden with the scent.'

The fullness of spiritual joy. 'These things have I spoken unto you that your joy might be full.' Gospel joy has a fullness to the true and devoted believer which is unspeakable—which words cannot convey an adequate idea of—it must be felt to be known; for the gospel presents to his contemplation the same vision that made the spirit of Jesus exceeding joyful, when he meditates on final results. None can know the fullness of joy who anticipate a less beautiful and harmonious end of Christ's mission, and if they will but hear it, there is a spirit voice issuing from this vacuity telling them they have not yet known the Comforter, and that they need a Paul to perfect that which is lacking in their faith. Then will they be enabled to anticipate the glorious era when 'the ransomed of the Lord'—and Christ gave himself a ransom for all—'shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'

Our subject needs no commendation—it commends itself to all, and let it be rightly appreciated. We need much communion with our Master's sufferings and our Master's joys, that we may remember the varied aspect of life, enjoy the good and bear the ill, and have the visitations of the strengthening angel in the darkest hour of grief or agony. Then will religion assume her own cheerfulness. Then will gloom and austerity be left in the cloister, while christianity walks forth in pleasantness, kindling rapture in the eye of all who greet her as a familiar; entering the social circle to enliven fraternal feelings; going amid the home band uniting its members closer in love, drawing with a soft step to the side of the weary sick to impart patience; coming near the mourner to dry the hopeless tears by promises of re-union; and approaching the dying and lighting up a smile on the features of expiring mortality by its truths of the Resurrection and the Life.

R.

Written for the Repository.

Dirge.

THOUGH dews are nighly on thy pillow shed
From the pure founts on high,
Sleep! and the flowers will bloom upon thy head,
And thy meek, dove-like eye
Heed not the beauty all around thee spread!

Who mourns that thou hast early gone to rest—
Thou of the broken heart?
All care is lifted from thy silent breast,
Relieved, redeemed thou art,
Go with the loved, the loving, and the blest!

Go where no disappointment leaves its blight,
No darkness wraps the soul!
Far from this land of pale, uncertain light,
Range thou without control
In realms that know no tempest, tears, or night!

We mourn not, though our hopes are in the dust,
Since thou, so loved, art free,—
Blending thy songs with anthems of the just,
Which soothe and solace thee,
And give thee back thy faith, and hope, and trust.

Boston, Mass. IONE.

Written for the Repository.

Sights from a Toll-House.

A Fragment.

AS I LOOK out from this window, methinks Time is a bridge over which all must pass, as they come up from the depths of the unknown and unfathomable, destined for eternity. Toll-houses are more plenty than lamp posts, and hard-fisted keepers, exacting to the utmost, are stationed at them, though now and then a tender-hearted one is met with, who can pity a bare head and naked feet, and leave the price of the bread-loaf in the poor child-passenger's hand. Some hurry over the bridge ere a single gate can be opened! Fortunate beings! One laugh, one cry, and the immortals have another in their bands. Others linger awhile, and all the toll gatherers seem to

gather around them at once, as if fearful that they would miss some of the gates; while others take the journey leisurely, with a nod for every fellow traveler, a jest and song for all, and a ready purse to pay the toll. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the healthy and the sick, the keen-sighted and the blind, the deaf and the dumb, the strong and the lame, the busy and the idler, the honest plodder and the pickpocket and swindler, the reveller and the mourner,—all have feet on the same bridge, and all are passing! and all must pay many tolls! Thought and feeling make the currency of the bridge—gold, silver and copper. Every coin bears the stamp of the one heart, but how differently is it paid out! Some are perpetually defrauding the toll keepers, slipping past on their knees unseen, or rushing by with lightning speed, but they cheat themselves. For what is the worth of hoarded gold, laying idle and dim in the chest! Others are too lavish, waiting not for their change, and soon find themselves at a loss how to pass on! Others journey by borrowing, and a beggarly set they are! Others flatter themselves that all they pay is but loans, to be repaid, with tremendous compound interest, when they have passed the whole bridge and entered the eternal city, utterly thoughtless of what they should pay for the lights that have cheered them, the healthy breezes they have enjoyed, and the beauties and comforts with which they have been surrounded.

Written for the Repository.

To ——

Farewell! farewell! the sails are spread,
The signal 's flying over head,
And we at length must part;
I—to my home bythe nook's soft vale,
And thou—borne by the fav'ring gale,
To the city's busy mart.

And shall I 'mid the dazzling throng
Of beauty fair, and gifted song,
Like morning twilight fade,
When bright Aurora cleaves the sky,
And flow'rets 'neath his flashing eye,
Sparkle on hill and glade?

Can the song's sweet and soothing power,
And winter's social fireside hour,
Like rainbow hues decay?
O, no! in vain we strive to bind
In Lethean chains the springing mind,
Or memory's current stay.

The sun will set, and flow'rets fade,
And over earth the sombre shade
Of gloomy night be spread;
But friendship's steady, fadeless ray,
Shines brightest when fond hopes decay,
And summer friends are fled.

When night returns, and busy thought
Flies back to scenes with memories fraught,
Of friends, and blissful hours;
'Twill pluck the sting from falsehood's dart,
To think there beats *one* faithful heart,
Still true—though fortune lowers.

Farewell! farewell! the sails are spread,
The signal 's flying over head,
And we at length must part;
But not for aye; we'll meet again,
If not on earth—a festive train,
In heaven; be still, my heart! C. W. H.

Duxbury, Mass.

The Love of the Dead.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Nothing but limited and erroneous views of the life present and to come, we conceive, can prevent reflecting intelligences from taking that true observation which merges both into one. Intervals there are indeed between separation and reunion, but how brief at the longest—how checkered at the best! That is a beautiful sentiment of Goethe, where he compares our little round of being to a summer residence at a watering place: 'When we first arrive, we form friendships with those who have already spent some time there, and must soon be gone. The loss is painful; but we connect ourselves with the second generation of visitors, with whom we spend some time, and become dearly intimate; but these also depart, and we are left alone with a third set, who arrive just as we are preparing for our departure.' In this view of human life there is nothing to displace the idea of *earthly* communion with those who are absent. It is a curious truth, that when two friends part, they are as it were dead to each other, until they meet again. Letters may be interchanged, but the *present* of the one is not the *present* of the other; and what gloomy events may happen between! So that in this respect to be out of sight, in the estimation of affection, is as it were to be out of the world. How little real difference then is there between absence in a world of peril or transitory continuance, and death indeed!—save only that absence is probation, and death is not. It is a trite simile, perhaps, that in this world we are like ships on the ocean, each steering alone, amid the strife of elements; and in the far forward distance shadowed before us are the dim outlines of the land of death. Some reach it soonest; but thither all are bound; and their state is fixed, immutable, eternal. No change comes there, to the dwellers in that Land of the Blest, with its waters of crystal, *beyond*

the shadow, 'where the bright islands of refreshment lie.'

'No darkness there divides the sway
'Twixt startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains;
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide, silent scene.'

These two emblems of the progress to that gate where, ere they pass, all who enter must 'pay down their symbol of mortality,' express the source and goal of life, sublunarily considered. Slowly, one after another, the race of mankind are passing away. There are sad partings and sweet remembrances. Let the first be viewed as merely separations for a season; a friendly severance of the holiest ties, in hope of quick renewal. Above all, O thou that readest, if thou art a mourner, *be faithful to the injunctions of the dead!* In that diversified book of Southey's, 'The Doctor,' he describes the tranquil pleasures of a bereaved husband. They were 'to keep everything in the same state as when the wife was living. Nothing was to be neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for crumbs were fed as duly for her sake, as they formerly were by her hands.' This calm communion of the present and the absent becomes religion, hope, fidelity; enduring tenderness beyond the stern frigidity of time: and well may each one of that retrospective brotherhood, large always in the world, who have loved and lost the lovely, and have, with theirs, to meet the world's encounters, thus greet adoptedly the dear departed:

'The love where death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow;
And what were worse, thou canst not see
The wrongs that fall on thine or me.'

'For me,' says the eloquent Sir Thomas Browne, 'I count this world, not as an inn, but as an hospital; where our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how soon we shall be buried in our survivors.' How comfortable a thing is it then to remember the dead, knowing that it is but for a season, and then union will come! Thus, with him who mourns the absence of a consort or sister,

'The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Than when she lived indeed.'

Written for the Repository.

Obituary.

MISS ABIGAIL JOHNSON.

God, in the exercise of his limitless love, is continually adding to the attractions of heaven; and by varying our circumstances, he places us in different positions to view and appreciate those attractions. It is for this that he calls the beloved and pleasant spirit from our presence; and happy are we if we yield our affections to the heavenward influences. One hath been taken from the circle of my peculiar loves whose excellences were confessed by many, and whose loss will be felt by a large community. I speak of *Miss Abigail Johnson*, of Haverhill, Ms. who departed this life on Sunday morning, Aug. 29th, aged 33 years. Her disease was a rapid consumption; and so speedily did it accomplish the fatal work, that it is very difficult to realize that she is gone—that never more shall we meet her in the home of warm affections, in the social circle of friends, in the house of God, and around the table of the holy communion! But it is so—her spiritual presence only can now bless us. And O it will bless us indeed! for one so ready to do for others, so full of the best affections, must ever be remembered. She was a faithful daughter, a good sister, and a steadfast friend. How truly she was all these, let the hearts that deeply mourn her departure, testify. In the chamber of sickness she was a ministering friend of great capabilities, and indeed on all occasions of trial and difficulty she had an uncommon talent of making herself useful.

But we have not only the most pleasant memories of her when she was in health, but also of her sickness and death. Never was a heart more full of faith in the God of eternity. She bade me 'tell every body' that her faith grew stronger and stronger; that it was inexpressibly precious to her; that it made her happy, unspeakably so. She told me that the remembrances of her many conversations on religious subjects, gave her the richest comfort, and made her spirit strong. Her trust was in God, and her faith unwavering in the good issues which he will bring out of all evil.

May her excellences be ours, and O when the close of life draws near, may our hearts be as full of faith and hope as was her heart. The God of all comfort give of his grace unto all who feel her loss, and strengthen their confidence in the reunions and the bliss of the eternal state. B.

The Society of Woman.

No society is more profitable, because none more refining and provocative of virtue, than that of refined and sensible women. God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman, that her beauty might win, her gentle voice invite, and the desire of her favor persuade men's sterner souls to leave the paths of sinful strife for the ways of pleasantness and peace. But when woman falls from her blest eminence, and sinks the guardian and the cherisher of pure and rational enjoyments into the vain coquette, and flattered idolater of idle fashion, she is unworthy of an honorable man's love, or a sensible man's admiration. Beauty is then but at best

——'A pretty plaything,
Dear deceit.'——

We honor the chivalrous deference which is paid in our land to women. It proves that our men know how to respect virtue and pure affection, and that our women are worthy of such respect. Yet women should be something more than mere women to win us to their society. To be our companions, they should be fitted to be our friends; to rule our hearts they should be deserving the approbation of our minds. There are many such, and that there are not many more, is rather the fault of our own sex than their own; and a man dishonors them as well as disgraces himself, when he see circle for idle pastime, and not for the improvement of his mind and the elevation of his heart. *Merchant's Magazine.*

Our Book and Memoranda Table.

The Rose of Sharon, for 1842, is now ready for delivery to subscribers and others. The article on the present volume will give the reader an idea why we have pronounced the work excellent and worthy of attention.

Persons at a distance who have friends intending to be present at the meeting of the Convention in New York, can obtain the work by sending by those friends.

Those who hold prospectuses with subscribers' names, will please make returns immediately.

☞Mr. Tompkins, the publisher, will be in New York at the Convention, and will be glad to receive orders for Books, &c.

'The Fruit of the Spirit: Or, the Christian Graces.' The series of sketches published in our columns under the above title, is just published in book form. They are done up in neat style, as are all the volumes put forth by our publisher. Our peculiar relations to the authoress, forbid our speaking what we otherwise should feel bound to say respecting the book; but our readers know what its characteristics will be; and may we not believe that they will recommend it to the attention of their friends?

'The Christian Graces' make a volume of 151 full pages, and is afforded at 37 1-2 cts.

'The Origin of Evil: an Essay addressed to the American Clergy. By a Layman. Boston: J. N. Bang, 40 Cornhill, 1841.' Thus reads the title page of a very neatly printed, large duodecimo pamphlet, of 31 pages. We have not had time to read it, and by glancing through it we cannot get hold of the object of the writer, other than that he is willing to give more praise to the American Clergy than to all other, and would make them believe that they can effect a reform much needed, and which politicians cannot effect. We shall hand the Essay to a friend, and it may be that he will append to this record an opinion of it. For sale at this office.

A Puzzle. We are sometimes very illy satisfied with the results of study, and are so at this present writing, for we can get no satisfaction from a long study of the question, —How is it that some of our editors are very anxious for the extensive circulation of the denominational periodicals, and yet notice and praise every month the '*Lady's Book*,' while the '*Ladies' Repository*' is forgotten? Perhaps the 'Lady's Book' best promotes the cause of Universalism! Perhaps it does not make much odds whether or not the 'Repository' is noticed as other denominational weeklies notice monthlies; and it may be that it is not worthy of this courtesy. Be this as it may, we will work on, and rejoice in the favor of our patrons, gratefully acknowledging any record of our existence and activity.

Stephens' Travels in Central America. This is really a splendid work—necessarily so, from the magnificent materiel in hand. The exploration of eight ruined cities, whose founders perished centuries ago, leaving no trace of themselves but their crumbling habitations, their desolate altars, and their perishing idols, has furnished our traveler with rich themes for the exercise of his descriptive talents. His picturing is exceedingly vivid—the scenes lie all spread out before you, almost as definite as in the drawings of Mr. Catherwood, seventy-eight of which are engraved for these volumes.

Stephens has an inimitable tact in making the commonest incident interesting. He never indulges in broad humor, but by his quiet pleasantries, and his curious mingling of the ludicrous with the serious, he contrives to keep a smile upon the faces of his readers, even when there is more reason, perhaps, that they should be sad. He goes through the world like a laughing philosopher—yet pitiful where need is, making the follies, rather than the misfortunes of men, a source of useful amusement.

Stephens does not pretend to be either a scientific or a philosophical traveler; but noting things as they are, and describing them so plainly and distinctly that the commonest mind can understand and perceive them, he is furnishing materiel for the investigations of others, without impeding their speculations by any theories of his own. The antiquities of Central America, probably furnish the richest fund for problems and speculations of any subject ever before laid open to the historian. We do believe that time, the great elucidator of all mysteries, will yet bring to light the key of these great hieroglyphics; and that thus the historian shall add a new era to the annals of American greatness, extending farther back into the past than even the days when the Scalds were here, and sung their songs on the shores of sunny Wineland. How this will be brought about we venture not to predict, but less, doubtless, by speculative theories than by sober, practical research.

S. C. E.

Sawyer's Review of Hatfield. Hatfield, a Presbyterian Minister in New York city, published last spring, a work which he entitled '*Universalism as it Is*,' made up of the most reckless comments on garbled extracts from Universalists' writings; as though sarcasm and ridicule were the mightiest weapons for truth, and every paragraph written in our papers 'law and gospel' with all Universalists. Br. Sawyer has reviewed his neighbor's work, and he has done it manfully—calling *a lie* by no soft name to blunt the shaft of truth, and unmasking the adsurdities of Hatfield with consummate skill. We love mild and gentle talk, tender and delicate treatment of diseases; but we love also the strong and thrilling utterance that alone hath a power to make some feel. When the necessity comes for speaking 'as the tempest speaks—sterner and stronger,' we love to see the necessity met, and can rejoice as we hear the mighty tones. Hatfield is one of that large class of opponents of Universalists and Universalism, who take all the learning and decency to themselves, and are ready to deny all upright and honorable principles to those they oppose. It is God's will that they should ridicule his truth, and we desire to submit. We see in it good—we see opportunities for calling attention to the doctrine of our faith that might not otherwise be given—and we see how by this warfare Universalism will be tried at every point, and at every point found impregnable. 'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently

for him; fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.'

The Review by Br. Sawyer has been published in numbers in the Christian Messenger, but we are glad to state that the Nos. are to be collected and published in book form. The volume will be out in Sept. inst.—readyat the time of the meeting of the General Convention in New York. Let those who want an able work, send for the Review by friends going to that meeting. The work will doubtless be on sale at our office soon after it is issued.

Western Poets and Ourself. Lately, while looking over some papers, our attention was attracted by an article entitled—'The Great West; by Rev. George Rogers.' We read on a while, rejoicing in sympathy with the writer, when lo! a paragraph made a sensation not very pleasant we are sure. The writer, after speaking of the change effected in the West by the zealous efforts of brethren willing to bear trial and labor, proceeds to express his opinion that Eastern editors do not take notice enough of Western productions, though he does not impute 'any *designed* contempt' towards them; and then comes down upon us with the most serious charge—we say 'most serious,' because he opens the paragraph with—'But seriously,' as though, if what he has said be regarded as a light matter, what he is about to write cannot be! Hear him:—'But seriously—I have greatly wondered that the "Ladies Repository," which has many readers in the west, and which, more than all others of our papers, might be expected to stretch out the hand, and afford the cheer of encouragement to female votaries of the muse amongst us, in whatsoever part of our heritage residing—I have wondered, I say, that of all the beautiful effusions from female pens, of which the "Star in the West" contains so many, the "Repository" has never found one which was deemed worthy of being transferred to its pages! Of these productions, too, some have been so beautiful as to have been honored wiih a place in literary journals in the west, having no connection with our cause, nor friendship with our doctrines. But more on this topic in a future number.'

We complain of the charge contained in that paragraph—1. Because Br. R. in conversation with us while he was at the east, commended the Repository highly and hinted not at the neglect as above, which would have been better than a public rebuke. 2. He does not take into consideration the fact that our work is devoted to articles written for its pages and rarely selects poetry. 3. We have spoken in our notices in the highest terms of the contributors of the western denominational papers, as our pages will bear witness. 4. We usually have several—sometimes quite a number of poetic articles—left over each month, and the fulness of our supply thus prevents selections. 5. We presume that our large number of subscribers at the west are better pleased with articles new to them than selections from their own papers of the same class. That we have never selected and published a poem from the 'Star in the West,' is no reason for any one to presume that we have never found one '*worthy* of being transferred to the pages of the Repository.' Ere Br. Rogers gives more, as he promises, on this peculiar topic, it might be well for him to consult the pages of the Repository, and contrast what has therein been said to encourage the talented females in our denomination to literary effort, with what other periodicals contain—if any thing more than mere notices to correspondents can be found. Our pages are open to the sisters of the west as fully as to those of the east, north or south; and we should be happy to introduce any of them to our readers with our *best bow*—though Br. R's article may impress them with a belief that that would be a poor one. 'The Star in the West' is a good letter of introduction, but they need not attend to that ceremony, but send direct.

Peck's Doggrell. We learn by the Philadelphia 'Nazarene,' that the miserable doggrell published in this city in 1823, without any publisher's name, has recently been issued in Philadelphia. It is not, as Br. Cook has styled it, 'a new thing,' but an old one, and more miserable than old. It was here printed in a pamphlet with Haynes' Sermon—worthy companions; though we marvelled that, out of courtesy to his worthy associate, the rhymster did not give a different color than '*black*' to the Devil, and describe him as *grey*. But seriously, it is a mournful fact that there are thousands whose passion to oppose Universalism can be fed by such low trash as Peck's 'Descant on the Universal Plan.'

The Gospel Harmonist. We perceive, by a notice in the 'Trumpet,' that Br. Whittemore is about publishing a new collection of Music with the above title. It is a new book of *Church Music*, in the editing of which he states he has been 'assisted by several of the Musical Literati of Boston.' We have no doubt of its being an excellent collection—excellent as the 'Songs of Zion,' which work was very popular. The new work will contain upwards of 360 tunes, over 150 of which have never before been published. In this variety will be found metres adapted to all the hymns in Streeter's and Ballou 2d's Collections of Hymns and anthems, voluntaries, &c. &c. 350 pages, $9 a dozen.

Miniature Portrait of Andrew Jackson. We acknowledge the receipt of an elegantly engraved Portrait of Ex-President Jackson, which we regard as a good likeness. It is one of a series published by Nathaniel Dearborn, of this city.

Companion for Dearborn's Map of Boston and Vicinity. In our last we made mention of a finely executed and neatly published Map, drawn by A. Lewis, and engraved by N. Dearborn. We now have before us a Companion for that Map, which is a pamphlet of the same miniature, or pocket size, containing 'Historical and geographical remarks, collected from the best authorities,' on each the 86 towns mentioned on the Map of Boston and Vicinity. This as well as the Map, will be found very convenient.

The Notice in our last of L. E. L., should have been signed S. C. E. The signature was on *our* proof.

To Readers and Correspondents. The editor has not been able to give his personal attention to all the proofs of this No. and some corrections may not be made which he might see cause to make.

We are glad to announce the receipt of an article from Mrs. S. Broughton, entitled 'Night Musings,' which shall be given next month; and it is with great satisfaction that we state we have the promise of a continuance of her favors. We know that this announcement will be highly gratifying to our readers.

In our next will also appear an Essay on 'The Indestructibility of the Mental Impressions; or the future identity of Man;' by Rev. L. Willis, who will accept our thanks for his favor.

Also,—'Sketches from Life, No. 1. Old Isabelle'—by a new female contributor, with whose present favors we are highly pleased. A fine article entitled 'A Thought,' from one whom we are glad has not forgotten us and the golden memories of the past,—Rev. D. J. Mandel. Will he think of us often, and give us as acceptable proofs as the present one, that he does so kindly think? He can thus do us good service. 'The Bride,' a Poem by 'L. Concord.' 'To my Æolian Harp,' and 'The Boquet,' by Ione.

We have on hand two lengthy Poems by 'Mimosa.'

'The Wreck of Earthly Hope,' we must decline.

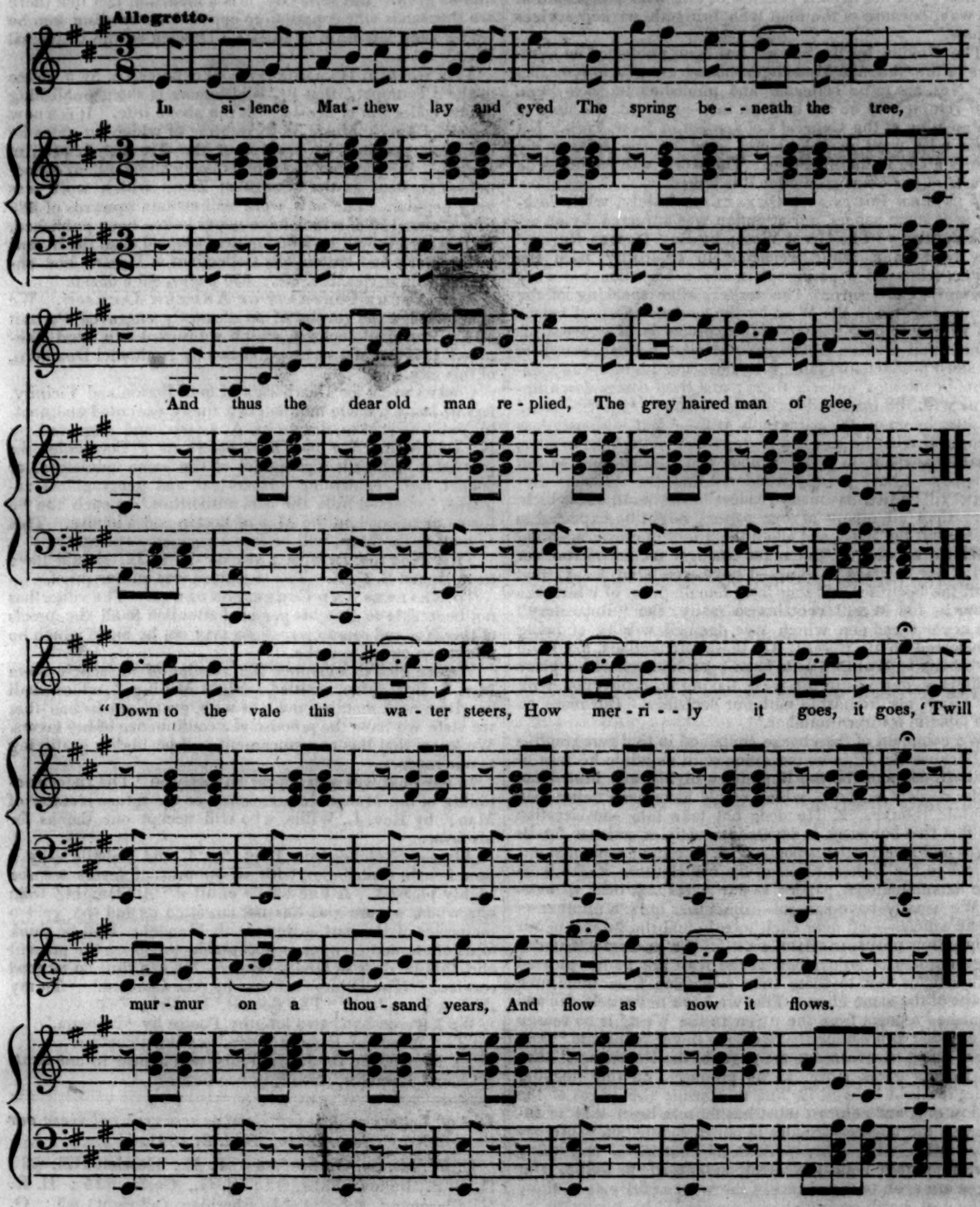
'A Dream,' by Br. J. H. Willis, will appear in our next.

'Rural Rambles,' No. 2, in our next.

List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Sept. 2, 1841.

C. W. M., So. Orange, $4; P. M., Howlett Hill, $6; H. G. S., Bellows Falls, $2; S. G., Corfu, $15; H. R. N., Claremont, $4; A. M., Sheridan, (all right) $2; O. B., Massena, $2; M. W., West Boylston, $2; E. G. C., ($2 for Expositor) Whately, (from J. H. W.) $4; B. H., E. D., and C. H. M., Middle Haddam, $2 each; A. B. W., Stamford, $2; E. R., Manchester, $2; J. B., jr. Dudley, $10; Z. C. J., Syracuse, $2; A. C. C., So. Livonia, $2; P. C. H., Norwalk, $2; E. F., Prompton, $15; B. C., Stow, $2; P. M., Levant, $3; H. H. H., Reading, $2; H. C., Clarendon, $2; S. B., Rockford, ($2 for T. W.) $6; J. H. S., West Stockholm, $2; C. D., West Woodstock, $2; L. C., Galesburg, $2; F. H., for W. S. P., Westport, $2; C. M., Yates, $2; J. C., Yates, $2; H. W., Ridgeway, 2; J. S. P., Belmont, $2; J. F. C., Ravena, $2; R. B. S., Smith's Mills, $2; G. L., North Granby, $2.

OLD MATTHEW.



"And here on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think,
How oft a vigorous man I lay,
Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly, idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears,
Which in those days I heard."

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For October 1841. No. 5.

Written for the Repository.

The Beatitudes;

Or the Elements of Christian Happiness.

Chapter IV. Meekness.

'Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.'

The declaration of our Lord concerning meekness, though but the announcement of a literal truth, has a poetical interest when associated with the use of a similar aphorism among the Jews. When the Israelites came forth from Egypt, their imaginations were vivid in setting forth the promised land as possessed of every desirable good, and no language or imagery was too bold to describe its richness and beauty. There was the clime they panted for; the land that flowed with milk and honey, and that was luxuriantly fruitful. Through it ran the bright river, the leaping brooks, and the sparkling waters of the fountains, so peculiarly gladdening to the oriental eye. It was, to their minds, a perfect contrast to Egypt; and though in reality, a most beautiful country, yet it was dressed in a thousand imaginative charms by the associations of the peculiar blessings they anticipated to receive there from the hand of God, elevating them to a high dignity as a nation, and giving them conquest and power in return for the subjection and weakness they had long endured. But that land was afar. An immense travel must be completed ere it could be reached, and what trials, hardships, and perils, must be met! To cheer the pilgrims through the whole, like the gathering and animating shout of the battle host, was the promise to 'inherit the land'—or, in the strong language of the spies, 'the place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth.'

From thence was derived a proverb in common use—to inherit or possess the earth, signified the enjoyment of life and the best of blessings to the utmost. Thus the Psalmist sang: 'The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.' The promise of richest good was, as in our motto, anciently connected with Meekness, because of the absolute necessity of exercising this virtue in order to bear and rightly forbear under the perplexing and trying circumstances of the wilderness journey. Other than a meek spirit would but murmur and complain, be self-willed against God and man, and would arraign before the wisdom of an hour the counsels and plans of the eternal Mind. Therefore there is great emphasis in the language of the sacred historian: 'The man Moses was very meek, above all the men that were upon the face of the earth;' and were he not, the history of that perilous journey would be even more dark and mournful than it is. The meek alone could promise themselves the joy of entering to possess the land; and as they went, they were the only ones who could inherit what joy came in their way, and keep ever in mind the true significance of the cloud by day and pillar of fire by night.

When captivity came upon the Jews, this apt proverb was connected with every thought of promise of return, and to every mind it was an eloquent maxim, so intimately blended was it with their nation's history. When, therefore, our Lord uttered this beatitude, it went down deep into their hearts, and conscience must have witnessed to them how much adverse to the spirit blessed was the general feeling of the nation, and how like their fathers in the wilderness they were.

The discernment of Jesus saw plainly their political condition. He knew the days of the Jewish commonwealth were numbered, and that Roman usurpation would soon complete its triumph. And when the people heard from his lips the declaration which he made, again their hopes died away, and their ambitious projects

received no aid—they felt that he was not the Messiah they were ready to hail.

Jesus spake not only to them, but to all to whom his words should come: 'The meek shall inherit the earth.' We need this truth engraven as it were upon the palms of our hands, as anciently the oriental bore on his palm the picture of the city he loved, or the God he served, and was hourly reminded of his duty thereunto, as the eye glanced upon the hand. We need, as much as the great multitude, to feel and to act upon the truth, that meekness—the opposite of arrogance, haughtiness, and resentment—is a grace of character, and temper of mind, essential to a right enjoyment of life. This is the sentiment of our Lord's aphorism. He intended to convey the idea that to the meek would be given the best means of improvement and the richest enjoyment of life, recalling a truth too long forgotten or unheeded. Here, then, is something which commends itself to our attention, for if thousands have vainly tried for the possession of the philosopher's stone, which was supposed to have the property of changing all things into gold, much more should we strive for the attainment of that which will enable us to draw the most satisfaction from the sources of earthly happiness. We may promise ourselves good in giving thoughtful attention to consider Meekness—its characteristics, its connection with man's moral and religious relations, and its advantages and worth.

What, then, are the Characteristics of Meekness? Many apply the term to individuals of no energy or force of character—to those who have but little propensity to resist the encroachments of others, and who are harmless creatures because of an entire want of any natural vigor of mind and activity. Not so is the correct application of the term. We have quoted the historian's tribute to Moses' character—that he was meek in a higher degree than any one of his time; yet who had more energy and force of character than he? Who had more determination of soul, vigor of mind and action, and straight forward devotedness to right? Without these energetic qualities what could he have done with the strange and mighty host over whom he was placed? How would he, how could he, have preserved even a remnant of them, or have had patience with their ingratitude, self-will, and grossness of heart? Meekness is not a mere negative quality. It is not to be applied to the human character as we apply it to an animal, for it is not a mere animal quality, but the product of fixed religious principles, aided by a deep love of moral excellence and reverential fear of God. It is one of the two virtues or graces made essential by our Savior to the enjoyment of rest to the soul, and is always made prominent among the characteristics of the christian.

One of the best analyzers of our language defines this virtue thus: 'Meekness as a natural temper, sinks into meanness and servility; but when as an acquired temper, built upon principle and moulded into a habit of the mind, it is the grand distinctive characteristic of the religion we profess. Here is a wise distinction made; for as a natural temper, we may speak of a meek horse, or a meek dog, or as Thomson of the lamb:

> 'How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies,
> What softness in its melancholy face,
> What dumb-complaining innocence appears!'

But not so with respect to the virtue. Virtue is not passive, it is active; for what is virtue? Among the numerous definitions the best is—'Virtue is voluntary obedience to a law felt to be obligatory.'[1] There is a moulding and forming power to be brought into action. Great energy will be required by many before they can be graced with meekness. It is an acquired virtue; but its possession will amply repay all sacrifices, all strugglings with self, all the preparations needed; and without it the world will take knowledge of us that we have *not* been with Christ Jesus. Meekness then, is that disposition of heart, and the result of a discipline of mind, which prevents a man from being easily provoked, and enables him to put from him all desire of revenging injuries; while in reference to the moral government of God and the spiritual truths of his Son's kingdom, it guards against that destructive self-will, and pride of mind, that rise up against submission and humble trust. The necessity of this excellence of character must be readily perceived, for what is the source of more trouble and vexation in society, than a temper easily provoked—taking fire, so to speak, at a word or look, a remark half understood, a suspicious smile, or the trifles that are hourly occurring, and which, like bubbles on the ocean, should be permitted to live their brief moment and then disappear. So also with Revenge—the eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth principle. What a demon in any of its many forms is Re-

[1] Brownson.

venge! Great virtues relate to small matters and make each important; and so with great vices. The same passion that has led to the devastation of a kingdom and the destruction of a nation, has vented itself upon the most trivial occasions, whenever its magnifying eye has caught sight of a wrong. Though at first, like many a subtile poison, its satisfaction may be sweet, yet, like the action of the poison, it leaves its deadly power within the breast. No man was ever yet satisfied with revenge. The fiercest have known moments when the voice of condemnation has been heard; and if there is one solemn lesson learned by history, it is, that revenge has been the prominent passion in every cruel and dark work of destruction. Evil for evil, is the motto on desolation's banner; and till it is disjoined from the policies of families, communities, and nations, the golden era of peace will never come. We must teach the wolf to lie down with the lamb in our own breasts, and there the lion, the leopard, and the kid, to dwell together in peace; or before their wrestlings can hurt others, they will destroy our own inward peace. If a man would have peace and harmony in his home, he must strive to have all, great and small, strong and weak, obedient to the law of kindness. It is so with true tranquillity of mind and the family of the passions.

Meekness, not only preserves the man from easy provocation, and enables him to act discreetly, cautiously, and satisfactorily to himself, in respect to injuries and wrongs, but as it leads to prudence towards man, it also contributes to submission towards God. Self-will and pride of mind have led more from the foundation of religious trust than any other cause, and made men presume to look with unshrinking eye into those things where angels dare not gaze. Their language *never* is, 'Not as I will, but as thou wilt!' And frequently might Elihu's query be put to them, 'Should it be according to thy mind?' They can see easily how the world might be altered for the better; what is deficient in revelation; what aids christianity needs from worldly policy; and how the Deity's plans might be sooner accomplished! The presumption of man is awful, surrounded as he is with teachers to remind him of his ignorance, short-sightedness, and frailty. Often he would be equal with God, not content without scanning every link and rivet that connect the chain of the eternal providences of Jehovah! But what is his reward? To live in perpetual doubt—to look upon the stars without the divine telescope, and tread the earth with an uncertain step, knowing there is and must be in the vast range of intelligence much that cannot be grasped by the mind placed on this obscure point in the universe, yet ever reaching forward to fathom out the unknown and unknowable. Miserable has been the state of many such; in their hours of deep reflection giving speech to thought, and thus, as did Hume, venting their feelings,—'I am affrighted and confounded with that forlorn solitude, in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, I foresee on every side, dispute, contradiction, and distraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I, or what? From what causes do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? I am confounded with these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness.'

What kind of philosophy is that which amid this universe of witnesses of God's presence, isolates man and places him in a forlorn solitude? What philosophy is that which gives no answer to the questions that have been asked by every thoughtful mind, and which are tremendous in their consequences—From whence, for what, and to what tending, is man? Questions of art and science, literature and taste, government and policy, sink into insignificance before these. They embrace our whole being. They present the great controversy—Did man spring from the earth—is he the sport of chance and tending to nothingness in the grave—body, soul, and spirit? or is he a child of God, under a wise and benevolent moral government, and heir of a glorious immortality? What are all other questions to these? As the importance of rushlights are to the need of the sun. And what is that philosophy worth that steps in to answer these questions, and leaves its expounder and apostle 'environed with the deepest darkness'? It is like all God-less wisdom—sensual, vain, and perishable! It can tell nothing of the inner world of the human soul and its Author; it deals with the human and outward deceitfully, and knows nothing of the Divine and Invisible. O what a persuasion to the mind and heart to lay aside all the superfluities of unholiness and malice, and receive with meekness the ingrafted word which is able to save the soul—to deliver it from deceitful philos-

ophy, from the enemies of its spiritual peace, and from all that obscures its vision to the divinity within and around us. O blessed meekness! Happy *are* the meek! for they inherit the earth —they are led to the river of life, they drink of its living streams and bathe in its placid waters, and gather fruit from that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

'"Happy the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
'Tis they alone the earth possess,
And they are wholly mine.'

The apostle Peter has written of Meekness as a peculiarly valuable and beautiful ornament to woman. It is so. With her gentle nature, her loves, hopes, and fears, and with her many offices of kindness and devotion, what is she without Meekness? As the dew changed to frost, is to the flower; or as the sunlight robbed of its warmth by the winds, is to the seed embosomed in the earth; for all her deeds of outward pity, tenderness, and love, must be wanting in the warmth which meekness gives. As meekness departs from woman, her chief beauty fades; her manners and speech partake of sensoriousness and imprudence; and instead of being like a star in the mild blue heavens, attractive and pleasing as a type of gentleness and love, she is like a wandering meteor, now fair and lovely, anon awful in its fiery course, and soon again assuming a more pleasant aspect, but ere long rushing along in its eccentric whirls and flashes, startling and fearful. Herein lies a chief source of domestic infelicity; and the connection of meekness with the preservation of home-joy is, perhaps, more intimate than we are apt to imagine. Woman too much forgets that the busy and restless spirit of man has much to contend with, amid the elements of the world of art and trade, to vex, disturb, and unsettle, that she has not in the retreat of her duties. All have their cares and trials, else all would not be pupils in the great school of Virtue; none are entirely exempt from causes of vexation and trouble; but is there not less to awaken from repose the harsher feelings of our nature amid domestic cares, than amid the outer world of perpetual strife for the mastery, interest, and self? If woman has not meekness, she cannot very strongly insist on man's possessing it, though we are aware there is greater necessity for it. Fire against fire, is no action that is likely to promise the preservation of the exposed from injury, and if one will not do his duty to quench it, another cannot find an excuse in that for adding fuel to the flame. For the want of meekness, how many have known by an unhappy experience—

'Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love;
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.'

The poet has here a beautiful and impressive sentiment; for is it not strange how much outward evil, calumny, slander, or wrongs, companions will resist for each other, or together, and yet how little they will bear from each other. They will lift up their arm in all the strength of love's majesty to ward an evil from the other's head, but by words and looks will wring that one's heart with anguish.

Ah, how much we have all to learn before we shall be meek as our Lord was meek. When he saw his disciples, oftener in their hearts than actions, contending 'Who shall be greatest?' like an army united against a common foe, but quarreling among themselves, how well by the emblematic language of washing their feet, did he teach them to be meek and humble! And as we see him there kneeling in their midst to the lowly work, what a beautiful comment have we on his own words —'The greatest among you shall be your servant!' Contrast John desiring to call down fire from heaven upon the inhospitable Samaritans, with the John exhibited in the Epistles so full of love, and the beauty of meekness is seen—how it adorns with a gem of living and glorious lustre the brow that wears it. Call up the mental pictures and study them.

If, then, we would have the best aid to the true improvement of life and its blessings, the world we live in and the happiness of our domestic and social relations,—if we would have a daily beauty to linger around our path and the best security against dissension and strife,—if we would possess that temper of mind that leads to the right study of the divine in nature and revelation, and to the possession of a confidence and trust in God and the joys of futurity, we must give our hearts to Meekness—christian Meekness, the parent of all the gentle virtues and the very sister of wisdom.

B.

'BE SOMETHING. There are certain duties for every one to perform. *Be something.* A man who does nothing, is a mere cypher. Don't live like a hermit, and die unregretted.'

Written for the Repository.

To my Æolian Harp.

Did an angel pause on his glittering wing,
And send his rich breath o'er thy trembling string!
Could aught that is earthly such sounds have made,
That dare with resistless strength invade,
The holy of holies—the depths within,
Where none but our Maker may enter in?

Oh, hush! for a breath can stay the hand,
Of the unseen one from the minstrel band,
Who deigns o'er thy quivering chords to sweep,
Till we turn in our solemn joy to weep,
And pause if its fluttering wing may show
Of the land which our spirits burn to know!

It hath passed, for its holy task is done;
Our deathless souls it hath wooed and won!
To the city which needs not the sun by day,
Or the moon by night on its domes to play,
Where the streams rejoice with the voice of song,
And the gush of music is sweet and strong!
Away! on the wings of the tuneful blast!
Hush, hush! for the thrilling strain is past! IONE.

Written for the Repository.

Rural Rambles. No. 2.

A VISIT TO THE COTTAGE.

'Come, dear A.! 'tis a beautiful morning; the air seems fragrance itself, loaded as it is with the sweet perfumes of the roses and a thousand flowering shrubs;—put on your hat and take an early ramble with me. There is nothing so invigorating to the spirits, I think, as a walk taken in the early morning, when the air is fresh and pure, and the fragrance of the flowers which lie glistening with dewy gems, and the songs of the birds come to our eager senses, inviting us to join in the praise of our Creator's munificence.'

Of course, I gladly complied with the solicitations of Caroline, and we were soon habited in our light hats and 'kerchiefs, and on our way down the lane which led to the 'white cottage-glen,' which I had often expressed a desire to visit. This lane was a beautiful summer walk, shaded by large, old trees;—on either side interspersed with the sweet scented briar-bush, wild-roses, and the pure white blossoms of the thorn-tree, with various other equally beautiful shrubs, forming an agreeable contrast with their taller and more majestic companions. All nature was clothed in light and beauty, and the little birds trilled their joyous notes in melodious concert, as they rose from their grassy nests high in the air and soared away to the bright blue heavens, as in grateful acknowledgment of the kindly care of their Creator.

After a short walk, we emerged from the shade into a grassy glen, beautiful beyond description. 'Now,' said Caro, 'we are almost in sight of the white cottage, but perhaps the hour is too early to admit of our seeing its inmates; yet as Mrs. Wilton and her children are early risers, and not *too* particular about ceremony, if we find them up, I think we may venture upon a call. There is my friend Ellen this moment! and little Kate is trudging along hold of her hand. They have driven the cow to pasture, and are returning. Let us haste to meet them.'

At this moment Ellen saw my friend Caro, and bounded towards us with little Kate in her arms. Caroline soon made me acquainted with her little favorites, and as soon as Katy had secured the hand of *Aunt Caddy*, as she called my friend, we proceeded on our way to the cottage.

'There!' suddenly exclaimed Ellen, 'I have forgotten to carry those verses to Mercy Woodward; but I'll not go back now; I'll see Lisa first, and perhaps she'll not care if I don't carry them till I go after the cow to-night.'

'Who is Mercy Woodward, and who is Lisa?' I asked, my interest being thoroughly awakened by those two beautiful children from the cottage.

'Don't *oo* know *thither Litha?*' lisped little Katy, lifting her dark, beautiful eyes to my face in evident astonishment that I could be unacquainted with one she so loved.

'Lisa is your sister, then?' I said, smoothing away the curls which clustered around her forehead.

'Yeth, *the* ith my thithter.'

'She is my oldest sister,' said Ellen, 'and Mercy Woodward lives with her mother a little ways from where we met, down by the pond in a little wood-colored cottage covered with wood-bine. Perhaps you know where it is, Miss?' she added, looking in my face.

'No, dear, I do not; but perhaps you and Caro will accompany me there, some time; I should like to become better acquainted with your pretty vale and its inhabitants.'

'Thank you for the compliment,' said Ellen, blushing. 'I'm sure we should all be equally well pleased, for Miss Caroline's friends will always find a welcome with us.'

I was pleased with the reply of Ellen, and the manner in which she uttered it, seemed far superior to her years. May I take the liberty to inquire your age my young friend? I asked.

'I am ten,' she answered with a smile.

'And I *wath* four *yearth* old, *latht* May,' said

our little prattler, as her sweet, infantile countenance assumed a look of importance, as she announced her age.

I wish, gentle reader! you could have seen those two beautiful children. Ellen was a tall and finely formed girl, with a complexion fair, yet glowing with health. She had fine, large blue eyes, and fair brown hair; with a countenance so expressive of intellect and good nature, that it could not fail to interest every observer. Little Kate was a beautiful child, with a fine, expansive forehead, round which her dark auburn hair clustered in natural ringlets; her large dark eyes were shaded by long silken fringes, and her sweet bird-like voice touched the deepest springs of my heart, as I listened to the innocent prattlings with which she amused us, as we walked toward the cottage. We soon arrived at the residence of Mrs. Wilton, and it was, indeed, a neat and tastefully arranged little dwelling, painted white, with green blinds, and covered with honey-suckle and wood-bine. Both the exterior and interior of the cottage evinced a degree of refinement and good taste, seldom met with.

Mrs. Wilton gave us a cordial reception, betraying in her manners an acquaintance with the more polished grades of society. But Lisa,—what shall I say of her? She was the most deeply interesting being I ever beheld;—almost fifteen years of age, just verging from the child to womanhood, and with a mild and thoughtful countenance. Of a peculiarly delicate constitution, she was unable to participate in the more laborious duties of the household, and therefore she devoted much of her time to the improvement of her sisters. With a brow as white as alabaster, shaded by her long raven tresses, and her every glance from her fine, black eyes was so touching, that it seemed to penetrate to the tearful recesses of the heart. Her features were somewhat Grecian in their outline, much resembling her mother's, who was an Italian lady of high birth.

Henry Wilton was travelling in Europe and had been long in Italy, for he found, scattered over that classic land much that accorded well with his poetic taste, and formed a rich repast for his highly intellectual powers. He saw the fair Leonore de Valmont, and loved her. Handsome, intellectual and generous, Wilton was well calculated to win the love of the delicate Italian girl, and he soon transplanted the beautiful *blush-rose* from its fair native home to the ruder soil of his own loved New England. They lived in love and happiness many years, but before little Kate had attained the age of two years, Henry Wilton had been removed to the 'better land.' After her husband's death Mrs. Wilton dismissed her domestic, performing her household duties with the aid of Ellen, hoping by strict economy to retain all her children with her, as the thought of separation from those, her lone, remaining idols, was too painful for her to bear.

The substance of this account I received from Mrs. Wilton at the cottage, and the remainder from Caroline on our return home. I took my leave of the Wiltons with a feeling of interest I had never before experienced; and a year after, when I visited my friend, the walk to the cottage was repeated. I found Mrs. Wilton and her family still there, but there was one bright gem gone from the coronal of her affections. They led me to the church-yard and pointed to a mound covered with sweet flowers which the hand of affection had trained and cherished:—'twas Lisa's grave;—she had left earth with its sorrows and trials, and gone to the spirit land, to meet the loved who had long awaited her, and who now received her as their own.

L. A. P.

Shirley Village, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Accordant Harp.

It is not often that I dream in a manner worthy to be preserved. Our good brother Thomas is a capital dreamer. He dreams much, and wisely. But I have recently been favored with a very pleasant night vision. It was so agreeable to myself, and left so deep an impression upon my mind, that I have concluded to place the substance of it on paper.

After the studies and toils of the day had passed, I retired to rest; and the spirit of slumber soon wrapped me in the soft embrace of sweet sleep. I found myself in the company of a young man of benevolent feelings, whose parents were decidedly orthodox, and whose mind had been pretty thoroughly disciplined to the belief of modern Calvinism. Yet he was willing to hear what could be said in favor of more benevolent views—for it is worthy of remark that he is very fully developed in the region of benevolence.

By some means or other, the conversation turned upon the subject of the various forms of religious faith under the similitude of a *Harp*. I know not why a harp should suggest itself to my

mind as a proper symbol to illustrate religious sentiments. I never thought of it in my waking hours. But I am a lover of music,—and that may be the reason.

My youthful friend introduced the subject by saying, '*your religious Harp*, it seems to me, is not the most excellent—the strings are not in harmonious tune. They do not make *good* music.' 'Why,' said I, 'you surprise me by that remark, and I am convinced that I can easily show you wherein you are mistaken. Let me try. In the first place, I consider you are wrong in every particular, so far as the harp you have introduced, is concerned.

I am glad you have named a *harp*, by which to try our religion—you could not have found a better illustration. There were but four strings as I fancied, in the harp before us. The three first strings represented the principal attributes of God, *love*, *wisdom*, and *power*. The fourth Universalism, or the final holiness and happiness of all God's offspring.

'Now,' said I, 'let us see if these four strings are not in perfect harmony with each other. And first—would not the infinite *Love* of God, lead him to desire the greatest amount of good to all his children?' 'Yes!' was the ready reply—for my young friend was not disposed to quibble at all, but to answer just what reason and benevolence dictated. He was not afraid, if he was in the wrong, to find it out. 'Then,' said I, 'would not the greatest amount of good to the whole family of man, be in the elevation, the purity and bliss of every being in particular?' To this he gave a ready affirmative. 'If then,' I continued, 'the infinite love of God would desire the universal good of man, the next thing to be considered is, would not, or could not the perfect *Wisdom* of God devise a plan sufficient to effect that good, if carried out? In short,—is not God wise enough so to direct the offices of his own government as will satisfy his benevolent desires?' 'So it would seem,' was his reply. 'Here, then, we find two strings of the harp in harmony. Wisdom accords with Love.'—'Yes.'

'Then has not,' I added, 'the Infinite, *power* enough to bring to pass all that Love desires, and Wisdom plans?' 'That cannot reasonably be denied,' said he.' 'Then *this string* is also in tune with the other two,' said I.' 'Oh yes,' he replied. 'The attributes of God must harmonize; I never supposed them discordant.'

'Now tell me, dear sir,—what but the entire elevation, and glory of man, can vibrate in more perfect harmony with the *Love*, *Wisdom*, and *Power* of God? From what instrument can sweeter music be poured forth than from this? Is there any?' He seemed perplexed somewhat, and hesitated. I continued—'Our harp is not a discordant one, but it is all harmonious. It is a sweet one, and the *skillful* player can draw forth melting melody, and enrapturing strains from it. It is a harp of joy to the sad. It wakes peace and felicity in the soul of the disconsolate. All the benevolent hearted like music, and are often charmed by its subduing and melting strains. Often will those unaccustomed to such music, steal in where it is wont to be heard, and listen with much pleasure to its kindling harmonies. And these may be heard to say on hearing such music;—'O! *that* is sweet music—we love such strains—they warm, elevate, and delight our hearts. Would that we could always hear them.'

'Now,' said I to my friend, 'is this not contrary to your first assertion, sweet music? Is there not a perfect harmony between the attributes of God, and universal good? Does not infinite love, wisdom, and power accord with the universal purity, love, and joy of mankind? Would endless curses, hatred, and wo, come up in sweeter tune, and yield happier music to the holy and compassionate soul?'

He surrendered the point, and freely admitted that our harp strings were in harmony, and when well played on, afforded the sweetest and most joyful music to the heart of man.

You know in dreams we are apt to come off conquerors, both in our waking and sleeping hours. It was so in this case. And just as I supposed I had made a convert of my youthful friend, his mother, who had overheard the conversation, burst into the room in a rage—spoiled all our music, and awoke me from a very pleasant dream.

J. H. W.

Petersham, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Bride.

In a snowy satin they decked the bride,
And they wreathed her hair with flowers,
And led her forth in their young heart's pride,
The queen of the festal hours.

And lights were glancing the mirrors along,
And bright forms were flitting by,
And gladness hung on the lip of song,
And gaiety lit the eye.

'Tis fitting ye deck her in spotless white,
For her heart is free from stain,
But it is not meet, on this solemn night,
That ye give to mirth the rein.

She is leaving her childhood's home of glee,
The home of her infant rest,
She goes like a bird from its sheltering tree,
A dove from its parent nest.

The dove may return with a broken wing,
With a bruised and bleeding side;
She may come, a broken-hearted thing,—
That young, and blooming bride.

She is leaving friends that are tried and dear,
To gladden another's home;
And though for the future she has no fear,
Yet the sad'ning thought will come;

That the friends she leaves may be changed or gone,
And the hearts she loves grow cold;
Even now, she misses some cherished one,
From the gathered family fold.

It is mockery to that mother's heart,
The song, and the thoughtless tone,
With the mirth and laughter, she takes no part,
Her spirit is sad and lone.

Then hush the song, and lift up the prayer,
Fervent to heaven above,
For a blessing on the youthful pair,—
For a life of wedded love. L.

Concord, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Sketches from Real Life. No. 1.

OLD ISABELLE.

'Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
* * * * * *
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain—
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh! to love through all things.' * * * *

Reader, I bring you no romantic story to call forth your sympathy and awaken your interest, decked out with exaggerated delineations of character, and fictitious representations of wo! but a round unvarnished tale from the sober realities of life; and though many parallel instances may be found, yet few will more strongly serve to illustrate the forbearance of woman, and the ingratitude of man.

Some fifty years since, Isabelle Bourgeois was the prettiest little French girl in the village of D—— in Lower Canada, situated on the banks of the Richelieu, a small but beautiful river, taking its rise from Lake Champlain, and emptying itself into the noble St. Lawrence. And D—— would to this day have little to boast of that might interest the eye of the passing traveller, were it not for the bright waters of this rapid stream, that serve to give life and animation to a scene that would otherwise be almost insipid from its uniformity. The country around is very level, and cannot boast of that diversity in nature which now surrounds me in mountain and valley, the majestic forest, and the sparkling water-fall.

As I have said, Isabelle was the prettiest girl in the village, and not only was she pretty, but amiable, and like most French girls, gay and lively. She was small, but well-formed, her complexion a clear brown, and her eyes black as night. She was naturally shrewd, and possessed talents, that had they been cultivated, would have shown hers to have been no ordinary mind. But alas! gentle reader, what will you think of my heroine, when I tell you that she could neither read or write? It is probably well known that the Canadians do not enjoy the educational privileges of their more fortunate neighbors the Americans; and what advantages they now possess, limited as they are, are great compared with their opportunities fifty years ago. And it was indeed a rare circumstance, when one in humble life, like Isabelle, had learning enough to read the *petite catechism.*

Our heroine early lost her father and mother, and was brought up by her aunt, an excellent woman, who labored successfully to instil into her youthful mind, those religious and moral precepts which guided and upheld her through her future life. At the age of seventeen she had scarcely known a care—having been left an orphan so young that she knew no other parent than *ma tante;* and no face more truly told of happiness than Isabelle's when all its animated expression was excited by the village dance, the quilting party, or the *amusement* of hay-making. You smile, my lady readers, but the last employment is not scorned by the Canadian country girls, and with them forms one of the enjoyments of summer. It was no uncommon circumstance for our 'helps' to leave us for a while at this season, as they 'wanted a holiday, and would go out to make hay!' I have often been amused to think how very differently people estimate things in this world. A few years since, after having been for some time confined to the 'pent city,' I came with a dear friend to spend a few days in Vermont; and verily, it was a time to be marked with white stones, when we climbed among the green mountains searching for berries, and tearing our dresses! We were on this occasion invited to a tea-party at a worthy farmer's in the vicinity—and never have I seen a more pleasant

specimen of rustic life, than that exhibited by his 'homestead.' Gladly would I have exchanged the pomps and vanities of a town life for a residence in that pretty white cottage shaded by the graceful elm, and ornamented by a profusion of roses and lilacs. After tea we passed through a room in which was a loom, and never before having seen such a phenomenon, I examined it somewhat attentively. On discovering my ignorance, the good lady of the house lifted up her eyes in astonishment, and exclaimed, 'Well I want to know! how *can* folks enjoy themselves without knowing how to weave!'

But to my tale;—Isabelle had attained the age I have mentioned, when Antoine La Rose and his aged mother came from a distant part of the country to reside in D——. He was many years her senior, but still a very handsome man. His appearance was different from that of her other admirers, for, as is usual with a country *belle*, she had several. He was very tall and commanding in person, with a fair complexion, full blue eyes, and light brown hair. He had no sooner become acquainted with the young Isabelle, than his eye rested on her with the gaze of admiration; and he soon determined to make the prize his own. But this was no easy matter among so many competitors—some of whom he knew must be more highly approved by *la bonne tante* than himself. There was Baptiste Langeoin, a steady young farmer, and the richest *beau* in the place. He had for two years singled out Isabelle from her companions, and now seemed to redouble his attentions; but then all said, though she respected, and treated him as a brother, she did not love him; and all who knew Isabelle's warm heart, knew that she would not marry unless she loved. Then there was Pierre La Blanc, a thriving carpenter, and one of the best young men in the place—he was dying for Isabelle; and folks could not find out whether he would be successful or not; it was thought she liked him better than Baptiste, but the truth was, no one knew anything about the matter. There were also others on the list, but we will not delay our story by describing them.

Now Antoine was an idle kind of fellow, without any fixed employment; sometimes he would 'work out' for a few days, then occasionally he would make a canoe, but his favorite pursuit, in which he spent most of his time, was fishing; and as at this time, most people made it a duty to catch their own fish, it was not a very lucrative business; yet Antoine managed to support himself and his old mother pretty comfortably, for their wants were few. The little cottage in which they lived, containing but two rooms, was not to be compared to the snug stone house on Baptiste's farm, or the commodious frame dwelling that Pierre was even now occupied in building. But Antoine knew something of the female heart, when he said to himself, after turning over the subject in his mind, 'well, I will try and please her, and if she only loves me, she will not mind the house;' and he was right, what woman who *really loves*, ever would '*mind the house!*'

When it was reported a few months afterwards, that Antoine and Isabelle were to be married, many shook their heads, and prophesied that she would bitterly repent of it. Some told her she would have no small task in taking care of his mother, who was childish and very fretful; her reply was 'I love Antoine, and for his sake I shall love his mother too, and I will be a daughter to her, and bear with her if she is old and peevish.' Others said that he was idle, and fond of drink, but poor Isabelle loved her intended husband too well to believe he would ever do anything to make her unhappy, and turned a deaf ear to all these observations. She had however some trouble in overcoming the objections of her aunt, who warmly espoused the cause of the young farmer; and she had reason to do so, for Baptiste was an excellent man, with one of the kindest hearts in the world, and she knew he would do all that an affectionate husband could to render his wife happy. His neat house, and well stocked farm, also had their due weight with the good woman, and very eloquently did she set forth all these advantages to her niece, contrasted with Antoine's poverty, bad habits, and ill temper; but her arguments availed not with Isabelle. '*Ma chère tante*' said she, 'do you wish me to be happy?' 'Certainly, I do, my dear child, what other object have I in thus advising you?' Well then, I never can be so if I marry Baptiste; though I regard him as a brother, I can never love him as I do Antoine, and I know I shall be happy with him if he has not a *sou*—I am young and healthy, I will help him to make money, and perhaps by and by we may be rich, and if we are not, it will make no difference, we shall love each other, and we shall be happy.' There was no resisting such logic as this, and—they were married.

I must now request the kind reader to pass

over the next thirty years, and pay a visit with me to 'old Isabelle' as she was when I first knew her. That low white cottage with the apple trees about it, is hers, and there she is, sitting in the door knitting, in her striped woollen *jupon*, and calico 'short gown.' She is still a fine looking woman, with a bright intelligent eye, but care seems to have furrowed her brow, and all traces of joy seem long since to have taken their departure. Near her sits her husband's mother, who has now numbered a hundred years! Poor old woman, she seems to have outlived all enjoyment—she is almost bent double, and she has lost both her hearing and her sight; how sunken, and how dim are her eyes, and yet she is trying to sew! And there sits Antoine outside the door, on a log, destined, I suppose, ere long to skim over the glad waters of the Richelieu, in the form of a canoe—he has a pipe in his mouth, and on his head he wears the Canadian *bonnet rouge*. His face is red and bloated, and shows no remnant of the manly beauty of which it once boasted. Discontent and vexation are expressed in his countenance, and to our courteous *bon soir*, he scarcely deigns a reply. How differently does his wife receive us, as she hands us each a chair, and then hastens to present us with some of her ripest apples, and a glass of delicious milk.

I really wish I could make Isabelle tell her own story, but no—she will not do so—she will not say anything that may attach blame to her husband, and though she is aware that every one knows of his conduct, *she* seems determined to be silent about it. It seems that for some time after their marriage he behaved pretty well, but at last gave way to idle and dissipated habits, until he became a confirmed sot; and before the expiration of three years the entire support of the family devolved upon his wife. He would smoke and drink as long as rum and tobacco lasted, and then he would take to his net, or line, and fish; and if he had no luck, (or if he had, and could not sell his fish) he would return home in ill humor, which was too often vented on his aged parent and his amiable wife; who seeing that she could no longer depend upon her husband's assistance, exerted her energies to the utmost for the maintenance of the family. It was now the time of the last war, between England and America, (and O kind heaven grant that it may continue to be the *last*,) and D—— being not far distant from 'the lines' that separate Canada from the States, became a military post of some consequence, and was occupied by several regiments of British soldiers; and Isabelle did very well by taking in washing and sewing for the officers, who very liberally remunerated her for her services. She suffered much however from alarm and uneasiness during this season of tumult and confusion—her husband being frequently absent at night, at some drunken frolic—while she and the old woman remained alone and unprotected in their little cottage. Many a night has she been known to watch for him at the window with untiring anxiety until the day broke; and when reeling home, a loathsome and disgusting object, instead of upbraiding him, she would receive him kindly, and hasten to prepare for him as comfortable a meal as their circumstances would permit. Does the reader expect that this 'long-suffering'—this forbearance, at last had its reward, in subduing and reforming the now hardened heart of her husband? Alas! would that I could say so! But truth compels me to relate that year after year saw no change in him for the better—indeed he grew worse, as at times, when under the influence of liquor, and raging with thirst for more, he would extort from her by threats, and if these failed, by personal ill usage, the proceeds of her hard day's labor, to furnish him with the means of indulging again in the maddening draught!

It has often been a subject of wonder to me, that poor Isabelle did not sink under so much suffering; and endured too time after time, without any prospect of improvement. But her spirit seemed to gather strength as her trials increased, and her industry and perseverance was only surpassed by her economy and good management. She formed the plan of laying aside something out of her earnings, as a provision for her old age; and to evade her husband's demands on the small overplus that remained, after providing for their necessaries, she prevailed upon one of her neighbors to take charge of her savings, (there was no savings bank in Canada then,) and to allow her a little interest for the same, and by this means, after ten years of unwearied exertion, she saw herself the owner of half an acre of land, and a small house, which she let to a poor, but honest family. And when my acquaintance with her commenced, she was 'saving up' to buy another. At this time the war was over, and Isabelle did not find her business as profitable as formerly; so she went out five, and sometimes six days of the week to 'work out' by the day; and she

gained the good will and esteem of her employers, by the interest and faithfulness with which she discharged her duty to them. Well do I remember the first day she came to work at 'the Parsonage' (which, by the by, was the means of my first introduction to her, having been sent by my mother to engage her weekly attendance on the 'washing day,' how pleased we were with the 'nice tidy little French woman,' and how soon the children began to love her, and even the baby would hold out its tiny hands, and cry to go to her. Children are usually correct physiognomists, and seem to have an instinctive perception of goodness in others, as they generally soon manifest an attachment for the kind and benevolent. Yes, dear old Isabelle—many a year has passed over my head since then, and variously checkered has been the scene of my life—the bright undimmed sunshine of prosperity and happiness, and the dark clouds of adversity have been mine. I have sojourned in the icy regions of the North, and in tropic countries, and been dashed about at the mercy of the broad ocean—but never have I forgotten thee and thy trials, nor the kindness with which as a wayward child, thou didst ever treat me.

Antoine's aged mother died when nearly a hundred and ten years old. Could her memory have served her, she might have furnished an interesting account of the incidents of a century! But she had long been a second time a child, and it may easily be imagined what a task devolved upon Isabelle, in the care she required. She was obliged to hire some person to attend to her when absent at work. The poor old creature suffered much from her fears of death, and purgatory—if not of something more dreadful still. I remember trying to comfort her with all the eloquence of which I was capable, by speaking of the *goodness* of God, which, young and thoughtless as I was, I never could *reconcile* with the idea of *eternal* torments for the wicked! But then, I thought it was taught in the scriptures—and sometimes I was afraid that I did not believe the Bible! I thank God that a brighter day has since dawned upon me, and that now I can *believe* my Bible, and—be happy.

Antoine followed his mother to her last resting place, not long after; and during his long and tedious illness, (he died of a lingering consumption) his wife's cares were lightened, and her days made comparatively happy, by the change which took place in his temper. He manifested much remorse for his mis-spent life; and again and again did he implore his wife's forgiveness, for having so cruelly blighted the hopes of happiness in which she indulged, when with a fond woman's confidence in the object of her affections, and in the bloom of her youth and beauty, she became his, and cheerfully indeed was this granted. The poor creature, with a devotion and forbearance almost more than mortal, had not only borne with him, but actually loved him still! And though tempted by advantageous offers of employment—and by many, strongly urged to leave him, she never for a moment thought of deserting him. I remember one evening, calling at her cottage, and met Antoine coming out, evidently intoxicated, and angry. There was no one in the outer room, but the sound of suppressed sobs from the chamber, assured me that poor Isabelle had just passed through one of her saddest scenes. I could not avoid expressing my indignation at his conduct, and ended by saying 'you have borne this long enough from your ungrateful husband, every one says you have done *more* than your duty—you must leave him at once, and come and live with us.' 'O no, Miss, I never will leave him,' was her reply, 'what would become of him if I was to do so? *why he would die in a ditch, with no one to close his eyes!* Poor man, he needs a wife, much more than if he was steady!'

Some time before his death she adopted a little orphan niece, and although for some years she thus added to her cares and expenses, yet having no children of her own, she became as such—and now that Isabelle too, has grown old and blind, Celeste by her good conduct, seems to repay her aunt's kindness to her during the helpless years of her infancy. Isabelle succeeded at last in purchasing another cottage, and the rents of the two, added to what Celeste earns by sewing, and occasional donations from old friends, keep them above want.

Whenever I pay my annual visit to the Parsonage, old Isabelle is generally the first to find it out, and comes leaning on the arm of her niece, to spend the day and talk over old times. The last time I was there, I found a change was in meditation, which I trust will have a happy result. Celeste was soon to be married to a respectable young farmer, who had promised to be kind, and to do all in his power to smooth the last days of one who had suffered so much from the ingratitude of man, and furnished so excellent an example of the forbearance of woman. S. M.

East Randolph, Vt.

Written for the Repository.

A Tradition.

The world knew not the Holy One!
Before strange gods the nations bowed;
They worship'd stars, the moon, the sun,
And rolling thunders in the cloud.
Egypt and Greece by science blest,—
The savage horde and mountain clan,—
The warlike tribe unused to rest,—
All bowed to objects less than man.

Though sages led the youths among
Elysian groves and classic shades,
And poets tuned their lyres and sung,
And graces clothed the Grecian maids,—
Yet idols claimed all homage then;
And learning proud and mystery,
Made willing vassals—*slaves* of men,
And firmly chained what would be free.

The son of Terah roamed by night,
Afar from home, his native cave;
He viewed the stars; each golden light
Gave thoughts to him profound and grave.
Bright Venus most he gazed upon;
He loved that planet's cheerful smile,
And said: 'Thou art the Holy One,
To whom should bow earth, sea and isle.'

But that bright star soon disappeared;
It vanished from the path it trod;
He saw it fade, and then he feared
To think it was creation's God.
He gazed where first it glittered bright,
And sable darkness filled the space;
He saw not then the golden light,
Nor could he more its pathway trace.

Then next he viewed the silver moon;
Her gentle aspect drew his love;
He prized her more than earth's best boon,
And far above Olympian Jove;
And said: 'O thou dost reign supreme—
Thou charmer of the silent night!
I'll kneel where comes thy smiling beam,
And praise thy soft and trembling light.'

But soon the moon withdrew from sight;—
Her lovely form too sank to rest;
And darker grew the shades of night,
And shadowy curtains vailed the West.
As changed the star, and thus proved vain
The thoughts that rose in Abram's mind,
So changed the moon and all her train,
And left again the wanderer blind.

In mist and doubt he groped along
And stood before proud Babylon's wall;
He there beheld a kneeling throng—
Ay, countless forms in homage fall
Before the glorious orb of day.
The sun's warm rays made earth all bright,
As gloom and darkness fled away,
And golden towers reflect his light.

Then said the son of Terah: 'Now
My eyes behold what I have sought—
The God to whom all men should bow—
The God that earth from chaos brought'!
But evening came; the sun had gone,
And ebon night once more did reign,
The Tigris smiled not as at morn,
But flowed unseen along the plain.

Euphrates, with its flowery banks,
And willow shades, where childhood played,
And gazelles joined in sportive pranks,
Rolled darkly by each hill and glade,
And lofty towers that crowned the walls,
The palace of the Chaldean prince,
The costly domes and pillared halls,
Seemed clouds without magnificence.

As Venus and the silver moon,
Had left him as from home he hied,
So set the sun of morn and noon,
And Abram bowed himself and sighed.
He thought how vain the homage paid
To star, to moon, to day's bright sun,
And senseless idols of the shade,
When lived unseen the Holy One!

And said: 'The Spirit everywhere,
Is my o'erruling Deity;
He rules in heaven, in earth and air,—
His presence fills infinity.
Before him will I bow the knee,
At morn, and noon, and starry night;
He was, he is, shall ever be;
He reigns in darkness and in light.' H. C. L.

Written for the Repository.

Night Musings.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

Surely the night is glorious: the beautiful, solemn night! It is but a little while, and the very soul was wearied and benumbed with the relentless task master, care. Every finer sensibility seemed blunted; the eye could scarcely discern beauty in the gorgeous tintings of sunset, the ear heard no music in the thousand busy tones that rang upon its wearied sense. But how changed! We are no longer in the sunny empire of day, when the glad beams danced among the rich green leaves, flinging their silvery radiance, alas, into the solemn glens, and gilding with checkered lustre the many columned aisles of the dim old woodlands, whose stately, moss grown pillars, have listened for centuries to the thrilling, ever varying anthem of the chainless winds. The busy hum of industry is hushed, the strong man has ceased from toil, and now rests powerless as the infant in the similitude of death; the merry hearted child has left its wild chase among the perfumed blossoms where the painted butterfly led it on from stem to stem, still eluding the giddy grasp of the tiny hand, as pleasure's phantoms fly before the eager vision of folly's children. The mysterious veil of slumber rests upon earth's care worn millions,—the late noisy world is hushed and still, and the few who wake to commune with high and holy thought, find the balm of refreshment stealing over their wearied spirits as they gaze upon the solemn quiet of the scene around them. How dark and frowningly fall the

shadows of yon dim old forest, upon whose dew-gemmed leaves the silver moonbeams rest in floods of liquid radiance! How softly falls the mellow light upon the waving grain that sways to the night breeze like the surface of a mirrored lake, and its various changes seem like the shadows of spirit-wings, that hover around us on some errand of mercy.

There is enchantment in the hour. Voices, soft ærial voices are abroad on the wind's fitful pinions; now moaning sadly and low, through the quivering branches, like the sweet, warm gushings of early sympathies; now pealing with wild and thrilling wail through the tossing boughs, echoing along through the greenwood arches, each cadence gathering strength, till its solemn roar overpowers the listening soul with the memory of long past hours; hours when the floodtide of grief whelmed the bleeding heart beneath the anguish-billows, and the shades of despair frowned dimly around the stricken spirit.

Again the tones of the fitful harp swell soft and clear, and the merry tinkle of the chiming rill falls sweetly on the ear. Where are we now? Is this the same dull sphere we dwelt in an hour ago? Ah no. We recline in the bowers of the past. The light breeze fans our youthful tresses as we ramble the flowery lawns with loved ones whose faces shall gladden our pilgrimage no more. Listen. The images so long enshrined in the heart's secret sanctuary are prattling around us, and oh, how the heart strings thrill with pain as the melody of those cherub tones falls with vivid intenseness upon their yearning fibres. The soft curls gleam in silvery beauty on the finely chiselled brows, and the blue eyes flash in their star like radiance. Alas! the warm tears gush, and the beautiful visions are fading away. Chill and dark is the pall that is gathering over those hallowed memories. God of mercy, grant us strength to read aright these mysterious lines in the volume of thy wisdom. Bid the soul look upwards in this sanctifying hour. How calm, how glorious is the limitless dome above us. No discord is there. The myriad worlds that deck the vast realms of space, roll on in mysterious harmony in their appointed circuits, sending their flashing, gem-like rays far down the azure steep, like altar-lights burning ever in the solemn temple of night. What if clouds obscure the view? They belong to earth, and when their darkening folds retire, how brightly glows the signet of the Eternal's promise on the receding gloom. But how much brighter glows the signet of Jehovah's eternal mercy on the black clouds of sin and death. See, through the long, long lapse of almost countless centuries, the pall of impervious gloom rests over human destiny. Death strides with unfaltering step along the pathway of mortals, gathering his victims to the silent charnel, from whose damp vaults no voice has ever greeted the ear of the lonely, bereaved one. The dark frowning banners of oblivion rested on all the heart held dear, and no strong hand had ever rent their gloomy folds, or unbarred the iron portals of the insatiate grave. But let the soul go backward on the wing of thought, bid the spirit-vision look through the dim vistas of the past and gaze upon a scene calm and beautiful as this. The midnight moon is casting her mellow light over Judea's hills, and her lovely vales are filled with radiant splendor. No storm vexes the sleeping waves of Galilee, but the crescent-lamps of heaven are mirrored in its silent depths. The shepherds are quietly watching their flocks on the dewy plains. Suddenly, a soft, sweet strain of unearthly melody floats slowly downward on the stilly air. Again, again with deepening tones, swells the seraphic harmony; the lofty sapphire arches ring with the echos of ten thousand lyres; and lo! on pinions of glory, descend the bright co-horts of heaven's armies; and hark, the silvery trumpet-tones proclaiming to the wondering watchers, 'Fear not; behold I bring you glad tidings of joy which shall be unto *all* people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior who is Christ the Lord.' Again, those anthem notes rise full and clear along the cerulean arches, as the dazzling throng plume their golden pinions toward the gates of paradise. And as they wing their way to the far off chambers of the beatific Presence, how sweetly rings the pealing chant, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will toward man.' Shall not the soul rejoice in the glorious bequest then conferred on man. The babe of Bethlehem—the anointed king of spiritual Zion, has descended to the sin-blighted bowers of time, to rend the dark veil of ignorance from the human heart, to purge the mental vision from gross error, to cleanse the degraded soul from the dark plague spot of iniquity; and, opening the portals of glory, to shed upon the gloomy mansions of the grave the ever-glorious light of life and immortality. And is it not in wisdom and mercy, that our loved ones are withdrawn to the spirit mansions ere yet the

light of loveliness has faded from lip and brow? Bitter are the tears that must flow when our cherished blossoms in all their transparent loveliness are severed from their parent stem, and transferred to those mysterious, unknown realms beyond the reach of mental vision. Yet in mercy are these trials meted out to us. How would the spirit-vision grow dim if the yearning soul were never wooed to those brighter bowers, by voices whose melody has long since died save on the murmuring cords of memory's lyre. Would not the eye of faith grow obscure, were it never cheered by glances whose radiance is not now of earth, but of a sphere where the light of love is never dim, or veiled by the mist of error. The parting hour must be ever bitter, when the love-glances fade from the glazing eye, and the lips that ever warbled melody grow silent and frigid beneath the wand of the pale king; yet in after-time their remembrance is sweet, and often it elevates the soul above the dull cares of earth, and causes it to commune in spirit with those whom we cannot believe lost, because they were so very dear to us. Love is the brightest link in the chain with which we are bound to one another, and to God. It is indeed the electric spring, whose touch will make every cord to vibrate; and if the wires be tuned by the unerring hand of truth, how exquisite the music that thrills the soul. Even when the dark night of adversity has closed around us, and boding clouds of future ill obscure our whole horizon, how sweetly do their symphonious numbers echo from beyond the gloomy curtain, telling of bowers whose verdure never fades; of living streams whose crystal waves proceeding from the changeless throne of unapproachable Majesty, flow ever onward, flashing in the glorious splendor of truth's unfading beams; of flowers that drooped in this chill sphere, now blushing in immortal hues beside the diamond waves of never failing fountains, whose crystalline depths are shaded by the stainless clusters; whose fragrance is borne on the living air, a sweet offering of praise to the Eternal One.

Do we not look upon death with less dread, when we think how many of our precious jewels he has in his keeping? Would not the night shades of atheism be more likely to shroud the human mind in its rayless gloom, if we were never called to resign the pure, unsullied gems of intellect, before their lustre had been tarnished in the atmosphere of sin? When the anguished heart is bleeding and lacerated, it cannot kiss the chastening rod; but when time has stilled the turbid waters of grief, and the angel of peace has folded his heavenly mantle around the soul, and faith with her sun-lit eye has pointed the aching vision to its far-off home, and wreathed the throbbing brow with the coronal of immortal bloom; how sweet is the song of gratitude that rises from the subdued spirit to Him who spared not his own Son, but gave him as the seal of man's redemption from the grasp of death. Surely thy mission is glorious, thou angel of the solemn night. When thy mystic hand has spread the shadowy veil over the variegated beauty of earth, thou biddest the spirit leave its prison of care and hold communion with high and beautiful thought. The soul with free unfettered pinion claims affinity with angels, and looks with pleasure to that period when dropping the robe of mortality it shall plume its sky-bent wings, and learn to tread the glittering pathway of the stars. The wild-woven numbers of thy mysterious minstrelsy seem but the far off echos of harps whose golden wires are swept by celestial fingers—soft, dying cadences of immortal anthems, whose pealing strains roll ever from the glad throng who surround the dazzling throne of light, where shining ranks of cherubim and seraphim hide their radiant faces beneath their pinions of purple light, as from ten thousand times ten thousand quivering strings they win immortal melody; while far along the dazzling lines of congregated immortals, swells the glad song of Moses and the Lamb, and golden palms, and starry crowns, are cast low before the Ancient of Days; and ascriptions of glory and honor ring over the glorious expanse to the high sapphire arches; and the living incense of grateful praise ascends continually from the golden censers around the eternal mount, where bow the angel, and the archangel.

Written for the Repository.

God is Love.

How much is contained in the three little words '*God is love.*' The sun, as it rises in all its glorious splendor and spreads its cheering and enlivening rays on all around, until it reaches its mid-day summit in the heavens, and then sinks lower and lower, until it goes down beneath the dim shades of the western horizon, to give place to the moon, and the lesser orbs of night which are placed on high to cheer this mundane world

when the light of day has departed; the flowers which bloom with all their freshness beneath our feet, and scatter their sweet fragrance along our path; the feathered songsters that soar above our heads, cheering us on our lonely way with their sweet notes of melody; all tell us, in a voice too plainly to be mistaken, that '*God is love.*'

Our heavenly Father must have been actuated by the holy principle of love, when he planned this beautiful universe in which we live, and adapted everything so fully to satisfy the wants and ensure the happiness of man, when he gave his only-begotten Son to redeem and purify a lost and sinful world, from the thraldom of ignorance, sin and error. That Being who has blessed us with all these riches of his goodness, and of whom it is declared, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice, and who numbers the *very* hairs of our heads, must *certainly* be a God of unbounded love.

And has that God made for some of his own dependant offspring, or exposed them to an eternal world of anguish, wretchedness, and wo? Has he placed his children here in this fleeting world to exist for a few short years, and then for sins which lesson life's enjoyments, will he condemn them to endure an eternity of suffering, which cannot produce good to angel, saint, or sinner? No, it is impossible! Impossible for the best of all reasons—'*God is love.*' The feeble love of earthly parents, or friends, inclines them to have a good end in view in every exercise of severity, and this alone can free any from the charge of cruelty when they cause others to suffer. We should therefore give to God the honor that is due, by ascribing to him no exercise of severity that cannot promise good results. God is love to each mortal, and he will be love to each immortal.

Our Creator has bestowed upon us moral and intellectual powers which may be highly cultivated; yea, they make us capable of infinite progress; and with these he has given us a desire to exist—'a longing after immortality.' He will, in his unchanging love, grant satisfaction to this longing, that our powers to glorify him may be developed to his praise. O thus he will give the highest manifestation that he is the God of love!

Let us learn then the moral of God's love, for love is the spirit of union and joy. Look where love unites all hearts, and see what unalloyed happiness and heavenly bliss reigns there! In whatever family, society, or nation we are placed, where the members are bound together by love, there you will find kindly sympathy and fellow feeling. Was it not a kindred love that was felt by our blessed Savior, when he wept at the grave of Lazarus? Let us make its beauty ours! And should it not inspire our hearts—make us ready to mourn with those that mourn, and prompt us to visit and comfort the sick and dying, whether they be friend, or foe? Oh yes! in whatever form we see sorrow and grief, we should be active, if we can be, to drop a word of kindness, and calm the troubled breast. Never do we better imitate the example which our blessed Savior has set before us, than when we are visiting the sick and afflicted, pouring into their bleeding hearts the soothing balm of consolation; and when the cup of affliction seems almost full to ourselves—when there is nothing earthly left for the troubled mind to feed upon, then, O then, how great the consolation, if love has sent some kind friend to our relief, to assuage the racking pains of sorrow.

Then let love govern all our actions, and inspire our hearts in every good word and work, and may we ever be consoled, by the knowledge of that pure and heavenly love revealed to us in the Gospel of Jesus Christ: which teaches us that we should love God *because* he is lovely—*because* he first loved us. And may we ever remember that it was one of his own prophets who said of him: 'Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his tender mercies.' And finally, when we have done with all sublunary things, our heavenly Father hath prepared for us 'an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' A. D. P.

Petersham, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

One I love is in the Grave.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

Bright the summer sun is shining,
Blue the sky, and fresh the breeze,
Flowers the garden walks are twining,
Birds are warbling in the trees;
But while joy is smiling round me,
Naught from pain my heart can save,
Sadness with her spell has bound me,
One I love is in the grave.

Cheerful looks and pleasant voices,
Call me from my grief away;
Nothing now my heart rejoices,
Vain each effort to be gay.

Let me weep! the tears are swelling,
Eyes which smiles so often gave,
For each hour the tale is telling,
One I love is in the grave.

All things wear the garb of sorrow,
For my heart is filled with gloom,
And my thoughts their hue will borrow,
From the shadow of the tomb.
Mournfully the waves are singing,
Dim the verdure which they lave,
Every sound a knell is ringing,
One I love is in the grave.

Sadly now the days I number,
Dark and slow their passing seems,
Night but brings me troubled slumber,
Restless hours and weary dreams.
Death's dark wings my path are shading,
Sable plumes before me wave,
Phantoms from my gaze are fading,
One I love is in the grave.

Father, in distress I languish;
Heal the wound thy hand has made;
Thou canst see my silent anguish,
Thou wilt pity, thou wilt aid;
Yes, a ray of light is beaming,
From despair my soul to save,
Jesus, on thy bosom leaning,
One I love has left the grave.

Hartford, Ct. Aug. 13, 1841.

Written for the Repository.

The Indestructibility of the Mental Impressions;

Or the Future Identity of Man.

'But though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.' PAUL.

The question has been often asked, *Shall we retain our identity in the future state?* That is, shall we remember there that we had lived in this world? By some, this question is answered in the negative; and even some who call themselves christians, pretend to disbelieve that mankind, in the immortal state, will not be conscious that they once lived in this world. But why should any person, who believes in christianity, doubt for a moment, that man will retain his identity in the resurrection world? The belief that he will not, is *unreasonable, comfortless, and unscriptural.*

I. Man has a soul, or spirit, as well as a body. This soul, or mind, is contemplated as distinct from the body, and no way affected morally by any physical change. Though the outer man perish, yet the inner man may be renewed daily. Though the 'dust return to the dust as it was, yet the spirit shall return to God who gave it.' This view of man is corroborated by observation. The body of man is continually undergoing changes. For example, the individual who lives sixty years has had two or three bodies—or, in other words, his body has changed two or three times during that term of years. But his mind has not changed, for he retains his identity. He remembers, he is conscious that he is the identical person now, whose childhood, youth and manhood he takes in at one glance of retrospection. But if his mind had changed as his body did, he could not remember the whole course of his life.

Then, if the body can be changed several times *gradually* in the term of a few years, without affecting the identity of mind, why may not the mind remain unchanged by the *sudden* dissolution of the body? It appears to me that if a physical change of body which is gradual does not affect the spirit, neither can a change which takes place in a moment affect it.

It has pleased the Creator to give our spirits bodies which are liable to change in this world, and also to prepare for them other bodies, immortal and incorruptible, with which they are to be clad in eternity. Death destroys the mortal, and the power of the resurrection prepares the immortal. Hence the apostle said—'We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

It is the opinion of some philosophers and theologians that all the mental impressions are indestructible,—that all the thoughts and purposes of the heart are as imperishable as the mind itself; so that 'the act of thinking becomes the register of thought upon the perpetual tablet of the soul.' It is, however, not pretended that there is absolute demonstration of this, still there are facts and phenomena in regard to the mind—especially the power of memory—that seem to warrant the conclusion above mentioned.

1. Every person can recollect many instances when he has attempted in vain to recall a forgotten idea; but because he could not, by any effort of mind, recollect the idea, forms no presumption that the idea is lost beyond recovery; for often, after this unavailing effort of the thinking powers to open to the page in the book of remembrance on which the idea is inscribed, it seems spontaneously, by and by, to present itself anew to the mind.

2. Impressions and ideas long forgotten often return suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and quickly again vanish without our being able to retain them, like some friend that passes by our

window, we catch a momentary glimpse of him, and he is gone. They seem to be beyond the control of the will, coming and passing away like the zephyr, without our knowing whence it came or whither it has gone. Indeed, every person must have experienced in himself instances like this of the involuntary resuscitation of mental images. Such facts prove conclusively that there are images or pictures of things impressed on the mind, though at the time we may not be conscious of them; but which, like the electric fluid sleeping in a summer evening cloud, requires only an appropriate medium of attraction to gleam forth.

This being the case, may we not say, that, if one class of ideas or impressions, which seemed to have gone forever from the mind, is recalled by some external circumstance, some accidental association, all ideas whose impressions were when made, at least as strong, would recur, if their respective associations could be awakened.

3. Individuals, by reason of some disease of the brain, or a violent blow upon the head, have remembered what in a state of health it had been impossible to recollect. On the other hand some have forgotten for a time all they ever had known, till some circumstance has re-instated memory in its important office. In proof of these statements I will adduce some well authenticated facts.

A few years ago a case of this kind occurred in Germany, in the town of Gottingen, a young woman of about 25 years of age, who was unable either to read or write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which time she continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, with most distinct pronunciation. This singular case attracted the attention of a young physician, and by his statements many eminent physiologists and psycologists visited her and examined the case upon the spot. All conspiracy or deception was out of the question.

This mystery, however, was revealed by ascertaining the following fact. The physician learned that his patient had lived several years in the family of an old protestant clergyman, and he was in the habit for years, of reading from classical authors, while walking in his house, through a passage way into which was a door leading to the room in which she kept. The physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the bed side that no doubt could remain in a rational mind concerning the true origin of her impressions. They must have been made by hearing the passages read or repeated by that clergyman.

This proves that impressions may exist long in a latent state in the very same order in which they were originally made. The fever stimulated the brain so that the impressions were called up as they were originally. The inflammation on the brain did not create those ideas of the classical passages of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but, as the earthquake by its convulsions may open to view rich mines of gold and silver, which otherwise had not been exposed to sight; so, the violence of disease, so unfolded the scroll of memory that those splendid ideas of classic lore were called up to the mind, which but for that instance of disease, had not been unfolded on earth.

Another instance of the kind took place in Freehold, New Jersey. I refer to Rev. William Tenant. One day while conversing with his brother in Latin, he fainted and apparently died away. He remained in a state of suspended animation for three days; and when the people were assembled to the funeral, he gave signs of life, and opened his eyes. He gradually recovered his health. A considerable time after his resuscitation, and when able to take notice of what passed around him, he saw his sister reading a book, and asked her what she had in her hand. She told him it was the Bible. Said he, 'what is the Bible? I know not your meaning.'

Upon examination it was found that he was totally ignorant of every transaction of his past life. He could not read a word, nor had he any idea what reading was. But in a short time he commenced anew to read and write as children are usually taught. And under the tuition of his brother, he began to study the Latin language. One day as he was reciting a lesson from Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, put his hands to his head, as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. He told his brother that he felt a sudden shock in his head, and it now seemed to him that he had read that book before. His recollection by degrees returned so that he regained a perfect knowledge of the past transactions of his life.

I will mention but one instance more of this kind. This was related to the writer of this by Dr. Greenland, an eminent physician in the city of Charleston, S. C. A few years since a gentleman of good education, while sitting in his chair and leaning back, fell; and in his fall, struck his head against some sharpened fixture. And im-

mediately all that was past of his experience became as a blank to him. He forgot all his learning, and forgot he had a wife and family. In this situation he remained two or three days, when the pain in his head became so acute that he caught hold of his hair with great violence, and instantly his memory began to return to him. It was supposed that a piece of the skull was indented upon the brain by the fall, which produced his forgetfulness, and that this indented part was raised up from the brain by the violence he used upon himself.

In regard to this case, I remark, that the opinion which some individuals entertain, that the mind may be destroyed by a blow upon the head, is erroneous. The question is sometimes tauntingly asked, where is that man's mind who loses his faculties by a contusion upon the brain? I answer where it was before he received the blow. It is evidently wrong to say that the mind is destroyed because it is deranged in its manifestations, or ceases to act through its organs. Was the above mentioned individual's mind destroyed by the blow he received in falling, which caused him to forget everything and to appear as though he had no mind? No—for if the blow destroyed the mind, the violence he used upon himself created it again! The fact in regard to this matter is, the mind may, and does exist, when it is but imperfectly, or not at all manifested; as in the cases of idiots, the superannuated, and the insane.

II. But, in the next place, how utterly *comfortless* the opinion is that all impressions of the mind in the future world, which were made in this life, shall be eradicated, and man then forget forever that he had existed in a former life! Let a person of such views go to the bedside of some friend about to leave this world. What consolation, what hope could he impart? Would it comfort the dying one to be told that God will make of him and all others, a higher race of beings, though he shall forget that he once lived here, and had friends beloved and loving? Would not this be virtually telling the dying one, you will in a few hours be annihilated—you will cease to *be* in every respect that renders life desirable and dear to an intellectual and moral being,—your substance shall be created anew, and a being that shall not die, arise from it? What happiness would it be to the worm to tell him, were it possible, that it will be changed into a beautiful butterfly, and bathe its brilliant wings in sunlight, and drink nectar from a thousand flowers? He would say, what good will all that do *me?* The *butterfly* may enjoy life, but I, the poor worm, shall cease to be!

Say, if you please, that the Almighty will make of myself, in the world to come, a Fenelon, a Paul, or an angel; but if the future state has no connection with this, so that all which pertains to *me* shall be swallowed up and my identity lost, I can feel no interest in the future life. There may be beings there equal to the angels—but—I, the identical individual who pens this, will not be. Hence I can feel no more interest in any being who will be there than I now feel in the inhabitants of one of the planets. What though that world should be described to my vision as splendid and glorious? if I, who am now, shall know nothing about it, I should be like Moses upon Mount Pisgah—I may see the promised land in the distance, but must die on the mount of vision.

III. In the last place, what saith the scriptures in regard to this matter? Before I refer to direct scriptural proof, I will notice an inference that has been drawn from a passage of scripture in favor of the opinion that we shall not remember in the resurrection state that we lived in this. It is true that St. Paul says we shall all be *changed*, and this mortal put on immortality.

But what is to be *changed?* Not the mind or spirit, but the *body*. The body *here* is mortal, corruptible, natural, weak and earthly; the body *there* shall be immortal, incorruptible, spiritual, powerful, glorious and heavenly. Hence the apostle said, in answer to the question—'how are the dead raised up, and with what *body* do they come?' So is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural *body*, it is raised a spiritual *body*.' All this has reference to the resurrection *body*, as every one cannot fail to perceive.

When we ask the sacred writers what they believed in regard to man's identity in a future life, what do they tell us? St. Paul represents his view of this subject by the figure of a *tenant* that passes from one house to another; but certainly he was the same tenant in the last house that he was in the first. His language is:—'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

Now 'the *earthly house* of our tabernacle' is our present body, but the *eternal* and *heavenly house* is our spiritual body. He then proceeds to say:—'For in this, (i. e. the mortal body) we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven, (i. e. the spiritual body) if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.' Who ever heard of a man's losing his identity by changing his clothes? We might as well suppose this possible as that St. Paul believed he should not be the identical Paul the apostle, when he should be clothed upon with immortality, that he was when in his earthly house. Hence he uses the following strong language; 'Therefore we are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.'

Believing most confidently that the opinion that we shall be the identical beings in another world that we are here only greatly improved and elevated, and that we shall not forget there that we had an existence here, and lived, and enjoyed, and suffered, and hoped; I will conclude this article with the beautiful sentiment of one of England's greatest poets:

'When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
* * * * * *
Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, yet seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.' L. W.

Lynn, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

My Home! Farewell!

'Tis done! the relentless hammer fell!
The home is sold that I loved so well!
No more through my childhood's haunts shall I stray,
For inscribed on all is—'Passing away!'

Farewell to the door where the woodbines cling,
And over the windows their tendrils fling—
Forming a curtain graceful and bright,
As their green leaves flash in the clear sunlight;
Where the fair moon would shine timidly through,
As if fearful her charms some eye might view.

Farewell to the room with its painted walls,
More dear to my heart than wealth's proudest halls;
There from childhood's hour to womanhood's prime,
Have I spent most of my mis-spent time;
And the corner where with his whitened hair,
My father sat in his roundabout chair,
And read, 'till his aged eyes would weep,
As if in sorrow, that time would sweep
With unheeding wing, not leave even sight,
To gild the dim page with steady light.

O! why do we linger here, to mark,
Warm hearts grow cold—and bright eyes dark?
'Till all is changed, 'till scarce a trace
Of our former self is left—the place
Hallowed by memories pure and deep
Departs like the winds which o'er it sweep!
'Till bright hopes have vanished one by one,
Like stars from the vault of heaven—'till none
Are left upon life's dark and rayless sky!
O! what a boon it is then—to *die!*

Farewell to the closet so snug and warm,
Where I used to repose secure from harm,
Nor awake 'till my mother's step was heard,
As she rose with the sun—to duty stirred;
And the chamber where for many an hour,
I have listened to hear the rain-drops pour
On the shingled roof, and list as they fell,
How rich the music that would softly swell
From the pattering drops as they seemed to raise
To heaven a song of the sweetest praise.

Who has not felt the soothing power
Of summer's calm, refreshing shower!
Been lulled to a dreamy, listless state,
Of luxurious sleep,—yet half awake;
As sweet as we deem the infant's rest,
When pillowed on the maternal breast,
Hushed in sleep by that voice which alone
Of all the world, has the sweetest tone!

O! sweeter 's the music that nature sings
When summer winds sweep o'er numberless strings,
Than the loftiest strains of liquid fire,
E'er struck from the gifted one's burning lyre,
And each reed, and bush, and lofty tree,
Are instinct with richest melody!
The harps which hang round my childhood's home,
Are all unstrung; their melody 's gone!
And when last I heard their tremulous lay,
'Twas—'Farewell! farewell! we're "passing away!"'

Yes! all farewell! the cherry tree wild,
On whose topmost boughs, when a fearless child,
I have sat and read by sweet twilight,
'Till darkness obscured my aching sight;
Where the red-breast came to build her nest,
To rear her young—her wings to rest;
Where, when spring came, the welcome jay
Would come and carol his sweetest lay;
The clump of elders—'mid whose green leaves
Bright flowerets peep and woo the breeze;
The languishing vine, and willow pale
Which gracefully bows to the passing gale!
Farewell! forever! O! ne'er again,
Would I list thy wild harps mournful strain!
The charm has vanished! broken the spell
Which held me in thrall! the darkling swell,
Of *change* has flowed o'er each hallowed spot,
And left her dark stains on meadow and grot.
And this is *dear* life!—chained—fettered to see
Ties severed by resistless destiny!

But *memory's* home is a hallowed place!
And no footstep profane a path may trace
O'er its sacred ground; and there shall dwell,
Enshrined in its depths, a holy well
Of purest feeling; there, far below
The cold world's gaze, brightly shall glow
Each remembered scene; before me pass,
By memory's faithful magic glass,
Loved forms and dear, in bright array
Which but with life will 'pass away.' C. W. H.

Duxbury, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Life a State of Activity. No. 1.

Man is made, not for inactivity and ease, but for action—prompt, energetic, continued action, both of body and mind. His relations to the external world demonstrate the truth of this position. The Creator has placed man in the midst of elements that need continual control, or unceasing resistance. During the years of his infancy he is protected from dangers by paternal kindness, or shielded by maternal love. As he grows in years his physical wants and appetites demand satisfaction, and this can be obtained only through toil, exposure and hardship. His food, his clothing, his shelter, are not ready furnished to his hand, they must be created from earthly materials by his own active energies. Activity is the law of the human constitution. Action is the demand made upon man by the thousand voices of nature. In one sense, the external world is man's enemy; and he must either subdue and bend it to his purposes, or it will overmaster him. Indeed, it does finally overmaster us all. We wear ourselves out in contending with its elements; we become old and decrepid in our conflicts with nature; and then we die, leaving the earth as young, as vigorous, as beautiful as when we first breathed its atmosphere, or revelled amidst its glories.

Man is not only required to be active in this life, but he is required to act with *promptness*—to act immediately, without procrastination, and delay. Many people are a long time in coming to a decision in regard to subjects which require immediate action. This deliberation and carefulness are sometimes right. To reflect a long time upon a matter before we decide to act, or *how* to act, may be the means of securing success, where more hasty determination might result in disappointment and defeat. But in this rapidly revolving world, if we would accomplish any considerable amount of good, we must learn to consider and reflect with rapidity, so that we may form the habit of quickly coming to conclusions. Although hasty thought and premature action are great evils under the sun, yet dilatoriness and procrastination are still greater. This habit of deferring till to-morrow what can be done—what ought to be done to day, is one of the most fatal to success in the ordinary affairs of business life. If we yield to this procrastinating habit—if we give way to this reluctance to act *now*, the favorable opportunity may slip by us, and others, more prompt in action than ourselves, may secure the profits, and reap the honors of success. Not only in common business transactions, but in the pursuit of knowledge—in the study of the sciences—in building up for ourselves a political, literary or moral character, it would be well to imitate those great military commanders whose success in war has been owing, no less to the celerity of their movements, than to their energy and courage. We all have enemies to contend against. They present themselves before us continually. We encounter them in the mysteries of art and trade; in the difficulties of science; in the obscurities of important truths; in the intricacies of matter and the laws of mind. To master these subjects—to understand and comprehend them in their true nature and relations, we must examine and study as rapidly as the faculties of the soul become sufficiently keen and strong to grapple them. If we do not overcome our apathy and proceed to the business with promptness, a longer life than is generally alotted to man will be insufficient to obtain even a tolerable degree of information about them.

But man should not only act with promptness, he should act with *vigor*. Whatsoever his hand findeth to do, he should do it with his might. An individual may possess the habit of quick decision—he may act with promptness in ordinary cases or those of emergency, and yet on account of the feebleness of his actions—the languor of his movements, he may be a long time in attaining his object, or fail altogether in his intentions. Prosperity in the common affairs of human life, and especially high attainments in art, literature, or science, cannot be purchased at so cheap a price as people generally wish to pay. Superior skill in art, talent and tact in business, eminence in science or learning, will not come to man by being merely called for, or even labored for; they must be sought after with all the vigor and energy of man's active powers, if he would obtain and secure them. Neither the kingdom of heaven, or anything else comes by observation. God has been pleased to surround with difficulties every object which human nature desires. He has seen fit to overlay them with obstacles and encompass them with dangers. Some of these objects are far off and above our reach, so that if we *will* have them, we must make manful attempts to climb to where they are.

These difficulties, which, in every pursuit and

every stage of life, are thrown before us, are the means which the Creator has appointed to develope, strengthen and improve our nature. Those who would live inactive and easy lives, mistake or disregard the end of their being. They must ever remain unacquainted with the grand and beautiful world in which they are placed, and will go out of it as wise as they entered. But those who come up to the most difficult and discouraging labor—those who grapple manfully with the obstruse problems of nature or human life, are the men, and the only men who live in accordance with the laws of the universe. Their faculties are sharpened and improved by every vigorous encounter with difficulties. Men who stand before the world as pre-eminent in science and literature—those whose opinions and influence are felt in their country and on their age, have not obtained the homage and respect of mankind without having paid for them a full equivalent. Could we read their history, should we not find that their lives had been lives of effort, toil and contest. It is these mainly which have given them their superiority over the minds of their fellow-men. And what these men are, the most of men may be.

Again: our efforts in the pursuits incident to our state of being, should not only be prompt—should not only be energetic—they should also be *continual.* There is no fear of doing too much—no danger of our performing an overplus of labor, no danger of accomplishing a superabundance of good. Neither is there so much danger as some people apprehend, of exhausting and wearing out the powers of the mind, or those of the body by continual physical and mental activity. The faculties of both body and mind are more frequently injured by listlessness and inactivity, than by excessive action. Like the waters of still pools, unemployed faculties stagnate and waste away.

As organized physical beings we should be active. The perfect health and full development of the corporeal system require this. No day should pass without manual labor of some kind, if we would have vigor of body and strength of muscle, and elasticity of spirit, and soundness of constitution. But our physical exercise ought to be productive: that is, it should contribute something to the common stock of property in the world—it should add to the amount of useful articles which enter into the consumption of civilized life. Everything which we consume—every article which ministers to the necessities, comforts and conveniences of the outward man, must be created by the manual labor of some of our fellow-creatures; and each man in the community should perform his share of this productive industry, not exclusively as the means of improving and keeping in health his own bodily organs, but also to lighten the burdens of that class of human beings on which the customs of society have imposed the onerous and unjust task of doing little else except toiling for the physical gratification of others.

The physical activity of man must be continual, for consumption and waste must be replaced by new productions. The elements of the material world, as fast as they are expended in the form of food, dress, and other useful and commodious articles, must be again and again worked over to satisfy our ever returning wants. There must be no cessation so long as the race exists and possesses its present bodily wants and appetites.

D. B. H.

Written for the Repository.

A Thought.

BY REV. D. J. MANDELL.

THERE are, usually, some *thoughts* conveyed, even in the articles of a periodical. Whether this contribution will comprehend any or not, I pretend not to judge; but, at all events, it possesses the excellence in *one* particular—*the title is* A THOUGHT!

And, methinks, too, that a thought may be a very good *subject;* I see not why it may not be a most interesting and important one. Thoughts are the jewels of the most gifted minds; and when they are *bright,*—bright glorious, or heavenly,—ah! what star can eclipse them then, or shine more loftily? Let a man be deaf that he cannot hear, senseless that he cannot taste or smell, blind that he cannot see, and dumb that he cannot utter, yet give him a thought—*one* holy thought, and with darkness on his lid and silence on his tongue, his heart may almost throb itself to sleep with happiness. I have often imagined that poor Laura Bridgman, shut out as she is from nature's light, and from the most common mediums of communication with tangible objects, is still, at times, most happy. Though she, at most, can only *feel* the sunshine, still the light of heaven is gleaming full oft, within her soul. It

comes in a *gush of thought*; and when you see the smile irradiating her sightless features, know that it is the symbol of some delicious emotion within; some *thought*, exhaling joy, is busy with her prisoned spirit; perhaps a thought of home, or friends, ne'er seen, but *loved*—perhaps a thought which is the mere prompting of innocence; or, it may be she has a thought of that purer and redeeming world where the dimness of the eye departs and every sense, unfettered, luxuriate in light and bliss.

The mind has never fathomed its own recesses to unfold the deep mysteries of its idealism. A thought is a wonder; truly a most astonishing thing. How oft it comes with the momentum of the lightning flash, to chain the stoutest as with a spell, or to rouse even the trembling and the weary to superhuman strength. Now the strong man pauses in the midst of his career as if some bolt from heaven had transfixed him. A thought is plunging through his brain big with visions of terror—perhaps a thought of fortune wrecked, of hopes blasted, of unavoidable perils already nigh, or else of *death*, breathing annihilation and clad in the horrors of the grave. Then, again, will a thought display its might far differently. For instance,—behold that mother rushing from amidst the flames which have seized her habitation, even at the midnight hour. She escapes. But the children—the children!—where are *they?* One! two! three! O, God, her *infant* boy is perishing in the fire! *That* thought is distraction. Back—back the mother rushes through the flames which circle round her like demon tongues surcharged with horrid death—back, back she rushes to snatch her loved one from the burning, or to perish where it sleeps.

In fact, what power does a *thought* not possess. A thought that worlds were linked together by an invisible principle, or sympathy, led Newton to lift his eyes unto the heavens, and to take flight into the mysteries of creation. A thought, that millions might be relieved from suffering by his individual labors, sped Howard on his mission of benevolence throughout the earth. And when scintillating from the pages of an Ossian, or a Shakspeare, a thought has served to freeze the blood, to fill the eyes, or awake the liveliest raptures of the brightest, the mightiest and the best. And yet, with all this power, what *is* a thought? Is it even an *atom?* It may be; but, if so, no microscope has ever revealed its shape or texture; and likely, the only evidence that thought may have substance, is the fact that one thought will crowd another away to make itself room.

I have often said that a thought is sometimes accounted for on the principle of *magnetism*, animal magnetism, I mean. Who has not had occasion to use an oft repeated maxim. Who has not sometimes had his mind suddenly called away from some subject to which it was fixed, by a sudden thought of some friend not known to be near, when, lo! the said friend has as suddenly appeared; and, roused with astonishment and pleasure, we have involuntarily exclaimed, 'Well, they do say that SATAN *is always nigh when you are thinking about him!*' Now I believe that there is more contained in this saying than is generally imagined. Why is it that the thought of a friend is so often connected with his unexpected remembrance of us and approach to us. Does it not seem to indicate a sympathetic, or magnetic link between man and man—a link, by which soul answers to soul where souls are in harmony? It seems so; it does appear as if spirit responded to spirit, uninterrupted by personal absence or actual distance, where the feelings are in harmony. And who knows, when we remember friends who are absent, but that our remembrance is the immediate echo of their own;[1] or when the memory of our departed friends rushes over the mind, (as it will, at times, most strangely)—when some inward voice seems to call our ideas to them, who knows but that they are, at the same time, thinking of us in some of the beauteous bowers of their spiritual paradise, or else communing secretly with our spirit, in the bland accents of an immortal tongue. Verily, it would be nothing disagreeable if there *should* prove to be truth in the legend of 'the *angels whisper.*'

But, let me cease to be thus visionary. A thought is oft-times, withal, very *pleasant*, and I am truly surprised that mankind generally do not take more pains to secure *pleasant thoughts.* Why, a pleasant thought is worth a world, and will bring purer happiness than the wealth of Crœsus, Rothschild, Girard, or Astor, united! But, *vice* in all its shapes, is a Gorgan to pleasant thoughts. A swindler may defraud his neighbor—the toper may sip his stimulant, and the monster of all iniquity may dash away his fellow's life; but in the practice of all such things the heart grows selfish, callous, cold, or brutal—the

1 I should think that an experiment might be tried to test this. Let friends who separate for a period, note down the particular time when they think of each other, and ascertain, by comparing notes, whether there is any coincidence.

passions are nourished till they rage and riot on every trivial occasion—and where are pleasant thoughts then? Alas, they are banished to their grave!

And now let me talk a moment of *virtue.* Virtue is bliss. If you want to enjoy a pleasant thought at any time, or at all times, *be virtuous;* virtuous even at some sacrifice—the more sacrifice the better, perhaps. Virtue will produce the abovementioned happy result, even *doubly*—first for him who exercises virtue, and also to the one in whose behalf it is exercised. Look, for instance, at the case of her who nourished her poor, imprisoned father, by the milk from her own breast. This shows what woman can do in her love. Did not that daughter have a pleasant thought at the remembrance of having thus prolonged the life of her sire; and did not the sire also enjoy a pleasant thought in the remembrance of her ready affection and devoted attention? Yes, and virtue will thus always create a *double* happiness—*ay, even more;* for not only will the son be thus blest in his own excellency, and the father be also blest in the same manner by the goodness of the son, but the mother, the sister, the brother, and the whole circle of relatives and friends, will enjoy many a pleasant thought in beholding their kinsman walking uprightly and honorably. But my sheet is full; and though I might enlarge much more, I must bring my subject to its close; and though my article may not be very interesting, in view of its theme, I hope the reader may deem it worthy of '*a thought.*'

Written for the Repository.

'Commune with your own Heart.'

Come back my weary heart!
Thou hast gone forth e'en as a wild-winged bird,
Tempteth the troubled sea. He dares depart
To breathe his thrilling song unseen, unheard!

Thus has it been with thee!
With love thy pilot, hope to speed thy sail,
Scorning the fetters which thy strength should be,
Thou hast gone forth to soar, to trust, to fail!

Return, though crushed and worn,
With thy far wanderings from the paths of peace!
Gather again the scattered hopes of morn,
And bid thy wild and unchecked longings cease!

Fold thy o'erwearied wing,
Spread for too lofty and too bold a flight!
Return with shattered hopes whose shadows fling
Across thy path, the sombre hues of night!

'Tis well that earth hath not
A mountain eyrie for our eagle thought;
Else were its lowlier pleasures all forgot,
In dreams of rapture by the fancy wrought!

Forget the meteor bright,
That won thee from thy sweetly tranquil way!
And turn again with meek and calm delight,
To scenes still hallowed by affection's ray!

Plunge in oblivion's stream,
And leave the precious memories of the past!
Too dazzling were they in their changeful gleam,
Too strangely fair, too fondly prized to last!

Thou hast been sorely tried!
Thy glittering shield lies prostrate in the dust;
Thou com'st not back with victory's flush of pride,
But with thy ruined hopes—a mournful trust!

Henceforth, if thou must roam,
Travel the path that has no secret thorn!
Seek on the seraph shore a cloudless home,—
Haste to eternity's unveiling morn!

Boston, Mass. IONE.

Written for the Repository.

The Realist.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

'I love you, Miss Kingsley—you always take me to some pretty, wild spot, where the bees come for the honey, and the flowers grow fresh by the brook-sides. What a shady place this is!'

Marian said right. It was a wild nook in the midst of a dense woodland of oak and chestnut. A stream, half buried beneath the witch-hazels and glossy alders that crowded its margins, murmured a liquid song at their feet; and many a solitary bee, and purple dragon-fly sipped the intoxicating sweets of the wood azalea that crept most luxuriantly over the aspens and birches that mingled with the statelier trees around them.

'I am glad, Miss Kingsley, that you taught me botany. I know, now, the names of all the flowers I see. There is a large cluster of anemones—let me go bring them to you—are they not beautiful? How I wish,' continued the talkative girl, 'that the laburnum grew wild here. Do you not remember that Miss Landon speaks of it in a great many of her poems—and likens her maidens' hair to its golden blossoms?'

'*Yes*, I remember. But have *you* been reading L. E. L.? A dangerous book for imaginative young girls like you. Pray, can you tell me, Marian, how many times she has made disappointed love the theme of her song?'

'No; but often, I believe.'

'No less than fifty of her poems are founded on this one unhappy passion—and *woman* is usually the victim.'

'Well, my dear Miss Kingsley, do you not know that she more than once apologizes for this, and gives her *reasons* for it? In her preface to

the "Venetian Bracelet" she says; "Aware that to elevate I must first soften, and that if I wished to purify I must first touch, I have ever endeavored to bring forward grief, disappointment, the fallen leaf, the faded flower, the broken heart, and the early grave." She says also, "that she has always sought to paint love self-denying, devoted, and making an almost religion of its truth—and for a woman whose influence and whose sphere must be in the affections, what subject can be more fitting than one which it is her peculiar province to refine, spiritualize, and exalt?"'

'You have read not only poems but prefaces carefully, I observe. This enthusiasm of yours gives me a clue to some mysterious little sentimentalisms of yours recently remarked.'

Marian laughed and blushed as she met the merry eye that rested affectionately upon her beautiful young face. 'Oh, Miss Kingsley!' she exclaimed, 'I know I have made myself ridiculous someway. If so, pray chide me for it—I will do so no more.'

'No, not ridiculous, Marian. But we who have outlived the baseless romance of early feeling, cannot but look with some degree of amusement—*not* ridicule—upon the enthusiasm with which the very young and very romantic pursue dreams so soon to fade out and perish from the atmosphere of real life. I believe, as much as Miss Landon, that woman's sphere is in the affections, and that it is by "refining, spiritualizing, and exalting" these, that she fulfills her noblest destiny. But I do not, cannot confine her to the *love of the imagination* alone. There are other affections more real, more abiding than this. That which goes under the name of friendship, cold as the word may seem to you, is undoubtedly the purest and calmest attachment of which human nature is capable. Out of this grow numberless sources of beauty and of interest, which throw as sweet a coloring over real life, as love, technically so called, does over the ideal. Miss Landon, in her portraiture of love and life, draws almost exclusively from fancy. Fortunately there is little in the *actual* to confirm the tragic coloring she throws into most of her pictures. There are very few instances of *death by love* in the world around us; yet this fact does not disprove the sincerity and strength of the affections. The truest love, indeed, is that which is unselfish—and though I can readily believe that the sufferings or the sin of a beloved object might drive one to despair and to death, I cannot well, nor indeed, at all, understand how the mere denial of one's own affections can cause a wreck of the heart, and of the life.'

'Ah, I understand very well how that is,' said Marian, 'very few are as self-devoted, and as unselfish as Miss Kingsley; very few can so readily hush the earnest prayers of the heart with the severer voice of duty; very few can so resolutely persist in right, even at the expense of feeling. But you take a new view of this matter of dying for love, when you call it *selfish*.'

'Well, is it not so? Consider for a few moments, my dear Marian. Take one of Miss Landon's heroines, if you choose—one of those rare creatures of beauty, wit, and song, who lived but to love, and to be betrayed. What were they? Had they not parents, sisters, friends? Were they not endowed with every gift necessary to confer happiness on others? Why then, suffer their hearts to consume with a hopeless attachment? Could not their thoughts be turned to objects of need, and to the performance of duty? Had they not the love of parents, of sisters, of brothers, of other friends, unallied by ties of blood? And could they not in these affections find all that the heart needs of sustenance? Oh, very weak and very foolish would you and I be, Marian, who have so many sources of interest, not only in the quiet love of home friends, but in the trees, and stars and flowers, and in every pure and beautiful creation of God—weak and foolish indeed should we be to die of a hopeless love, or to make an abiding grief of *anything* but sin. But worse than weak, we should be selfish, also in throwing the shadows of our own griefs over the pathways of those who love us. We were made to be victors, and not victims of the passions that assail us; and the heart should rise up bold and strong to subdue sorrow, rather than to become its prey.'

'Oh dear, Miss Kingsley, you are too transcendental—you give too great a divinity to human nature—do, pray, remember that we are not all as superior to weakness as yourself.'

'Nay, Marian—I am not transcendental—I am only rational;—and all the little strength of character I can claim proceeds from a principle early inculcated by my mother—that our own sorrows should never deprive us of usefulness, nor be permitted to cause the unhappiness of others; and that whatever Providence ordains us to suffer, should be endured with cheerful gratitude, and a

resolute determination to work out from it spiritual strength, and a renovation of all holy purposes.'

'I think you have most admirably illustrated this principle in your own life, Miss Kingsley—for I can say with truth that I never knew you to make your own sufferings a cause of the slightest murmuring, nor to use the least effort to excite another's sympathy by allusions to your own unhappiness. And you not only conceal grief, but you *conquer* it. This seems to me to be the most difficult part of the matter. I fear it is a lesson I can never learn.'

'We can all learn to be *unselfish*, Marian, and in learning this, we are admitting ourselves into the great secret of being happy. Be always, my dear young friend, thoughtful of the wants of those around you, and consult with your conscience how you can most properly relieve and satisfy them. In these reflections, and in the consequent action, you will be insensibly laying up an inexhaustible resource for all hours of trial, and for every variety of suffering. Self-sacrifice seems difficult, but it always brings a commensurate reward. I am giving these counsels, Marian, not as one who has abided by them, but as one who has often learned, from experience, the unhappiness which results from a disobedience to them. And I now conclude my long homily in the honest words of Burns:

'Oh may *you* better reck the rede,
Than e'er did the adviser!'

Written for the Repository.

The Mountain Girl.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

I KNOW a dim and still retreat,
Where woodland blue-birds daily meet;
And where the lark, for noonday rest,
Comes filled with music from her nest.
In a wide mountain gorge it lies,
Away from human hearts and eyes;
There echo brings her wild, deep song,
And sings it sweetly all day long,
Repeating, of the cuckoo's lay,
Some snatches in her own wild way,
And stealing, from the dancing rill,
A music more bewildering still,
Or breathing, to the wind's low sigh,
A dreamy, spirit-like reply.

The solemn trees grow wildly there,
And toss their branches in the air;
Adown the ledge of gray old stone,
With velvet moss and flowers o'ergrown,
The water trickles with a dim,
Faint music like a fairy's hymn.
The tall, red columbines o'erlook
The sunny dimples of the brook,
And welcome from the hollow tree
The entrance of the vagrant bee.
The fervent sunbeams faintly dare
To smile upon the moss-cups there;
And scarce the blue bells, by the stream,
Will meet the moon's delirious beam;
So soft, so holy, so serene,
Is all that shadowy, wild ravine.

There stealeth, at the early morn,
The rabbit and the timid fawn;
There skips the little squirrel by,
With tail erect, and glistening eye;
There glanceth, too,—the rill toward,—
A human foot across the sward;
A little foot that ever spares
The flower that springeth unawares;
That danceth gaily with the brook,
Or resteth in the violet nook;
That chaseth, through the mountain rye,
The beetle and the butterfly,
Then, finding nothing else to do,
Tosses aside its old torn shoe,
And, through the passage of a dream,
Plays with the pebbles in the stream.

A dainty creature, fair and wild,
Is that sweet vision of a child!
With sunbeams in her eyes and heart,
And beauty yet unwed to art;
With music in her gushing voice,
And love and truth in every choice,
She seems like some gay humming-bird,
With the new gift of music stirred,
Repaying to the flowers in song
The sweets they dropped upon its tongue.

Years pass, and yet the quiet scene
Is just as shadowy and serene;
No change has marred the violet nook,
Nor turned aside the murmuring brook;
The birds have not forgot their haunts,
Nor the wild bee its simple wants;
There come they still to pass away
The long, sweet, golden summer day;
And there, all beautiful as light,
Droop the soft shadows of the night.
Where is the child, the pretty child,
So gay of heart, so sweetly wild?
Where treadeth now that little foot?
Where flits it in its light pursuit?
Where dwell the merry laugh and shout
That once were ringing all about?
Let us go trace the mountain rill
Down through the crevice of the hill.
Here winds it gently now aside
With something of a timid pride,
Seeking within the dim retreat
A refuge from the summer heat:
Like some small silver chain it twines
Among the trees and drooping vines,
And kisses, in its cool, soft flow,
The flowers that on its borders grow.

She wanders there, the mountain girl,
With sunny cheek and floating curl;
Taller and quieter than when
We saw her flitting through the glen;
And wearing in her soft, dark eyes,
A wealth of human mysteries.
Some feelings have been born within,
Earthly, yet unallied to sin;
The [illegible] of human love hath spoken,
And [illegible]mood's spell at last is broken.
Her heart is satisfied no more
With what it dearly loved before;
Nor bird, nor bee, nor woodland stream,
To her wrapt spirit longer seem,
In such a world of love as this,
Sufficient ministers of bliss.

Oh Time, no deed of thine so strange
As Love's mysterious, sudden change,
When, stealing from all else apart,
It clusters round *one human heart!*
Here dwells its music, and its light,
Nor grows the outward world less bright,
That it hath centred in one shrine,
All it hath recognized divine.
That child to womanhood hath grown—
Life's picture wears a deeper tone—
The golden hues that JOY inwove,
Assume the varying shades of LOVE.

Years pass again. The mountain stream
Still sings its wild, unconscious dream;
No change hath visited the spot
Where stood of old the rustic cot.
But o'er its roof the ivy creeps,
And on its walls the lizard sleeps;
The spider o'er the latch hath spun
A web to whiten in the sun;
The roses bloom, and fade away,
With none to weep for their decay.
The very birds perceive the change,
And find the solitude too strange.
No longer mid the sweet-briar leaves
The swallow builds beneath the eaves,
But, hurrying from the mountain glen,
Finds peace among the haunts of men.

The mountain girl—a girl no more,
Sits down beside that cottage door;
How changed! the very house has less
Of silent, saddening mournfulness,
In her deep, melancholy eye,
Life's brilliant hues no longer lie;
And love itself, its sweetest light,
Has left behind a starless night.
A night? Ah no! 'Tis early dawn—
The long, dark, hopeless hours are gone;
And Faith, the day-spring from on high,
Is beaming through her heavenward eye.
Aged and widowed, poor and lone,
She sits upon the threshold stone,
Where years before, in childish play,
She laughed the long, bright hours away.

What changes mark the course of grief!—
That bud is now a yellow leaf,
Shivering a moment in the blast,
To fall and waste away at last.
Yet some few hours of sunshine warm
The faded wreck of many a storm;
Some few and transient smiles of hope
Enrich life's sere and downward slope.
She is once more at home, where roved
Her girlish steps when first she loved;
And here, at last, her way-worn feet
May linger in their old retreat.
And in the shadow of the vine,
She planted for a Sabbath shrine,
She shall lie down to that sweet sleep
So welcome to the eyes that weep;
While the low wind and murmuring wave
Sing constant requiems round her grave.

Written for the Repository.

Impartiality of God.

ROM. ii. 11: 'There is no respect of p[illegible] with God.'

RIGHT ideas concerning the Supreme lie at the foundation of all true religion. If we err respecting the character of the Almighty, that error will run through all our conceptions of his moral government, and will lead us astray in our views of the final issue of things. With a correct knowledge of the divine character, there is no danger of misinterpreting the broad declaration of the apostle's words as above; but unless we do possess this true knowledge, we are liable to entertain gross ideas concerning the meaning of the assertion—There is no respect of persons with God.

And though christianity is in itself of the highest excellence, and adapted to the noblest principles of the human mind, yet it may easily be perverted, and made an object of reproach, by the use of ill founded, and ill managed arguments, professedly for its support. Hence in consequence of erroneous conceptions of the Apostle's meaning in this instance, many objections have arisen in the doubting mind against an over-ruling Providence, and against the truth of revelation. 'If,' say they, 'God is no respecter of persons, but regards all alike—looks with the same complacency upon the abandoned to vice, as he does on the sternly virtuous, then certainly he cannot be a holy God that hateth iniquity, and suffering virtue has not in him a favoring friend.'

But such is not the Apostle's doctrine; neither does Universalism make such absurd declarations, though many are fond of declaring that the system of universal salvation upholds the idea that the sinner and the saint are the same in the sight of God. This slander has been assisted not a little in its march by the want of distinctness in the advocates of the truth, inasmuch as they fondly dwell on the impartiality of the Supreme, declare his love to be equally extended to all his creatures, and his tender mercies over all his works; but are not careful enough to place before the mind of the hearer the great, the scriptural distinction, between the righteous and the wicked; that God regards the actions of righteousness with pleasure and approbation, while the deeds of wickedness are abhorrent to him.

In the further progress of this article, we hope to lay the subject embraced in the passage quoted, open clearly before the candid mind. The passage asserts the impartiality of God, that he is the same in the character of his dealings towards all, and it becomes us to inquire in what this sameness and impartiality consist, and what are the distinctions we are to observe.

Here it may be well to premise that much of the divine character is hid from us while we re-

main in the narrow confines of this lower world; we cannot here see him fully as he is; and with Job we may well ask: 'Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?' The wisest must answer, No; and in all our investigations into the subject of the moral government of God, we should remember this limitation of man's powers; and that what to us is *apparently* partial, severe, and unequal in the dealings of the Lord over all, may be, and we have sufficient reason to believe is, just and impartial.

In searching out the true nature of the divine operations, we must, in a great degree, walk by faith, for we cannot by sight; we must fix in our hearts the great, sublime, and glorious truth that *God is love*, and conclude, that whatever the divine agency brings to pass, must be the action of goodness to promote a good end or design; if that benevolent design is not apparent to us, it is because we cannot trace out all the footsteps of the wonder working Deity—we cannot discover all the bearings of his providences, nor discern how all things work together for good. Yet with christian confidence we can feel the truth of the poet's words:

'Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is universal good.'

With this assurance before us, our subject is laid more open, and we pursue our purpose by advancing the following propositions:

1. There is no respect of persons with God as a Father and Benefactor;

2. There is no respect of persons with God as a Judge, Rewarder, and Punisher of man; and

3. There is no respect of persons with God as an eternal Savior from sin and death.

We think that this division of our subject presents in a clear light the peculiar features of the Divine character; and by observing the distinctions here laid out, we are guarded from all erroneous conceptions of the ways of the Deity, and learn how the characters of Father, Judge, and Savior, may be blended in one Being, whose ways are all consistent.

There is no more common, and at the same time unjust, accusation made against the advocates of impartial grace, than that they ever dwell on God as a good Being and a Father; and neglect to speak of his retributive judgments, and his holy character as a judge, who decreeth tribulation and anguish upon every soul that doeth evil. This is all wrong. The accusation results from a narrow, or ignorant view of the subject, inasmuch as when we speak of the paternity of God, we speak of all the attributes that constitute him a Benefactor, Judge, and Savior. As a Father he loves the great and wide spread family of man; as a Judge he rewards and punishes and pardons; and as an eternal Savior he promotes the beneficent purposes of parental love—causes the sanctifying operations of grace to extend far beyond the influences of sin, and by the omnipotence of his universal sway will bring to pass the restitution of all things.

To call God, our Father, is not merely to add a title to his name—there is a mighty depth of holy meaning in the ascription, and while it awakens our love, it excites our veneration, and filial fear of offending his parental requirements. Regard him as a Father, as he is, of the human race, and carry out the proposition to its legitimate conclusions, and you must arrive at the Universalian sentiment—there is no fair and honorable means of escaping it,—God loves every child of his creation, all are his offspring, and he is the benefactor of the whole, as in him we live, and move, and have our being; and every good and perfect gift is of his bounty, and he knows no variableness, nor even a shadow of turning.

This will not be denied by any; all acknowledge his universal care, and loving kindness; and as he changes not, there can never come the time when he will have respect of persons as a Benefactor. The love of the eternal Spirit is unalterable and ever-enduring; whatever the wild passions of men may lead them to commit, however they may stray from the paths of his truth, and sink into the depths of iniquity, there is still compassion for them in the bosom of the parental God, who retaineth not anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy. Men may forget that they are the children of the Most High, but he will never forget that he is their Father. As a parent he will seek them out, and call them back to the peace and virtue of home, to the bosom of unalterable tenderness, and the provisions of grace, bountiful and pure.

Why is it that men will imagine that although the Deity is no respecter of persons as a parent, but loves and cares for all, yet he is a respecter of persons as a Savior? Is this consistent? And does it not make us to conclude, that the God who is the Savior, is not the God who is the Father? For if it be the same being that thus

operates, impartial, and partial, surely the idea of divine perfection in their God, must be abandoned. Inconsistences are not compatible with perfection; and if God be perfect and unchangeable in his nature, he must keep eternally in view the benevolent purposes of undying parental love; as at first his love knew no respect of persons—as at first his tender mercies were over all his works, so while the ages of eternity shall roll on in unimpeded swiftness, the everlasting Father will embrace in the illimitable arms of his compassion and love all the children of humanity. There can rise no barrier to divide him from the creatures of his power—the strength of his unconquerable love will sweep away the mountains of corruption, and creation shall wear at last the smile that ever rests on the face of nature's God. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

And it is the deep and strong persuasion of this ever living love operating on the mind and affections of the sinner, that leads him to fly to the fountain opened for all uncleanness, and there wash his sins away. The thunders of wrath only serve to drive him away from his God, and alienate his affections the more from the first author of love. The poet Newton has most beautifully described the true feelings of the convert, weaned from his sins by the soft and winning charms of the tenderness of divine and eternal love.

'Lord, thou hast won—at length I yield,
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to Thee;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.
If thou hast bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Savior I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.'

As God is no respecter of persons as a Father and Benefactor, so, 2. He is no respecter of persons as a Judge, and Rewarder and Punisher of man. Under this head we shall discover what the difference is which exists between the saint and the sinner—the righteous and the wicked; we shall see that the sternly virtuous, and the abandoned vicious, are not viewed with the same complacency, or approbation, in the sight of our God; and we shall find that the hallowed doctrine of impartial grace holds out many and enough incentives to mankind to lead a holy life on earth.

What then do we mean by declaring that God is no respecter of persons as Judge, and Rewarder, and Punisher of man? We mean by it what the Apostle meant in the words of scripture as in the context applied, that God judgeth in the earth, and visits upon men the rewards and retributions which are dictated by omniscient wisdom, and immutable justice.

The Apostle in the passage undoubtedly referred to the judicial character of the Deity; and the phrase used by him can be found several times in the sacred writings connected with judgments of men and actions. Lev. xix. 15, we read: 'Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment; thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty; but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor.' And again, Moses said to the Judges: 'Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great; ye shall not be afraid of the face of man; for the judgment is God's.' Solomon among his proverbs of wisdom gives one to the same import as the command of Moses, thus: 'It is not good to have respect of persons in judgment.' All these instruction tend to make judgments of actions candid and impartial; and men are exhorted to judge honestly the poor as well as the mighty—the small as well as the great, because the Judge of the whole earth, who doeth right, acteth on this principle.

Hence we learn the great and important truth of revelation, that the rewards of the divine Benefactor are equitably dispensed to those who merit them, without respect to names and outer distinctions, but according to real goodness of heart and purpose. God can make virtue clothed in rags more happy in the secret chambers of the heart, than vice robed in brocade, glittering in gems, and surrounded by the vassalage of gorgeous wealth. There is much enjoyed by the heart of godliness—by the lover of the divine law, which the world cannot see; there are many streams of holy pleasure that flow into the hidden channels of the soul from the pure fount of devotional thought, that make glad the inner man with gladness of which the children of folly know not. The greater portion of the retributions and rewards of the divine and universal Judge, are hidden from the scrutiny of man; appearances are often deceitful:—

'For there are pangs the sorrowing heart
Will oft in darkness shroud,

That lurk within its lonely depths
Like lightning in the cloud;—
Though brightly o'er the hollow cheek,
The smile, the laugh may break,
Like bubbles bursting on the breast
Of Acheron's dark lake;
They are but outward signs to hide
The deadly pangs they feel,
As o'er the lone and mouldering tower
The rose is taught to steal.'

We believe, though we cannot trace out all the ways of the Deity, that all his dealings with men on earth are in accordance with the truth he has taught us by his servants; mercy is ever blended with justice, so that he may be said never to wound only when he would heal; and let it be a truth ever before the eye of our understanding, that as a Judge who knows no respect of persons, God never forgets that he is a Father that knows no respect of persons, but loves, with a parent's unalterable affection, the whole family of his power.

Well has it been said—'Does any one question a parent's love for his offspring, because he inflicts pain to prevent the repetition of some fault? At the very moment when the sense of duty compels him to punish the offence, the yearning of affection is most powerful within him, pleading with him to spare; and, could this avail, gladly would he take on himself the pain which he inflicts. Why then doubt that it is perfectly consistent with the benevolence of God to scourge and chasten his offending children, that he may make them partakers of his holiness, and that affliction may yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised therein. God smites in mercy, not in malignity.'

Too often is the picture of a great day of final judgment, in the future world, drawn up before the minds of men by professed teachers of the gospel; in what terrors, in what robes of vengeance, is the Supreme then arrayed—seated upon the throne of judgment he is to pronounce the final and unalterable fate of every creature in the assembled universe. A portion he will cause to enter the pure and blissful home of angels, and the rest must greet, and eternally remain in the abodes of dark, hopeless despair. And this same Judge is the being whom our Savior commanded us to call upon as our Father in Heaven. Will he, can he, forget the character of Parent? When all his offspring are gathered together—all assembled as one family, and all looking up to him as their Father and only Friend—when he has but to speak the word, and they will be all under the influences of perfect love, blessing and blest, enjoyed and enjoying, will he then sink the Father in the Judge, and exert his power to draw a line of division—put songs of holy praise into the mouths of some, while from the lips of others curses roll fast and awful, mingling with the cries of agonized hearts, and tortured souls?

It is impious, to our mind, to indulge for a moment the thought that He who will not keep anger forever will cease to feel all the warm gushings of parental love, and throwing from him all the sweet influences of tenderness and compassion, will act as an inflexible Judge, and exert arbitrary power to produce immortal pain. No. The Judge of all the earth will do right; he is no respecter of persons, and as he loves all as a Parent, he as a Judge, judgeth all in love; which brings us to our last proposition, that God is no respecter of persons as an eternal Savior from sin and death.

This evidently results from the premises laid down, under which we have considered him as a Father, Benefactor, and as a righteous and merciful Judge; if these characters belong to him, then assuredly he is entitled to the other—that of universal and eternal Savior. In truth he cannot demonstrate fully his title to the characters of Father and Judge, unless he adds to them the character of Savior; as extensively as he saves, so extensively will he give the fullness of proof that he is a Benefactor and Friend of man. And what can prevent the Parent that has the will, and power to save, from saving the children over whom that power extends?—

From our subject we should learn to keep in mind the relations which mankind bear toward God, and never regard each in an arbitrary, separate capacity. The chastenings of the divine government proceed from the same Being that poureth out upon us the bounties of life—that diffuseth around our path so many favors that speak of a God, that assure us that he is good, and conspire to raise our most grateful affections to the Beneficent.

Let us also learn that he hath no respect of persons in judgment, but visiteth every deed of men with an appropriate return, whether they be high or low, small or great, ignorant or learned, rich or poor. The obedient will find that in keeping the commandments there is great reward, and he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done, for there is no respect of persons.

And to 'calm each wild wish and idle fear,'

let us remember the salvation revealed by Jesus the beloved, and look beyond the bounds of this world of care to the pure clime of immortal bliss; where the King of kings shall be adored by a redeemed and glorified universe, as the Being that hath loved the world with a parent's fondness, judged his offspring in righteousness, and saved mankind by the sanctifying operations of infinite mercy and boundless compassion.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and show forth his praise in their daily walks! O that his love might breathe in us the spirit of a more fervid and constant devotion, that we might each cry with David—'O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory. I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people; for thy mercy is great above the heavens, and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds. Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; and thy glory above all the earth; that thy beloved may be delivered; save with thy right hand, and answer me.' B.

Written for the Repository.

The Baptism of Pocahontas.

THERE's silence in that gathered group,
For stern Powhattan's pride,
With queenly step, and thoughtful brow
Draws near the altar's side!

The costume of the Indian girl,
Is laid aside for aye;
And well the christian garb beseems,
Her matchless symmetry.

A cloak of spotless ermine floats
About her graceful form,
No beads, nor gaudy trinkets now
The Indian maid adorn.

Before the holy altar now
She kneels—a lovely girl,
Not with a cheek, or brow of snow,
Or darkly floating curl;

But lovely with the soul's pure light,
Which beams in every line
Of that expressive countenance,
The light of love divine.

O when has whiter spirit knelt
Before the shrine of heaven,
Or purer love, or brighter faith,
Or holier hath been given. L.

Concord, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Southern Flower.

MARIA MILLEDOLER was the fair scion of a wealthy planter of South Carolina. Brought up in the most indulgent manner, she evinced none of those pettish weaknesses which some moralists suppose inseparable from a tender education. Extremely delicate in her personal appearance, and amiable beyond comparison, she seemed more like some pure being from the skies, lent for a while to mortals, than a creature of error and human imperfection. She was her parent's pride and solace, and none could look upon her dark blue eyes, lit up with intelligence and affection, without thinking well of human nature. All the accomplishments which are considered necessary to people of fashion, she acquired with a facility that more nearly resembled intuition than the effect of gradual and tedious training. Having lost her mother early in life, her education was principally superintended by her father, so that she became acquainted with much solid information of which young ladies are generally deprived. Amid the sunny fields of the South she grew up a delicate flower, shedding the fragrance of her virtues upon all who knew her; yet so keenly sensitive to every thing calculated to affect the chords of the human heart, that many pronounced her too frail and too gentle for the rude blasts of this stirring world. With a heart susceptible of lively impressions, and a warm admiration for every thing that is noble and attractive, it is not surprising that she found one of the opposite sex upon whom she looked with more than ordinary complacency. Robert Maxwell, a young law student from New England, visited South Carolina at the time when Maria had reached her eighteenth year. He differed somewhat from our heroine, being of a more hardy nature, possessed of a vigorous constitution, and not remarkable for those winning qualities which distinguished the amiable southerner. In lieu of them, however, he possessed a strong mind, penetrating and logical, a genius of a lofty order, and an address both dignified and commanding. He was one of those persons who improve upon acquaintance, and as accident threw him several times into company with Maria, she at length became sensible of his merits.

When Maxwell made mention to Mr. Milledoler of the relation in which Maria and he stood to each other, he appeared to be affected by sensations altogether new. The thought that his cherished daughter must sometime leave the paternal roof in obedience to the call of even a tenderer affection than that which she awarded to her parent, seemed to occur to him for the first time. Mr. M. was, therefore, silent for some moments,

after the young man had addressed him; when he mustered resolution to say: 'I see how it is, sir, and I know what course matters must naturally take. We, old people, are prone to forget that we were once young, and that our offspring have other joys, sorrows, and anticipations than those which cluster around the old hearth stone, and which centre in home. The old withered trunk cares for nothing but to abide on the spot where it first grew, and there to fall and perish when its days are numbered; but the young green shoots that spring up around it, seek to tower aloft; and spread out on every side, rejoicing in the life so lately given them. The young have many things to wish for—the wishes of the aged centre in few things; and yet they are the more tenacious of those few—one of those few things was my daughter.'

Here Maxwell was about to make some proposition, but Mr. M. waved his hand—'I know what you would say; but I cannot leave my plantation. Poor and unproductive as my property now is, it still requires my attention. My affairs are embarrassed, and the abundance which I once possessed is eluding my grasp. It is well, therefore, that Maria should pass into the hands of a more able and youthful protector. She has, indeed, been brought up tenderly, and the change which is passing over my fortunes might have an effect upon her mind of an injurious character.'

Thus ended the conference, and the young man could not avoid reflecting upon the extreme tenderness manifested by Mr. M. toward his daughter. Whatever changes might take place in the fortunes of the father, it was a matter of question with Maxwell how the ease or comfort of Maria could possibly be affected by them. Yet the remark of Mr. M. served to show that Maria's gentle nature required all the tenderness which a husband could exert toward her.

In the course of a few weeks, the two lovers were united, and Maxwell embarked with his lovely partner for the North. The change of scenery appeared to have a happy effect upon Maria, who, indeed, was always sufficiently alive to all that is grand or beautiful in nature. Maxwell saw nothing either in the spirits or the health of his fair bride to warrant the extreme anxiety of her father. She bore the journey well, and complained but little of fatigue when she reached her Northern home.

It was in a small town in Massachusetts that Maxwell had commenced business, and he conveyed Maria to a large elegant building near the centre of the town, the upper part of which he had hired for their accommodation. The furniture of the rooms was scanty, and as the cold weather had begun to set in, Maria soon discovered an absence of comfort, of which her Northern husband was not aware, and of which Maria could never bring herself to speak. She knew that her husband had just commenced a professional business, and that both time and labor were required to introduce him fairly into practice; and she, though gentle as the fawn, possessed a martyr spirit to endure all that her husband's slender fortunes might render necessary. When her limbs were shivering with the cold in the large but half-furnished rooms that her husband's love of show had induced him to hire, she exerted every nerve to hide her discomfort from her husband, lest his knowledge of the fact should only add to his embarrassments. But if Maria was so careful to hide her own griefs, Maxwell could not always control his impetuous spirit when the sense of poverty was brought home to him by some adverse circumstance, which wounded his pride or curtailed his enjoyments. At such times he could not but contrast—when he came home to his meals—the housewifery of poor Maria with the dexterous management of the neighboring young ladies, who had not been waited on by slaves from their cradles, but who had been regularly instructed in every branch of household economy. Too poor to keep even a single servant, Maxwell grew more and more sensible that Maria should have married a man in affluent circumstances. She, on the other hand knew little of Northern manners, and had little dreamed that she would be called upon as soon as she reached her new home to perform the duties required of slaves in her father's house. As the weather became more severe, and the first snow of winter whitened the earth, the delicate frame of Maria shrank from an encounter with the elements. About this time, too, Maxwell's complaints of poverty, and the difficulty of keeping up a genteel appearance, became frequent; and the discovery of Maria's total inability to assist him in the acquisition of property, weighed more and more heavily upon his mind. One day, after he had given vent to his feelings in a more turbulent manner than usual, Maria said to him: 'This need not be, my dear, for a word from me to my father would bring us immediate assistance, and I am sure that nothing would better please him.'

Maxwell started suddenly from the sofa on which he had been reclining, and exclaimed, 'Never, madam! Your father himself complains of poverty; and were he richer than an eastern prince, I would not be a suppliant for pecuniary aid! No, madam, seek not to degrade me any farther, I beseech you! Did you southern ladies think less of dependance upon others, and learn more to depend upon your own exertions, you would not be under the necessity of advising your husbands to seek the boon of charity.'

The reader must not suppose that the gentle spirit of Maria was crushed by this passionate speech. Although her spirit was gentle, yet she possessed good sense. It was the gradually increasing coldness of her husband that had begun to undermine the health and waste the spirits of the fair southerner, and not the momentary gusts of passion which passed over her yielding spirit like the storm over the osier bowing it for the moment, yet suffering it to rise unbroken. Maria's arduous attempts to fulfill the duties of a housewife, the severity of the climate, and the complaints of her husband, had made great inroads upon her health before the middle of winter. Yet her nature was meek and uncomplaining. Hers were not the airs of a spoiled child; but her course of conduct more nearly resembled that of a youthful invalid who quietly closes its eyes, and swallows the bitter draught prescribed by the physician, without knowing why the distasteful dose is administered, but in meek and docile obedience to those who are more experienced.

Such was the lamb-like fortitude of this poor young woman, who had been nurtured with the utmost tenderness amid the genial gales of the South, and now trembled almost alone and friendless amid the bleak winds of the North. As soon as Maria's health forbade her attention to domestic duties, Maxwell brought his mother to the house, to preside over its concerns. She was a stout, healthy, country woman of coarse habits and narrow views. She had been brought up with all those rigid, sour, and uncompromising notions which prevailed in New England in the witch ages; and she soon discovered that Maria had been ruined by education. She refused to permit her to read any of her favorite authors. She put her harp in the garret among the lumber, and set about dieting the fair sufferer, that is, starving her to death. The lady who owned the house, and who lived below stairs, sometimes sent up some nice dish to the invalid. This Maria was not permitted to eat, on the plea that she had been spoiled by indulgence already. 'Not know how to work!' exclaimed this Amazon—'what is the woman good for, and what was my son thinking of when he debased himself so much as to marry her!' It needed not this course of treatment to send Maria to the last resting place of the lovely and the unlovely, the noble and the vile. The seeds of consumption were already sown in her constitution; and she had no remonstrances to offer to the harsh treatment of the mother-in-law. The sufferer only opened her languid blue eyes, and fixed them for a moment with a sort of wonder upon the termagant, and then turned away to forget in gentle slumbers that she was many miles from her sunny home, and that those who would have died to shield her from the least breath of adversity, were wholly ignorant of her condition. Some little feeling seemed to be awakened in the breast of old Mrs. Maxwell, when the emaciated Maria, on one bright morning in February held out her hand to her husband, and said, 'Robert, life is fleeting—I feel that around my heart which tells me that the wheel at the cistern can revolve but a few times more. Perhaps I have not been to you all I should have been; yet we have enjoyed happy hours together, and may we meet again where there are no wants to corrode the heart—no chilling winds'——She ceased, when Maxwell pressed her hand, it was stiffening in death. The husband looked gloomily upon the faded lily—the mother-in-law gazed coldly on the face of the dead, when footsteps were heard coming up the stairs—the door opened hastily, and Mr. Milledoler, dusty with travelling, rushed into the room. 'Where! Oh! where is my daughter?' exclaimed he, panting for breath. He approached the couch where

'Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay,'

and seeing what death had done, smote his hands violently together, and clasped them on his breast; when he stood gazing for some moments upon the cold remains of his last earthly tie. He left the room a short time, and then returned with several men and a litter. He approached the body. Maxwell stepped forward—'I have heard all!' cried he, sternly motioning him back with his hand. The deceased was placed on the litter, and silently borne away followed by the bereaved father. To the land of her sires was she borne, and there rests with the southern flower beneath one of the wide-spread trees of

her native groves. The birds of Carolina trill their notes over her green grave, and the fairest flowers of a southern spring grow on every side, and spangle the couch where reposes the dutiful daughter, the uncomplaining wife, and martyr to affection. C. W.

New York.

Written for the Repository.

The Boquet.

'THERE are withered flowers lying on my heart; you remember those flowers.'

I HAVE them yet,—those few and withered flowers;
And they are precious in their faded bloom,
As lone mementos of far happier hours,—
Bright stars imbedded in a night of gloom.

Voiceless instructors, may your silent teaching
Blend with the depths, from human eye concealed!
The inner temple of the spirit reaching,
That may, to your pure presence, stand revealed!

Strange that around your faded forms are clinging,
So many thoughts of mingled bliss and woes!
Strange that the past with varied hues is flinging
So many shadows deepening as they close!

I turn to you, sweet flowers, when night is folding
Her sable mantle o'er my fitful rest,
And the high stars their silent watch are holding
Above the slumberers in earth's dewy breast!

When, one by one, your fragile leaves are dying,
And memory weeps above their scattered dust,
May angel whispers to my heart replying,
Restore its vanished hopes—its heaven-born trust.

Boston, Mass. IONE.

Written for the Repository.

A Trip to Marblehead;

Or a Stray Leaf from my Journal.

WE left Boston at half past two and reached the cars in due season, under escort of —— ——, and in company with his sister. I was agreeably surprised to meet —— —— and —— —— ——, who were to take passage with us for our destination; and after an *expeditious* passage arrived safely, and received a cordial welcome from the amiable Mrs. ——. Tuesday morning: The gentlemen proposed rowing us over to the *neck*, and we, friend A. and myself, gladly acceded to the proposal. Bonnets, shawls and parasols were put in requisition, and we hastened to the water side and borrowed a boat. Of this latter commodity there is such a supply, that I am sure there must be one to each family,—I had almost said to each man, woman and child in the town. This gliding over the bosom of the ocean, with the delicate blue arch above, and the waters around, almost as calm and quite as beautiful, is one episode in the poetry of life. We landed on a small beach, and then pursued our way to the opposite side of the promontory, where the shore is diversified by precipitous cliffs. There, the water is never quiet. It is lashed into foam by the rocks under its surface, and when it meets those which line the shore it sends its spray far up, as if baptizing them in the face of heaven and with its silent approval. Here too is music. Not such as the green places of the earth afford—not the soul stirring melody of the human voice, but the chorus that was commenced at creation, and has never faltered—the low, changeful music of the heaving, never-resting deep! Oh! it wakens my spirit to a newer, and I trust a better life. The disappointments and cares which an hour before weighed heavily upon my spirit, were thrown off as if by commune with the Deity, and I sat on a projection of a rock, looking out over a vast extent of water and listening to its melody, without a sense of the past, or a hope, unless a very brilliant one, of the future. It were sacrilege to bring our petty sorrows to this high altar of nature. The beautiful line of the poetess who left no equal, came readily to mind,

'Thou in the shadow of the Rock shall dwell,
The Rock of Strength.'

And truly we were in the shadow of a rock. The scenery about this neck strongly resembles that of Nahant, but here fashion has not set its all-prevailing seal. Could a portion of these rocks be transported to Plum Island and cast there with the negligence of nature, it would add much to the wild appearance of that bed of sand. On leaving '*home*' we received orders to be back by *twelve*, so, tearing ourselves from this favorite spot, we took to the boat again, not, however, without agreeing to go over again in the evening to ascertain if darkness would lend enchantment to the scene. Accordingly just after sunset we repaired again to the water's edge, but the boat was 'high and dry' as the tide was at its lowest ebb, so there remained no alternative but retreat. Unwilling to be daunted, friend H. proposed going to a friend's house and borrowing a boat that was afloat. As he approached the house he said —'Ladies will you walk in?' Excuse me if I answer for all, 'we had rather not.' 'Then,' said he, 'make me minister plenipotentiary,' so he walked on without us. Not finding all as we wished, though a boat was at our service, and the night growing dark, we altered our intentions

and agreed to walk around town. I accepted H's. arm, and the other ladies being well provided for, we moved onward. At the approach of evening a great number of the inhabitants forsake their houses and take to the sidewalks, where smoking and talking seem to afford an abundance of enjoyment. The remark on smoking does not apply to the *ladies* of M., nor should they take to themselves the credit of doing *all* the talking. My companion's long, flowing dressing gown, somewhat in the Oriental style, created considerable mirth as we passed along. He remarked that 'one would think it is a time of great excitement and these little groups are embryo mobs.' He said 'the custom house is the only aristocratic looking building in the place.' Why should there be *one* such building, when the town claims to be purely democratic? We saw a few fine houses, but the proportion is small compared to the number of princely habitations in Newburyport. We walked round the common which is fenced, (the only mark of care about it,) and has two large gates opposite each other; one of them has an unconquered, and, therefore I supposed *unconquerable*, inclination to leaning—H. said, 'in imitation of the leaning tower.' The evening was very lovely. The stars looked out with their mild, subduing beauty, as if watching our progress, perchance pitying us for our rough passage through the most crooked of all crooked places. When a Bostonian complains that streets are not straight, people may well wonder. The Methodist church has a retired and beautiful situation. The tall trees bend over it as if anxious to preserve its sanctity from the glare of day. The waving of their branches and the rustling of their leaves must form an accompaniment without a discord to the soul-music of the humble and repentant believer.

Wednesday: Our party received an agreeable addition in the person of Rev. —— —— ——. We endeavored to be in season to catch the tide this morning, but were again disappointed, and went to the ruins of the fort which commands an extensive view of the harbor and town of M——. This old fort, by the way, is full of interest. Its walls are in a good state of preservation, many of the cannon are still there, the barracks of the soldiers and the better houses of the officers, are yet standing; but where are the gallant forms, fired with a Spartan zeal to do or die? I bless God that they quailed not in the hour of peril, else were our goodly heritage trodden by the emissaries of a foreign despot, and liberty herself compelled to flee to the caverns of our western mountains, or repose upon the border of the vast Pacific. A cloud of vapor obscured the brilliance of the newly-risen sun, yet the scene was delightful. Here and there, all over the vast expanse, were scattered the boats of the fishermen—dark motes on a wide field of blue; yet were they interesting to us because in each was a man, possessing that spark which was kindled at the throne of the Eternal, never to go out in darkness. A small fishing vessel, all sails set, was working its way against an adverse wind. There is nothing like knowing how to manage in this world of adversities. Beautiful land birds were darting like winged thoughts over the water, and occasionally gliding downwards so as almost to rest on its waveless bosom. I half imagined that the little vain things were lured thither by the reflection of their own delicate forms. We returned home with fine appetites to breakfast. I wrote a letter to friend T. T. O. and sister S. requesting them to join us in a fishing excursion the next day. In the afternoon Rev. —— —— —— invited us to visit the 'neck' again, as some of his friends were there. We went accordingly, but left the strangers for another brief hour of 'converse with earth's glorious things.' We travelled over the longest beach in this neighborhood. Beyond it are rocks piled upon rocks, and there too is this unceasing dashing of the waves. Skipping from point to point like wild goats of the mountains we were seen, while we inhaled the fresh breeze and felt our spirits rise with its invigorating influence. I think I prefer old Neptune's perfume casket to any other. Our rowers endeavored to land us at the point from whence we started, but alas! for the unceremonious regularity of the tides, we could not come within a vast distance of the desired haven; so we turned about and entered another cove, but fortune was still against us, and finally the gentlemen jumped overboard, took us in their arms and landed us in safety. It created some mirth at all events, and darkness overtook us before we again saw '*home.*' Thursday morning cars brought T. and S. with letters from N——. Again wending our way to the sea-side, we set sail in the Thomas H. Benton—a fine boat—and, as we could not approach the opposite shore, we were landed in a small boat. The gentlemen of the party, (with one exception) and three ladies put out to sea for the pleasure of fishing. Again we sought the rocks

with book in hand, and sat down in their shadow. Mr. G. accompanied us and enchained our attention with stories of sea-life. Many of his relatives sleep in the silent caverns of the deep. Imagination loves to suppose them resting peacefully below the commotion which rivets the eye, and watched over by those pure sea-nymphs with which poetry loves to people the unseen floor of ocean. I remarked to him concerning the beauty of the beach, and expressed a wish to be on the spot during a storm. 'I was here,' said he, 'when two vessels were cast upon that shore, and but one man out of both ship's companies was saved.' The spot where we then sat was washed by the wrathful surge, and the scene as described by him, was one of awful sublimity. I have since gazed upon that beach, but those vessels with their despairing crews were but too visible. Not a vestige of their ocean home, with its towering spars and free white sails now reminds the spectator of that scene of terror, but the picture was written upon the hearts of the beholders, and time cannot efface the impression. While we were resting our wearied frames and listening with intense interest to our companion, the water for a considerable extent was colored with a purple hue, and it bubbled as though a million small pebbles had been thrown into it. 'This,' said our friend, 'is a school of mackerel,' and he supposed a thousand barrels might be gathered in the usual way. A well regulated 'school' were there, if one may judge by the regularity with which they moved along. Observing that our fishing friends were 'homeward bound,' we sought the landing place in time to welcome them. They saluted us with a chorus and the waving of handkerchiefs, which we answered in the best manner possible, considering our diminutive number. Many fine fishes rewarded them for their pleasant toil, and no one was so unfortunate as to place his name upon the sick list. A chowder, excellent in quality and abundant in quantity, refreshed us all. The gentlemen, truly *democratic* as they styled themselves, reposed upon the grass and feasted at their leisure.

While sailing homeward, we joined our voices in a full chorus, and, though 'unable to fill the house' we succeeded in making considerable noise. A solo from — — —, was warmly applauded. Being truly patriotic, the whigs and democrats both claimed it. The worthy friends around us deserve commendation as patient listeners. Our Boston friends bade us 'farewell' and took the evening cars for *home* indeed. In the evening we again assembled in the parlor of our worthy host, and Mr. H. electrified us with specimens of eloquence. His gestures were very graceful, his voice has a fine manly tone, and, better than all, he evidently felt the soul-thrilling sentiments he was uttering. The pilgrim fathers were before us as they stood upon the Rock of Plymouth and caused 'the aisles of the dim wood to ring with the anthem of the free.' Bernardio del Carpio grasped the rein of the king's fiery charger, and placed the false monarch face to face with the injured dead. The heart-touching strain of Mrs. Hemans' 'Leaves have their time to fall,' was spoken with a solemnity and pathos that sent the truant tears over my cheek. Then came Cato's sublime soliloquy and extracts from Richard 3d., and Macbeth. All these were preceded by a short lecture on Transcendentalism, so irresistibly ludicrous that the auditors were convulsed with laughter. I asked him whether the grave or gay predominated in his character. He answered me truly 'they alternate.' He gave himself to the inspiration of the hour, and afforded us a liberal intellectual entertainment. He is eloquent because fearless in depicting the passions and emotions of the soul, and the evening was one of the most delightful I ever passed. Truly Mr. H. I owe you much for this. Between eleven and twelve I retired. ESTHER.

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Woman.

In a late number of this Miscellany, may be found an excellent essay on 'Man,' by my fellow-laborer and companion. The scripture saith, 'It is not good that man should be alone,' which is probably true in more senses than one. The piece referred to, suggested the idea of offering to the readers of the Repository, some thoughts on '*man's better half.*' It will be confessed by all that my subject is a good one, and were it in hands capable of doing it justice, there might be a corresponding goodness in a discourse upon it.

In all barbarous nations, where physical strength has been the test of true greatness, woman has been regarded as man's inferior, and has been considered and generally treated as his slave, instead as a companion. She has been doomed to move in a sphere far below her na-

ture and dignity; she has been degraded in mind and reduced to the lowest state to which moral and intellectual beings can fall. Not being possessed with so great physical strength, nor with so bold and masculine a mind as man, her condition and prospects were fearfully dark and appalling. And this probably would have been her condition now, in our own happy land, as it is in many other countries, had not christianity, like a loving sister and friend, took her by the hand, and led her away from her slavery under which she had long groaned and suffered. The gospel by its sacred powers and holy influences elevated her to her proper sphere and condition, gave her new energies and beauties, and formed a new and interesting era in her history. Where civilization and religion have not scattered their blessings, she is robbed of all those moral and intellectual endowments, to which she is capable of attaining, and which throw such a dignity and lustre around the character of any human being. There her task is the menial drudgery of life, and she is exposed to sale like the brute that perisheth. Such seems to be the features of a certain portion of woman's history. But it is not of the past that we design to speak.

Without premising further, we will offer some considerations upon woman's *intellectual attainments*. In this age of intellectual and moral culture, counterfeit accomplishments in any class do not seem to pass current. The time has been when she who could charm by her beauty of person, graceful appearance, and splendid dress, occupied the most conspicuous station in the minds of some; but as society advances in knowledge and refined taste, beauty of mind seems to be the only thing upon which any real value is placed, by all who have minds to discern the difference between the counterfeit and genuine accomplishments. Personal beauty and the fashionable graces, without mind, are like the charms of the wax figure in the show-room, we admire for a moment, but soon discover that the object of admiration is devoid of understanding, and we involuntarily turn to seek something more attracting and instructive. 'The untaught and unregulated beauty we soon wish to lay upon the shelf in disgust.' The rose is sweet and beautiful while it lasts, but its day is short, and its sweetness and beauty are soon no more. The evergreen, the emblem of immortality, has not the exquisite beauty and charms of the blooming flower, but its chief excellence is that it lasts all the year. The storms of winter and the bleak winds when they come howling around, do not wither its leaves or blight its beauty. So with the beauties of mind. Knowledge and truth are immortal, and they will form a wreath for the brow, which will never fade. When the storms of adversity darken around us, and when the winter of life comes, they remain the same, bright and beautiful. They have an intrinsic value, which remains the same in all the periods of life. A person with a benevolent disposition and a well taught intellect, always possesses more influence, and is more highly esteemed, more useful and happy, than the accomplished belle.

By what has now been said, it will be perceived that we do not place any great value upon that system of female education, in some places so popular, which only aims at ornament rather than usefulness, which adds grace to appearance, rather than to prepare for the great objects and ends of life. All education should be for the purpose of assisting thought, to aid the mind in its onward march in knowledge and virtue, and to elevate every noble faculty of our natures. It should be a system of training the mind to think for itself, to originate ideas, to discipline its faculties, so that they can be concentrated upon one object, till thinking with power becomes an easy task. 'To arouse the dormant energies, to elicit the latent powers and resources, to unfold the faculties of the mind—to give scope, direction, impulse, efficiency and employment, is the first appropriate business and end of all education.' It has not in days past been deemed important that woman should be educated beyond the bare capacity of doing the common business of the nursery and kitchen, but it has been discovered, that he who opposes her education in a higher sense, is his own enemy. The ocean can be poisoned only by poisoning the streams that flow into it, and so it is with society. And if woman is not educated, if she has not the knowledge and abilities to which she is capable of attaining, home is cheerless, and society will be ignorant and corrupt. 'The guardianship of domestic comfort, the nurture of the unfolding mind, the regency over home's hallowed sanctuary, cannot safely be committed to a soul darkened by ignorance.' The public mind seems to be somewhat conscious of this fact, and a good degree of interest has been awakened respecting female education. Yet an improvement seems to be called for in that system of which we have spoken, so

fashionable in high circles, a system of training for the great market of the world, rather than a preparation for usefulness and duty. What Mrs. Emma Willard has said on this subject in an admirable address, presented by her to the Legislature of N. Y. in 1819, proposing a plan of improving female education, and which plan she has followed with great success, is to a great extent true now. 'Not only has there been a want of system concerning female education, but much of what has been done has proceeded upon mistaken principles. One of these is, without a regard to the different periods of life, proportionate to their importance, the education of females has been too exclusively directed to fit them for displaying to advantage the charms of youth and beauty. Though it may be proper to adorn this period of life, yet it is incomparably more important to prepare for the serious duties of maturer years. Though well to decorate the blossom, it is far better to prepare for the harvest. In the vegetable creation nature seems but to sport, when she embellishes the flower, while all her serious cares are directed to perfect the fruit.' The importance of the course here recommended is well sustained in the address from which the above is extracted. Mrs. L. H. Sigourney has also spoken to the same effect, from whose writings we make an extract. It is from a piece entitled '*Superficial Attainments*,' in the 'Lady's Book' for July, 1840. 'You will find,' says she, 'a well-disciplined literary taste, a source of great delight. It has a self-sustaining power when the tinsel of life fades. We are in our inherent structure as well as by the usages of refined society, far more dependant than the other sex. Our happiness rests on a few props, formed out of the affections. If they fail us, and they may, we cannot turn to the world for a substitute. Even were its fame and honor subject to our control, they could not sooth us, if the heart's sanctuary was invaded, any more than the imaginary music of the spheres might console the homeless wanderer who shrinks from the beating of the tempest. But a well regulated mind, full of rich resources, is a fortress of no ordinary strength. Among those resources, is a substitute for friendship, in that fellowship with the great of every age which makes the solitary study a peopled land of choice spirits. We share a satisfaction almost like personal intercourse with those mighty minds which the world has worshipped.' 'Literary characters,' said De la Mothe, 'are cotemporaries of all ages, and citizens of every clime.' Even the page which has silently chronicled our thoughts, becomes to us a sister. 'I part with my manuscripts, as with dear friends who have cheered me in hours of sadness,' said the sensitive Cowper. * * * * * * 'Who can estimate the amount of good which may be done in a country like ours, by educated women? Men may have more knowledge, yet influence others less. By the nature of their pursuits they cannot often pause to scatter its seeds by the wayside. Borne on by the current of a restless and excitable age, multitudes of them struggle for wealth, or honor, as the swimmer breasts the wave; they ride for a moment upon the crested billow, or sink beneath it, and their wisdom perishes with them. But the daughter and sister in the quietness of the paternal home, the faithful teacher in the village school-house, the mother in her secluded nursery, are all forming others after their own model, writing upon that which is never to die. Man may have more knowledge, and yet hoard it up in his cabinet, or embody it in expensive tomes, or confine it to the profession through which he seeks sustenance, or attains distinction. He lifts himself up like a mountain in its majesty—like the solemn forest, which overshadows and awes the traveller. But woman, like earth, the sweet mother, gives freely what has been entrusted to her, the corn ripening for harvest, the flower blushing in the sunbeam, the rich grass that covers the dark brown mould with unconscious beauty.'

S. P. L.

Worcester, Mass.

Selected for the Repository.

The Youthful Warriors.

In ancient times, a warrior stood preparing himself for battle. The first dawning of day shed a faint light on his gilded armor, and but feebly illumined a spacious apartment. Few of the Carthagenians had awoke from their slumbers; but there was one, a youth, scarce nine years of age, who had passed a sleepless night. Bright visions of future glory filled his brain, and morning's earliest dawn found him prostrate at the feet of the warrior, beseeching that he might accompany him to a far distant field of battle! It was the warrior's son, and his favorite. He gazed upon him earnestly, and he saw bravery, decision and revenge depicted on his countenance, and ever and anon he heard the earnest, thrilling request: 'My father, *may* I go?' The father yielded, after

he had taken him to the 'altar of Moloch,' and heard him swear that he would be the eternal enemy of the Romans.

This youth was victorious. His name became a terror to the whole Roman army, and his deeds of valor filled all Carthage with rejoicing. Thousands of voices chanted his praises, and he seemed great as their gods. But changes will come. The warrior who carried his army over the untrodden Alps, saw that the sun of his glory was about setting in darkness. Dejected, he retired to his home—but how changed were his countrymen! How fickle is man! Coldness and distrust had succeeded idolatry and confidence; and nearly twenty years after, Hannibal, that great general, was poisoned, far away from the country he had fought to redeem!

In modern times, I saw a youth in conversation with his father. He, too, had passed a sleepless night; but his countenance seemed calm, though decided. Visions of future glory had filled his thoughts; but it was glory of a celestial kind. 'My father, shall I go?' His father yielded, and he bowed himself at the altar of the great *I am*, and vowed to be the friend of man, and the eternal enemy of sin. He joined himself to an army of warriors, whose leader was Jesus of Nazareth. Many were the battles they fought, and many the victories they gained over the ridicule of scoffers, and the enemies within their own hearts. Angel voices chanted praises of his deeds of benevolence and love. The widow's heart sang for joy, and the famished orphan was fed by his bounty. His kindness softened hearts which had been harder than Alpine rocks, and his offers of salvation found their way to the soul, through avenues untrodden as Alpine passes. But a change comes over him. His sun goes down, 'not behind the darkened West,' but melts away into the light of Heaven. His body was embalmed with the tears of friends, and his funeral dirge was the moaning of those he had relieved.

Reader, which, think you, God looks upon with the most pleasure; Hannibal, the conqueror of armies, or this christian philanthropist, the conqueror of sin?

The Atmosphere.

The atmosphere is an element which we cannot see, but which we feel investing us wherever we go: whose density we can measure to a certain height; whose purity is essential to existence; whose elastic pressure on the lungs, and on and around the frame, preserves man in that noble attitude which lifts his head towards the skies, and bids him seek there for an eternal home. The atmosphere is neither an evaporation from earth nor sea, but a separate element, bound to the globe, and accompanying it in its motions round the sun. Can we for an instant imagine, that we are indebted for the atmosphere only to some fortuitous accident? If there were no atmosphere, and if we could possibly exist without one, we should be unable to hear the sound of the most powerful artillery; even though it were discharged at the distance of a single pace. We should be deprived of the music of the sea, the minstrels of the woods, of all the artificial combinations of sweet sounds, and of the fascinating tones of the human voice itself. We might make our wants and feelings perceptible to each other by signs and gesticulations, but the tongue would be condemned to irremediable silence. The deliberations of assemblies of men, from which laws and the order of society have emanated, could never have taken place. The tribes of mankind would wander over the earth in savage groups, incapable of civilization, and the only arts which they could ever know would be those alone which might enable them to destroy each other.

Our Book and Memoranda Table.

The Rose of Sharon. This our especial favorite among the Annuals, is fast receiving the favor we desired for it, as, at this present writing (Sept. 25) 1300 copies have been sold, although it has not yet been advertised in the city papers. It has received from all quarters decided approbation, and all allow, what is evident at first glance, that it is a more elegant volume than the previous issues. Let the friends of the work continue their efforts to extend its circulation, and thus encourage editor and publisher to go on and preserve in being a work that is needed and which is an honor to us. Elegant binding, four plates of great beauty, and rich reading, at $2 per copy.

'The Cristian's Legacy. By Wm. Jackson.' This is a volume whose prospectus we noticed some time since, and which we would notice as favorably as possible, for we are aware that to the author much depends on its sale. Br. Jackson is known as a convert from Calvinism to the doctrine of the final salvation of all men; but he retains, so far as we can discover, all his former theological opinions save in reference to the particular mentioned. He therefore must be expected to vindicate, as he does, the doctrines of original or inherent sin or depravity, imputed righteousness, &c. The doctrine of the Trinity is here put 'in opposition to the pride of human reason,' and the existence and activity of a personal Devil are many times confessed. We cannot find any clear and distinct avowal of the doctrine of the Restitution—the nearest is page 285, headed with John xii. 32, and followed by quotations from scripture without a word of comment or explication. In short, the doctrine of

the work has not sympathy with Universalian views of God and scripture and human nature.

We do not speak of this matter as finding fault; God forbid that we should wish to dictate a single soul in the utterance of his theological opinions; but we do feel it our duty to state clearly and distinctly what, in respect to doctrine, the reader may expect from the volume. He will meet with many good thoughts—with a large number of precious passages of scripture, and with many trains of reflection which can be improved to great spiritual profit. He will meet with a style often eccentric and too often gross, but yet plain and simple. But he must also expect the usual doctrines of the Calvinistic church inwoven throughout, and scripture bent to favor them. We should, perhaps, add, that the author does not presume by any single word to put forth his book as a Universalist work, but presents it to lovers of the Lord Jesus, to whom, he says, all the promises of 'the God of truth in Christ Jesus' are made.

The author is poor, and we are sorry, sincerely and deeply are we sorry, that he ventured on the cost of publication. With some, his work may meet with great favor; it may be that enough will favor it to take up the edition. All can cull from it excellent matter, and we could wish that the benevolent might relieve him of the burden he bears in assuming the undertaking of publishing this work. The book is well bound and fairly printed; it contains 420 full pages; and is sold at $1 the copy, or 6 copies for $5. Published by the author, Providence, R. I.

CHRISTIAN GRACES. By a Lady. We have received a copy of these beautiful sketches, done up in a very neat style, from our publishing friend, A. Tompkins. We have been proud of them, as they came to us, month by month, in the pages of the Repository; in their collective character, they have lost no attribute of excellence. They are the production of a very beloved friend of ours,—the wife of our excellent co-editor; of course, we make no pretensions to impartiality. But others do—and *they* pronounce the 'Christian Graces' a valuable acquisition to our moral literature. The sketches are all interesting and good—particularly to our spirit did 'FAITH, or FIDELITY,' commend itself. We love, above all others, a faithful, unselfish, '*leal*' spirit, ready always to make noble sacrifices in behalf of duty, of affection, and of truth. We could almost join in the apotheosis of such a soul. In conclusion, we would cordially thank our friends, the author and the publisher, for this sweet little volume. The style is simple and affectionate, and well suited to the tastes and understandings of the young, to whom it will prove a most acceptable and useful gift. S. C. E.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD. By Miss Sedgwick. Our good genius in the book department, B. B. Mussey, has sent us two handsome volumes, bearing the above title. They are delightful—and reading them, is next to taking a tour through England, Germany, and Italy, one's self. As an author, Miss Sedgwick ranks as the first love of our childhood—and to use her own words, 'Children are seldom at fault in their first loves.' She goes abroad into the world with a heart full of benevolence, and a vision clear from prejudices. She seems to have an intuitive knowledge of human nature, and can pity and pardon where others would reproach. Her sketches of several public characters in England and elsewhere, are very interesting; and her own personal adventures are narrated with a modesty and pleasant humor which make the peculiar fascination of her character. All in all, these letters of hers are the most agreeable volumes we have read for many a day, and the only thing we can regret about them is, that they come to an end so soon. We want another brace of volumes, taking us through Switzerland and France, back to England. Shall we not have them? S. C. E.

IRVING'S LIFE OF MISS DAVIDSON. I have just risen from the perusal of the above mentioned work, and with your permission, will call the attention of your readers to a book every way worthy of their patronage. Attached to these memoirs are Miss Davidson's poetical remains, and I think the world can furnish no parallel to these monuments of youthful genius. Her short ministry on earth teems with examples of patience, untiring industry, a holy and trusting spirit, and a clear, calm faith in the realities of the unseen world. The love she bore her mother, so engrossing as scarcely to admit a thought of self, her tender care lest maternal anxiety should awaken and operate unfavorably upon health, precious as her own heart's blood, the confidence with which she poured forth the aspirations of her fervent spirit to a heart that ever beat in unison with her own—all this presents a picture so delightful, that the reader enshrines it as a household memory in the sanctuary of the heart. How blest the mother who could boast such a child, and truly favored the child who possessed such a mother.

Mrs. Davidson read unerringly the nature of her gifted offspring. No youthful aspiration was ever checked, no hour of inspiration ever passed without sympathy, no feeble effort of her heaven-born genius was ever unheeded, but high and sacred communion formed an indissoluble bond between the mother and daughter. So similar was her character to that of her lamented sister, Lucretia, that it seems but the same strain of unearthly melody from harps equally beautiful and fragile. Her frame was too delicate to withstand the chafings of her keenly sensitive spirit, and the tabernacle crumbled and fell while its wonderful inhabitant, day by day, gathered strength for lofty flights into the spirit land, and returned only to shed its radiance upon the perishing objects around it.

Her biographer has performed his task beautifully, and I would close as I began, by recommending these Memoirs to all who would delight to trace the footsteps of an almost angelic visitant through the shadows of earth, till its wing was spread for an unseen but unerring flight to the bosom of its God. IONE.

SAWYER'S REVIEW OF HATFIELD. We are glad to greet this work. We would not alter it. It is strong, thorough and earnest—as it should be. And humble as the offering is, we present the author our thanks. He has done the denomination a great service, which will be acknowledged far and wide. He has completely dissected the dead body of Hatfield's 'Universalism as it Is,' and shown that if it ever had any life, it must have been from the galvanic action of the author's ecstatic vanity when he first viewed his work and complacently beheld his image there! Some may deem the examination too minute, but they will not longer think so, if they will remember who the author had to deal with—one who would make the greatest ado, if perchance a single assertion or argument had been passed by, as though *that* were a poser. And again; it is the minute review which alone could unfold the insignificant methods of attack adopted by the adversary. And still farther;—the minuteness of the inspection evidences the calmness and care with which the author proceeded with his task, weighing well the expression of all he has uttered of the severity of truth and fact. And more than all this—the opponents of our doctrine are so wrapt up in the blindness of prejudice and ignorance, that it is necessary to let light in upon their opening vision gradually, accommodating to their feeble sight the visual medium of truth. We, therefore, hope much from the circulation of the '*Review*,' and trust it will meet, as we have no doubt it will, with an extensive sale. The New York organ of Hatfieldianism refused to advertise it, which the conductors would not have done, if the power of the work were not feared. But it will be read, and circulated, and work conviction towards the principles of everlasting truth, when the mockery that called it forth, has become despised.

The '*Review*' is handsomely printed and bound, contains 220 pages, and is sold for 50 cts. To be had of A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston, P. Price, New York, publisher, whom we thank for our copy.

'ISH-NOO-JU-LUT-SCHE; or the Eagle of the Mohawks. A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.' 2 vols., pp. 234 and 284. These volumes present the reader with an interesting tale full of engaging and various incident, leading the imagination to scenes and times in contrast with our own. The hero and heroine are early introduced, and the interest immediately excited, is not lessened, but increased to the close. Many of the other characters are drawn with skill,

and the descriptions of places and events are quite graphic. The religious character of the work has sympathy with our faith, and a long continued and highly useful conversation occurs between an Indian sachem—a Restitutionist, and a Catholic maiden, furnishing admirable rules for the study of the Scriptures. The general tendency of the work is to impress the mind with the importance of *living* christianity if we would make converts to its truth,—a good and great moral. We commend the volumes to the attention of our friends, and especially to the librarians of our Sabbath Schools. The volumes are published in a very neat style by P. Price, New York. On sale at A. Tompkins', price 50 cts.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL. We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of a sermon by Br. O. A. Skinner, from J. H. Harris of Haverhill. This discourse was delivered in that town at the installation of Br. T. P. Abell, and was examined by a Mr. Fitch of that place, who afterwards published his sermon. The discourse by Br. Skinner is a most excellent one on Rom. i. 16. In it he treats negatively and positively of the Power of the Gospel, and well treats his subject. We regard it as one of the very best of the author's productions.

We also thankfully acknowledge the receipt of another discourse called out by the same circumstance—an examination of Mr. Fitch's review of Skinner's Sermon, by Br. Abell. It is a calm and dignified production, giving due honor to Mr. Fitch for his candor in allowing some good in Universalism, and replying fairly and distinctly to the assertions against our faith.—We do not know whether or not either of these discourses is on sale.

☞THE UNIVERSALIST COMPANION, *with an* ALMANAC *and* REGISTER, containing the statistics of the denomination, for 1842. A. B. Grosh, editor. We acknowledge the receipt of this valuable work, published in a very neat style, and full of useful matter. It contains the usual matter of an *Almanac*, together with doctrinal and practical articles of interest, and full statistics of the Denomination in the United States and Territories. We trust that a very general attention will be paid to it, and that the whole edition published will speedily be sold.—To be had of A. Tompkins, by the single copy, the dozen or hundred, at the following prices; —12 cts. single; $1 dozen. O. Hutchinson, Utica, Publisher.

'THE GOSPEL HARMONIST; *by Thos. Whittemore.* This is the new music book we mentioned in our last as about to be issued. We cannot read music, and therefore cannot give a scientific notice. But we can tell of the harmony and richness of good music when it is executed with skill; and we have had the pleasure of hearing some excellent tunes from this work, sung by our church choir. On asking our leader his opinion of the work, he answered by one good, simple, rich, yankee word—'*Prime!*' And such we doubt not is the 'Gospel Harmonist,' and therefore commend it to the attention of the lovers of music, and especially to the leaders of our church choirs.

☞THE ESSEX QUARTERLY CONFERENCE will meet in Georgetown on the third Wednesday of October. We expect a full meeting; especially shall we look for a goodly number of friends from Haverhill, Andover, Methuen, Newburyport, &c. Rich meetings are always enjoyed by this Conference.

UNITED STATES CONVENTION. 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will toward men!' We have great cause to take up and repeat with gladness this anthem of praise, for the influences of the joyous meetings of the Convention have breathed a new enthusiasm into our soul. It cannot be but that all must be better for gathering there; so rich was the occasion in all that elevates, strengthens and refines.

The New York friends deserve and receive great credit for the very ample and every way acceptable accommodations prepared for visitors. A large number from all parts of the Union were there, and all, so far as we could learn, were handsomely provided for. We conversed with many who confessed themselves as happy in their temporary homes as we were, and *that* is sufficient. We shall never forget the warm hospitality of the friends who entertained ourself and partner.

The public meetings were well attended. The Annual Sermon by Br. Sawyer was a finished production, evidently the result of much study and care—and we confess ourself thankful that he has set a good example to brethren when appointed to deliver occasional sermons. Too many content themselves with an apology and an ordinary production; a course that reflects no credit on themselves, and is no compliment to their brethren. The discourse will soon be given to the public through the press, and we therefore defer more particular remark.

The meetings of the Council were conducted with peace and to good results. The news from various parts of the land were encouraging, and a good degree of zeal is evidently felt everywhere. A Meeting of the Friends of Education was held the third day, and an animated discussion took place in reference to the importance and necessity of having schools of a high order under the control of Universalists. There was a good deal of wordy warfare between the ardent friends, and no less sincere opponents, of a *Theological* Institution. Not a soul, that we could learn, was opposed to the earnest advocacy of a higher order of intellectual attainment in our ministry. The demand for this depends upon the people, not on a few ministers who desire the elevation of the denomination; and in all discussions, it should be conceded that the ministry are in favor of the most thorough mental preparation—of the establishing of seminaries of learning and colleges where the best educational influences may be concentrated. The opposers of a giant Theological Institution contend that these are all we want—that these will furnish the desired good, and all beyond these is but the fashioning of a mould by which to cast the mental elements into one form, bearing one stamp. They contend that the erection of every Theological Institution is the upbuilding of another monument of sectarism, fraught with more evil than good, and they point to the history of every such distinctive institution as full of warning. But a brief notice cannot suffice to present the argument for and against, and we must refer the reader to what has been, and will be published in the weekly papers on this subject.

Our journies to and from New York were safe and pleasant. A Temperance meeting was held during our return passage in the cabin of the steamboat, and a warm and interesting meeting it was indeed. In short, we have the memories of one of the happiest of all religious gatherings, and can ask no more than to pray that the next Convention may be blessed as the last.

The state of the cause in New York city is of the most encouraging character. It is a great city, and severe labor is required of those who lead in the Regeneration. God give them strength of mind and heart, prudence and every virtue and grace needed, and may they see, as they have seen, the work of the Lord prospering in their hands.

The Convention meets in 1842, in Providence, R. I.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS. We hope to hear from many of our correspondents who have been silent a long time. We need their favors, and shall be thankful to receive them.

We shall give a fine article in our next, from Mrs. S. Broughton, entitled '*The White Satin Dress.*' We have also on hand several very acceptable poems from her, which we shall publish in due time. Also, an excellent poem from our valued friend, Mrs. C. W. Hunt, entitled '*Georgiana,*' full of the richest poetry.

Other communications are on file.

List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Sept. 30, 1841.

A. D. S., No. Bennington, $2; A. D., No. Bennington, $2; J. A. S., New London, $2; J. S., No. Chatham, $2; S. S., Brownsville, $2; P. M., Pavilion, ($2 for S. S. Con.) $8; J. H. W., Cole Brook (settles in full to June 1842) $5; J. L. K. H., St. Marys, $2; J. W., Wilton, $2; N. B. P., Hume, $8; L. C., Hume, $2; L. A., Pike, $2; M. Y., Jamestown, $2; P. M., Amesbury, $4.

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For November 1841. No. 6.

Written for the Repository.

The Beatitudes;

Or the Elements of Christian Happiness.

Chapter V. Righteousness.

Matt. v. 6: 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.'

There was much hungering and thirsting in the hearts of the multitude who stood in our Lord's presence, but not after righteousness. Their intense desires rested on objects adverse to the true devotion to the Right, and they sought rather for what would exalt and distinguish after the manner of the world, than according to the standard of holiness. Hence, their enthusiastic longing for a Messiah that should lead to battle and to conquest. Had they possessed the virtue our Savior commended in this beatitude, the prophecies would have been read by them with a far different mind, and a few spiritual leaders would not have led astray the whole nation. Yet how descriptive is this picture of a great portion of mankind! They yield their minds to favorite pursuits, tamely receiving religious doctrines; thus permitting a few teachers to lead thousands astray from the most important branches of righteousness. And these, thus taught, have made others err, and thus error has been and is perpetuated, by following a multitude rather than principle.

This is an evil of great magnitude, and the connection of the sentiment of the beatitude with social progress and human happiness, should be understood. Individuality should be preserved, and men should cease to flatter themselves that others can hunger and thirst after righteousness for them. They must feel the heaven ordained union between their growth in spiritual knowledge and the christian graces and their true happiness; or they will still retain their stinted stature as religious beings. Christianity bases itself on our progressive nature, and by its adaptedness thereto would prove its divinity, in harmony with all the correspondences which exist in the works of God. Therefore, it recognizes man as an immortal being, as capable of becoming a partaker of the divine nature and growing into the likeness of God. It goes with him through every stage of his being, and perpetually impels him to look on and up—to press forward and continuously hope. Its clear, strong, earnest and sweet voice, is ever bidding the soul to 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge'—perceptive, and practical and experimental—'of the Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.' Thus it recognizes Progress as the great law of our being, and Regeneration as life-long, as here and in eternity we follow the Way, Truth, and Life, and die unto sin. And thus in what christianity *proposes* to do,—to quicken and feed the divine life that we may grow up to the perfect man in Christ Jesus—we have the loftiest encouragement to exertion, and the principle of ambition may be developed with safety and to permanent glory. 'If any man suffer as a christian'—in working out the true character of a disciple of christianity—'let him not be ashamed, but let him glorify God on this behalf'—by rejoicing in the power to develope the christian spirit and by obedience to it; for 'the fruits of righteousness are unto the praise and glory of God.'

We approach then our theme, conscious of its ever increasing importance, and would treat of the foundation, nature, and blessedness of Righteousness, or right moral feeling and action.

First, then, the beatitude under consideration, has its foundation in our very nature. We are constituted for the feeling and practice of righteousness, and certain it is that this is its proper element. Were it not so, we should be deprived of one of the best proofs that God is a holy being, that he truly desires his creatures to be holy, and has ordained their final and complete

recovery from sin; but every evidence that persuades the mind that the essentials of our nature —the proper order and developement of our faculties—require the practice of righteousness, should strengthen our conviction in the moral perfections of the Deity. Men sin, but they are not satisfied with the service. They never hunger and thirst after *it*, but after some false good, which is attained by sin, and which blinds the reason to the character of the transgression. They have heard so much of 'the pleasures of sin,' that they are inclined to regard it with much less horror than Moses did, (Heb. xi. 24–26), as not all evil, and its hideousness is partly concealed. They forget that it is a departure from God's wise and benevolent law—that it is unfaithfulness to the higher and better principles which should ever be reverenced, and that it sacrifices to the earthly appetites their celestial aspirations. Thus error and forgetfulness lead them to forsake, while they are amid the bustle and din of the world, what in every hour of retirement and reflection they are convinced is founded in their very nature and promotive of their best happiness. The Beatitude takes for granted that man has a mingled nature, and so he has. He demands food for the nature that has an affinity to the angels, and by which he has been made but a little lower than they; and he knows that nature will not be satisfied with transgression and sin; he knows how sin has stirred up rebellion amid the elements of his moral being, and he has suffered, as the poor victim suffers when the energies of the physical system have been aroused to resist the influence of a subtile poison introduced therein. And as that victim is willing to suffer if the enemy can be routed, so often has the sinner been willing to suffer, if the foe could be triumphed over and expelled. Thus are we taught to hunger and thirst after righteousness, as after the element of life.

Experience is confirmed by observation and the history of others. Take a view of the character and effects of the vicious affections, in contrast with the virtuous affections, as observation has presented them, and what is the result? Consider them as revealed in history—'philosophy teaching by examples'—and what is the conclusion? Is it not the same, and that same eloquently in favor of the sentiment of our Lord? We are certain it must be so; and we are the more convinced of this as we consider, that to every project there are three stages of thought or action,—the Conception, the Fulfillment, and the After-Reflection. Do not each of these plead strongly for virtuous projects being the nearest connected with happiness? If they do—and who can deny it?—then we have three classes of powerful reasons for thinking not a single vicious thought, or doing a single vicious action.

We must have this high estimation of the worth of righteousness before we can be of the characters described in the Beatitude. An intensity of mind is referred to, and men do not ardently desire that which they value little; but according to their conception of its worth and its promise to promote their happiness, will be their anxiety to obtain and enjoy it. We read, 'Unto you which believe, Christ is precious'! and why? Because they knew his worth, and the intimate connection of his truth and mission with their happiness. This holds good as a rule in reference to all departments of human effort and every pursuit. Animated exertions to further our undertakings can alone insure success, and this animation cannot be secured but by a high conception of the importance or good of the object in reference to ourselves or others. We must regard righteousness as a great good—a good not to be trifled with, or lightly given up. We must look upon it in the light of heaven—in the clear sunshine of the Gospel, and not by the dim and hazy lights of human wisdom; and then shall we see its divinity, how it is worthy of our highest and noblest efforts, and in its crown will glitter more radiant gems than ever lent brightness and beauty to the diadem of the monarch. The 'crown of righteousness' laid up for Paul in the christian church, was to him a reward rich and satisfactory for the fight he had fought and the course he had run; for he knew many a mortal's eye would look upon it, and feel animated by a remembrance of how it was earned, and pant for a like honor.

There is a three-fold Righteousness for which we are to hunger and thirst, or to attain which we are to strive with an holy ardor and perseverance. This threefold righteousness is,—The righteousness of God; the righteousness of principles of thought and feeling; and the righteousness of life and example. How blessed is he who hungers and thirsts for these, and is filled or *satisfied!* How closely are they united with our best good, all conspiring to make us happy, use-

ful, and exemplary! Let us consider them—they are our life.

1. By the righteousness of God, we mean that rectitude of nature, word, and deed, on which all the *certainty* of promised good depends, and which makes him, as declared by Moses, 'a faithful God.' We know how our confidence and trust in a fellow being is affected by our ideas of the rectitude of his character, and this, with becoming reverence, we may apply to the divine Being. Nothing is more essential to our resting with our whole strength on his promises, than a clear and settled conviction of the perfect veracity of his character—that there cannot exist or arise any thing to cause him to alter his purpose, to deceive us, to do us wrong; and as he cannot fear or hope, his eternal counsel will remain, and what he has designed and revealed, that he will do. When this is fixed in the mind, how firm is the heart's trust! how unshaken by darkness and mystery, and tempests of evil is its confidence! and how calm is its reliance that the consummation will be perfect in the perfection of every human being! 'He will not suffer his faithfulness to fail!' is the declaration of his word; and to the mind fully, thoroughly imbued with the conviction of the veracity of Jehovah, this is enough to make the soul resigned even when the shades of a Gethsemane gather around it. 'God is love.' He will not suffer the faithfulness of that love to fail towards any intelligent creature in his universe. He will be faithful to each and to the harmony of his perfections. All mankind shall therefore be brought home by God's fidelity to his own love and grace, and he be all in all. Happy they who seek and find and enjoy, this knowledge of his righteousness!

2. By the righteousness of the principles of thought and feeling, we mean, that as God is a being of veracity and truth, and we are bound to imitate, as far, in degree, as we can, his character, it becomes us to seek ardently so to fix in our spiritual being those principles of rectitude which will cause our very thoughts and feelings to be right. This is a high attainment—one for which we may well hunger and thirst. In its full perfection, we cannot expect to possess it on earth; but to keep the attainment in view, will be incitement to effort and progression. Mysterious are our powers of thought and feeling, yet they are the springs of action. The noblest and the meanest deed alike sprung from one thought; that, like a self-multiplying seed, produced others, and they another tribe, and so on till a host nerved the passions to the godlike or the fiendish work. And so with feeling—twin sister of thought. We cannot guard against the intrusion of all thoughts, nor the rise of all feelings, no more than we can command the electric fluid in the atmosphere. But we have power, if we will nourish it, to prevent ourselves indulging and cherishing, as a nurse her pet, thoughts and feelings. We can bring in a good, to expel an evil spirit, and it is the non-exertion of this power which makes the good or evil, the applause or censure; to exert this, we want the aid of fixed and righteous principles, which will remind us of duty and our accountability to the all-seeing God. For these we should hunger and thirst—there is life in them, and happy will it be when we can use with solemnity and our whole heart, the Psalmist's words: 'I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep all God's righteous judgments.' 'I shall not be ashamed when I have respect unto all thy commandments.'

3. The other thread of strength in the threefold invisible cord which is to unite us to our best good, is the righteousness of life and example. This has an inseparable connection with the others, and the aim of the whole is to make ours the righteousness of Christ; and the way is simple, yet profound, for we read: 'If ye know that he is righteous, ye know that every one that *doeth* righteousness is born of him.' Though this is very plain, and perfectly harmonizing with the Savior's teachings; yet many of the disciples, led away by false apostles and teachers, were constrained to put their trust in something else than in doing righteousness to be righteous; and therefore John wrote them, using the affectionate language of a father, thus: 'Little children, let no man deceive you; he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.' In the same degree as we act or do according to the righteous principles of the gospel, we approach the righteousness of Christ—we are righteous *as* he was righteous.' This righteousness is superior to the pharisaic standard; and we need not err in respect to its character, if we make Jesus our pattern and interpreter. His was the righteousness of principle, not profession; for the approbation of God, not the praise of men; and as we copy it, its reflection in our example will be most salutary to enlighten others, for they will not only have the word of righteousness in their Bibles, but righteousness living and breathing

around them—and it may be like the prophet breathing on the dry bones in the valley, restoring to life and action. Happy is he who hungers and thirsts after this righteousness, and is filled. But we are not filled once for all. The 'bread of God,' and 'the life-giving water,' must be often hungered and thirsted after, as the renewing of the strength and cheerfulness of the spiritual man require.

Recalling the tender language of John, we are reminded of the peculiar application of our theme to the young. Well has a quaint writer said: 'Plants that receive only the evening sun, never grow so high as those that enjoy the rays of the morning. So it is with those men, whose hearts were not turned to divine things till the evening of their days, compared with those, who in early youth, began to drink in the rays of religion, and ripen their fruit in due season.' A beautiful thought and just. And what a pitiful desecration of our soul's capacities is it, to give them up to the service of the world in the bright and vigorous morning of life, and not awake to the high purposes of our existence till our sun is declining in the horizon! How meanly do such think of their inward being, of the powers of their celestial nature! Bowing down reason and heart to the things of the footstool, they aspire not to those of the throne of God. And while they have done this, they have boasted of Liberty! But what kind of liberty? A liberty to forget God, to trample upon his laws, and lead others from goodness and virtue! The veriest slavery ever fastened on man is such liberty; for what freedom is thereby given to those capacities which are the essentials of our intellectual being, and which are not satisfied with the routine of earthly pleasures and enjoyments? These misguided beings give freedom to every bird that can scarcely fly above the earth, and whose eye cannot bear the sun, while the eagle is chained, and its flutterings and strugglings are almost stilled by despair, and then they talk of having given liberty to the birds, as though the eagle was satisfied with its lot! Nay, nay, ye who are young and vigorous, do not talk of liberty till ye know the feeling and power of freedom to do nothing but good. This is the soul's freedom—the freedom of angels, and of Christ.

Be not led into the error which, like the ignis fatuus to the bewildered traveler, has betrayed many into paths of darkness and trouble—the error of regarding the service of religion as a comfortless one—a kind of slavery, in submitting to which men yield up the relish for the natural enjoyments of life, and must lose all vivacity and cheerfulness! How fatal an error is this—how many has it caused to reject, till old age, the divine light which is given as a lamp to our feet, shedding its rays around our path, revealing all dangers, and by its brilliancy discovering to our gaze beauties and joys that are hidden to others, —as the poet goes forth with the magic mirror of poesy, and by it reflects a new light of intellect, feeling, and fancy, on the loveliness and glories of nature, which none other can. They know not what they sacrifice who make no alliance with the divine goddess, Religion, in youth. It is as though one having a fine capacity to understand and enjoy the finest strains of poetry, should utterly exclude all works of genius from his sight and mind; for it is religion that inspires the finest passages in the poetry of life. It gives a new vision—it brings mind in rich conversation with material nature, and clothes the outward with thought and sentiment, everywhere tracing the presence of Jehovah, and reading the evidences of his wisdom, benevolence, and power, on all the varied and ever turning leaves of the seasons. Yea, it gives the power, which naught else can give, to feel what the poet has beautifully expressed:

> 'O be sure of this,—
> All things are mercies while we count them so;
> And this believing, not keen poverty,
> Nor wasting years of pain, or slow disease,
> Nor death, * * * * * *
> Shall ever drift our bark of faith ashore,
> Whose steadfast anchor is securely cast
> Within the vail, the vail of things unseen,
> Which now we know not, but shall know hereafter.'

Then, come joy or sorrow, adverse or prosperous fortune, obscurity or fame,—let the principle of truth be firmly held to and reverenced, that life's best enjoyment springs from the careful cultivation and exercise of the capacities that make us capable of being righteous and good, and submission to the affectionate authority of religion, —the religion taught and exemplified by our Lord, not the religion whose legitimate effects have been, to exclude from the socialities of life and drive to the cloister and the cell. Hunger and thirst after this righteousness, as the warrior does for the fame of the victor, the poet for the laurel bay, the miser for wealth, or, what is the better ambition, the mother for growing virtue in her child. Seek aright the satisfaction of this desire, lest you gain that which is not, though it

have the aspect of, bread, or of life-giving water. As the salt in the Judean valley of salt, only retains its savor as it clings to the parent rock, so religion can only be vital and sanctifying religion as it clings to and assimilates itself with Christ—with his doctrine and example. Cling to him as the student to his favorite author, and let Christ be formed in you, that the world may see Jesus in your life and conduct.

Happy are they, and happy will they be, who thus with holy ardor seek the highest and best attainments. They are panting for that which will prove as satisfying as the delicious waters of the flowing brook to the wearied deer; and as the deer stoops to drink but to revive for further progress, so let the seeker after righteousness linger not contented with the satisfaction of former efforts; but, like the deer, up and away for other scenes, strong and fleet to preserve his freedom, and escape the snares and shot of the enemy. The true christian does not tarry by pleasure's streams, hesitating from doubt concerning the joy of further effort, but his language of heart and action is, and may it be so with us:—

'No, my dear Lord, in following thee,
Not in a dark uncertainty
This foot obedient moves;
But with a Brother and a King,
Who many to his yoke will bring,
Who ever lives and ever loves.' B.

Written for the Repository.

Georgiana.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

THE extreme beauty and spiritual richness of the following poem, will make every reader prize its length. B.

'TIS evening hour; a sunset bright,
Is gilding with its golden light
The far hill-tops; the glowing earth
Is radiant as of infant birth.

The wind is playing 'mong the bowers,
Stealing sweets from all the flowers,
Wafting their incense like a sea
Of perfume, gushing melody.

The deep—before so dark and cold,
Now gleams like waves of molten gold;
The fisher-barks at anchor ride
With close-furled pinions o'er the tide,—
Like some dark birds from out the sky
Attracted by its brilliancy,—
Are by some secret fetters bound,
Moving in mystic circles round.

'Tis hallowed time; a solemn spell
Is brooding over hill and dell,
Stirring the fountain depths of thought,
With sweet and bitter mem'ries fraught;
Yet soothing us *His* voice, whose will
The tempest hushed, with 'Peace-be-still!'
Waking the spirit's finest chords,
Like music-strains and gentle words.
On the heart's altar! kindling there
Are hopes, as sunset-shadows fair.

Hark! the bell! on the evening breath,
I hear it pealing—'Welcome, Death!'
See that long procession wind
Around the hill! now lost behind!
They 're bearing at this quiet hour,
With sorrowing hearts, from her home-bower,
A lovely child; two days ago,
The tide of life, with sparkling glow,
Flushed, her fair cheek; her joyous brow
Seemed beauty's throne,—but mark her now!
Pale, pale and cold—yet beauteous still.
As some fair, frozen sparkling rill
Beneath the glancing moonbeam's power;
So seemed she at this evening hour.

Relenting death—as with regret
That he so soon his seal had set
Upon her brow—withdrew his arm,
Ere he had sullied one fair charm.
She lay within her coffin-cell,
Like priceless pearl in costly shell,
Enshrined in light, so pure—so rare,
A breath would leave a shadow there.

Her head was laid as if asleep,
Partially shading one fair cheek;
Her bright hair parted on her brow,
In glossy ringlets fell below
On either side; one dimpled hand
A rose-bud held; a rainbow-band
Of flow'rets wreathed the coffin-lid,
As if the fatal truth they hid,
That she was dead; frail diadem!
The casket's there—but where's the gem!
The censer's there—still—still the same,
But where's the incense? where, the flame?

Great God! it seems a mystery,
That thou should'st spare the aged tree,
Until its grey and sapless trunk,
Trembles and totters, as if drunk
With age, crushing the tender shoot,
Ere it has scarcely taken root.

She seemed some cherished hot house flower,
Broken in an unguarded hour;
A nestling stricken by the dart
Hurled blindly, by some careless heart.
The *fowler* shoots with erring aim,
May not the *archer* do the same?
Say—Death! did'st *mean* this victory?
Flew not the shaft unwarily?

Far away o'er the sun-bright sea,
Their proud ship coursing gallantly,
Are those—who, did they know the bed,
That this night pillows thy young head,
Would be like wrecks o'er storm-waves borne,
When rudder—masts—and all are gone.

Wilder than the troubled ocean
Over which thou now art borne,
When by storms and rude commotion,
Ships are tossed—and sails are torn,
Will be the tempest in thy bosom
When the tidings thou shalt hear,
That thy loved and cherished blossom
Faded—died—and thou not near.

She—the young and joyous hearted,
Whom thou left in beauty's bloom,
From thy warm embrace is parted,
Slumbers in the icy tomb.
As the wave, in sunshine glowing,
Passes ere its brightness dies,
So undimmed—no sorrow knowing,
Passed her spirit to the skies.

Mother—did no spirit token
Tell thee then—the cord was snapped?
That the golden bowl was broken,
And the heart's bright fountain sapped?
Did no shadow fall around thee
When the last pure life-beam fled?
Did no tempest-clouds surround thee,
Bringing *night* ere *day* had sped?*

When the deep-toned bell was pealing
Did no echo reach thy soul?
When the mourners' tears were stealing,
Did not *thine* instinctive roll?
Tell us! is no warning given
When the distant loved one dies?
When the spirit-links are riven,
Are there heard no boding cries?

When the tender rose-bud's taken
From the tree whereon it grew,
By the shock the whole is shaken,
Branches—stem—and leaflets too.
Tell—O, tell us! when the treasures
From the rifled heart are borne,
Are there heard no spirit-measures,
Chaunting sadly—'they are gone!'

In mournful loveliness she slumbers,
Where the forest flow'rets wave;
Trees are sounding dirge-like numbers,
O'er her calm and peaceful grave.
'Tis a hallowed spot and fitting,
To entomb the young—the fair,
Where the bright wild birds are flitting,
Sprinkling incense on the air.

Dark will be thy home—and dreary,
Shadows from the grave are there;
For that sunny smile thou'lt weary,
Which is beaming—Mother, where!
Hush thee,—hush! she's with her Maker,
Fled earth's weariness and care;
The smiling morn no more will wake her
From thy couch—she sleeps, not there!

She's gone to God! angels greet her!
Gone to join the seraph-band,
Who are springing now to meet her,
In the glorious spirit-land.
'Tis a blessed lot and joyous,
Thus to die in early youth,
Ere the storms of life sweep o'er us,
Staining the bright springs of truth.

Weep not! in the spirit's lightness,
'Tis a blessed lot to sleep;
Ere earth's shadows dim its brightness,
To depart; O! wherefore weep!

Duxbury, Mass.

* She died at noon.

Written for the Repository.

The White Satin Dress.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

'My dear Charlotte,' said Mr. Milman, 'I have brought you the pattern you wished, but I know not how I shall pay for it. I really fear I shall go to goal for it.'

'Father, father,' said the astonished girl, 'What does this mean? I would never have asked the dress, if I thought you could not afford it. Indeed I cannot wear it now, I am sure I could not dance a step in it. Do, dear father, take it back.'

'Oh no, Charlotte, it will perhaps look niggardly if I cannot afford you a new dress at your birth-night ball. Besides, you told me you thought you had none that would be proper for the occasion.'

'I did,' said Charlotte, blushing deeply, 'but I now remember that aunt Amelia told me so, and said the Misses Wiltons were to have new satin dresses richly trimmed with heavy pointed lace, and were to have pearls in their hair. I did not think of asking so much, but aunt said she thought I ought not to be out-shone by every one, so I made my request for the dress, which I now feel was dictated by vanity, perhaps tinctured with envy.'

'You certainly deserve the pattern, Charlotte, for this ingenuous confession, and I shall insist on your keeping it.'

'What, with the dreadful prospect of your imprisonment before me? Do not think of it, papa, indeed I cannot wear it,' and the utterance of the gentle girl was checked by tears.

'O I was desponding when I said that. Times may improve, I feel more cheerful now. Heaven certainly will bless my endeavors for the happiness of so good a child. Now dry your tears, love, and I will send aunt Amelia to you before night, and you will be all ready for the ball in good time.'

'Nay, but father, this is not necessary for my happiness. No one will love me better for this display of my father's hard earnings, and I feel that my heart must be sadly out of tune if its serenity could be disturbed by the lack of a little splendor.'

'Well, keep it, dear, at any rate, I begin to feel a sort of affection for this dress, since it has shown me the character of my child in so lovely a light.'

Mr. Milman was an industrious mechanic in a thriving village some twelve or fifteen years since, when the citizens of the empire state were liable to be furnished with solitary lodgings at the public expense, when unable or unwilling to pay their debts. His wife had been some years dead, and the expense of rearing small children was of course greatly enhanced, yet he always sustained good credit, and till within two years of the time of which we speak, he had kept an equal balance with the world. But the expenses of his family increased while his health failed by constant la-

bor, and he saw the shadows gathering over his path, now no longer lightened by one who had been as the polar star to the wanderer on the pathless deep. Yet it was very bitter to think of adding to the weight of care that already rested on the heart of his beloved child; for since the death of her mother, she had supplied her place in so kind a manner, that they scarcely knew the loss of their maternal guardian. She was now nearly eighteen, and it was for her birthday fete that she had asked the dress.

Charlotte was walking out that evening, and overtook two little girls who were sobbing bitterly. She kindly inquired the cause of their grief, when they told her their mother was very sick, and as she could not pay the rent, the landlord would turn them from the house they lived in, the next day. They had just returned from pleading with him, but could not soften his heart. Charlotte requested to accompany them to their mother, and entering a poor looking house a little removed from the village, she saw a scene of misery that awakened the deepest sympathies of her benevolent heart. The interior was dilapidated and cheerless, seemingly destitute of every thing for comfort. On a low truckle bed lay the mother, apparently unconscious of their entrance; her raven hair strayed in disorder over her pallid brow, and the small spot of crimson upon the cheek, contrasted strangely with the sunken eye and deathly paleness of the emaciated features. The girls knelt by the couch, and kissing their mother, whispered to her that a stranger had come to see her. Charlotte approached the invalid, and tenderly inquired after her health.

'Indeed I am but poorly,' murmured the sufferer.

'Pray how long have you been ill?'

'It is two months since my health failed, but I kept on working for awhile, as I had nothing to depend upon for support but my labor. The last winter was very hard, and I was obliged to sell every thing even to my bedstead, for fuel and rent. And continual hardship reduced my strength, till a severe cold two months ago left me in this decline. God only knows,' said she, after resting a moment, 'what is to become of my poor suffering darlings. The grave will soon spread its quiet pillow for me, but they must struggle on beneath the shadow of penury's dark wing; yet I ought not to distrust the care of Him who heareth the raven's cry, and gives the young lions their food.'

'I trust you will be restored to truth and see many happy days with them yet,' said Charlotte, as she stooped to arrange the miserable pillow. 'You are hardly comfortable, my dear madam, will you allow me to send something for your use until you are better?'

'Thank you, and I sincerely thank heaven too, that one so young and beautiful has that best of all gifts, kindness of heart. But I fear there is little of comfort left me in this world.' And calling her little girls to her, she learned the failure of their mission. Charlotte tried to comfort the poor woman in her distress, and whispered words of hope, bidding her to trust on a few more days and all might be well.

'Alas,' said the poor woman, 'it is for young and untried hearts to be cheered by the illusions of hope.'

'I am young, but not altogether untried,' said Charlotte, 'and I know that despondency makes my troubles worse than they would be if sweetened with cheerfulness and hope.'

'Ah yes, but my dear girl, you never knew real sorrow. Your heart is yet young, and the world seems fresh and fair, gilded with the rainbow hues of fancy; and if a cloud overshadows your path, your eye rests only for a moment on its frowning blackness, before it revels again in the calm beauty of the azure dome that appears through some opening rift. Your heart has not become so worn and wearied by the bleak storms of adversity, as to be almost alike unheeding of the scorn or sympathy of mankind. I have suffered too much to be elated by the one, or depressed by the other. I shall soon be away from it all. For myself it is pleasant to muse upon the brighter realms that bloom in fadeless splendor beyond the dark wave of death, where sin can never breathe upon the unfolding blossoms with its withering influence, nor sorrow, disease and death, follow in its fearful train. But my poor hapless orphans, what will become of them?'

Charlotte in vain tried to soothe her grief, and begged her to compose her mind and take some refreshment. But she found there was nothing that could be nourishing to the poor invalid in this miserable abode. Here was wretchedness, real heartfelt sorrow and privation, by the very wayside of plenty and happiness; and it was unrelieved, not from want of benevolence in those around, but because a delicate pride in the poor woman had concealed her wants under a show

of contentment, till the springs of life were giving way beneath the pressure of mental and bodily suffering.

Charlotte then inquired the amount due the landlord and found it to be but six dollars; and for this miserable amount the poor family were to be deprived of a home. She started for home with a sad heart reflecting upon the sufferings of those she had just left, and wishing in vain that she had some means for their relief, when on turning a corner she fell in with the fashionable Mrs. Lacy.

'Good evening, Charlotte, we were just speaking of you, and enjoying your good fortune.'

'Indeed, madam, I cannot imagine what incident of my good fortune can incite to envy, unless it be good health and spirits.'

'Well, those are certainly admirable accomplishments. Only look at Emma now; her eyes are like sunbeams in April struggling with tears, and really Charlotte, you look somewhat tender eyed yourself. Pray what caused those mists that gleam upon your eye-lashes my dear?' and Mrs. Lacy smiled complacently at her sentimental effort.

'Only the power of sympathy' said Charlotte, 'but what can be the matter with Emma? With such an abundance of fortune's favors, and such indulgent parents, I cannot divine the cause of her sorrow.'

'O she is very unhappy at her disappointment. We have tried in every shop for a satin dress, but you have the last pattern that was in the village, and there is no time now to send away as your party comes on so soon.'

'That is small cause of sorrow,' said Charlotte, 'I am sure I would relinquish mine without a tear.'

'Well, you are an excellent girl, really, and if you would sell it to me I would give you a good bargain. But then you would not, I am sure, for there is a rich gentleman come to the village, and bought the widow Morton's farm, and he will be invited of course.'

'Of course,' said Charlotte, smiling 'but what of that? It can be no concern of his whether I am poorly or richly clad. Rich people are generally too well satisfied with themselves to notice the garb of a poor girl like me.'

'Well if you are willing to part with it, I will give you twelve dollars, the price of the pattern and two dollars beside for your kindness in obliging Emma. The misses Wilton are determined on producing an effect, and it would be really mortifying to see them so completely eclipse Emma, and before strangers too.'

'I am not the only one,' thought Charlotte, 'whose vanity leads to folly and extravagance.' The bargain was soon made, and Emma regaining her speech with the gratification of her vanity, gave Charlotte a thousand thanks for her kindness, and bidding each other good evening, they retired to their homes, one to dream of her splendid ball-dress and anticipated conquest, and the other to rejoice in possessing the means of comforting the dying widow and orphan children.

The next day dawned brightly and Charlotte arose with a glad heart, and preparing the morning's meal in haste, she sallied forth in pursuit of her benevolent purpose. She thought the sun had never shone so sweetly before, and the beams that strayed through the shrubberry as she crossed a little stream on her way, seemed dancing gaily on the grass plot, as playing at bo-peep among the beautiful flowers, and the brook itself had never rang its chimes so musically before. She did not know that the wires which gave forth all this melody were vibrating in her own heart; and that gratified benevolence was the seraph-minstrel whose magic touch was thrilling the silvery cords, whose mysterious music-tones are but stray notes—detached chimes of that anthem, whose full, harmonial symphonies roll ever from the angelic harps that surround the throne of Eternal Majesty, whose eye of love is never clouded or dim; but surveys with equal care the vast and ponderous globes which wheel their circling marches through the unknown realms of trackless space, and the frail children of his bounty who bloom, and fade, and die, in this diminutive portion of his domains.

Charlotte rapped lightly at the door, and was admitted by a lovely, intelligent looking girl, on whose features rested a shade of sadness; but it seemed so blended with unmurmuring patience, that the beholder could not fail to perceive the young spirit had been moulded under the influences of those principles that kindle the undying flame upon the innermost shrine of the heart; the pure altar-fire of love and devotion, which, purging the soul from the dross of false pride and undue ambition, teaches it to look for happiness where alone it can be found, namely, in the paths of virtue and piety. The poor woman had passed a restless night, and was much exhausted, and it would seem that Charlotte had anticipated this,

for she had brought some cordial and refreshments. After partaking of some nourishment, the sick one was able to sit up a little, and thank her visitor for her kind attention. 'Heaven has bestowed upon you a kind heart,' said she, 'may you never feel its warm affections crushed by the heartlessness of a selfish world, or blighted by the chill blast of penury and desolation.'

The lady, whose name was Warner, informed Charlotte that she was a widow. They had formerly possessed a good property, but her husband had sold all, and gone to the far West, where he purchased a large tract of land, and had commenced improvements preparatory to moving his family there, when he became a victim to the fevers of the climate. Mrs. Warner wrote frequently, but could learn nothing satisfactory, and finally received a letter informing her that the title under which her husband purchased was not good; so she was left penniless to struggle along life's thorny way, with none to protect her save Him who is the orphan's father, and widow's God. 'I am now alone in the world save these young orphans,' said the mother, as she put back the tresses from the fair brows of the little girls who were kneeling by her side. Tears of joy glistened on Charlotte's face, as she bestowed on the sufferer her gift, and saw the expression of gratitude enliven her pallid features.

'You are an angel of mercy,' said the suffering one, as the warm blood rose even to her marble brow. 'Language is too poor to speak the emotions of the grateful heart. I can never repay you, but He who planted in your heart the principles of active benevolence, will be ever near you to shed upon your spirit the radiance of love.'

Having arranged every thing for the comfort of the poor woman, as far as circumstances would admit, Charlotte returned home promising to call again soon.

A few evenings after this saw a joyous party assembled at Mr. Milman's, in honor of his daughter's birth-day. We need not stop to describe the decorations, or illumination of the house, for at the time of which we are speaking the rage for display, and maintaining the just rank in ostentatious luxuries had not attained its medium height. But as every one loved Charlotte for her unpretending goodness, they were not the less happy to tender their homage to her this evening, as queen of the festivities. The Misses Wilton were there splendidly attired, their fine auburn tresses beautifully contrasting with the costly gems that sparkled amid their dark glossy luxuriance; and we will not say that Charlotte's vanity did not give her a slight twinge as Mrs. Lacy entered with her languishing daughter, who might pass for a very handsome girl, had not every feature betrayed the studied effort at producing effect. But, poor girl, she dared not smile, except as her mother had taught her to train her pretty phiz before a mirror, which sometimes made the smile too late to appear quite natural. She almost gave way to a sigh of regret as she looked upon her splendid ball dress, and queried in her mind as to what her father would say to her when he saw her in plain muslin; but Mrs. Lacy at the same time sighed quite audibly, and turning to Charlotte, asked if Mr. Elmer were not to be of her party. 'I do not know,' said she, 'is he not here? I presume papa invited him.' The dance had been some time begun when a plain, but elegantly dressed gentleman entered the room, and after the usual ceremonies, took a proffered seat beside Mrs. Lacy, with whom he was slightly acquainted, she having managed to procure herself an introduction to him, since his recent abode in the village.

'Who is that beautiful girl in the dance,' inquired Mr. Elmer, after a pause in conversation, 'that one, so simply attired in plain muslin, with the white rose in her hair? She seems the personification of cheerful goodness.'

'That is Miss Milman,' said the superfine lady, biting her lip with vexation. 'Emma, my love, will you take the fan? The heat is oppressive, I do not wonder you declined dancing.'

The tutored damsel bowed and smiled languidly, and by mere chance raised her beautiful eyes with deliberate timidity to the gaze of the stranger. It was plain from Mrs. L.'s satisfied look, that he regarded her with admiration, for she was really a lovely girl. But his gaze was soon carelessly withdrawn, as if those features lacked some lustre of expression that might radiate upon the mirror he carried in his heart. He was a noble looking man, in the prime of manhood. The expansive brow was finely marked, and his eye was the mirror of all the noble qualities that dwelt in his breast. Calm, clear, and discriminating, it looked to the face divine, for the delineation of the soul. A shade, approaching to sadness, rested on his features. He had returned to his native land after a long absence, to find the household hearth deserted, and his once happy circle of relatives dead, or dispersed he knew not

where. We acknowledge he was in search of a wife, even as the sagacious Mrs. Lacy had divined; but he sought not wealth or superficial accomplishments, but a true, kind heart, on which his own might repose its cares, and lavish its wealth of affection. Just as the self-satisfied Mrs. L. had begun to congratulate herself upon the certainty of Emma's producing an impression upon the rich stranger, he remarked, 'It is long since I have danced, but I have a great mind to join the fantastic measure. May I presume upon your favor for an introduction to Miss Milman?' It was with ill concealed chagrin that she presented him to Charlotte, and saw him lead the dance with her, plainly clad as she was, while her own petted idol was left to languish in her well-worn delicacy of appearance. The truth was, her mask was too exquisite not to excite suspicion, every motion, and look so guarded, one would have thought 'her very pulses beat by book.'

The evening passed in mirth and hilarity, and an early hour saw all parties quietly seeking that repose which is as necessary after enjoyment as labor.

'I wonder where Charlotte can be going?' said Mrs. Lacy, as she was fanning herself in Mrs. Wilton's parlor, at sunset, a few days after the party. 'I see her passing every day, at about the same hour. I should hardly think she could find time to leave work every day to ramble, being so penurious as she is.'

'Penurious,' said Mrs. Wilton, 'I thought her a generous hearted girl. I believe she is the only one who could fulfill the arduous duties of her station.'

I know she is sadly tied to drudgery, poor thing; perhaps that may be an excuse for her miserly turn. Why, do you know her father bought her a satin dress for her birth-day gift, and as I was regretting that I could get none for Emma, she offered me hers for an advance upon cost of two dollars.'

'That argues a singular lack of taste in one of her age,' said Mrs. Wilton, 'but what could she want of money?'

'What does any miser want of money but to look at? I should be sorry to see my Emma so devoid of sentiment as to sell the gift of her parents.' It so happened that Mr. Elmer was enjoying a social chat with Mr. Wilton at the farther part of the room, yet he evidently heard the conversation, as it was intended he should.

A shade of painful dissatisfaction passed over his fine features for a moment, for he could not but perceive that malice dictated her speech. And it produced a contrary effect from what she intended, for it awakened in him a slight interest in behalf of Charlotte, as he wished to know what secret cause existed for this display of unkind feeling. He was, however, a stranger, and could not hope to learn the text book of the school of scandal at present.

'I am told there is a desolate lady near the village,' said the apothecary, one day, as he entered a store, 'who is suffering severely from want and disease. Indeed it is thought she is near death.'

'And are there none to relieve her wants?' asked Mr. Elmer, with surprise.

'She has no friends that I know of,' said the prim apothecary, who prided himself upon having the most refined and sentimental daughter in the village; for Mrs. Lacy had often prefaced her demands for money with the information that Emma's taste was so refined, and her mind so exceedingly sensitive, that she positively could not bear contradiction.

'No friends!' exclaimed Mr. Elmer, 'will you please to direct me to her residence?'

Mr. Lacy, with a somewhat mortified air, gave him the direction, and he started in pursuit of the victims of poverty. He rapped at the miserable abode, and was admitted by a lovely girl upon whom he gazed with more than ordinary interest for a moment, and then took a proffered seat. The little girl retired to another room, and soon Miss Anna Wilton came out and passed the compliments of the morning.

'I am glad to find myself preceded by an angel of mercy to this place. Will you be so kind as to make use of this, for the benefit of the poor woman?' said Mr. Elmer, as he handed her his purse.

'I fear, sir,' said the lady, 'that money can avail little with her. We had the advice of a physician this morning, and he thinks she can survive but a short time.'

'Is the sick woman a friend of yours?' asked Mr. Elmer.

'I have never seen her, sir, till within a few days, except at church.'

A low moan from the inner room caught their ear, and Anna hastened to the bedside of the sufferer. Just then Mr. Elmer took up a well worn Bible that lay on the table, and on opening

to the records, read with uncontrollable emotion first the marriage of his parents, then the birth of Lucy Elmer, and five years later the birth of Frederick Elmer. Upon another leaf was the marriage of Geo. W. Warner to Lucy Elmer. He stepped to the door and in great agitation desired to speak with Miss Wilton. 'What is the name of this poor woman?' gasped he.

'It is Warner, sir. But Mr. Elmer, are you ill? You look deadly pale.'

'God of heaven,' said he, sinking into a chair 'she is my sister, my only sister,' and the strong man bowed his head and wept like a child. 'Tell her I have come,' said he, after a few moments, 'tell her, her brother waits to see her, gently as you can, lest it should overcome her.'

Kindly as possible the gentle girl informed Mrs. Warner of her brother's return. For awhile she seemed scarcely to comprehend her, but soon her eye flashed with unusual radiance. 'What did you say?' she almost shrieked, 'did you say Frederick had come back?'

He rushed into the room, and knelt by the low bed. 'Indeed I have come, Lucy, and your own brother shall cheer and protect you from all sorrow that human aid can avert.' She looked with wild intenseness into his face for a moment, and murmuring 'It is he!' fell fainting upon her pillow. Long and heavy was her swoon, and when she revived a little, she faintly inquired, 'Has not Charlotte come yet? Has the only friend of my loneliness deserted me?'

'She cannot come to-day,' said Anna, 'for her little brother is sick. But here is your brother, Mrs. Warner, he is holding your hand.'

'Lucy, Lucy, can you not speak to me?' said the agonized brother. She raised her languid eyes to him, and returned his pressure feebly; but strange shadows were gathering over that loved face; the eye grew dim as it gazed—one flash passed over the pallid features—the smile was chilled by a fearful pang; a shudder, a faint gasp for breath, and all was over. Frederick Elmer held the hand of his sister's corpse.

The neighbors were immediately summoned, and the last sad offices for the dead performed. The poor little orphans wept sadly, and could not be comforted, until their kind benefactor came in, when they ran to her, and mingled their tears with hers. They had known no other friend but her, for their mother had not resided long in the town, where she came in order to get needle-work; and it is well known the poor make few acquaintances. It was a sad day for Mr. Elmer, when the grave closed over his much loved sister. He had left his early home for wealth, he had obtained it; and the first draft that was made upon it after his return to his native land was for the burial of the sister who had been his guide and companion.

* * * * *

Mr. Elmer took the children to his own home, but he learned soon that little girls are a sad plague to a bachelor. They would run away, and he was obliged very often to go to Mr. Milman's to fetch them home. At last the idea occurred to him, that it would save time, if he could persuade Charlotte to come and live with them altogether. Elated with this sagacious thought, he called one fine evening, and requested Mr. Milman to walk with him. Anna Wilton was there, and gave him a most mischievously intelligent look. She had told him the story of Charlotte's sacrifice, and hinted to him at the time, her suspicions that another dress must be had, and that his purse must pay the bill.

She was right; for in less than a year, Charlotte stood the blushing and beautiful bride of Frederick Elmer. She had caught the 'rich gentleman,' as Mrs. Lacy called him, without fishing for him. And he obtained what was of more value than riches, a kind and sympathizing wife.

Malone, N. Y.

Written for the Repository.

A Sketch.

The noonday heat had passed. The tender flowers,
From which the scorching sun had drawn the strength,
Turned their bright faces to the summer sky,
While every tiny leaf and bursting bud,
Seemed to speak blessings on the cooling breeze.

We could not linger 'neath a man made roof,
But wandered out in the cerulean air,
Where God's own azure heaven bowed o'er our heads,
And the rich carpet which his hand had spread,
Lay in elastic softness 'neath our feet.
Anon the breeze would gather all its might,
And with its wild, free finger shake the boughs,
And stir the tasseled grain, while we as oft
Imagined 'twas some angel sent to breathe
The growing essence through all growing things.

We rambled on until our feet were stayed
From farther progress, by the foamy deep.
But we had reached a spot we would not leave.
An old decaying fort, which brought to mind
Days long since passed away—the cannon's roar,
The flashing steel, and anxious face of him
Who loved his country's rights far more than life.
We sought a height that overlooked the sea,
And gazed delighted on each swelling wave;
Nor knew we one dark cloud was resting near,

Until the large warm drops fell round our feet.
We found a shelter from the searching rain,
And listened to it as it fleetly fell.
The bold old rocks received it cold and stern,
But the young plant a softer welcome gave;
And the dry earth the sparkling water drank
As eagerly as one drinks of the brook,
Whose lips are parched by days of want severe.
Soon it danced lazily from out the sky,
And ceased at length. Again we sallied forth
Unto our favorite spot; and when 'twas gained,
Such wondrous beauty burst upon our view!
The sun's bright rays had mingled with the drops
That fell afar, and formed a glorious arch
Of such magnificence, it seemed too grand
For man to see with unanointed eyes.
Another lay upon the ocean's breast,
Softer in color, but as pure and fair,
Making a circle all so heavenly bright,
I e'en forgot 'twas earth whereon I stood.

Father! if e'er I felt thy presence near,
If e'er I felt thy glory, or thy might,
'Twas at that holy time! The power of speech
Was gone. All I could do was gaze and love,
To wonder and admire the type of peace.
We watched it, till had faded every hue,
Then turned our feet toward our happy home.

O! if sad doubts of overruling power
E'er fill my mind, I'll think of that bright scene,
And they will vanish, e'en as angry frowns
From off the brow on which kind love doth smile.

Charlestown, Mass. JOSEPHINE.

Written for the Repository.

Feminine Virtues.

BY REV. T. J. TENNEY.

As society is a polisher of manners, and good conversation elevates the mind, it should be the object of the members of the little parties that assemble to while away an hour or two, to select such topics for conversation, as will be most likely to engage the attention of the company individually, and thus profit each by the continued or occasional sparks of intellect that will be evolved in reciprocally instructing and being instructed. The all absorbing object of living should be improvement;—the day is lost, as far as the improvement of the mind is concerned, that gives not an addition to our knowledge; and how much worse than lost is a day spent in scandalizing the image of God!

If you please, reader, you may consider me as one in the parties of which I have spoken; and I will entertain you, very humbly, in the introduction of some of the duties of the class to whom I am to address myself. It will be understood that I cannot embody many of these in a single article.

The sphere of female action is not like that of man;—man's acting place is the world; woman acts around the domestic hearth;—man moves in the rough and rugged paths of life; woman delights more in the retirement of 'Home, sweet, sweet home;' when the sound of war is heard, man flies to the field of danger; woman prays for the olive of peace,—when man is wielding the sword for the fame of heroes; woman is enkindling freedom's spirit in the hearts of her children, that they may give it to such as merit the praise of freemen. 'The influence of woman commences with man's existence, and throughout his whole career, however diversified, he is never dissolved from it—commencing at the cradle, it terminates only at the grave. The domestic circle is its fountain head, from whence its streams flow throughout all the various ramifications of society. * * * There her peculiar qualities and powers are developed—there she commences the exercise of that sway, which, for good or evil, is sensibly felt in the world at large—there she begins those lessons which will affect those to whom they are addressed, either beneficially or injuriously, while earthly life shall endure.'

How indispensable it is then, that our young women imbibe a great deal of knowledge. I have sometimes thought that about one half of the time spent in school was in unlearning what we have *mis*learned in our fire-side conversation. If the mother is ignorant, it would be wonderful, if her offspring did not copy her ungraceful and undignified way of talking. It is from the mother too, that our children get those superstitious fears which embitter a great many of the hours of life. From an ignorance of means to govern her little ones, she has resorted to *hob-goblins*, and *old-harries*, and *old-nicks*, and *fairies*, and *witches* and *bears*, until the child thinks the earth and air are full of them. I would rather have a child of mine nursed as it is said Romulus and Remus were, than be instructed by such a woman.

But when I urge young women to get knowledge, I am met with objections. Fontenelle said, 'Women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain than men.' By a cell less in the brain, the writer would have us understand that females are not capacitated to receive such an extensive education as males. This is all assertion. It is indeed true, however, that the female sex is not so generally educated, at present, as the other, for the very obvious reason, they have not had the same privileges of attending to the cultivation of their minds. It

was a maxim of our great grand fathers and great grand mothers, that if girls knew how to milk, spin and mend well, they were amply qualified for married life; and this opinion is more or less cherished in this enlightened age. Let this be taken away, (and it will be,) give young women the same chance of young men, and we should soon see whether they deserve the application of Fontenelle's remark. Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Sigourney are examples, among many others, of what women are capable of doing. And do not be blinded with regard to the importance of learning. For if it be true that young women are sometimes taken for *idols*, beauty fades, and the spirit of idolatry must die with its fading *idol!* I must desire my fair readers 'to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired; in order to which, they must endeavor to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.' 'It is an old remark, that the most beautiful women are not always the most fascinating. It may be added, I fear, that they are seldom so. They are apt to rely too much on their beauty; to give themselves too many airs. Mere beauty ever was, and ever will be, a secondary thing, except with the simple. The most fascinating women, are those that possess the finest powers of entertaining the mind. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those that can partake of the pleasures and pains of their friends in the liveliest and most devoted manner.'

> 'Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
> The living fountain in itself contains
> Of beauteous and sublime! Here hand in hand
> Sit paramount the graces.'

True wisdom implies the presence of humility, by which I understand, freedom from pride. Many a family has been ruined by an excess of pride—by an aping disposition to follow the fashions. Such a disposition cannot be too severely spoken of. A plain dress, suited to the season is all that nature demands, and our pride ought to be satisfied with it. But when I say a plain dress, I mean a neat one—I would not encourage a slovenly appearance. The safest advice, however, is, that we dress according to our situation and business. There is such a thing as 'living within the means, up to the means and beyond the means;' and in tyro language, the first would be prudent, the second, less than prudent, and the third, much worse than the second. There is also, a way of dressing *to* the season and *out* of it, the first of which ought only to be indulged. And if my readers will allow it, I will say that these remarks are not exclusively for young ladies—wherever the evil exists, the remedy is needed.

It has been said by a traveler, 'that women in all countries, are civil and obliging, tender and humane: that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions, than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so. And add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, their actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel, with a double relish.' What is so well, and I doubt not truly, said of the uncultivated part of the female race, is a praise that I hope may be merited and extended to those who are permitted to add to their virtues the refinements of knowledge. Merit will, *must* be rewarded, whether it be under the roof of the most humble cottage, or in the palace—whether in silks, or the coarse garments that have been woven by the hands of poverty. When I say rewarded, I do not mean that it always comes to receive the praise of men—there is a rewarder within us, which, when a day is well spent, or a deed well done, applauds the actor. It is more than the praise of men, it is the voice of God. Pride seeks the former, humility the latter—pride would be flattered, humility is contented with the consciousness of having done well—pride rises by outward appearance, humility by her inner virtues.

'Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools:'

but blessed are the meek—there is a blessing accompanies the humble, and let them be where they will, they feel it.

But meekness cannot be sustained without the aid of religion. Religion beautifies the female character, and makes life a miniature of heaven. I should think I had but half done my duty, did I pass this part of my article without a particular notice. This is not only due the subject for its plain bearing on the welfare of young women, but I may add, it is highly probable, the young women to whom I write, will be wives, and every wife should be qualified to teach the young mind the perfections of God. First impressions are the most lasting; and there are but few of us who have any idea of the immense amount of evil that arises from an inattention to the giving of the child the right kind of information. Early should the benevolence of the Almighty be impressed upon the mind which is yet unstained with error. This is the duty of the mother, but alas, how many mothers neglect it! When there is every thing immediately before us, around us and above us, by which they might illustrate the love of God, how often are these chances neglected! But I am told they have determined to let the child grow up and take such instruction as it pleases. Suppose I have a farm—but I need not suppose, for here is Mr. C. who actually has one, and has prepared a piece of it for sowing—it is all nicely fixed, but he won't sow it. I ask him, why? 'Why?' says he, 'I have determined to wait, and let it take such seed as it is disposed to.' And what kind of seed do you think it will take? Do we not know enough of such matters to lead us to the conclusion that there will be a million of weeds to a grain of wheat? So it may be with the young mind—some kind of impressions it will receive, and would it not be better to see that they are good ones, that the harvest may be good? Many a mother has wept over the fallen son,—and why did he fall? I can tell you, reader,—she determined to let him grow up as he pleased, do as he pleased, and he pleased to break a fond—too fond—mother's heart. Let this mistaken notion of parental duty be banished forever. But I have wandered from what is, to the giving of instruction in a probable case. Let me urge the readers of this communication, then, to frequent and attentive examinations of the Bible. Above all books this is the most important. I would not oppose the reading of good literature, but the Bible should have the first place in your spare hours for the purpose of reading. If you would live well, the important way to do it is in the Bible. If you would be valued far above rubies, be guided by the Bible. If you would make the morning of life a cloudless one—if you would lessen the stings of adversity, and take, from the pillow of the sick bed, its sorrow—if you would respect yourselves and be respected by others—if you would make a blessed beginning, a blessed middle and a blessed end; or in other words, if you would rise well and come down to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season, cherish, above all things, the hope of the Bible. As Mary who anointed the feet of Jesus was,

'Such be the dames who grace the storied page:
Life's guiding lamp they hand from age to age,
Assert their sex beyond the loftiest pen,
And live on tongues and reign in hearts of men.'

Norway, Me.

Written for the Repository.

Album Dedication.

I've seen a withered rose leaf lay
Beside a braided curl,
Dearer to one fond heart than e'er
Was diamond, gem, or pearl.

It decked a rose that bloomed the hour
Her lovely infant died!
She plucked it off, and then a curl,
And laid them side by side.

And hath not love a magic power
To hallow what it will?
And can it not with precious things
This beauteous volume fill?

Aye, that it can; and now for thee
I consecrate the book,
Forbidding all but friendship's eyes
To on its pages look.

Like dew-drops to a fading flower
Be all the offerings given,—
Imparting life, and drawing out
Its fragrance unto heaven.

Then all of earthly love shall teach
Of Him who rests in love,—
Who made the human heart for bliss,
And glorious life above.

Written for the Repository.

An Hour by the Sea-side.

'Come, Irene, let us go down to the sea-side. We cannot pass an hour more pleasantly, I had almost said more profitably.'

This was addressed to me by one who was once my schoolmate, and is now my sympathizing, faithful friend. It rarely happens that the companions of the school-room become friends in after years. They part at the portals of the temple of learning and go out into the world, to form new ties and gather new associations, till a sort of dreamy charm lingers around the past, and its scenes blend into a picture, indistinct indeed, but precious in memory. Occasionally this early attachment outlives the circumstances which gave it birth, and gains strength and beauty from continued existence. Such was the affection that found root in my heart, when, from among my numerous classmates, I selected Irene and affectionately called her cousin. The feeling was mutual, and now that we have passed from childhood, we turn to each other for sympathy and advice, with the same confidence that marked our early intercourse. I think I love her better now, for I can appreciate her worth. In her character, imagination, brilliant indeed and soaring, was taught to fold its wings and seek repose at the bidding of her clear, calm judgment. She had arrived to pass a few days with me in a beautiful sea-port town, but her presence caused me grief as well as pleasure. Her cheek was paler than formerly, her eyes shone with a fitful lustre, and her form, once round and full, now attenuated to extreme delicacy.

We soon found our way to the beach where wave after wave came up like serried columns, and bowed before their immoveable antagonist. We stood for a long time in silence, fully possessed by the wild sublimity of the scene, and equally unwilling to intrude human language where the Almighty seemed holding converse with his glorious creation. At length we seated ourselves upon an elevated rock, and Irene spoke with an impassioned eloquence. Her heart-treasured narrative impressed me so forcibly that even now I cannot recall it, without a thrill of deep emotion. If possible I will do justice to her words, but her face, I cannot picture that here, and it told half the tale.

'Helen, I loved the ocean once with an enthusiasm to which words cannot do justice. The restless heave of its waters, the gathering of its forces as if for battle, the waves fretted into foam by the ungentle wind, the bird that dipped its delicate wing in the crystal flood, the ship that gave out its white wings as if in triumph for its freedom,—all these were objects of the deepest interest, or I should rather say of wild, passionate love. I have spent weeks upon the sea-coast watching the advance and retreat of the unnumbered waves, and giving my soul to their bewitching influence, till I longed for a home far down in their unvisited caverns, and prayed that at last, I might be buried in their depths, with no dirge but their unceasing anthem. I forgot the sweet green wood where hand in hand we used to wander and gather fresh flowers for our teacher's desk. I forgot the home music of the untamed bird, and the dark recesses of the tangled underbrush, where nature seemed to have reserved a quiet nook, but which opened before us as though we had been priestesses in the great temple. I forgot all these or ceased to pine for them, and became a worshiper of the unfathomable ocean. It was my lot to become acquainted with one who had made the sea-coast his home for a long period of his life. His familiarity with its sublimity and terror had by no means weakened his love for it. With such a companion in my erratic rambles, is it strange that my love for them increased? Let me briefly describe the friend who first awakened other feelings than friendship. He was my beau ideal of a gentleman. I dare not draw a faithful portrait, or you would say imagination lent its colors to complete the picture. He was tall enough to suit even your ideas of manly beauty, but his height was relieved by good proportions. He was not vain of his rich, dark hair, or glistening teeth, and his mildly brilliant eye won confidence and affection. Could you look into my heart, you would see his portrait there, but not on the lofty shrine where it once rested. It has been laid aside, all unfaded to be sure, to make way for another. His mind was a rich mine of poetic thought, his reverence for holy things unfeigned and earnest, and a long acquaintance with the world had matured a judgment of no inferior natural power. Our intercourse was free and kind, and insensibly I had erected an altar in my heart and placed him upon it. Circumstances and inclination threw us constantly together, and when at the end of a few weeks we parted, I felt that I had given my heart unasked, and I believed that I had received one in return. A few letters passed between us, and then all was silence, and conjecture ran wild as to the cause. A dark, threatening cloud hung over my soul's horizon, and the world that had once been so joyous—so full of flowers, ceased to charm. I felt that he was lost to me, and expec-

tation was fast dying in despair. I strove, in a continual round of duties and pleasures to banish vain regrets, and I succeeded.'

'The cause of this whimsical conduct is still unfathomable, but its ministry was for good. It gently unwound the chain which had been gathering about my heart, because it lessened the esteem with which I had regarded him. The gorgeous dream, too bright for earth's accomplishment, had ceased to bewilder and dazzle me. I returned to my old occupations, subdued in spirits, but cheerful and trusting still.'

'At times, the memory of those past and unclouded hours full of deep, unmeasured, and inexpressible joy, arising from the consciousness of possessing the sympathy of a gifted yet congenial spirit, comes with prevailing power to mar the Eden of the present. Since my first and only disappointment, I have loved and been beloved. Calm, tender and holy in their strength, are the affections that now twine around their object. They are founded on esteem, and therefore, I trust, permanent. In a few months I shall meet at the altar one who has become very precious. When first he sought to win me, I shrunk from the idea of a second love; but O, Helen! constancy and perseverance will accomplish much. I shall never again love the ocean as I have done—it is too intimately connected with my heart's only sorrow. I half fancy it knows my secret, and again, as in the unsullied hours of childhood I turn to the wild wood path, the fragrant flowers and the sweet choristers of nature. Helen, may you never know the agony of blighted hopes. The tide of affection thrown back on itself, scorches and lays waste the green places of the heart. Should you be so unfortunate, remember your Irene loved after having conquered her first misplaced attachment. Let us return, for the shades of evening gather. Betray not my confidence, nor forget the moral of my confession.'

'The succeeding summer I visited Irene at her own sweet home. It was a beautiful cottage, a few miles from the metropolis, furnished with elegance, but without ostentation, and surrounded by exuberant shrubbery. The avenue leading to the house, was arched by the interlacing branches of the yielding elm, while over the porch at the door drooped graceful willows. My friend bounded along the path to meet me, and was followed, with a more stately motion, by her husband, whom I had never before seen. He was one of nature's noblemen—I saw it at a glance—and an hour had hardly elapsed before I forgot Irene's 'only disappointment.' Truly the noble mind has resources within itself against the hour of trial, and my delicate, confiding friend was greater than Napoleon with the crown of empires, *for she ruled her own spirit.*

Boston, Mass. IONE.

Written for the Repository.

The Choice of a Partner.

TO MY FRIEND MISS M. W.

CHOOSE not thy partner from among
The high and proud of earth;—
Perchance in humbler mind may dwell
More pure, exalted worth.

Seek not for talents high and great,
Seek not for beauteous form,
But seek for one whose mind doth glow
With truth and friendship warm.

The flatterer may not have the power
To charm thee with his art,
For thou'lt not trust his wily words,
But spurn his faithless heart.

Choose one industrious, prudent, mild,
With mind and morals pure,
One who will love thee as himself,
But love his Maker more. L. A. P.

Worcester, Mass.

Selected for the Repository.

The Autumn Walk.

THE bleak month of November has arrived—too soon to those whose best life is in the summer, but in the right time to Him who ordereth the seasons with unerring wisdom. The first approaches of the stern days are the most difficult to contend with, as they are felt the most, and we do not wish to rivet the conviction that winter is near. We are apt to let duties pass, which have important relations to the future, and leave undone, till too late, what prudence suggests should be done. We need a voice to impress us with the importance of present activity, that in all things—in our minds, in our homes, and in our business, we may be ready for the darker days, and have in store all that we can treasure up for the best improvement and enjoyment of winter. The parent should school the child early to this important rule; and as affording hints thereto, as well as being profitable to us all, the following tale is offered. Read it, mother, and give it to thy child, as a simple story with an eloquent moral. B.

'It was on a cold November day, when the wind was whistling through the naked branches of the trees, that little Anne Wilson was sitting on a low seat, by her grandmother's side, busily engaged in sewing, and enjoying the warmth of a good fire, whose cheerful blaze seemed to enliven every thing in the room.

'Now this was the very situation that Anne liked better than any other she could think of; her grandmother was so good and kind, so cheerful and sensible, that when she was willing to talk to her, it was Anne's greatest delight to listen; and as she was rather a timid, thoughtful little girl, more fond of sitting still, to read, or work, than of noisy play, she was happier at this moment, than if she had been surrounded by children of her own age.

'Their conversation was soon interrupted by the entrance of a messenger, bringing a note to Anne's grandmother, which made her look very thoughtful and serious. I wonder what it can be about, thought little Anne—but she did not ask, for she had been taught not to ask impertinent questions. While she was thinking about it, her aunt came into the room, and her grandmother said to her, "I have just had a note from Mr. Smith; he tells me that poor Beckey is suffering from one of those terrible rheumatic attacks; he wants medicine for her immediately, but the man does not return till night, and he had no one else to send. I cannot bear to have the poor woman so long without relief, but what can we do? we have nobody to send."

'Little Anne thought about what her grandmother had said, and wished that she could go, but she had not quite courage enough to propose it; it was a greater distance than she had ever walked before, and the weather was so disagreeable.

'The thought, however, seemed to strike her grandmother at the same moment, for she said in that inspiring animated tone which seems to make all labor light—"Why, here is our little Anne! why should not she go? It will do her good to take a run this cold day, and I know she will be glad to comfort poor Beckey and please Mr. Smith."

'Anne's aunt shook her head, as if she thought this was rather too much for such a little girl. Anne was but eight years old, and the distance was three miles, through a very barren, desolate country. But Anne jumped up from her little seat, ashamed to seem unwilling to undertake anything which her grandmother thought she could do, and said, "O yes! I can go as well as not. But, aunt, have you got the medicine to send?"

'"Yes; you shall have that directly. Wrap yourself up warm, and the quicker you go the less you will feel the cold, and the sooner poor Beckey's pain will be relieved."

'Beckey Johnson was an excellent, faithful old servant, who had often been very kind to Anne. Mr. Smith, her master, was an author and a philosopher, a man of taste and information, whom Anne had always regarded with reverence; for her grandmother loved and respected him, and this was proof enough to her of his goodness and wisdom.

'Anne set off, therefore, feeling that the errand was a very important one. It required all her strength to keep up against the cold wind, which swept over the high sandy plain she was crossing; and there was nothing very pleasant to see, only that she could not help smiling, as she passed by a farm-yard, to observe a number of half starved cattle, and bright, various colored barn-door fowls all huddled together on the sunny side of a high stone wall, which sheltered them a little from the wind, looking very patient, and as if they thought it could not blow so violently all day.

'Yet her own reflections made the little girl very happy; she thought that she had never been able to make herself so useful before; and as she found it was possible to get on in spite of the wind, every blast that beat against her gave her pleasure in the thought that she was capable of doing a difficult thing, though she was but young; and thinking of the object of her walk, made her very brave and regardless of the cold; she knew that though her fingers ached, her kind friend Beckey was in much greater pain, which could, perhaps, be removed by her means. Perhaps she thought a little of the pleasure and approbation Mr. Smith would express when he saw her; and if she did, it was quite natural, and what any little girl might have felt who was making such an exertion.

'At last she reached the top of the hill, and looked down on the beautiful valley where Mr. Smith's house was situated. It was a delightful scene in spring, when the woods were filled with little birds, building their nests and singing their sweet songs; when the river was murmuring between its green banks, and every bush and tree

was putting forth buds and blossoms; it was delightful in summer, when the fields were waving with grain, and the village children were plucking the ripe blackberries from the vines; it was pleasant even in winter, when the trees were all adorned with glittering icicles, or feathered with soft snow flakes, when the lively sleigh bells were heard on the hill, and the children were skating on the river, or coasting down the sloping bank. But now, it was all bleak and barren, the river was of a dull gray color, like the sky above it; the trees were all leafless; there were no birds or squirrels to be seen, and if Anne had not seen the smoke curling up from the chimney of Mr. Smith's house, she would almost have fancied that there was no living thing in the whole valley. She did not stop, however, to think much about it, but full of the thought of relieving Beckey, and anxious to reach the house, she hastened down the hill, and soon found herself in the sick room.

'The poor woman was streched upon the bed, in too much pain to take notice of Anne. The philosopher, dressed in a flannel gown, was sitting at the foot of the bed; the room was darkened, and everything looked very dismal to little Anne. Mr. Smith was very glad to get the medicine, but he seemed to think very little about the messenger; his attention was entirely taken up by the sickness and sufferings of his faithful domestic. He had no children of his own, and he knew and thought very little about them: he was better acquainted with the natural history of every little insect that fluttered in the sunbeam, than with the feelings or capacities of children; otherwise he would have loved them, for he who loves flowers, and butterflies, and birds, will surely love innocent and good humored children, if he thinks of them with the same attention. At first Anne felt disappointed; but in an instant she subdued this selfish feeling; and when she looked at poor Beckey, and thought how much she must suffer to change her kind and cheerful countenance into such an expression of distress, her heart rejoiced at the thought that she might be relieved and comforted by the medicine she had brought, and she did not wonder that Mr. Smith, who had been watching by her all night, should be thinking of Beckey, and feeling for her too much, to have much thought or attention to give to herself.

'Anne sat a little while to warm and rest herself, and then sat out on her return. This was not so difficult. The wind had abated a little, and besides, it was not now in her face; so she trudged along very fast, and had the pleasure of delighting and surprising her grandmother by her quick return.

'"Well, Anne, have you been all the way to the mill and got home so soon? I shall think something of you, if you can take such a walk, all by yourself too, and get back in less than three hours. And how did you find poor Beckey?"

'"Oh, grandmother, she looked as if she was very sick; and when Mr. Smith said the medicine was just right, and he thought it would do her good, I was so glad that I had carried it!"

'"I am glad you did; and now you have got finely warmed, and a good appetite for dinner, I am sure."

'Anne felt very happy at her grandmother's kind words and approving smile. The dear old lady seldom praised her grandchildren—she knew they were happy when they had done right, and did not require praise; but the little girls well knew when she was pleased, and their grandmother's smile was the greatest reward they could have, except the approbation of their own hearts.

'When Anne was older, she frequently took the same walk from her grandmother's house to the sweet, quiet valley, with agreeable companions and in fine weather; yet she thought she had found more real enjoyment in the cold, solitary walk of that autumn morning, than in any other she ever took.

'The reason must be, that people are more likely to be happy, when they are seeking the good of others, than when their own pleasure is their object.'

Written for the Repository.

To S. C. E.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

Sweet sister, I have met thee in my dreams,
When glittering star-lamps gemmed the azure dome;
And moonlight trembled on the murmuring streams,
Or tipt with silvery crests the ocean-foam.

I met thee in the glorious spirit-clime,
Where hues immortal tinge the nodding flowers;
And angel-voices wake the music-chime,
That stirs the bloom of those ærial bowers.

Sweet strains, unheard in daylight's busy hour,
Steal with a mellow cadence o'er the soul;
The care-worn spirit owns their soothing power,
And hush'd in peace the anguish-billows roll.

Methought on seraph wings we soar'd away,
To the supernal realms of life and light;
Where the unclouded Presence makes the day,
And forms of dazzling glory meet the sight.

There, by the never-failing streams, that spring
From the glad fountains near the eternal throne;
Our ravish'd spirits furl'd the radiant wing,
To learn the anthems of that blissful zone.

In those fair bowers, where in perennial bloom,
The life-trees cluster o'er the healing flood;
Bright cherubs round us wav'd the purple plume,
And woke the joyful hymn of praise to God.

And thou, seraphic minstrel, swept the lyre
To glory's lofty, everlasting song!
How my rapt spirit caught the angelic fire,
As thy symphonious numbers rolled along.

There bloomed the immortal amaranth, whose hue,
Won from the rainbow's fount, can never pale;
And the bow'd Rose, that erst in Sharon grew,
And flung its perfumes o'er the lilied vale.

Bright forms were there, and voices whose lov'd tone
Faded in anguish from this dim, cold sphere;
They join the chant, around the burning throne,
Crown'd with the bloom of the ever-vernal year.

See, from the golden censers round the hill
Where dwells the unseen Majesty on high,
Bright incense-wreaths the empyrean fill,
And veil with dazzling light the Eternal eye.

As the loud chorus rings along the line
Of angel and archangel, bending low;
Mercy and justice, truth and love combine
In bright prismatic hues th' o'erarching bow.

O should we not rejoice, since hope has given
Such glorious views to cheer our mental sight?
While faith has won the golden beams of heaven
To gild the scenery of time's shadowy night.

Sing on, sing on, celestial minstrel; thou
Whose lyre is tuned by the bright 'shining ones:'
They're weaving fadeless garlands for thy brow,
More glorious far than all earth's jewelled crowns.

Sing on, and swell the joyful pæan high,
Let hill and valley catch the thrilling strain;
Till mountain-fanes give back the glad reply,
And sea-rocked isles repeat the loud Amen.

Written for the Repository.

Musings—Fancy and Truth.

Poetry has breathed out many melancholy and heart subduing strains. Our tears have been made to flow at the sorrow of strangers, and even at imaginary grief. And we have been grateful for the developement of our sympathies thus given, and have been made to look kindlier on the human face and more reverentially up to God. It is good to weep, if the uprising waters of the spring bathe and give new life to the roots of any of the affections or sympathies, causing the tendrils of the vine to produce richer and more abundant fruit. It is good to weep, if any heavenward hope is nourished thereby—if the fever of the soul is allayed—if new sources of strength are opened to us. It is good to weep, if the eye is washed to read clearer the types and symbols of God's love and interpret the mysteries of life.

I spoke at the opening of this article of Poetry's melancholy strains. I know of none that have presented to my mind a more perfect image of desolation than these:

'Lingering, he raised his latch at eve,
Though tired in heart and limb!
He loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him!'

My heart was light when I opened to these lines. I was in a book-store, in a noisy city street, and a crowd were around me with all the various hum of a motley gathering. If any one had looked into my eyes, I should have been ashamed—for they were full of tears; tears which I could no more restrain, than I could bid the drops of a summer shower back to their fountain cloud. And wherefore should I be ashamed of this emotion? It is undefinable as common; and does it argue good or ill to human nature, that man is unwilling that man should witness the revealings of some of the loveliest and most amiable feelings? It is strange to notice the aspects of a crowd, whom a sudden accident has brought together and swayed with one sympathy, when the excitement is passed! They had entirely forgotten themselves—the habitual concealment of deepest feeling, and you saw the flushing of every face by the quick pulsations of the one heart of humanity. But now they are returning to the old way—the artificial of life's conventionals—and many a one looks as if he were caught in some unmanly affair, and turns away lest man should see the moisture in his eye. Be this as it may, these lines of the poet affected me strangely, so that I left the store, forgetting all I wanted, and went on saying to myself—

'He loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him.'

Throngs passed me by, but I saw them not, for I was pitying one nearer my eye, and in whose wretchedness I was absorbed. He was a pitiable object indeed! 'Tired in heart and limb' at evening, standing before the dwelling, with his hand resting on the latch, his head drooping, one foot lifted as if to move, the other resting as if to tarry. There he lingers. He looks up and around. It is indeed his dwelling. There clambers the vine he planted as one he loved directed, and there is the leafy screen she had trained over the window. The row of rich flowers—each with a

thousand memories—still bloom, weeded for her as faithfully as ever every morning; and there hangs upon the string the signal, she will never raise again upon the staff to call him from the field. All is as ever in the outward—save the brightness and cheerfulness with which it was once all clothed by his spirit. But within—O changed indeed! 'He loves no other place,' and why doth he not enter? It is home, and yet not home. It is the home of memory—of the thrilling past—of the hallowed things of the holiest love; but now it is no home to satisfy present wants, for as he laid his hand on the latch, its click did not find an echo in the quick step of one hastening to meet him, and his heart now feels the truth that she cannot come. Whither she has gone, is his home! His spirit is like hers who when told to go from the prison where her husband was confined, and return home, replied: 'I have no home, if he cannot come there!' He feels the need of something more than what is of the earth, earthy. He enters, and who shall enter with him?

Yes, who shall enter with him? You answer, 'Religion—the Gospel!' But ah, there are many religions and many gospels in the world; which do you choose? I have known of sorrow deepened by some—the wounded heart lacerated more and more, and whereas death made them melancholy, religion added madness. 'Try the spirits,' saith the beloved disciple, 'whether they be of God!'—of the God he styled—*Love*. The spirit that cometh of God can alone be the Comforter. Let that spirit enter. Alas! the door is crowded as a throng seek to enter—let them all halt, and enter not till they are tried. Here are three who may represent the whole—we will question them.

Here cometh one ever forward to claim the precedency, and what is its name? *Calvinism!* I do not like the stern aspect, the schooled features, and the repulsive glances of the eyes; still we must question the candidate.

'And what, spirit of Calvinism, what will you say to the melancholy and bereaved soul? What comfort will you carry to him, if you enter?'

'I will tell him of the sovereignty of God, of his absolute and immutable decrees, and assure him that if the departed was one of the elected few, she is happy, and if he be one also, he will meet her, and I shall bid him submit to the sovereign God.'

'But how shall he know whether she or himself is of the elected few? To what infallible sign will you refer him?'

'I can refer him to none—he must rest in hope; especially, if she possessed the graces of holiness, he can hope strongly.'

'How can he *rest* in hope when all is uncertainty, and how can he decide whether she had the graces in the fullness required?'

'Be that as it may be, I can only teach him to submit—to submit to Him who is glorified no less in the damnation of the reprobate, than in the salvation of the elect.'

'And do you pretend to come from the God of love? Strange love divine that can be glorified in the entire and unmitigated wretchedness of a creature of his power. You cannot go in. The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, never commissioned you.'

Here comes another with an aspect more mild, for brilliant hopes are sometimes glowing there, and in the rapture of transient glorious anticipations, the soul is lifted up in praise, as it forgets all is uncertain. And what is its name? *Arminianism.*

'And what, spirit of Arminianism, what will you say to the homeless, because strickened soul?'

'I will tell him of the great Judge, who decideth all things, and who will give glory to all who, regenerated by his spirit, have believed on his Son and persevered in his grace.'

'Alas, his troubled soul must halt and decide upon these three great questions, ere he can dare to take hold on a single comfort you will offer. Perhaps the departed was not of those you would call the regenerated—perhaps she did not believe as you would deem right, and may have been wanting in some of the marks of perseverance in grace. All must be uncertain.'

'I would then tell him of the duty of submission; how he cannot reverse what is done—that there is no more change, and his grief is useless, preventing him from securing his own salvation.'

'If thus you would speak, you will but increase his wretchedness. His heart weeps now, because events cannot be reversed—he cannot bring her back to him, and the pleadings of his spirit are to know if he shall go to her?'

'That indeed I cannot tell—the Judge alone can decide. He must think of heaven, and "work out his own salvation with fear and trembling," that he may get there.'

'Alas! as home is now no home, because she is not there, heaven would not be heaven if there she dwelt not. His affections cannot change,

and they are sent beyond the grave. They ask for a heaven there for her, as they tried to make one here—but to him it has "passed away."

'I own it and I feel it, but I must be sincere.'

'God forbid you should be otherwise.'

'And I must say that I can speak of no certainties, for God had prepared glory and bliss eternal for those whom he foresaw would believe and prove faithful in this probationary state, and he alone knoweth *who* they are. The judgment will tell.'

'You cannot enter. With God, who scanneth all things—whose eternal thought knoweth all the relations of mind and matter, and all the results of the infinite variety of movements thereof,—with him to foresee is to appoint or decree; in truth, he foreseeth as he decreeth.'

'Yet let me enter! I will tell him of Jesus who died for all and rose again, and the glories of the eternal world I will display'—

'Yes, and the *horrors* of that world you must necessarily suggest to him. Your presence, your name, is sufficient to tell the whole. A God who foresaw the eternal misery of millions as the result of his ordinations, cannot be a God of love—he cannot be love so far, at least, as that result extends. You cannot have come from the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, and I pray you leave.'

It mournfully departed, for there was much benevolence in its soul, and many that have been with it in years past, have paid it honor, though now they rank it with the errorists who limit the Holy One.

As Arminianism departed, there came a lovely form, all radiant with light, and wearing such sweetness of expression, that I instinctively looked for the furled wings of an angel! An immediate illumination took place—the twilight was clearer, and the evening star came forth in beauty such as I never beheld before, while a gentle zephyr fanned the shutting flowers, and they joyously awoke to give forth a welcome in a breath of perfume. Soon as I recovered from the overwhelming effect of so much beauty and sweetness, I asked the name. '*Universalism!*' was the reply. 'Is this,' I said to myself, 'the spirit against whom I have heard so much'—— 'Yes,' said the spirit who had read my thoughts, 'and my Master was reviled and his earliest followers were every where spoken against. Pride inflamed their hearts, and they were wise in their own conceits. But I am taught to reveal truth and and not heed human malice, so permit me to pass in.'

'The test must be applied ere that.'

'The test! what test? If you judge me by the standards of dominant sects, I shall be found a heretic—but I haste to enter, tell me the test?'

'Comest thou from the God of love?'

'Look upon my helmet and on my shield I have laid there, as I need them not in the house of mourning.'

'I indeed read the motto there—'God is love,' but I want more proof than that.'

'And you have it in every principle of the religion I advocate. They are all drawn from the perfections of God, and I harmonize them in the creation, preservation, and redemption of mankind universally. They accord with all the prophets sung of the Deliverer, with the advent, life, death, resurrection, ascension, and mediatorial reign of Jesus, and with the most glorious ascriptions of praise to Him to whom belongs the kingdom, power, and glory, and who shall be all in all. And more than this, they alone are adapted to satisfy the unlimited capacity of loving, on which are based the precepts or commandments to universal love. O let me in! I know how the mourner languishes for me, and how to him "in the evening time, there shall be light."'

'But pause a moment and tell me how you will speak to him of God?'

'I shall speak to him of God as our heavenly Father, who minglest his paternal affections with every purpose of his wisdom, every exercise of his power, and every dealing of his sovereignty with man; who afflicts that he may bless, and wounds that he may make whole; and who is without variableness or shadow of turning, the God of love.'

'Go in; the Comforter I know goes with you.'

Universalism entered and met pale Melancholy. In a moment they by sympathy became familiar, and the hour was the first happy one he had known since Death left his shadow in that home. The visitor spake of the paternal Deity so tenderly and wisely that the mourner listened with richest delight to the voice that told of Jehovah's unceasing love; how he first loved us; how he loved a world even when dead in sin—not the sin, but the spirits betrayed by sin; how he sent his Son to commend that love, and what the Savior endured, and how he trusted in the love he declared for man, finding comfort in the hour of deepest agony from the thought of God as his Father. 'The cup which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?' said he. 'You have been in sickness, perhaps'——

'Yes, yes,' exclaimed the bereaved, 'and *who* will be the angel of patience and goodness that she was to me in those seasons of weakness and pain!' and his tears gushed freely forth.

'God strengthen thee, mourner! You are thinking how easy it was to drink a bitter cup if she but smiled?'

'O yes, it was because she could not smile that the cup of death was so very bitter!'

'You could trust to her wisdom in the preparation of the draught given in your sickness, that it was well for you to drink it, and you have experienced benefits therefrom.'

'O yes, such as I shall never know again!'

'Let me quote again our dear Savior's words —"The cup *which my* FATHER *giveth me*, shall I not drink it?" '

'I see, I see your meaning. O for more faith! O for a filial spirit! O that I could be a child again, and breathe now as once I did—"Our Father, who art in heaven!" '

'Pray, sorrowing soul, pray! and solemn and earnest communion shall strengthen thy trust, and thou wilt with thy whole soul cry, "Abba, Father!" '

Long did the visitor converse with the bereaved one, and that night his spirit rested in hope. The Bible became a new revelation, and Jesus precious to his soul. The morning sun rose brighter than since the burial, and his first walk was pleasant as he went to the mechanic who was preparing the grave stone, and requested him to add four lines to those ordered to be cut, so that they read,—

The earth is dark! its light hath gone
With her the loved and lost!
To day with joy we count *our own*—
To-morrow ends our boast.

But Hope is left, and by her aid
We look to brighter realms,
And grief no more, with gloomy shade,
Our spirit overwhelms. B.

Extract from Mag. & Adv.

Heavenly Treasures.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

WE come now to consider the durability of heavenly riches. Were earth man's only abiding place—were he to be a denizen of this sphere forever, or to know none other when he leaves it, it would be right for him then, perhaps, to look here for his only gratification.

But this is not the case. He has a high and immortal nature, and those things upon which it can safely and immutably depend for its welfare, must be immortal also. And these are the riches which he lays up in heaven. They are pure and spiritual treasures, and the power of men cannot rob us of them, nor death destroy. They are liable to no physical accidents—the flame, nor the wind, nor the flood, nor the arts of men, nor the disappointments of enterprize, which are so ruinous to earthly wealth. The moth and the rust cannot corrupt them, nor thieves break through and steal. For, what *are* some of the heavenly treasures? There is the principle of doing right. The joy which flows from the possession of this principle, is a treasure to us. It is not needed here only—although great is the present reward which it bestows—but it is a principle which is to live hereafter, and is to move the soul forever. The angels have it; they move in their bright circles by its guidance, and worship by its dictates. The saints feel it, when they wave their palm branches, and cast down their 'starry crowns.' It is not a circumstance of this sphere only, then. He, therefore, who adopts this principle as a possession, has an eternal one. And oh, what a delicious, what a free reward, has this principle bestowed! Men whose limbs have been loaded with chains, and their flesh torn by cruel stripes, have felt a richer joy than all earth's wealth, thrice heaped, could give alone. It has borne up bruised hearts, stoutly, against the pelting and crushing weight of cares and sorrows. It has given the philanthropist boldness to stand before kings, and furnished the naked martyr with a panoply of steel. It is a blessed principle—this one of doing right—a treasure that cannot fail us. It comprehends, strictly, all others that might be named, but we will specify another.

There is, then, the principle of love—love to God and man—the requirements of the moral law. This, also, is an eternal treasure. It is a principle which makes radiant the universe. There is not a quivering leaf which is not influenced by it, nor a star. It prompts to the performance of good for its own sake, and we move by it in the path to heaven. We shall carry that, too, beyond death, and wear it with our immortality, when we roam—

'——beside the crystal waters.'

We may defy earth's changes to rob us of it, if we fix it within and guard it aright, and it will expand and glow, when mountains topple into

chaos, and orbs are shattered upon their radiant axles. It is as eternal as the THRONE, and binds all God's hosts together, soul with soul.

Faith, hope, charity, and principles like those which we have named, are heavenly treasures, and when they are '*laid up*,' moth and rust cannot corrupt them, nor thieves break through and steal. The contrast they afford to earthly wealth, is like the difference displayed between mind and matter—the latter changeable and uncertain, the other, eternal, lofty, triumphant. The one treasure-house, is earth, the other, heaven. One of these bestows upon us those treasures which can only benefit us here—the other, those which are of incalculable profit in the present existence, and which will remain with us amid the glory, the joy and the eternity of another.

Another difference which exists between the two classes of treasures, is this. The one we may not attain. We know that wealth, or fame, or whatever object of the kind may be before our mind's eye, is not always reached by us, after all our endeavors. They are fickle and subtile, and elude our hands, perhaps, in the very moment of grasping. How many have delved, and dug, and struggled, and labored heavily, and found their toil all come to naught?—or have just reached the object of desire, and ere reaping any of its anticipated benefits, have died and left them to others? It is not certain, then, that we shall reach these treasures, or if we do, that we shall have an opportunity to enjoy them.

But the other treasures are sure upon the seeking. They are privileges of no one rank or clime. The poor man may acquire them equally with the rich, and the beggar with the king. Exposed to none of the contingences of earthly things, they cannot, like earthly things, fail us. The way to them is open and easy. We hazard nothing in striving to obtain them, as we do, often, in temporal enterprizes. They are around us in the air, and upon our path in the sunlight—they meet our eyes in all we see, and come to us with eloquent invitation. They will never elude the hand that reaches out to them. They are sure—they are of heaven!

FIGURATIVE language, when not carried to excess, is highly agreeable to taste and imagination; it gives splendor to poetry, lustre to eloquence, expression to passion, dignity to sentiment, and poignancy to wit; the elegant mantle which delicacy throws over all that is gross, vulgar or deformed; and is the graceful dress of the muses.

Written for the Repository.

An Answer to a Remark.

'YOU would be a more popular writer if you professed another faith.'

I KNOW it, and most proud am I,
That at God's holy shrine,
I am not brought by lures and bribes
To call his name divine.
I worship, not because the crowd
Are bowing at his feet;
I praise him, not because the proud
Around his altar meet.

I will not bend before a shrine
Because the rich are there;
I will not seek the crowded street
To shout a pompous prayer;
Enough for me, that in my heart
The *living truth* resides;
Enough that wheresoe'er THOU art,
There holy peace abides.

'Tis not for worldly praise we shed
The penitential tear;
And *any* shrine is sacred where
The offerings are sincere.
The temple may be massive gold,
Or but the leafy bough;
'Tis hallowed if one heart hath told
Its worship and its vow.

S. C. E.

Written for the Repository.

Life a State of Activity. No. 2.

MAN should be continually active as an *intellectual being*. We have already offered some considerations to show why he should act with promptness and vigor. We will now consider why he should keep his intellectual powers continually at work. The simple reason is, because there is so much to be learned—and because the difficulties which surround every department of human inquiry make the progress of individuals but slow, even with the greatest assiduity, promptness and energy. The sources of knowledge are around us, above us, beneath us—on every hand they lie waiting as it were, for the investigations of the human mind. A wide, an unbounded field is presented for us to explore; and do our *best*, we can but examine an exceedingly small portion of it. The thought is overwhelming when it is realized—that the most learned man's amount of knowledge when compared with what is to be known, is as a handful of sands to the incalculable quantity which lies upon the sea-shore. It is this unlimited extent, this infinity of facts and truths *to be known*, which makes it the duty of intellectual beings to labor for their accumulation, without intermission. Even after having studied and investigated during an ordinary life time, with earnestness

and perseverance, we shall find ourselves but mere children at last in our attainments of knowledge. The farther we penetrate the mysteries of nature, the wider the prospect opens before us. The more truths we learn, the more we see to be learned; as we ascend, step by step from one degree of knowledge to another, 'hills rise o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise.' Notwithstanding the vast discoveries which have been made in science during the six thousand years that the world has stood; notwithstanding the mighty improvements which have been made in art; notwithstanding the extension of literature, civil freedom and religious liberty, yet, when these advances are considered with reference to future progress, we cannot avoid believing that society is still in its infancy. It is not fancy, but a sober conclusion, drawn from the history of the past, to say, humanity is just at the starting point of its career, just commenced its onward, upward movement towards perfectibility.

I say nothing about the advantages of knowledge. I assume it as a settled point, that its advantages are admitted, its benefits to the individual and to society, acknowledged. My remarks are founded upon the supposition that all who read this, appreciate the uses and benefits of intellectual attainments sufficiently, to make *some* efforts to possess them. My object is to induce you to infuse more energy into those efforts, and to continue them without unnecessary relaxation. The difficulty of the work is no objection. The vastness and variety of subjects to be considered are no objection; but this infinite variety, this unbounded extent, these formidable difficulties, make the strongest of all possible reasons for the vigorous and continuous intellectual activity, which I am recommending. If the road to learning were made smooth and easy; if it were skirted with shade trees, and ornamented and perfumed with flowers; if to possess knowledge and attain to intellectual excellence, required no pains, no efforts, no sacrifices, no struggles, no exercise of indomitable will, no stern agony of thought—more than half its value would be lost. The mental effort—the intellectual contest with obstacles—persevering, unwavering activity—it is these that make intellectual attainments of so much value.

The glory and happiness of a human being are not to be found in rest, inactivity and ease. These are necessary only to increase the elasticity and energy of his powers of body and mind. We live not in accordance with the laws of the universe, when we yield to the feelings of indolence and sloth, which too frequently steal over us. The innumerable hosts of heaven are continually revolving in their orbits, or around their respective centres. The earth rolls on in its endless path forever. The tides of the restless ocean ebb and flow, and never cease their motion. The winds play freely round the earth, and never tire in their work. Vegetation performs its functions without intermission. All nature is opposed to inactivity, and man is not in harmony with its laws when he ceases to be active. Lose not one moment, then, in indolence and ease, since there is so much to be done, and so little time to labor in. With our most prompt, vigorous and constant efforts, we shall still be infinitely below that height of intellectual excellence, to which our imaginations reach and our desires tend.

Again; man should not only be prompt, energetic, constant in bodily and intellectual labor, but he should be so in moral and religious effort. I need not undertake to show that man is a moral and religious being; that morality or a sense of obligation to do right; that religion, or the idea of a God and our relation to him, are implanted in our constitution; are as much a part of our nature as are our physical wants and appetites or our intellectual powers and capacities. The simple idea which I wish to impress upon you in this piece, is, the necessity, the duty of laboring in this department of life, with the same promptness, energy and constancy, which I have urged with regard to physical and intellectual action. Man's *moral* nature is to be developed and perfected in the same manner as his *intellectual*, viz. By contending with difficulties, encountering obstacles, overcoming temptation.

Though the religious sentiment is an instinct of our nature, yet unless it be used and cultivated, it will be of no advantage to us; and if it do not die out, it will become dormant if we do not employ it on its legitimate objects. So it is with the moral faculties, they, too, must be used. And the more these religious and moral powers are employed, the more they will be improved. The moral and religious nature of man, (for I now consider them together) are universally conceded to be the highest and most important part of his constitution; and if vigorous and constant action is required of the intellectual faculties on account of the difficulties attending the pursuit of knowledge, and the extensiveness and variety of its

subjects, for the same reason equally vigorous and constant activity of the moral faculties, is demanded. We are surrounded with temptations wherever we may go; from infancy, through manhood, to old age, we are liable to be led astray. We are encompassed with moral dangers on the right hand and on the left. Vice throws around herself a thousand fascinations to lure us from our fidelity to virtue. Wealth and luxury dazzle and blind us by their splendor and the homage which the world pays to them. Ambition holds out her honors, and fame proclaims with syren voice, her rewards. Pleasure presents her flowery walks, her voluptuous arbors, her sparkling cups. Our open honesty of purpose is laughed at by friends, and our sterling integrity questioned and attacked by enemies. A thousand malicious hands scatter thorns and briars in the path of rectitude we have determined to walk, and a thousand tongues will cry, Your way is hard, because it is the transgressor's. But listen not to these voices; heed not these fascinations of the arch enemy; turn not to ponder the question on the advantages of yielding or resisting, but *resist*, immediately and at once. These are but trials of your moral strength—they are the means which God has appointed to bring out your moral energies. This is the method which Divine Wisdom has chosen to bring you up to the full stature of men. As no condition of life is free from these temptations, as activity and that only is the means of moral improvement, the necessity is laid upon us to be ever vigilant, ever morally active, if we would preserve our own moral nature from corruption. But there is another consideration which shows that we should never rest from our moral efforts. It is on account of the vast amount of social wrong which is practised in the world. Because of our social nature, because of our being connected with our fellow creatures by some mysterious though powerful ties, we sympathize in their sufferings, and participate in their joys. With our moral powers even but ordinarily enlightened, we cannot but feel a desire, which is frequently irrepressible, to regenerate the social and moral world.

The world is full of wrong, and the incessant and vigorous labor of the moral faculties of man, for ages to come, will not entirely eradicate it. Herculean tasks are to be performed by the benevolent and philanthropic exertions of separate or associated individuals. National and social wrongs are so numerous, so gross, so interwoven with the institutions, customs and prejudices of the people, that sometimes the most sanguine reformers are discouraged by a view of the labor before them. Intemperance stalks abroad, withering, blighting, destroying yearly, the lives of thousands, and the fair hopes and peace of millions. The traffic in a poison which produces not only physical disease and bodily death, but likewise the death of the soul, is sanctioned by custom, and protected by laws. The buying and selling of human beings, as if they were goods and chattels, the treating them as if they were beasts of burden, are practices which men justify by the Bible, and uphold by written social compacts. War and its horrors—the avenging of evil and its consequent woe,—men justify by christianity, and sustain by religion. The working classes are doomed to incessant toil, while others secure the greater amount of its fruits. In a word, moral evils are so abundant, they are of such depth and turpitude, that to be true to our moral and social duties—true to ourselves and to our fellow-men—the most unremitting, prompt, and energetic moral action is required of us all. What our hands find to do, let us do with our might. In this lower world, where events transpire in such rapid succession,—where moments, days, and years flee by us with almost lightning speed—let us not be slow in deciding what we shall do for ourselves, or for others. And let us not labor either with our physical, intellectual, or moral powers, as if it were a matter of indifference whether we prosecuted our labors with feebleness or performed them with energy. We should ever remember that every step we take in knowledge or virtue, the better are we qualified to take the second—that mental power by its activity, generates and augments itself—that the intellectual, moral and religious faculties, are strengthened by use, enlarged by practice, expanded by exercise. What thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might. Suffer no moments to be lost, no hours to be wasted, no years to be mis-spent in feeble efforts, or unmanly pursuits. Confine not your thoughts to one branch of knowledge, but endeavor as far as may be, to grasp them all. Limit not your desires for moral advancement to yourselves, but extend them to the race. Circumscribe not your philanthropy by the geographical bounds of your own country, but let them embrace the world. Look not to the good of a part of your fellow-men, but to the interests and well being of the

whole. These are the views which will incite you to prompt, vigorous, and unceasing activity.

D. B. H.

Boston, Mass.

Extracted from a Sermon.

Social Duties of Universalists.

BY REV. A. B. GROSH.

To advance our cause, it is well to be zealously affected in keeping up all the forms and feelings of social intercourse, among all who are within the sphere of our influence. I was much struck with the remark of a warm-hearted brother from the South. 'Your Universalists are not sociable enough—more converts are made, and more friends are kept warm and zealous, by social intercourse, than by public preaching.' The censure and the observation are both very correct. I do not say that we are behind our partialist brethren in social kindness—for we are far before them—but *we are not kind and social* ENOUGH.

Though the time has passed by, when people expected to see some signal mark of Divine disapprobation stamped on the forehead of any one who professed a belief in Universalism—though the belief of our depraved and immoral condition, in consequence of our faith, is fast being weakened by an exhibition of our acts—yet still, our religious characters and our religious sentiments are perfectly abhorred by a large portion of the christian world around us. Being ignorant of our sentiments, they abhor them—and abhorring them, they will remain ignorant of them. It is a dark picture for our hopes to look upon, but it is a correct one. They will not read our books and publications—or if they do, it is to pick out defects and pass by beauties—to read with prejudiced eyes, and a determination not to understand and believe. They will not attend our meetings; for they deem Universalist meeting-houses the synagogues of satan—or if they do attend, it is with ears stopped, that they may not hear what is said. Are they not deserving of your compassion? Can you not remember when you were as miserably prejudiced as they are? And will you do nothing to release them from their narrow prison? O, mingle with them kindly—converse with them affectionately—instruct their ignorance, soothe their fears, calm their opposition, gently bear with their weaknesses, and by an exhibition of the truth, show them how far you agree with them, and how important is the agreement—wherein you differ from them, and the reasons of that difference. There are but few—very few partialists that may not be won to Universalism, by such a course of conduct on our part.

How often, in preaching in a new place, have I heard some one say, who had heard Universalism preached for the first time, 'Is that Universalism? Why, how very different it is from what I have always heard it represented!' Now, it is not often that your preachers can get such persons to listen to them—but *you* may find them and converse with them often. O, then, deal mildly and gently with them; for they have been cruelly deceived. Carefully remove their prejudices from their understandings, and explain fully and clearly and repeatedly, the glorious truths you profess. Make them know the surpassing loveliness of God, and Jesus, and the Bible, and religion, and duty, and morality, in our sight; and learn them that instead of hating, despising, or feeling coldly toward them, they are most dear to our hearts and precious in our estimation. And not only do this by precept, but by example prove it to them. In your daily walk and conversation with them and each other—at the domestic fireside, in the social circle and in the public sanctuary, let your actions draw forth the merited declaration, 'See how these Universalists love each other!' And when you have succeeded, in part, in removing their ignorance of us and our faith, and consequently in breaking down their unwarranted prejudices, then let your influence be exerted to bring them to unite with you in the public sanctuary, and in hearing the instructions of the Gospel from your preachers.

I know that nearly all Universalists feel a delicacy on this subject; nor would I have you officiously and impertinently to intrude your invitations, but kindly offer them as a reciprocation of that anxious civility with which partialists invite you to their meetings. To the young, particularly, these remarks are respectfully submitted for consideration. In them, friendly and social attachments are peculiarly strong and lively—unaccustomed to separations, they follow, with yearning hearts, the footsteps of wandering associates. And on that day of days, when all nature seems wakened to devotion and praise, their affections are also awakened, and they have a strong desire to walk to the house of God in company with the youthful partakers of their week-day joys. Owing to the rigid, narrow

views of partialism, and the illiberal sectarianism it inspires, this longing of the soul is easily suppressed in partialist youths and maidens. But Universalism, kind, lenient and tolerant in its views, and liberal in its practices—yea, even in its forms of devotion—is not so unyielding. Hence, it frequently happens that Universalist young men and women become almost constant attendants on partialist meetings, to please their associates; when those associates will scarcely ever (if ever) be seen in Universalist meetings, to please their Universalist friends in return. Is such conduct the equality of friendship and mutual affection? or is it the inequality of slavery, and of the reciprocal duties of master and slave? Are there not reciprocal duties and mutual obligations, in every relationship and union which can be formed between one moral being and another? And are not these duties and obligations equal, on both sides, in that relation called friendship? If so, how can friendship exist where the obligations and civilities are so unequally laid and paid, as in the case we have just named? Surely a partialist young man cannot respect the faith, or virtue, or moral honesty and moral courage of his Universalist friend, when he finds him so weak and pliant, so accommodating to partialism, so cold and indifferent to Universalism. Nor can he regard him as his equal, when he finds him so willing to submit to every caprice and whim, so willing to give up all his rights to oblige his partialist acquaintance, without ever asking a reciprocity of the civility. Depend upon it, my youthful friends, when friendship becomes all demand and authority on one side, and all compliance and submission on the other, it is only another name for degrading inequality and moral slavery. Never, then, give up your privilege of equality in friendship, and never wholly forsake your own meetings, until you forsake the faith there taught.

To reciprocate occasional attendance at other meetings, is both good and proper for you; but to give your own up wholly, to please another, is base, cowardly, and weak in any one, in partialist or Universalist, in male or female, in the child or in the parent. If, in the performance of any act, the dictates of judgment and conscience should be obeyed, they surely ought to be in the public worship of our heavenly Father. And cold and ungrateful to that kind Father of all, must that heart be, which can deliberately forsake the places where He is worshiped in spirit and in truth, to attend wholly on ministrations where God's highest glory and praise is withheld from him, and where his character is blackened in the most shameful manner, by ascriptions of tyranny and cruelty unutterable! Oh, if it were possible for God to be as vindictive as his children slanderously report him, the hottest fires, the deepest agonies, and the severest tortures of his wrath would surely be the portions of those cowardly hypocrites who knew him most lovely, and yet thus desecrated him—who knew how to worship him, yet wilfully and habitually united with others in slandering his holy name!

While, then, you assert and freely exercise your rights, let it be done with kindness and civility for the rights of others. Cherish that spirit of social intercourse which makes you equal with our opposers, and them equal with you. Remove their prejudices, by approving all that is true in their faith, and correct in their conduct—by pointing out clearly the differences between their faith and your own, with the reasons why you thus differ from them—and win them to a candid and full examination of the truth, by showing the liberal and salutary influence which it exerts on the conduct and affections of its believers. And if to do thus be good in itself, and good in the end it is calculated to produce—and who can doubt it?—then remember that 'it is good to be zealously affected *always* in a good thing.'

Written for the Repository.

To a Departed Friend.

Not with the scenes where the festive meet,
Not with the crowds of the bustling street,
Not with the haunts of fame,
But with shrine, and altar, and house of prayer,
And the temple of God, (for thy work was there,)
With *these* hast thou linked thy name!

Not where the gay and the worldly throng,
Mid the giddy dance and the careless song,
Is thy memory cherished yet;
But in sorrowing hearts, where the tears flow free,
And in lowly homes do they think of thee—
They cannot soon forget!

Not on foreign shores, nor in distant climes,
Do they waken for thee those mournful chimes
Which sound for the lordly dead;
But the broken lyre in thy father's breast,
Sighs a vesper hymn for thy peaceful rest
In thy lowly church-yard bed.

Be the sunbeams bright on thine early tomb,
Be the spring-flowers earliest there to bloom,
There balmiest be their breath;
For thou wert good, and each gentle thing,
Some tribute of love to thy grave should bring,
To scatter the gloom of death. S. C. E.

Written for the Repository.

Friendship on the Nail.

When a certain individual contracted a friendship for another, which was a rare thing, he was wont to say, 'I have him on my nail.' When he said thus, he had in his mind two ideas;—First, that the person would always be present, nothing being more easy than to look on his nail; and, Second, good and true friends were so scarce, that he who had the most, might write their names upon his nail. What an exaggeration of language is this latter remark, and what a miserable disposition does it manifest! And yet we meet frequently with such sentiments—the effusions of hearts which have never learned rightly to estimate humanity, to make allowances for earthly imperfections, and to moderate extravagant desires. We doubt—and we feel we have sufficient reason to doubt—whether these would ever be ranked among the real, self-sacrificing and exemplary benefactors of their race. They must be pebbles in an inch-pond, the centres of small circles indeed, undesired as much as they undesire.

We can pity one who says, as David of old said, *in his haste*, 'All men are liars'—all are deceivers and faithless. We pity him, because we know the thoughts and feelings which lead to such expressions of hasty emotion—the thoughts and feelings *of* wrung affection and abused confidence, that so overspread with gloom every mental conception, as to picture the world but as a prison of criminals. But we have no sympathy with those who are perpetual and sarcastic revilers of their race, and often deliberatively, not in haste, say, 'All men are liars'—all are deceptive and none are to be trusted. Not one root of their mental being is 'grounded in love'—christian love. The command to love our neighbor, is to them narrower than it ever was to the narrowest Jew. From such minds sprang the doctrine of 'total depravity,' which transforms the angel child into an embryo fiend; and from such came the doctrines of infant condemnation, outraging every parent feeling and torturing to every benevolent affection. And such are the veriest foes of all social progress—social progress based on man's confidence in man; and the philanthropic dictates of christianity are smothered for want of air, or frozen to death from the cold, in their breasts.

Poetry has too often lent its radiance to gild such dark thoughts,—and the Muses miserably muse when they pronounce friendship 'but a name.' Many who thus style it, have doubtless been deficient in the exercise of some of the most essential attributes of a friend, and complain of wants they never could supply. Friendship has indeed proved sometimes to be but a name, as falsely applied. So has love—so has christianity. But still love and christianity are more than mere names. They are realities—divine, glorious, heavenly. Thanks be to God! And so is the fact with friendship. There are warm hearts beating around us, and we shall know it, if we have a sympathetic cord tuned to answer thereto. We must clothe ourselves more in the garments of amiability and goodness—throw more soul of kindness into our manners—exercise more generosity in our estimates of human beings, and be more what we desire others to be; and then shall we find friendship enough—if we do not create it, we shall bring it out to our sight and rejoice in its beauty. B.

Written for the Repository.

Emma Beaumont.

BY A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

'Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might? a reed upborne
By an o'ermastering current!'

'Another tremendous failure!' said Mr. Egerton, as he joined his family, who were collected round a cheerful fire;—'the house of Beaumont & Co., thought to be the best and safest in the city, is down—a complete smash! Poor Beaumont! I pitied him from my soul—with his large family, and brought up in such style as they have been. It must be a terrible stroke.'

'I wonder how his dashing wife will bear this reverse?' said Mrs. E. 'To give up her splendid house, and furniture, and the rich dresses she prides herself so much in, must be severe indeed.'

'O I suppose they think that Miss Emma's beauty and accomplishments will get *her* an establishment,' said Mary.

'Yes, but there are few gentlemen disinterested enough now-a-days, to marry a portionless beauty,' said her sister, 'and I——'

'Come, come, girls, no more scandal,' said their brother, 'or I shall think it is because you envy her; I won't hear Emma Beaumont talked of in this way; for let me tell you, there is one

at least, who would be glad to marry her without a farthing.'

And now if you please, reader, we will look in upon another scene. In a spacious and handsome parlor, in one of the princely mansions of our city, a group is collected worthy the pencil of an artist; before the fire in a splendid rocking chair, sits a stately woman in the prime of life, dressed in the height of the last Parisian fashion, and apparently engaged in decyphering the figures of the rich Turkey carpet; on a low ottoman beside her, sit two beautiful children, evidently twins, with eyes and minds intent on a new picture book; while at the table a boy of fourteen, and a girl some two years younger, are deeply engaged in reading. But the charm of the circle is a young lady, who may have numbered some seventeen summers; she is about the middling height of females, and beautifully proportioned; yet so slender, as almost to give the idea of fragility; her eyes are large and brilliant, and of the softest hazel color, and her hair, which hangs in ringlets, round a neck of alabaster, is of that rare and most beautiful shade, which the Quaker poet so perfectly describes, as 'brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun;' add to these a smooth, fair forehead, neither too high, nor too low, a nose neither Grecian, aquiline, nor *la petite retroussé*, but perfectly pretty and feminine, and a hand and foot of unparalleled beauty, and you have a true portrait of Emma Beaumont. She is standing beside her harp, and tossing back her rich curls, showing her beautiful face lit up with a most dazzling smile, as she exclaims, 'I have mastered it at length, mamma! How glad I shall be when dear papa comes home, you know he says my songs make him forget his petty cares and annoyances, and I am sure this will enchant him; and this symphony on the harp is exquisite; my beautiful harp! I would rather part with every thing I have, than this; do you know, mamma, Herbert Courtney says——'

But before she could finish her sentence, the front door was hastily opened and closed, and with a step wholly unlike his usual dignified pace, Mr. Beaumont rushed into the room, and threw himself on the sofa. Emma left her harp, and flew to her father's side; Henry and Mary dropt their book, while the two younger children sat stupified with terror, and even Mrs. Beaumont was startled out of her apathy, and came forward with hurried inquiries as to what was the matter. As soon as he could speak, he exclaimed, 'We are ruined, undone—you and my children are beggars'—but ere he had finished, Mrs. B. fell to the floor in hysterics; Emma, half distracted, flew to her mother's assistance; she was carried to her room, and the usual restoratives having been applied, she soon sank into a profound sleep. Emma then sought her father to hear the extent of their misfortunes; the children had been sent to bed, and she found him alone, pacing the floor with rapid strides.

'Dear papa, is it indeed so bad as you say? Is there nothing left?'

'Nothing! not even the smallest pittance; our house, furniture, all, all must go, and what will become of you, I know not.'

'Do not fear for us, papa, we are young and healthy, and surely you have friends, who will not see us want.'

'Ah, Emma, you have not lived long enough to learn the deceitfulness of the world; prosperity will always make friends, but adversity is the season to try them.'

'After several vain attempts on her part to comfort him, the heart strickened man blest her, and sought his chamber. The next morning he was found dead in his chair. It was supposed that on leaving Emma he had gone to his room, and instead of seeking rest, he had sat revolving plans, and thinking of his entanglements, till his over-wrought brain had sunk beneath the struggle, and brought on an attack of apoplexy, and the husband and father had gone to his final account. The widow gave way to her feelings in hysteric sobs, and bursts of grief, mingled with lamentations over her fallen fortunes, and Emma was left to see to all her affairs. With an aching heart, but a calm brow and voice, she gave the necessary directions respecting the funeral, and when all was over, with the assistance of the surviving partner of the house, she set about adjusting her father's business. At length the day came when the sale of furniture was to take place; Emma had reserved only some of the simplest articles to furnish their new abode, but she could not bear to part with her harp. It was her father's gift, and she had taken so much pleasure in learning his favorite airs, and playing them to him, that she felt it was too much to yield that, but then came the thought of her helpless brother and sisters, and her still more helpless mother —who, nutured as she had been in the midst of luxury, and gratified with every refinement for more than forty years, could not submit patiently

to her misfortunes. Emma thought of this, and the harp was placed with other articles for sale.

The sale-day came, and past, and before evening Emma ushered the family into their new abode. Humble enough it certainly was, and vast the change from the luxurious mansion in the most aristocratic part of the city, to a wooden domicil in a narrow street; their apartments consisting of one room, which served for kitchen and parlor, and three small bed-rooms. The larger room was covered with a cheap carpet, the shutters were closed, and the neat white curtains closely drawn, and a cheerful fire gave to it an appearance of comfort, humble though it were. Into this place Emma conducted her mother, and bitter were her complaints against it. 'What would our friends, the Selbys and the Delanos say to us in such a hole as this?' was her constant reply to Emma's attempts to win her to something like contentment. It was in vain she sought to draw her attention to the little comforts of the room, and placed her in the large, well-cushioned rocking chair, the only article of luxury they possessed, and which Emma had sold her trinkets to procure; her only answer was, 'That ever I should live to enter such a hole as this! I, who was born to such different prospects!'

As soon as they were settled in their new home, Emma began to lay plans for their future support. She applied to some of their former friends with a proposal of teaching music, an accomplishment in which she was a proficient; her voice was remarkably fine, and had been well cultivated, but—'She was so young, they feared she could not command sufficient respect from her pupils.' Then she applied for fine needle-work, but was equally unsuccessful; they were truly sorry for poor dear Mrs. Beaumont and their dear Emma, and would be delighted to assist them, but really, just now, they had no sewing to put out; or they had a sempstress in the house, as it was so much cheaper, and in these distressing times, it behooved people to be economical; and with compliments to poor, dear Mrs. B., Emma was civilly dismissed from the houses where her presence had been so warmly welcomed a short time before. Poor Emma turned her steps homeward after her last application, sad, and weary; her funds were nearly exhausted, and a severe winter was setting in; it was November when her father died, and it was now near Christmas. In her better days Emma had occasionally met with Mr. B., the manager of one of the theatres; and he had frequently, after hearing her sing, expressed a wish that she were in a different station of life, that her services might benefit his establishment. When she reached home on the evening after her vain attempt to get employment, she found a note from Mr. B., in which, in the most delicate terms, he stated that having heard she wished to devote her talents to the service of her family, he would offer her an engagement on the most liberal terms, to sing in a new opera, about to be brought out, if she could bring her mind to accept it. At first Emma was shocked at the proposal. Her delicacy revolted at the idea of exhibiting her person before the gaping multitude, and more especially did she dread the sneering remarks of the companions of former days. She was half inclined to refuse the offer at once; but she looked around on the group whose sole dependance she was, and strove to overcome her reluctance. She then, with an anxious heart, made known the contents of the note to her mother, who, as she expected, entirely disapproved it; indeed she considered the proposal as the height of insolence; 'as if it was not bad enough to be obliged to live in this miserable hovel, without being insulted in this manner.'

'But my dear mother,' said Emma, to whom the project seemed more feasible, now she was called upon to combat her mother's prejudices, 'we shall be unable to retain even this place, unless I can find some employment; all my exertions to-day have been unsuccessful—our money is nearly gone, and why should not the talents which God has given me, and which my dear father so carefully cultivated, be devoted to the service of the dear ones he has left? There is no disgrace in the employment, and why should we care for the sneers of those who formerly courted our society.'

Many objections had Emma to combat, but at length Mrs. Beaumont gave her consent. The next morning Emma called on Mr. B.; her trembling ring was answered by a servant, who ushered her into a handsome apartment, where Mr. B. was writing; he rose and saluted her courteously as she entered, and after some trifling remarks, she proceeded to speak of the business which brought her there. Soon the preliminaries were gone over, and the services required of her and the remuneration, were settled. The worthy manager then introduced her to the leading members of the company with whom she was to be

connected, and she returned home to study the part assigned her. The thoughts that awakened a strong struggling between duty and inclination, may be in some degree imagined; but little can the reader know the feelings she experienced as she wended her way home. She seemed to be in a dream, and the moving world around her was all unreal. But the dreaminess did not long continue, for the strength she had invoked God to breathe into her soul was felt, and once more her purpose was firmly fixed and the resolve renewed to sacrifice everything that filial duty required.

At length the night of her *debut* came; the theatre was crowded almost to suffocation, and intense interest was manifested by both young and old. The curtain rose, and amid the buz of admiring voices, Emma came forward to the footlights and commenced her song. A dead silence reigned in the house, and every note of her clear, sweet voice, though it faltered at first, could be distinctly heard; as she proceeded, she became inspired with the beauty of the music,—her tones by degrees gained strength and richness, till at length they swelled into strains of divinest harmony. Her song was succeeded by thunders of applause. Through the whole evening she supported her part as she had begun, and the eyes and hearts of her audience proclaimed her triumph complete.

* * * * *

More than a year has past, fair reader, since we were first introduced to the Beaumont family, and now, if you please, we will look in upon them again. We find them in a small, but genteel-looking house, in a neat and respectable part of the city; Mrs. Beaumont is nearly reconciled to her lot, and only repines occasionally; Henry is about to enter the navy; and Mary, with the assistance of the younger girls between school hours, is able to earn a small pittance by her needle. But Emma! ah, she is sadly altered, yet still how lovely! her form appears even more fragile than usual, she is more sedate, and those who love her best, perceive, with anxiety, that her eye is dim and her cheek pale, save when under the excitement of her professional duties. It is near the close of her second season; to-night is the last of her engagement. She has more than fulfilled the promise of her debut—she is the brightest star in the musical firmament—more than one excellent matrimonial offer has she refused; for who would support her family, if she were gone?

But hark! there is a ring at the door—and a gentleman, apparently fifty years of age, enters their little parlor. After the customary salutations had passed, addressing himself to Mrs. B., he said, 'I perceive that you do not know me; have you forgotten Charles Beaumont?' Joyful was the recognition—it was indeed the only brother of her husband, and an early playmate of her own; but twenty years spent beneath the burning sun of a tropical clime, had browned his skin, and whitened his hair, and so altered his whole appearance, that we cannot marvel if none recognized him. I said that his outer man was changed, but the inner man was still the same. Frank, free, generous, and kind hearted was he, when, at six and twenty, he left his native land; and equally kind and generous was he at six and forty; he went to India almost penniless, and he returned rich, yet with no other desire than to lavish his wealth on those whom he loved. The story of their misfortunes was soon told, and Emma's conduct elicited expressions of the warmest admiration from her uncle.

'She is a noble girl,' he exclaimed, 'but I shan't have it so any longer. You must leave the opera now, Emma, and if you will you may sing to me, and in return I will take upon myself the task you have been performing; what say you, Emma, shall it be so?'

'Most gladly, dear uncle; this is the last night of my engagement, and then I am at your service?'

'Remember, it is the *last night*,' said her uncle, as he handed her from the carriage at the entrance of the theatre. She little thought then that the words were prophetic.

Never had Emma Beaumont looked so beautiful as on that night; and when the curtain rose, the burst of admiration that greeted the fair vocalist, told the power of her charms. Her graceful form was arrayed in a robe of pure white satin; her rich hair was parted on her fair forehead, and drawn into a knot at the back of her head, while here and there a straggling ringlet fell on her neck, as if to relieve its dazzling whiteness, and her large, glorious hazel eyes were brilliant with excitement. After the first round of applause, the house was still, and when the low, sweet voice of the songstress commenced a wild and plaintive melody, every heart seemed to stop its pulsations; by degrees the air changed, and the strains became clear and loud as the notes of a bugle, and gradually increasing, ended in a peal of triumphant melody, the last note unheard in the

general burst of ecstasy. But, in the midst of the excitement, while a thousand voices were calling for the popular vocalist, the worthy manager made his appearance, and announced to the waiting multitude, that Miss B. had ruptured a blood-vessel, and could not return! Her nerves had been wrought to the severest tension, and in the midst of her triumph, death had set his seal on the devoted girl. She was borne to her home by her agonized uncle, and the best medical aid was procured,—but in vain! She lingered, and a change of air and scene was recommended, and it was eagerly tried; for a few days she seemed to be better, and sat for a short time every day in the piazza before the cottage, and even walked out once or twice, supported by her uncle and her mother; but her strength soon failed—day by day she grew weaker and weaker, and faded like a stricken flower before their sight.

It was toward the close of a bright summer's day, Emma had been unusually weak and languid, but as the day declined, she seemed to revive a little. Her anxious family were seated round her bedside, watching her pale countenance, when suddenly she raised herself from the pillow, and with flashing eyes, and a voice clear and strong as in the days of her health, she began warbling the beautiful air which she had sung once only, on that fatal last night, whose triumph cost her—life. None offered to arrest her, and as the last notes died away, her head sank back on the pillow. Her mother raised her gently, but the last struggle was over, and the spirit of Emma Beaumont had passed away in that gush of heart-stirring melody.

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

Written for the Repository.

The Nashua.

SWEET Nashua! on thy vine-clad banks,
The autumn flowers are bright,
But tell me in the dewy morn,
Or pensive evening light,
Do they not miss my well known step
Along the pleasant way,
Where thou wert wont to welcome me,
Mine own dear Nashua?

How vain the thought! yet still to them,
My heart in sadness turned,
And we are prone to think our love
Must be with love returned.
Beneath my window bloom fair flowers,
The brilliant and the gay,
More dear to me were one wild wreath
From thee, sweet Nashua.

They say thou'rt but a tiny stream
Nor can with theirs compare,
To them my earnest heart replies—
'*Love* makes its favorite fair.'
With silvery flow the Delaware,
Is glancing on my way,
It ne'er may be so dear as thou,
Mine own loved Nashua.

Within thy vales, sweet woodland stream!
Fair smiles my early home;—
And 'mid thy wild and sunny dells,
Where I was wont to roam,
Are there not some true, gentle hearts
In love's pure faith to pray,
For blessings on the wanderer's path,
Mine own sweet Nashua?

It must be so; my heart to them
Its changeless love hath given,
Their lightest tones have been to me
Like childhood's dream of Heaven;
And 'tis this fond undoubting trust
That bids my thoughts thus stray,
To thy clematis-enwreathed banks,
Mine own wild Nashua.

Oh, deem not this the murmuring strain,
Of a repining one,
For hope and faith around my path,
Their fairest wreaths have thrown.
Love's gentlest tones have cheered my steps,
And soothed each care away,
Since first I wandered from thy side,
Mine own fair Nashua.

Yet e'er amid their social glee,
I seem as in a dream,
If but one look or tone recall
Thy vales, wild woodland stream!
They playful chide my wandering thoughts,
And ask me where they stray?
'Unto mine own New England home,
Mine own dear Nashua!'

Then, gentle stream, be thou to them
As thou hast been to me,
A friend in every varying mood,
Of sadness or of glee.
And bid them sometimes think of one
Who now is far away,
From her sweet cottage home beside
The deep blue Nashua.

A thousand pleasant memories dwell
Amid thy forest flowers.
Of gentle friends who still may rove
Amid thy woodland bowers.
I would that none save their fond eyes
Might rest upon this lay,
For they will love it for my sake,
Who love the Nashua. JULIA.

Philadelphia.

Written for the Repository.

Memories and Friends.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON. Mary

I DWELL in the midst of 'haunted ground.' The voices of the loved are lingering in every pleasant spot around my home. I hear the echo of familiar steps in every nook of the dear glen, and gentle eyes beam on me from thicket, and bower, and from the corners of my own apartment, so

consecrated by precious memories, and by local associations.

Do you remember, *mon compagnon*, and you, gentle spirit of 'Home Vale,' that far-away bank of green, where Spring had thrown her earliest violets, and the yellow cinquefoil looked up at us and smiled as we seated ourselves lovingly down at its side? The tall trees swept over us, and far off in the pine woodlands the mellow voice of the thrush rang out like spirit melody, moving us almost to tears. It is haunted *there*, and the spirits of the absent meet me as I walk, and take my hands in theirs, and lead me back to days forever past.

When the wind-flowers were no longer whitening the hill-side, and the cardinals were lifting their blushing heads from the middle of the stream that laves its base, the form of a gentle and a beautiful one was at my side, and her merry laugh mingled with the songs of the birds, and the rippling of the waves. The spirit of poetry was in her pure soul; it beamed from her eyes, and revealed itself in the articulate melody of her lips. There is a path through a sweet woodland that has known her step; and her spirit still haunts the shadow of a tall tree that swung its branches over us as we sat there, reading and talking of God and of Heaven.

Bright Spirit! leave me not alone! In woodland and garden walk let me still recognize thine attendance. Thou hast known my weakness; thou shalt yet know my strength. I will mould my thoughts to thy thoughts, and my spirit to thine. Thou art *true;* and *I* will be true. Thou art *real*, and in this world of falsity, God bless thee that thou art so! for the substantial and the tangible, even though unlovely, is worth far more than the beautiful that is illusive. Leave me not *ma chère*, for *thou* art no shadow; and to lean upon thee, is to *rest*.

Others came and went, leaving memorials as they passed—memorials upon the heart and the mind, as well as upon more tangible objects that were around me. Records that are seared into the very soul have been left to do their work; a silent and a painful work—God grant that it be not in vain!

But 'let the dead past bury its dead;' there are enough of the 'essentially immortal' to people life's solitudes; and these are yet remaining to me. Ye leal spirits, *mon frères*, who annually gladden my village home with your cheerful voices and smiles, permit the simplest tribute from one not ungrateful for the blessed influences you have left behind. *You* have left 'footprints,' not only on 'the sands of time' but in the green oases of a heart that aspires to be true, and that owes half of its strength to your counsels, and half of its sunshine to your kindness. May God lift upon you the light of his countenance, and bless you forever and forevermore!

From another and a fairer land came a pilgrim bearing the palm branch of the New Jerusalem. 'A bright little isle' over the seas gave him birth, but the flowers of the prairie had beguiled him to the land of the setting sun, where he had built him a home, and brightened it with *human* flowers. Ah, *mon bon père*, I owe thee many a debt of gratitude for thy counsel and kindness; aud I pray thee be lenient to my transgressions, which are so frequent and so manifold. Peace be in thy country home; and a blessing on 'Crichton Cottage' forever!

Among the Green Mountains of the North are ringing merry voices, and sparkling merry eyes that lately sung and glanced within my home. Music and song have ceased; and we have grown suddenly 'deaf' to all melodies but the gentle home-voices, and the fitful strains of my neglected accordion.

> 'The robin and the wren are flown,
> And from the shrubs the jay,
> And from the wood-top calls the crow
> Thro' all the gloomy day.'

A vision, half-real and half the spirit of a dream, is gliding before me. A gentle hand beckons me, and I follow. A kind eye smiles on me, and I am in tears. *Ma chère Louisa*, it is thy footstep which has latest crossed our threshhold, and it is thou who hast latest left me lonely. Thou haunter of my solitude, thou intruder into my dreams, thou guardian spirit of love and truth, abide with me, I entreat thee, and learn me to be strong as thou art strong, and wise as thou art wise. Sweet be the music of thy loved Oriskany, and soft be Dian's beam upon thy home; but suffer thy spirit to turn from these, at times, and to shed its holy influences upon the heart of thy simple friend. I will listen for thy voice at night, and 'in thy orisons, be all my sins remembered!'

Spirits, beautiful and blest, abide with me till the hour cometh. Suffer me to follow you in the march of life, toilsome and rugged though the way may be. 'Entreat me not to leave you, nor to return from following after you—for whither you go, I will go; your people shall be my peo-

ple, and your God my God. Where you die will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part you and me.'

Written for the Repository.

New Exposition of 'Lord's Prayer.'

Mr. Lee in his controversy with Br. Thomas, in treating of God as a father, says of the Lord's Prayer,—'It was designed for those who are the children of God by adoption, as were the disciples whom Jesus taught thus to pray, in which sense I have shown all men are not the children of God.'

If this be true, then parents have been engaged in a useless and wrong labor while they have taught their young children to use this prayer—they should have waited till they were spiritually adopted as God's children.

Again, if this be true, then the term *our*, designed to awaken the social feeling in prayer, has but a very limited meaning, signifying the spiritual brotherhood; and there is no intimation that it is the duty of the christian to think of, or pray for a larger circle of human beings than those he regards as the adopted children of God. When he prays—'Give *us* this day our daily bread,' he is to think of and feel for the temporal well being of the brotherhood only; he is to pray only that the brotherhood may not be led into temptation, or overcome by evil.

On such an interpretation is the very stamp of partialism. It breathes the very spirit of aristocracy, and is directly opposed to the generous philanthropy of Jesus.

O how it does take away the beauty and glory of the Lord's Prayer, and how unworthy it makes it of him who was the friend of sinners, who tasted death for every man, and who is declared to be 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' What spirit would be begotten in a child whose heart should be fully imbrued with such a narrow spirit! And when the faithful would obey the exhortation—'Supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men,' they must not use the Lord's Prayer, lest they forget the contracted meaning of '*Our* Father!'

When the minister rises to pray for the 'great congregation,' where all characters are assembled, and opens his prayer with the words of our Lord as noticed, does he mean the unregenerated shall *not* understand him as using the expression —'Our Father, which art in heaven,' as including them in the feeling that impelled the choice or use of those words? This matter should be understood; and if Mr. Lee's interpretation be adopted, we shall perceive more consistency between the sermons and prayers of our limitarian salvationist brethren. B.

Written for the Repository.

Obituary.

Died, in this city Sept. 10th., Mrs. Hannah, wife of Capt. Wenthworth Knights, aged 58 years. During a painful illness of ten years, she bore the sufferings she was called to endure with christian resignation, in humble submission to that Power whose dealings with his children are all-wise and good in their issues. While we sympathize with the afflicted husband and children, we rejoice with them in the manifestations of the worth and power of the religion of Jesus Christ by which they enjoyed her counsels and admonitions till the last moment of her earthly existence, and we pray that they may know as fully and experience as happily the goodness and love of God. L.

Written for the Repository.

Romance of Woman. No. 3.

THE MAID OF DAMASCUS.

During the siege of Damascus by the Arabs, two betrothed lovers attempted to escape from the city at night. One horseman passed the gate in safety, but was immediately seized by the enemy without. He gave a warning to the lady, and she hastened her return to the city. But the captive lover, being carried to Khaled's tent, was offered his choice; 'death, or the Koran.' He swore allegiance to the Prophet; and his bride, in disgust, retired to a nunnery within the city. Here her lover met her with entreaties to return to him; but she was firm. Having afterwards fallen into his power, she coolly plunged a dagger into her bosom, preferring death to life in the arms of an infidel and a traitor. The following poem supposes her at the nunnery.

PHOCYAS.

Come to the Moslem's tent, my gentle love!
There from the deadly scimetar and spear
Thy life shall be secure; there shalt thou learn
The sweet Arabian songs the houries sing;
And I will teach thee to repeat to me
The wisdom of the Koran. At the call
Of muezzin shall thou kneel in private prayer,
And count thy beads, and call on Allah's name.
Come, sweet Eudocia, leave these gloomy walls
Where love can have no voice, and learn the bliss
That waits thee in the Prophet's paradise.
I pray thee haste! the fearful tocbir* sounds

* The Arabian war-cry.

Within the city gates; and Khaled's troops
Are merciless as demons. Let us flee
Ere yet it is too late—Oh let us flee!

EUDOCIA.

Go, feeble traitor! thou art safe from wounds;
The crescent and the turban are thy shield.
Go, seek in kisses from the Islam maids
The pleasure that alone can satisfy
Thy craven love. The ties that held thee once
To country and to God, thy reckless soul
Hath broken; think'st thou, then, our hearts were bound
With stronger links? No, Phocyas, *thou art free!*
As thou forgettest Heaven, forget thy bride!
I have a higher troth—my nuptial torch
Is lit in Heaven, and *thou* canst never draw
My spirit from its holy rites away.
Go call on *Allah*—I will seek my God!

PHOCYAS.

Nay, sweet Eudocia, thou hast little dreamed
The dangers that await thee shouldst thou fall
Within the Arab's grasp. For worse than death
Might be thy destiny.

EUDOCIA.

And who art thou
That talkest of the *Arab?* What worse fate
Than dwelling in thy treacherous arms
Could e'er befall me?—Leave me to my lot;
Be it or death or slavery, it were bliss
To what thy love would proffer! *I am free!*
Talk to the wild bird, battling with the storm,
Of shelter in the cage; or woo the kid
From the bluff rocks to nestle at thy feet;
But mock not *me* with bribes! I dare defy
All terrors save the knawing worm that feeds
On *traitor's hearts*. My peace I find with God.

PHOCYAS.

But *home*, Eudocia; beautiful Damascus,
Where the Barrada flows in light and song,
And palms and olives weave their verdant crowns
To shade thee from the heat. Thou canst not leave
This sweet oasis, which had power to tempt
The Prophet with its beauty;* 'tis thy home.
Here hast thou played in childhood; here thy heart
First owned its gentle love. By the bright founts
That sparkle in the glades, and 'neath the vines
That hang their wreaths from giant sycamores,
Thy lips have breathed their vows, and thy sweet eyes
Gazed on me through their tears. And is it past,—
Forever past—the love that once was mine,
Mine only? Nay, it must not be. For thee
I deigned to live; for thee forswore my God
And bowed at Allah's shrine; and wilt thou spurn
For this the faithful love of by-gone years?
Damascus now is trodden by the feet
Of strangers; and the crescent from her towers
Will soon be gleaming; whither wilt thou flee
To find a shrine for prayer? The desert is around—
The wide, drear desert that can yield no rest;
There will they hunt thee, and the crucifix
That lies upon thy breast will be no shield.

EUDOCIA.

I care not for all this; enough for me
That I can still be *true* through pain and death.
Thou talk'st to me of home—*my* home is Heaven
Since thou art false. Damascus *has* been loved
Almost like Paradise; but little care I now
For fount, or garden, or Barrada's songs.
I journey on to the Eternal Home
Beyond the grave, and little care how soon
The weary march is o'er. Go, speed thee back
To Khaled's camp, and seek a meeker bride.
In vain thy prayers, thy warnings, and thy tears.
Sooner than be thy wife, I'll bare my breast
To every sword among the Arab host!
Return thee to thy treachery and thy strife—
I seek for peace with God. Phocyas, farewell! S. C. E.

* When Mohammed first descried Damascus, he exclaimed that he only desired to enjoy *one* paradise; and for fear of estranging his feelings from the one he had in anticipation hereafter, he would not enter this.

Letters from the Old World.

Written for the Repository.

Education.

EDUCATION is a very comprehensive term. It includes the whole course of physical, moral, religious and scientific instruction and discipline.

The first great object of a scientific and literary education is, to expand and strengthen the intellect—to cultivate and improve the mind. This object is not always kept in view. Many in a course of instruction, have respect only to those studies, which give a superficial knowledge of a few subjects connected with some particular business or profession. Many a student is satisfied with a mechanical knowledge of those sciences indispensably necessary to transact the ordinary business of life. If we would encourage him to follow up the stream of science to its fountain head, and from thence trace, through all their meandering courses, the thousand rivulets which issue from it, he meets us with the question, What use will it be to me? Is it of no importance to you, by a course of studious discipline, to acquire a command over your own mind, so as to bring it to bear on any subject you please? Will it be of no use for you to develope the resources of the mind, to bring its powers to maturity, and to make it what it was designed to be, the greatest, the noblest work of God? Who has measured the extent of the powers of the human mind? Who knows the force and energy of its operations? Follow it in its bold and daring flights: See it bringing the heavens down to the earth, and subjecting to its examination planets, and suns, and systems of worlds of endless variety. Escaping from its earthly home, it darts away beyond the borders of our own world, to the distant regions of space, where Saturn, the exiled monarch, reigns over his attendant moons, or far distant Herschel pursues his tedious and solitary way, or the fixed stars from age to age pour their brilliant rays upon the worlds which revolve about them. The powerful mind of Newton extends its irrevocable laws over the sun, and wandering comets. The dominion of mind is more extensive and lasting over the

world of men, and often more effective and powerful in its control, than ever was the sceptre of the mightiest monarch. Alexander conquered the world; but no sooner was he dead, than the subdued nations returned to their former state. But Aristotle, his preceptor, by the mere energy of his mind, exercised unlimited control over the opinions of men for sixteen centuries. All the projects and plans of conquest of Charles 5th, terminated at his retirement from power; but in his time, Luther, a man in the common rank of life, but of a giant mind, commenced the reformation. At his word, as if by magic touch, the world arose from its long sleep of a thousand years. The impress of his mind was stamped on the reformation, and his influence will be felt, till the glories of the millenial day shall consummate his labors.

The works of human art and grandeur perish. The trophies and monuments of victory, the splendid domes and edifices of antiquity, have crumbled to dust; but the imperishable works of mind still remain. The land of Eneas, with its Xanthus and Ida, would have been hidden in oblivion, and the heroes who fought on the plains of Troy would have been forgotten, had not their fame and fate been rendered imperishable by the powerful genius of the Grecian bard. Greece, with her Parnassian hills, Tempean vales, Acadian groves, her warlike cities and brave souls, would scarcely have been known to us, but for the eagle genius of her poets, the acute investigations of her philosophers, and the thrilling energy of her orators. Virgil, Cicero, and Tacitus, by their mental efforts, have done more to make their country remembered, than Cæsar, with all his conquests, and Augustus, with all his power. When in future ages the British empire shall have become what the Roman now is, and Cromwell forgotten, and the conqueror of Waterloo scarcely named, Milton and Scott will continue to be read and admired, and to recall the fast fading images of other times. And the time may come, when the monument on Bunker's Hill shall have crumbled to dust, and the 'Father of his country' be all but forgotten, while the philosophical trophies of Franklin, and the intellects of those whose powerful minds have been devoted to the interests of science and literature, shall still remain more imperishable than marble or granite, to tell future generations what we have been.

J. A. J.

Boston, Mass.

Selected for the Repository.

This World.

This is an agreeable world, after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the objects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where before we could behold nothing but discord. To be sure, there is a great deal of anxiety and vexation to meet, we cannot expect to sail on a summer sea forever; yet, if we hold a calm eye and a steady hand, we soon can trim our sails and manage our helm so as to avoid the quicksand and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family—we are travelling the same road—and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the free air, we are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down on the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friends should hate friends; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor. We pity the man who can harbor enmity towards his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence.—Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to the voice of scandal; breathe the spirit of charity from our lips; and from our hearts let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as from a fountain—so the 'golden age' will become no fiction, and the 'island of the blessed' bloom in more than Hesperian beauty.

Our Book and Memoranda Table.

Important Matter. It is of great importance to me that delinquent subscribers and those indebted, on account, for more than six months, should give attention to this call. I have several large sums to make out next month, and I depend on those indebted to me, for the means. Bills will be sent in this No. to those subscribers who dwell in places where there are no regular agents, and I hope that the sums due will be promptly transmitted, or the delay will be charged according to our terms, Agents will confer a great favor by making an effort to collect what is due, and sending immediately. And to *preachers* I strongly appeal, and to others indebted on account from six months to two years. To each, the extension of credit may not seem a matter of any considerable importance, but to one having a large number of debtors inattentive to the terms of business, and thereby perplexed in not receiving remittances as he has a right to expect, the matter is a serious one. Each should so regard it, and it is essential to an honorable trade that it should be so regarded. I must not, therefore, extend, in general cases, the credit of book accounts beyond six months, and let all concerned take generous notice of this. ☞Let each person intended in this notice, ponder well the call, and not put it away till he has honestly decided upon his duty. I do hope that I shall have my confidence increased more and more in my regular customers, by the manner in which this notice will be answered. The great want must be answered before the 15th of December. A. T.

The Poetry of the Seasons. In press, and soon to be published, a small volume entitled as above, from the pen of a lady whose poetical contributions have been well received by our readers. We have not seen the work, and

therefore can only say, that it contains stories for every month in the year—probably illustrative of the peculiarities of each month, or their respective seasons. The theme is a grand one, and we have reason to believe it will be found well treated. It will be published in a good style, and be out in time for Christmas and New Year's Presents.

ROSE OF SHARON. This Annual continues to receive the favorable notice of the press, and a good degree of attention from purchasers of the season books. We have not seen an unfavorable notice of this work thus far, and do not expect to meet such,—therefore we continue to remark that it will give satisfaction to those who may select it for a parlor book or a present. Price $2.

COUSIN LUCY'S STORIES, COUSIN LUCY'S CONVERSATIONS. We have received from the publisher, B. B. Mussey, copies of two very neat juvenile works with the above titles. They are by the author of the 'Rollo Books,' a series that has been very popular indeed, large editions having been sold. That series was intended particularly for boys, but the series commenced by these volumes is intended for girls. We doubt not that these volumes will receive the same favor as the others, and therefore we commend them to public attention. We shall read them at our leisure.

ALETHES, OR THE ROMAN EXILE; AND LEISURE HOURS, by John K. Laskey. We acknowledge the receipt of a neat volume from some friend, containing 'A Tale founded upon incidents in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, emperor of Rome,' and a collection of poems. The tale we have not read, though we mean to; but the poems we have examined, and they have the true fire. The author is a poet. In his poems are some fine and magnificent strains, that bespeak a mind rich in true poetic wealth, and he cannot keep from increasing the store. From intimations in the volume, we are led to expect something of a more labored execution than the present, and we are ready to give it a true welcome. We know not where the volume is to be found on sale.

PORTRAIT OF REV. OTIS A. SKINNER. We acknowledge with pleasure the present from Br. Tompkins, of a copy of a very elegant, engraved portrait of Br. Skinner—engraved by Sartain, from a painting by A. G. Hoit. The likeness is most excellent, though, to our eye, the form is too massive, representing the person heavier than the original. This may not strike another so. The expression is very natural, so that the portrait will be recognized at a glance, and it will be very highly valued by a very large circle of friends. May our brother ever possess those kind and generous affections that give the pleasantness the painter transferred from his countenance to the canvas and the engraver to the plate.

CHRISTIAN GRACES. We are pleased to perceive that this little volume has received universal commendation from the press, similar in character to the following from Br. Drew of the Gospel Banner:

'*Christian Graces.* This is the title of a new book lately put into our hands for examination, by Br. A. Tompkins of Boston. It consists of a series of Essays, which were originally published in the "Ladies' Repository," from the pen of Mrs. Bacon, wife of Br. H. Bacon of Marblehead. It is a very neat affair; we have read enough of it to be satisfied that it is a valuable book; and a daughter, who knows better the merits of such things than we do, absolutely declares to us it is one of the best things which ever came into our family. The illustrations of the Virtues, as laid down by Paul in Gal. v. 22, 23, are made peculiarly interesting by pertinent stories which are happily interwoven into the work.'

We commend it to our friends as a good present book for the coming holidays. Neatly printed and bound.

THE UNIVERSALIST. We should have noticed the new—the 3d—volume of this periodical, formerly the Connecticut Universalist, had we had the first No. to remind us of the courtesy. But the fourth or fifth No. is the earliest we have seen, and therefore now take the opportunity to say that the paper is published by George W. Concklin, Middletown, Ct., and is edited by Brs. John Moore, A. A. Folsom, and Merrit Sandford, which array affords sufficient promise of an interesting and profitable work. The new volume commenced in August, and we wish the publisher and conductors success.

GOSPEL MESSENGER, Providence, R. I. We have received by mail, a copy of the Prospectus for the second volume of this periodical, edited by Br. Z. Baker. Br. Baker has been active, and (we have every reason to believe) well meaning in conducting this work. We wish him all desirable success, and a willingness to receive with good feeling all criticisms. We welcome them in reference to ourself. The Messenger is published every Saturday, at one dollar a year, *in advance*. Agents are to be held responsible for subscribers, and all business letters are to be post paid or free.

NEW YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER. About the time our next No. will be issued, this valuable periodical will have entered a new volume, and we earnestly desire to call attention to it. And this we do, because we esteem it as, at least, one of the best papers in the denomination, judging from a review of the whole—during the past year. There has been a closeness of editorial application, and a vigor of intellect, which have given to it a valuable and ever interesting character. The mass of good, sound reading has been great, and its variety most commendable. While controversy has occupied much of its space, the wants of those who love calmer reading, and the young, have not been forgotten. Br. Price should be encouraged by a large and good addition to his subscription list. Br. Sawyer deserves the considerate thanks of the denomination for his industry and energy of mind given to these columns, while his lady should be honorably mentioned for the interest she has added to the work in the Ladies and Juvenile Department, Brs. Rayner, Williamson, Hallock, and a large number of contributors, furnish a great and good variety. The *Messenger* is always well printed, and on good paper. It must be well sustained. Published every Saturday, at two dollars, in advance—large folio size. Address 'Union and Messenger, 130 Fulton St. New York. Same paper octavo form, $2,50, strictly in advance.

PHILADELPHIA NAZARENE. This useful periodical commences a new volume on the first of January next, and will continue to be devoted to the advocacy and inculcation of sound doctrine and pure morality, under the editorial care of Brs. A. Moore, T. D. Cook, John Perry, and John H. Gihon. Price $2 per annum. Weekly, folio. Gihon, Fairchild, & Co. publishers. Is there a difference between 'Universalism' and 'Practical Christianity'? It would seem so, by the Prospectus.

ESSEX QUARTERLY CONFERENCE. We wish we had space to speak of the excellence and power of the last meeting in Georgetown. It was rich—the friends did well, and all were satisfied. We must refer to it again. The adjournment was to Danvers—with Br. Austin's Society.

STATUARY. E. BRACKETT. We intended to have expressed our admiration of the works of this artist ere this, but have been prevented by want of space. We cannot resist the impression that Mr. Brackett is a son of genius when we look upon his productions; and the more we examine, the deeper is our admiration of his skill. His most prominent work is the group of the 'Binding of Satan,' [Rev. xx.] the effect of which is fine, illustrating 'the ascendency of the *spiritual* over the *natural*, and the triumph of good over evil.' 'I have,' says the artist, 'endeavored to contrast the Satanic energy of evil with the angelic influence of goodness. While the former is writhing under the agony of hatred and revenge disarmed of their power, the latter does not glory in the superior strength which he is conscious of possessing from above, but approaches as the holy messenger of Heaven, commissioned to restrain the might of evil. I have endeavored in the one figure to express the *apparent* superiority of evil, and in the other the *actual* superiority of

goodness; hence the spiritual or moral character of the one figure, contrasted with the natural or physical character of the other.' In accomplishing this he has been eminently successful; and his work gives great promise for the future. But the success of his efforts will be more apparent to general observers in the *busts* he has executed. We could not wish him better success than is seen in the bust of Sprague the poet, which is recognized in a moment by those acquainted with the original, and is praised the more it is examined. The *naturalness* of his busts is confessed by all with whom we have conversed who have visited his rooms; and one, that of Mrs. Seba Smith, is enchanting. When did we ever see a sweeter face than hers! One so full of a happy home and domestic affections!

We wish our friend all desirable success. He has chosen a difficult profession, and one that will subject him to 'the stern agony of thought;' but we trust the spirit of his noble art will impel him on and give him the elasticity of a hopeful mind.

Stephens' Travels in Central America. A very slight notice of the above mentioned work lately appeared in the Repository, and I then hoped to see a more extended one from the same pen, but as that is not forthcoming, I fear, I will venture my humble opinion on its merits. The portion of country visited by this now celebrated traveler was but little known, and this circumstance gives a novelty to his descriptions of men and things rarely to be found. He is evidently not *romantic* in the common and misapplied use of that word, and the reader feels sure that the scenes described really exist; and will more than answer the expectations of subsequent travelers whose curiosity Mr. Stephens has helped to awaken. As far as natural scenery is concerned, Central America may be considered the Eden of earth, but a more degraded class of people than its inhabitants, it would be difficult to find. The country was enduring the horrors of civil war, and a licentious soldiery, with Carrera at their head, were triumphing over the lives and liberties of their fellow citizens.

With a perseverance few could imitate, he surmounted difficulties that would appal a stout heart, and returned to his native city to pour out the treasures of his rich experience, and raise another, perhaps the most glorious monument to his not unhonored name. The most interesting part of his work relates to the remains of ancient cities which are scattered over this remote portion of our land. Their inhabitants, their very names have perished, and strangers tread the pavements of their stately palaces and temples and speculate upon the probable causes of their desolation. Hours passed among these ruins must richly repay for months of arduous toil. These noble books are ornamented with engravings that do credit alike to the designs and execution. Mr. Stephens' coadjutor, Mr. Catherwood, to whom we are indebted for the embellishments, sustains his well earned reputation. One of the most pleasing features of the work is the kindly feelings with which these two experienced travelers regard each other, and the noble heart which beams from every page, enlists our sympathy and good wishes 'ere we are aware.' To one and all I would say, read these volumes attentively and you cannot fail to gather profit and pleasure. IONE.

A Feather in our Printer's Cap. Br. Baker, in noticing our Sept. number, says, (the italicising is ours)—'The Ladies' Repository for Sept. is unusually interesting. Rich in thought, beautiful in expression, and *what is of more consequence*, exceeding in mechanical execution any Magazine we have ever seen.' The style of typography is of more consequence than richness of thought or beauty of expression!

☞Take Notice. When in New York city Br. Odgden paid me $2 for Miss Freeman of Troy, formerly of Saratoga. I find by reference to the books, that she is already credited for vol. 10. What shall we do? Place it to her account for vol. 11, or is there a mistake? B.

Ancient History of Universalism. It is well known that H. Ballou 2d's history is one of the most excellent volumes in our libraries, and is of great interest and value. It has long been out of print, and a new edition has been loudly called for. It seems that now we are to have our wishes satisfied, as Br. Z. Baker of Providence, R. I., has issued proposals for publishing a new edition in good style at $1 per copy. The work has been revised by the author, and additions have been made, so that the value of the work will be enhanced. We trust that the publisher will find this a profitable investment, and that in this hope he will send the work forth in a good dress.

Convention Sermons. Br. Price of the Messenger and Union, New York, proposes to publish in a volume the Sermons delivered in that city, during the last session of the United States Convention. The work will be a good one and valuable, and we shall be glad to hail it. It will make a neat 18mo. volume, and will be sold at from 50 to 75 cts. per copy. Mr. Tompkins will have the work as soon as issued.

Temperance Almanac. We have received the Temperance Almanac for 1842, published by Wm. S. Damrell, Boston, and from a glance at it, regard it as an interesting affair—i. e. a good Almanac, with temperance articles and 'picters to match,' as Major Downing has it.

Illustrations of the Law of Kindness. Our notices were all made up when this work was put into our hands, and we defer a notice till next month; but in the mean time give the following from the Mercantile Journal of this city.

'"*The Law of Kindness*," is the name of a valuable work by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, and for sale by Tappan & Dennet, in this city. It is full of illustrations of the power which the law of kindness exercises on the human heart —that kindness which is everywhere inculcated by the lessons and actions of our Savior—that kindness which should be a conspicuous trait in the character of a christian.'

To Correspondents and Readers. We earnestly hope we shall soon hear again from our new correspondents '*Charlotte*' and '*G. R. L.*' Their favors are very acceptable. The story by the former is written in an easy, flowing and good style, and though it be the first composition of the kind by the writer, it contains great promise of future excellence. The poem by the latter, which will be published in our next No., will, we opine, be received and read with interest, and will be found suitable to be recited in many of our Sabbath Schools.

We are glad that Julia remembered us in the city of brotherly love. Her musical poem will be read with pleasure. We hope early to hear again from her. Some sketches of sights seen and sounds heard, would be acceptable. Philadelphia is full of wonders, and people love to read of them. Will she gratify our readers in this?

The lines on page 218 to S. C. E., must be gratifying to sister Sarah, as the lines 'In answer to a Remark,' on page 223 must be to her whose tribute to the author shows that she has admired the strong religious spirit that has characterized S. C. E.'s poetry. May they both rejoice with the same enthusiasm of faith that now gladdens them.

We should be glad to hear from J. A. J. again.

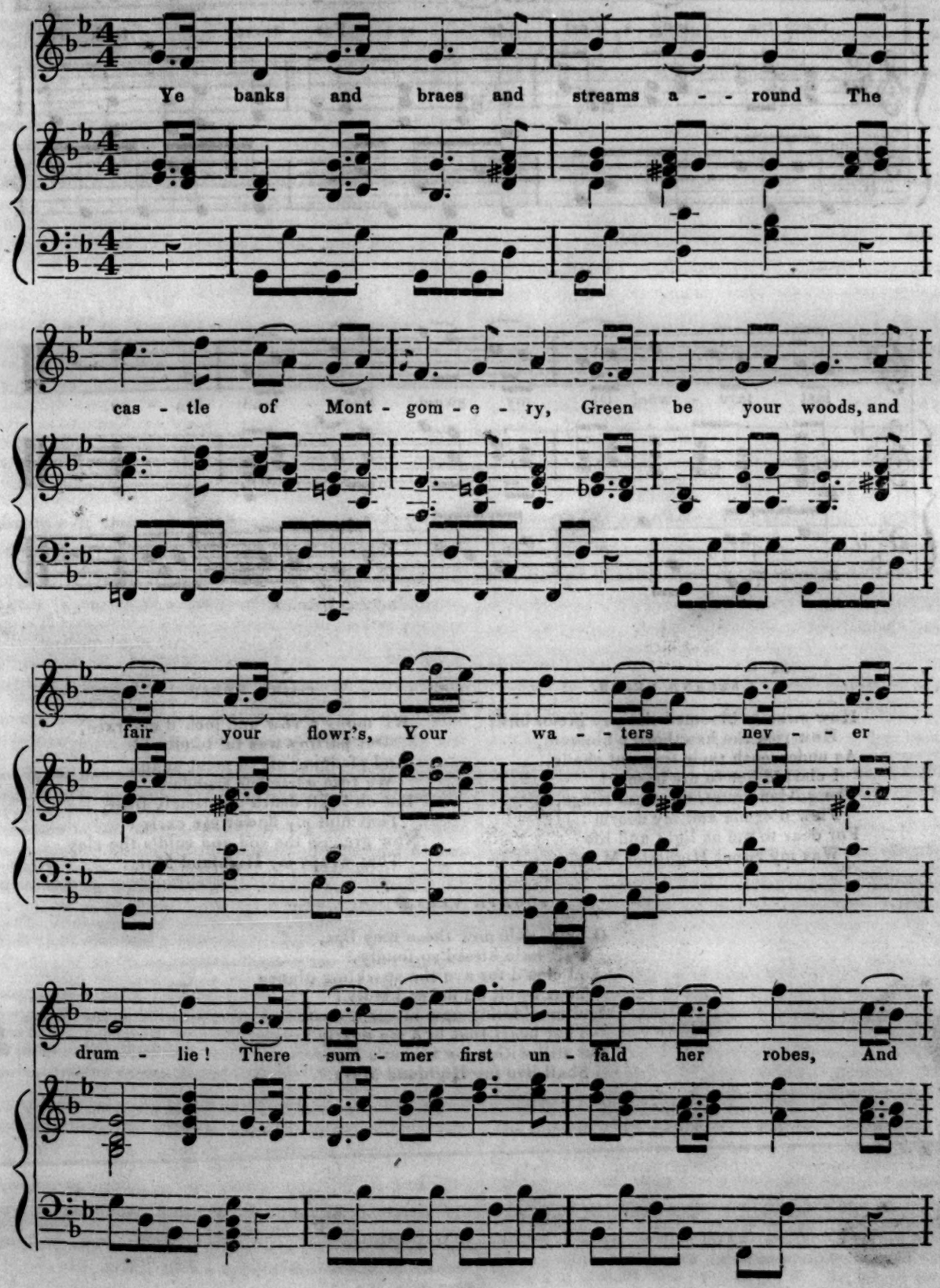
'Elegiatic Stanzas' by F. H. W. in our next.

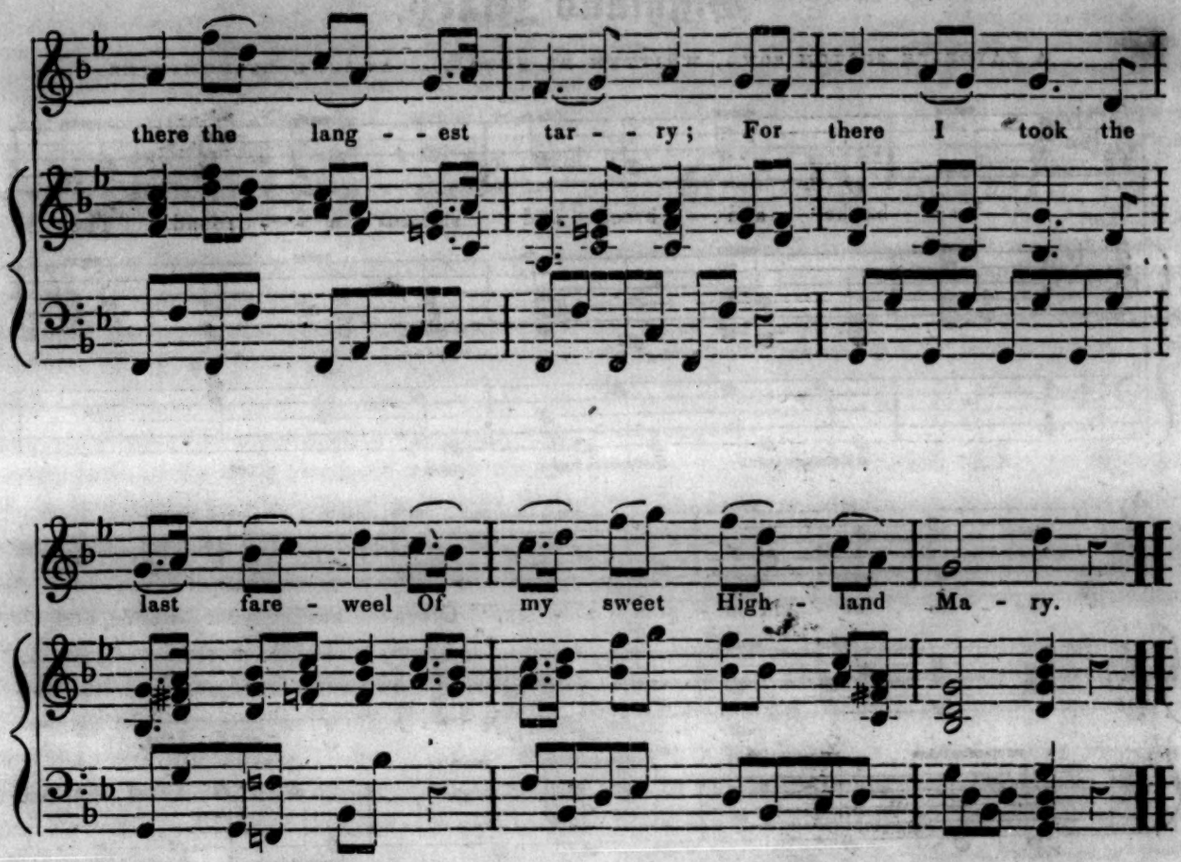
List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Oct. 28, 1841.

S. C., Coffee Creek, $2; A. B., Frankfort, $2; M. A. T., Northfield, $2; J. T. P., Belmont, (the Rose has been sent) $2; G. W. B., Deansville, (all the Nos. have been sent) $2; P. W., Cumberland, $2; A. S. C., Meriden, $2; M. J., Breakaben, $2; C. C., Fort Plain, $2; S. W., Hammonsburg, $2; J. O., Troy, $2; J. A., Pittsford, $2; E. M. L., Prompton, $2; A. P., New Ipswich, (from T. W.) $2; S. C., Greenbush, $2; R. E. R., Detroit, (settles to June 1841) $5; M. C., Guilford Centre, $2; J. S., Carver, $5; H. J. A., Providence, $2; A. Z., Fort Plain, $15.

Highland Mary.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG, WRITTEN BY BURNS,..... AS SUNG BY DEMPSTER.





SECOND VERSE.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

THIRD VERSE.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cold's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

FOURTH VERSE.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft ha'e kissed so fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me so kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For December 1841. No. 7.

Written for the Repository.

The Beatitudes;

Or the Elements of Christian Happiness.

Chapter VI. Mercy.

'Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.'

If God were not more merciful to man than man is to his fellows, how abject would be his state! This thought has awakened startling emotions in the mind of the reflecting, and made them pause in sadness to contemplate the moral aspect of our world. It is a thought full of wise meaning, leading, as with the spell of an awful enchanter, to many and various scenes in active life, arraying before us the past history of man, bringing forth the dead of the battle field and the prison graves, and exhibiting the power and fearfulness of those passions that knew not, and would not know, aught of mercy. The monuments of human wrath are not few, and the records of its desolations are many among the ponderous tomes of the past; and when the fierce vulture flies onward for its prey, casting its dark shadows on the green earth and the bright waters, it will ever be a type of man's unmerciful power over man.

God not more merciful than man! the thought were maddening, calling up from the vision house of imagination spectres as awful as guilt ever created. He is more merciful, as he is wiser, holier, more compassionate than man; and it is ours, as well as the lamenting Jeremiah's, to exclaim, 'It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed!' And upon those compassionate mercies which are now our preservation and joy, rests the hope of our world-embracing faith respecting the eternal destiny of our race; and while cherubim and seraphim veil their faces before the brightness of that mercy which radiates heaven, and streams down from the eternal throne the light of life to every creature, the heart and soul may rest strong in their confidence in the universality of redeeming and sanctifying grace.

In order to honor God in our conceptions of his mercy, it becomes us to recognize it in harmony with all his infinite and adorable perfections—the mercy of an infinite God. We must become impressed with the *reality* of the divine mercy, with its constant activity, universality, and eternal continuance as such, ere we can rejoice in the fullness of hope; and possessing these ideas, we shall understand how truly the divine mercy accords with the spirit of those noble and philanthropic commands of the christian scriptures, which require a constant expansion of the affections and continuous increase of human sympathies.

The apostle Paul in one of his epistles, styled the Deity, 'the blessed,' or happy 'God!' By connecting this with the beatitude to be considered, there is a holy thought excited in the mind. Happy are the merciful; the happy God. The one in degree, the other in perfection; because in the one mercy is not pure and free, while in the Deity it is without mixture of enmity, and free and boundless as the need of it. How well then can we sing—

'But though Thy brightness may create
All worship from the hosts above,
What most thy name must elevate
Is, that thou art a God of love!
And mercy is the central sun
Of all thy glories joined in one.'

How vain is the declaration often made, that 'a God all mercy is a God unjust!' As well say, that a ray of white light cannot contain other colors. And men have had and cherished their false and degrading ideas of the character of God, simply because—deny it if they will—they have not believed that the attributes of his perfections are in harmony and unite in one, as all the colors unite in one white ray of light. 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all!' is the language

of John, and what sublime language! How descriptive of his perfection! How elevating the feeling of the soul that grasps and holds in clear view the idea it enfolds, and gazes till by its own transfixing power it is engraven on the eternal tablet of thought! Who would deny in the presence of Newton and science that the red, the blue, and the green—types of justice, faithfulness, and jealousy, and the other colors—emblematic of other moral qualities—cannot be concentrated into one? Darken the room—let the light enter through a small aperture—fall through a triangular prism upon a white sheet, and you will behold all the colors there painted; take a lens and concentrate on one spot these different colored rays, and they will reproduce colorless light. Or paint upon a wheel the seven—scripture type of perfection—primitive colors,—turn it swiftly, and a circle of pale white will only be seen. Let this be spiritualized according to the testimony that God is light and in him is no darkness at all, and what will become of those doctrines of men that exalt justice, like a frowning tyrant, to the throne of the Deity, withering with his dark scowl the hope of millions? They perish, as perishes darkness before light. God's attributes are separated by man's wants, but united in one by his own perfection. Some of the colors of light abstractly considered seem to promise little union with the beautiful white without affecting its purity, yet we know that in reality there is no opposition; so with some of the attributes of the Deity separately considered. As we look upon them as divided by the mental prism between the Perfect and the Imperfect, they appear so diverse that it is difficult to believe they can be united in one and that love. But the lens of divine truth will prove it; and faith and hope will rejoice with exceeding great joy while they recognize mercy as being blended with every purpose and design of the Deity toward man; and from the depths of affection and reverence will go up a song of praise to unite with the heavenly anthem of 'Alleluiah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!'

Through how many channels runs blessedness to man from the mercy of God! So with man's being merciful to man. Shakspeare has said, and his words are familiar—

> 'It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown.
> Earthly power doth then show likest God's,
> *When mercy seasons justice.*'

And is not this in harmony with the christian teachings? Certainly it is; and what higher recommendation can be needed or given to persuade us to exercise that mercy which is twice blessed?

'Happy are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.' This declaration is grounded in the common infirmities of man, and that, created and situated as he is, he both needs mercy and to exercise it. A non-remembrance of the first necessity, is the cause, in a great degree, of his not obeying the other. He forgets how much he needs, and is miserly in his gifts to others; for let but a man consider, with concentration and seriousness of thought, the imperfections of his temper, feelings, and conduct—let him recall how much he has been unmindful of the feelings and interests of others—and how often he has erred from the standard of the Master, and he must feel, with deep sorrow of heart, how much he needs of mercy from God and man! If the human eye were to judge of his character without mercy, what would be the judgment? A judgment from which he would shrink, as guilt flies from thought; and shall this creature be unmerciful towards others? Hear the lesson of the sweet parable of German origin, entitled, Man the offspring of Mercy. When the Almighty said, Let us create man! he called the angels of the attributes, and they stood in their brightness before the glorious throne, and spake as the spirit of their nature dictated. Create him not! cried the angel of Peace, for he will deluge the earth in blood and wake the demons of war; the first born of his race will kill his brother. Create him not! cried the angel of Justice, for he will oppress his brethren, the weak will rule the strong, and the cunning the ignorant. Create him not! cried the angel of Truth; he will be false to his vow, treacherous in speech, defiling thy sanctuary with hypocrisy, and will learn his fellow to deceive. When they had spoken, and the earnestness of their voice, look, and manner, proved that they would that paradise might not know man, the angel of *Mercy*, the loveliest of the train, and that ever with meek eye and compassionate speech, lingered near the throne, uttered her plea,—Create him, Father! in thine own likeness, and the darling of thy love. When all thy angels forsake him, I will seek and turn his faults to good; because he is weak, I will

incline him to compassion, and to reconciliation with the erring; when he strays from peace, from truth, from justice, his wanderings shall not satisfy him, and he shall seek to return, and I will lead him to them again, and he shall be thine forever. Father, create him!—He was created, a weak, faltering being, but in his waywardness the pupil of Mercy—Mercy, the child of ever ameliorating love. Remember thy origin, O man! when thou art hard and unkind to thy brother. Mercy alone desired thy existence; Pity and Love nursed thee on their bosoms. Forget them not, but repay their tenderness by mercy to thy fellows.

Mercy is required of us in three ways; Charity to the poor; Pity for the degraded; and Candor in judging human characters. How essential to our best good is the cultivation of this three-fold mercy! The poor we have always with us; the eye of Mercy scans with lenient kindness their errors, if errors have made them needy; her heart does not study to seek excuses for withholding, but gives to do good and tries to animate to virtue. She does not give with ostentation, for that is haughty Pride's manner, who gives for the credit she hopes to gain; nor does Mercy give with many reproofs and wordy lessons and with an air of superiority, for so does Self-importance, more desirous to show self than to relieve; but she gives with the look and manner of the angel that brings down from heaven the answer to prayer, all sympathy and with a delicate discernment how to touch the deepest and tenderest feelings, without waking from repose the harsher and unfriendly passions.

> 'She makes excuses where she might condemn,
> And tho' oft baffled, will still hope for them;
> Not soon provoked, however stung or teased,
> And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased,—
> And injured, makes forgiveness her delight.'

Pity for the degraded, is another beautiful form of mercy. How much is it needed, and how limited its exercise! In its full perfection, it is not incompatible with the deepest abhorrence of sin; for in truth this abhorrence of sin gives it its activity and strength. Who abhors sin the most and pities most the degraded? He that sits upon the throne of heaven. He knows the nature of sin; and because he pitied its degraded victims, he sent forth the ministers of his holiness and gave man the Word of life. That book of God, so full of mercy for man, with such exhibitions of pity and compassion, treats from beginning to end of sin—its origin, deceitful action, awful effects, remedy, encouragements to become victors, and descriptions of the glory of conquest. And, in one word, what could show more the close union, and the activity the one borrows from the other, of pity for the degraded and hatred of sin, than the gift of Jesus Christ, by the Father, to a sinful world? And in that Son how beautifully were the same excellences blended and exhibited! O if we have not pity for the degraded, we are not his disciples, and need much to linger over the tender incident in his history, where he bade him that was without sin cast the first stone at the guilty woman! and as there we read and think, we should question conscience if we also would not have shrunk away with the throng before the majesty of that tone and with it ringing in the brain!

Man was never made to be contemned. Hate sin—love man! are four words that embrace the whole of christian morality and the true philosophy of benevolence. Yet how often are the latter two forgotten by the influence of the two former! It should not be. Man will pause before the ruin of an ancient temple, where around him, like the scattered fragments of a broken crown, are the remnants of its ancient grandeur. Fancy will employ herself in restoring the ruins to the splendor of past time, till before her eye the temple rises in its former beauty, and he beholds the priest and the sacrifice, the altar and the incense, and hears far in the holiest the sound of praise and prayer. He almost venerates what he beholds; and when fancy plumes her wings, and leaves him to cold reality, the associations which intellect, by the aid of history, throws around the fragments of departed glory, make them sacred, and the relics are dear and prized—to treat them with contempt, were desecration in his sight. And shall it be less so with contempt for ruined man—the temple that once had its beauty, its priest, its altar, its sacrifice, its prayer, and its song of praise? And will contempt do for it, what king Hezekiah did for the polluted temple of Zion—will it bring back the priest to the right service, purify the altar, prepare the sacrifice of the contrite spirit and the thankful heart, and cause to ascend from the inner sanctuary the voice of prayer and praise? No; contempt was never yet the soul of a good act, and from its nature it never can be. We must, like the ancient Jews, love the temple though the spoil of the enemy, and desecrated though it may have been by unhallowed rites; yea, with the poet we must feel—

'Tis nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. Then be assured
That least of all can aught, that ever owned
The heaven regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to, sink, howe'er depressed,
So low as to be scorned without a sin;
Without offence to God cast out of view;
Like the dry remnant of a garden flower
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
Worn out and worthless.'

A remembrance of the high estate from which they have fallen, will incline us to pity the degraded. Our mother's son may perhaps become like them, if we ourselves do not; and would we that man should despise our brother, though sin has betrayed and made him captive? Who would mock the chained slave! A few years make strange revelations, and teach lessons that are bitter in the soul. They have in their flight torn from many a brow the chaplet of its glory, robbed the moral being of its purity and charms, and left the victims to mourn the absence of that mercy which they in their higher estate refused to others. He that is a stern judge over the faults of others, should be pure himself, or judge not, lest he be judged; for men will require much of those who require much from frail humanity.

Blessed are the merciful! for they are candid to the character of others. Who are more unhappy than the sensorious, the severe, and the uncharitable? They permit the entrance of the most vexing and unsatisfying passions; and in their haste to point out and lament with heartless sighs the faults in another's character, they forget all his good qualities. There is pleasure in noting the existence and exercise of good qualities, if we have candor to appreciate goodness in others; it is pleasant to know that by another's benevolence a widow's heart has been cheered, and the needy fatherless provided for; to see the weak helped by the strong, and the desponding comforted by the cheerful; but the evil eye does not see these in the light candor does, and enjoys them not—the chord of social sympathy is not touched, whereby he might have participated in the joy of mercy's deeds. Ever suspicious and jealous, he cannot exercise that charity which would believe the best, suffering long and is kind, but sees evil where evil is not, and has all the unhappy consequences to repay his anxiety to be miserable. Happy alone are the merciful to characters, for the unmerciful do by their censures and severity attract attention to their own temper, disposition and conduct; and woe to him who thus brings himself before the judgment seat of men.

The want of that mercy we now treat of, has been the chief cause of the rashness of many reformers, and has retarded the work of man's true freedom. They fix their attention upon a social evil—it may be a great and extensively prevalent one; they contemplate it, think upon it, and discuss it fully; they can do this candidly, for its existence may not affect their interests, neither may its extirpation; and now armed and nerved they go forth to the contest against it, and what is the character of their measures? They treat all concerned in the evil, against which they are set, as though each and all have no more temptations to resist than themselves; forgetting the power of education, habit, and custom, and that these make one familiar with an evil so as to reconcile him to it, which to another not accustomed to it, appears at once loathsome and vile. Men are not to be treated as though they all had the same moral training, although the principles of right and truth are the same. Much is to be considered in reference to the moulding and forming influences that have been about them—the moral atmosphere they have breathed, and their natural temperament and cast of mind. The neglect of this, is what lies at the foundation of most of the errors in modes of education, discipline, and reform. Men have been treated too much as though they were animals, instead of beings endowed with reason, affections, and conscience, educated by surrounding circumstances, and much affected by custom and habits. In short, according to the progress of the union of true mercy with schemes of education, discipline, and reform, will be the actual advance of society, and no faster.

Let us seek the blessedness of being merciful, that from God and man we may be assured of receiving mercy.

'Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.' B.

August 16, 1839.

Written for the Repository.

The Expansion of the Word.

BY A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

THE child had paused in his wild, boyish glee,
And pushing back the thick and clustering curls,
Had bathed his sweaty brow in the clear stream.
His bow and arrows, all his instruments
Of mimic warfare, and of childish sport,
Lay on the grass beside him. He had played
Amid the wild flowers, and beneath the clear
Blue sky, since morning; and the golden sun
Was now high in his daily course. The boy
Grew wearied of his play, and laid him down
In the cool shade, close to the sparkling stream,
Which made glad music to his childish heart.
His brow grew thoughtful, and his earnest eye
Lit up with holy feelings, as he drew
Forth from its resting place the Holy Book
Of inspiration; his young heart drank in
Its sacred truths, and as he sat and read
A deeper spirit seemed to breathe and shine
From the boy's earnest face and thoughtful brow.
A thrill of happiness and holy joy,
Passed through his heart as he there read of God's
Impartial love and sacred promises,
And of the blessing Jesus bore to such
As he.

That glad fair child in life's bright morn,
Had found the only fount of happiness
That gushes out upon the spreading earth,
Whose waters leave no bitter taste, nor void
Unto the traveler who drinks thereof.
Free and all holy, like to God's own love,
It gushes out, and childhood there may come
And with its tiny hands the waters bear
To its unsullied lips, and they will be
A safeguard to the heart, a cooling draught,
Amid life's hot and hurried fever strife.

Years passed away,—and to the cool, deep shade,
Close to the sparkling stream, there came a form
With all life's joy and freshness gathering round.
He came, and left the busy world behind.
Its cares, its turmoils, jarred upon the ear,
And e'en the breath of praise which followed him,
And fame, who placed the laurelled circlet
On his brow—all, all, he tired of all,
And sicken'd at the multitude's strong voice;
And his heart longed once more for the cool shade,
The sparkling stream, the sky, the very breeze
Which there in childhood's hour had fanned his cheek,
And lifted up the curls from his young, sunny brow.
And as he sat and read from the same book,
He found its promises were still as bright,
Its truths as clear and soothing to the heart,
As when a boy his eye had scanned the page.
That boy had mingled with the world since then;
Its cares, its pleasures, both had touched his heart;
Yet still through all, 'mid dazzling praise and fame,
'Mid all that lures the heart from holiness,—
He still had kept that one spot bright, his love
For God and his all holy word—and now,
That love shown bright within his soul, a light,
A ray from Heaven, a holy stream of joy
Amid those founts which never quench the thirst!

Years passed again,—and o'er the brow of youth
All manhood's cares and thoughtful shades were thrown.
Since last he sat beside the sparkling stream,
He had seen much of sorrow. He had found
How vain and fleeting is the world's caress,
How like to idols, images of clay,
Are the frail worldly things in which man puts
His trust, and finds with sorrow and with grief,
That e'en the slightest breath had power to mar,
And that a touch can scatter and destroy
The hopes that we have cherished for long years!
Ay, he had known, had felt all this. The world
Had turned a scornful eye upon the one
It once had favored. Friends had forsaken,
Enemies had risen, cares had grown up
Around his path, and death himself had stood
E'en at his threshold, and had called away
One of his heart's best loved unto its God!
These were stern things, and sternly had they tried
The strong man's heart, and he had wept at times
E'en like a child. Ay, and there had been hours
When he had almost murmured at the will
Of God. But then his heart would turn again
Unto that same clear fount, that sparkling stream
Of which he drank in boyhood and in youth.
Yes, sacred still, and soothing to his soul
Were now the words of Holy Writ. Its truths
Fell on his wearied heart like dew from Heaven.
The world's cold voice unheeded passed,
His enemies were all forgiven, cares ceased
To fret his soul, and death was now no more
The dread, destroying messenger, but one
Who calls our spirits to a brighter home.

Again, and there were furrows on the brow
Of manhood. His hair was thin and silvery,
His eyes were dim, and his weak palsied hands
Almost refused to do the old man's will.
For age had come,—and the young boy we met
Beside the sparkling stream, with sunny brow,
Has grown to that old, feeble man with step
Fast hurrying to the grave. And so time flies.
The old man feels it as he totters on,
But still his brow is calm, and still his heart
Is childlike in its trust and confidence;
And though his dim eyes may not *read* that book
Which oft has been his comforter in hours
Of grief, still doth his heart remember well
Its precious promises; and that old man
Hath now nought else to do, than thus to sit
And ponder o'er the word of God, he learned
So well in boyhood, that it is still
Familiar to his heart as if the words
Shone bright before his dim and aged eyes.
It is his solace still, his comforter,
His all of joy on earth. Ay, it has cheered
His boyhood and his youth, nerved up his heart
In manhood's trials, and it stands now
Around his dying bed and points him on
To brighter worlds, where age may never come,
But where the old man's heart will find the God
In whom he trusted, is his Father still. G. R. L.

Written for the Repository.

Affectation and Simplicity in Writers.

AFFECTATION always denotes a want of real merit, in that peculiar branch or subject to which it is applied. It is a garment intended to hide the defects of the form upon which it is thrown. In literature, there is nothing which so unequivocally betrays a want of genius as affectation. In this age of writers, we have, of course, many who would never have thought of writing, but for certain extraneous inducements, such as a thirst for renown, or a desire to procure an *easy* livelihood. Some who have become reduced in their circumstances, have taken up the quill, who never took it up from inclination, in the days of their prosperity. But they are not subjects for

our animadversion. We must feel for their misfortunes, and although they may have launched upon the tide of literature with broken paddle and tattered sail—and give a plenty of evidence that they are out of their natural element—still we should help them all we can. Common humanity counsels this. Although we may be obliged to wade and struggle through their borrowed imagery, their hackneyed thoughts, and vapid elegance, still we should rather pity than blame; and if the little public which comprises their particular friends, are disposed to aid them in their endeavors to procure an honorable support, I do not know that we should too sternly criticise their imperfections, or endeavor to shatter their tinselled fabric by a strong blast of truth. All men and women are not *thinkers;* and some prefer a nicely arranged phalanx of pretty words, to ideas for which language serves but as a necessary vehicle.

If, then, a part of mankind can be suited with the vapid effusions of these would-be writers; or, rather, can be pleased for awhile by the perusal of them, they answer a purpose; and so far they have their uses. The literary world is unfortunately made up of parties or circles, who make it a point to applaud and keep each other in countenance: but the mind of sterling genius will belong to no party. It will not try to admire what is worthless, though it come from one who is both loved and respected.

The office of censor is never taken up by a generous mind; and, therefore, I am not disposed to pass judgment upon individuals. I would merely speak of palpable defects, such as appear in many authors of the present day, who are destined to pass away like the fogs of a summer morning; and in so doing, I shall aim at no particular work or writer—but at classes of writers. I would compare these with those writers who have founded claims upon the respect and admiration of mankind, and hope I shall not draw the contrast in vain.

The great fault in works of the present day is, a scarcity of ideas—wordy nothingness. I do not say that the ideas are bad, that the sentiments are false, and the moral injurious. I am not now to speak of the demoralizing effect of novels or of ribald verse. There are many individuals who have garnered up a good stock of words, by much reading; and they can tell you what this and that author has to say upon this and that subject; and they can write the same thing 'in their own words.' They admire this poet and do not like the other one; and we find sufficient evidence of their partiality in their own productions. Of course such persons are mere copyists; but their partial friends call them authors.

A great deal of stress is placed upon words; nay, some writers imagine that a very fair hand, and a very fine sheet of white paper are indispensable to good authorship. Then the language must be excessively delicate. A very mean idea—or no idea at all—will answer every purpose, so that a few rare words are thrown in to give the sentence a learned sound. Some classic allusion will affix to the tamest and most vapid paragraph the indisputable stamp of genius, and a Latin quotation sends the author to the very top of Parnassus in a twinkling.

Such writers would not know that John Bunyan possessed a particle of genius, if some kind friend did not inform them of the fact; simply because he says nothing about ottomans or silver tooth-picks, and because he does not praise the virtues of some exotic flower which none but the rich can afford to possess, and which brings an enormous price at the garden shops.

A stranger to our literature might imagine, on reading some modern writers, that he had got hold of an inventory of the articles in some china shop or upholsterer's store, so careful are some authors to convince the public that they have seen the inside of rich men's houses, and know how they are furnished.

Genius addresses itself to the world of mankind, and is desirous of being understood by *all.* It would fain stamp the burning impressions which fire its own brain and heart upon the minds of every rational being. It gives its energetic thoughts the plainest language—and goes forth in its majestic simplicity captivating alike to the native of the palace and the indweller of the cottage. It scatters, in its fiery course, the thoughts of other men from its path, like the spray-wreathed prow of the gallant ship, flinging to the right and the left, the dead waters which impede its course.

What a pity that Homer had not made himself acquainted with pretty words! Alas! he makes no mention of Turkey carpets and embossed visiting cards. Wonder if he wrote on gilt-edged paper?

It is true that Homer describes the dress and equipage of kings; and we are indebted to him for those descriptions. Sir Walter Scott also

gives us graphic views of the manners and dress and furniture of ages that slumber. All this is as it should be—and in attempting the description of men and manners, it is requisite. But here everything is described. The humblest utensil of the peasant; the collar of the slave, is pictured to the eye of the mind with the same impartiality as the sceptre of a prince or the armor of a hero.

But who would deny the award of genius, who would express a want of interest in Homer because his kings wore a bull's hide, or their dishes were not served up by a French cook? None, but those weakly minds who think insipidity and affected politeness the marks of genius.

Genius uses no words for effect, unless, indeed, those words embody a valuable idea. Genius will rather draw its comparisons from things which are familiar to the reader, than from those of which we read in ancient authors—provided the resemblance can be as well made out. The man who writes to be understood, will not speak of an obelisk when a sugar-loaf will answer every purpose, nor put a wand into the hand of a peasant boy who is accustomed to handling a fishing rod. As it is injurious to the fancy to compare mean things with noble ones, so it is degrading to give noble names to mean things: yet some writers are so excessively anxious to be thought refined, that they can hardly call any ordinary animal or utensil by its proper name. All this betrays a thorough misapprehension of true sublimity and correct style.

Written for the Repository.

Rural Rambles. No. 3.

BY MISS L. A. PEABODY.

A WALK TO AUNT MILLY'S.

'Twas a pleasant summer's evening;—the setting sun just gilding the tops of the trees, and streaming oft-times through their openings, imparted a richness and mellowness to the landscape, making it more lovely in its declining rays, than in the brighter glare of its noon-tide beams. At such an hour, cousin Lucia and myself (each with a basket of blue-berries in our hands, which we designed as a gift to Aunt Milly) entered her lowly habitation, receiving our accustomed welcome from our, *apparently*, aged friend.

'Bless you! bless you! you are nice good *gals*,' exclaimed the old lady, as she took the proffered fruit. 'It's very kind in you,' she continued, 'to remember a poor old woman like me; I remember when I was young, like you, young ladies, how I used to scramble through the bushes and over the rocks to pick berries; but dear me! that time 's past, and I'm nothing but a poor *decriped* old woman now, of not much use to myself, nor nobody else.'

'Oh, don't say that, Aunt Milly,' replied Lucia, 'so long as your visitors learn from you so sweet a lesson of patience and contentment, and all amid your indigence and many privations.'

'Oh, I've a *gret* deal to be thankful for, I'm sure, that I'm allowed to live my last days in the old hut where I was born, with so good a child as my little James is, to live with me.'

'Jamie! Jamie!' called the old lady, and as a little curly headed urchin, some seven or eight years old, made his appearance, she exclaimed, 'Come Jamie, run into the garden and get a bunch of flowers for the gals;—that's a good boy. I ha'nt got much that I can give you, that would be acceptable, I know, young ladies, yet I think that you would like a nosegay, for I remember that I have often seen you with a whole handful of wild flowers,—such common ones too as grow round by the road-side, and in the pastures.'

We assured the good old lady that they would be very acceptable; and by this time little James returned with a nice *boquet* for each of us, made up of marigolds, lavender and bachelor's buttons, with various other kinds of flowers, which decorated their little garden. We thanked our little friend for the pretty gifts which we received from him, and after promising Aunt Milly we would soon call again, we bade her good day, and turned our steps homeward.

'I love old Aunt Milly,' said Lucia, 'she is always so kind and affectionate; yet she hath been the child of sorrow, her trials have been severe, and her griefs many and bitter.'

'Tell me somewhat of her life, dear Lucia, I would like to know more of her.'

'Well, cousin, I will endeavor to grant your request. Pamelia Williams was the daughter of poor parents; her mother was an honest and industrious woman, who labored hard for the improvement and support of her children; but her father was a man of dissolute habits, who spent all the earnings of his poor wife, in purchasing the torments derived from the intoxicating cup. Mrs. Williams had but little time to devote to the education of her children, as she was obliged

to toil early and late, to supply them and her wretched husband with food. Aunt Milly, as we now call her, was but about fourteen years of age when her mother died, and her oldest brother, and the only one of the children who was older than herself, was seventeen. The whole care of the younger children and of the poor helpless inebriate, their father, necessarily devolved upon them; and it was only by the strictest frugality and untiring exertions on their part, that they were enabled to keep the remainder of the family together in the small cottage where their mother left them. For awhile they were successful in their exertions, but at length Alfred, their chief support, was taken dangerously ill, and now, indeed, was poor Milly obliged to use every exertion to keep her poor brother from actual suffering. The younger children were sent to the alms-house, so her burdens were much lighter. But a new source of affliction was opened to her; just as her brother began to show signs of returning health, and her spirits were gladdened by the prospect of his speedy recovery, her father was brought home dead one cold morning. He was found a stiffened corpse by the road side, where it was supposed he sank down in a state of intoxication and died of cold. This produced such a shock upon the weakened nerves of poor Alfred, that it brought him to so low a state, that his physician gave up all hope of his recovery. Now was Pamelia's cup of bitterness full. She struggled awhile to bear up with her misfortunes, but at length lunacy came to her,—not with terrifying visions and constant mental torture, but bright and peaceful dreams blessed her crushed heart, and her imaginings, though wild, seemed like sweet fantasies, softly breathed into her ears by angel visitants. For many years she was as a little child running amongst the flowers, plucking the fairest and sweetest, and chasing the wild bee and butterfly from their golden bells, laughing in her heart's joyousness, as if never a cloud had come over the sunlight of her existence.'

'As Pamelia's mind became so much alienated as to incapacitate her for performing her accustomed labors, the alms-house, where her sisters had previously gone, became her home. Years passed on, and poor Milly seemed ever the same, and no one thought she would ever regain her reason. Her sick brother recovered his health, and after some years, married. The little boy who is now with Milly, was his only child. He died when it was only three years old, and two years after, his wife followed him to the better land, leaving little James with his Aunt Milly, in the cottage which had been her childhood's home. About a year previous to the death of Alfred, Pamelia's long delirium left her as suddenly as it came to her.'

'How old is she now?' I asked.

'Not far from fifty, yet, on account of her misfortunes and sickness, she looks and appears much older than she really is. She possessed too much natural energy of character to wish to remain longer in a situation so dependant on others; therefore she went to her old home, where her brother then lived, partly earning her subsistence by knitting and doing coarse needle work. When her brother died, he left his farm and what little property he possessed, to his wife and child, with the provision that Aunt Milly should have a home there as long as she should live. Dear old Aunt Milly! I love her, ever patient as she is, and I deem the blessing with which she always greets me, as a benison from the lips of one of far more enduring christian faith and meekness, than the most of earth's sorrowing children. O, my dear friend!' she continued, taking my hand, 'take pattern from her gentleness and lowliness of heart, so that when old age, and misfortune, perchance, shall come upon you, you may be able to give the same lessons of humility and gratitude to others, that she so sweetly imparts to her friends.'

The silver beams of the moon had already began to fall upon the quiet earth, when we reached home; somewhat fatigued, 'tis true, with our ramble, but with our hearts made happy, and our benevolent feelings awakened by our visit to our good old friend Aunt Milly.

Shirley Village, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

God's Voice in Nature.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

FATHER! thy voice is heard in nature's bowers,
When smiles Aurora o'er the misty height,
And whispering zephyrs wake the dew gemm'd flowers,
To fill their velvet cups with roseate light.

How the soft murmurs swell along the grove,
As matin warblers raise the choral hymn;
Through glen and glade, the seraph-tone of love
Wakes the wild echos 'mid the woodlands dim.

We hear it in the cascade's silvery play,
As o'er the sylvan lake the breezes swell,

Shaking the crystals from the bending spray,
While thrilling lyre-notes steal along the dell.

Each chiming wavelet, rippling gently by,
With its unceasing cadences of song;
Speaks but of Him, who through the midnight sky
Marshals the hosts of many a shining throng.

We hear it too, when tempests piping loud,
Peal their shrill anthems through the troubled sky;
When leaps the lightning from the dark storm-cloud,
And thunders roll the dread response on high.

Lowly the reverent spirit bows before
The Eternal power that rules the fierce-wing'd storm;
Hearing Love's tone amid the whirlwind's roar,
Whose giant strides each beauteous scene deform.

Malone, N. Y.

Written for the Repository.

A Thought on Female Culture.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

I THINK woman greatly misjudges her own happiness in making it depend so entirely upon the chances of her fortune, and the gratification of her affections. She is too much inclined to the belief that she is a *dependent* creature—that she cannot make herself, and her fortunes. I would not inculcate the absurd doctrine of physical independence; nor ground my arguments on the supposition that woman can render herself indifferent to exterior circumstances. But that same good Being who has given to the minutest insect some instrument of self-preservation, sent not into this world the most beautiful creation of his hands to be the sport of circumstance, and the victim of feeling.

I am not intending at this time, nor in this place, to give full expression to the opinions that are gaining daily strength in my mind, respecting the proper culture and discipline of the female character. It seems to be a prevalent idea that something is wrong either in the education or in the position of woman. Her *rights* are discussed, her sphere disputed, her very privileges seem to be subjects of doubt and inquiry. One claims for her a place in the halls of legislation, in the pulpit, the lecture-room, and at the polls. He would see her clad, like Joan of Arc, in the iron panoply of war—with helm on her head, and shield at her heart. Another, not less devoted to her happiness, would make her, like the Lares, a household divinity, presiding at the hearth-stone—the mother of children, the tender nurse, the frugal housewife, and—nothing more.

I think these contending advocates for the sex are both at fault in making exterior condition the source of female influence and happiness. If woman's mind and heart are right, it is not of essential importance whether their operations are in private, and upon her household, or whether they take a more open and bustling sphere of duty. The most she wants, is a character, a power, an independence. Not that independence which erects 'Liberty-poles,' and shouts 'Freedom!' from the forum; but the calm, still, holy consciousness of mental and moral power; the elevation and strength which is born of knowledge, of thought, and of just self-reliance.

The education which will fit woman to be the companion of man in intellect as well as in feeling, will not subtract, in the minutest degree, from those qualities which render her lovely in domestic life. Indeed, can any woman be so valuable to a husband, as one who is capable of sharing the confidence of his *mind* as well as his heart? She is but half-wedded who cannot enter into the intellectual sympathies of her companion. It is only when he *feels*, that she is his wife; when he *thinks*, she is alone.

And then, again, woman is not necessarily born for marriage. She has the birthright of an independent existence; and to this birthright she owes reverence as to a holy gift. Her motto should be, '*equal to either fortune*'—and at all times let her remember that though it may be *expedient* for her to marry, it is her *privilege* to be single. I hope, in another place and at another time, to give a clearer and better expression to these opinions. I wish to exhibit woman as she can be, rather than as she is—a being of noble capacities and powers, educated to be useful, having individual resources, unfailing self-reliance, and a knowledge of happiness not subject to exterior contingences. In a word, as the poet has beautifully described her—

'A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
With reason firm, and temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A *perfect woman*, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.'

Contributed to the Ladies' Repository.

On the Death of a Child.

DIED in Concord, Mass., in August last, CLARISSA JANE, daughter of William and Jane Fogg, aged 17 months. The following poem is, we suppose, a selection, and is addressed to the bereaved parents. ED.

'REJOICE! your child, so beautiful, no longer
Droops 'neath disease!—Rejoice! her throes are o'er;
Your bowed and broken flower is raised, and stronger
Blooms where the storms of sickness beat no more.

Let not a tear ungratefully be given;
Let not a murmur linger where she trod:
Your child of earth is now the child of heaven,
Your heir, O parents, is the heir of God!

Lift up your spirits with this seraph vision,
That she so pure, so beautiful, hath fled
From our dim home, unto a home Elysian;
The paradise that waits the sinless dead!

And yet, forget not! but, when early morning
Like a bright bird lifts up her golden plumes,
Think of your child!—think, thus her soul returning,
Glows in the heavenly East as morning blooms!

And still, forget not! But when flowers are sighing,
And evening sunset fades along the West,
Think of your child! yet, oh! not *pale* and *dying;*
But living, smiling, radiant 'mid the blest!'

Written for the Repository.

Unconscious Worship.

The purest part of our religion is, perhaps, that which is least recognized by us. It is not alone the devotional excitement of prayer, nor the audible thanksgiving of the heart in song, which constitutes the beauty and purity of worship. There is a quiet sense of love and spiritual holiness within us, awakened by the bland sunshine and the balmy air, the music of winds, and waves, and birds, which, silent and involuntary as it is, gives unto the Father a vow of gratitude more true and holy than even the *conscious* heart can yield.

When we lift the soul in prayer, it is for *ourselves* we worship; when the heart is stirred to audible music, it has a tribute for itself as well as for God; but when the deep fountains of the soul are brightened by sunbeams, and silently and quietly they reflect the image of the Divine, is there not a beauty in this unconscious worship which the Father will seal with his most sanctifying love?

This gentle and impulsive devotion should be cherished, not only as an acknowledgment of the divine goodness, but as one of those silent and far-reaching influences, which, like the dew that instils into the earth and calls the bud and blossom into being, will be continually nourishing in the heart those gentler virtues and aspirations which render us so 'essentially immortal.'

S. C. E.

The people should always *know* their servants before placing their trusts in them.

Can all men be content with their lot? is a very grave question. The true philosopher alone can solve the query.

Birds of passage soar in heaven's freedom.

Written for the Repository.

'Their Path shineth after them.'

BY IONE.

Who has not in his heart a place consecrated to the memory of the dead? The aged dropped around us, blasted by the breath of many winters; the strong man fell even while rejoicing in his strength and prosperity; the matron laid aside her cares and slept in calm unconsciousness; and the young and beautiful passed away like flowers which, exposed to an early frost, laid their petals in the dust, and revived no more beneath the genial breath of summer. Alas! alas! many of these are united with our dearest recollections, and constitute the most precious jewels in the great store house of memory. Do their paths shine after them?

It is evening, and dark clouds veil the bright stars from mortal eyes. My room is but dimly lighted, and my thoughts are busy with the past. 'Come forth, beautiful visions, that have slumbered in the glare of day! come forth, one by one, a slow and solemn procession, and permit your soft, lustrous eyes to look into mine. I would speak of your sojourning here, of the thorns that goaded your brows beneath coronals of flowers, of a current of sadness beneath the surface of the sparkling waters of pleasure. Pause with me, for my thoughts are rapidly traveling the past, and striving to gather each memento of your worth and loveliness.'

There is one whom I had known from childhood, a gay, bright being, with a light laugh and playful jest ever upon her lips. She was an only child and the idol of a widowed mother. Handsome she was not, but overflowing with good feeling, and she seemed to move in an atmosphere of sunshine and joy. There was one who knew and loved her with all the strength of manly affection, and would have lain down his life to serve her, but she returned not his love, and bestowed her heart upon another. We marvelled at her thoughtless choice, but it was made, and could not be recalled. He who loved her with a strength and purity of affection seldom surpassed, was compelled to look on and see her willingly sacrificed. She had been married but a few months, when the mask of virtue which her husband had speciously worn, was thrown aside, and the world knew him as he was, a reckless, dissipated, and worthless man. Two years passed away, and she clasped to her bosom a helpless and beautiful

infant; but they, who clustered around her bed of sickness, saw that the lamp of life burnt dimly. She lingered, however, some months, withering in the grasp of fearful consumption. She expressed no wish to live, and the grave, with the eternal world beyond, were more desirable than all that life could offer. She seldom asked for her child, whose feeble weight was too much for her reduced strength. He who had destroyed and parted from her while health sat upon her brow, saw her no more till she lay within her coffin—a broken, wasted flower. Her pathway was bright and shining till the last, because the record was full of duties faithfully performed and trials borne with uncomplaining fortitude. Often in daily experience we see the sun rise in cloudless splendor and soar unveiled to the zenith, then lose itself in shadows and storms, nor pierce the clouds to bestow a parting smile ere it sinks below the horizon. God grant the light of his countenance to illumine our hearts when earthly comforts fail.

There is another who stands before me even now, as he stood but yesterday in manhood's early prime. His active mind was full of anticipations, plans and hopes for the future. His foot was upon the threshold of the great world, and he was about to enter amid the stirring scenes of conflicting interests, when the hand of death was laid suddenly and heavily upon him, and he prepared to partake of that rest that knows no interruption. He was beloved, honored, trusted, and the few who cherish his memory, turn to it as a bright and pure star, whose rays will guide the trusting wanderer to a holier and happier home. His death was regretted by the community, but mourned by the few who treasured him as a household gem of rare lustre and value. He left a spotless and luminous path, terminated indeed on earth, but opened in exceeding glory in the spirit land.

Again the cloudy pillar is withdrawn and another form glides before me, slight yet perfect in its proportions. It is that of a young lady with whom I became acquainted subsequently to my school days. When we first met she was about sixteen, and very youthful in her form and manners. The dignity of the woman had not succeeded to the playfulness of the child. There was one numbering almost twice her years, who loved her or professed to do so, and when his feelings were made known, pleased and gratified she referred him to the decision of her parents. As no objection could be urged, he was allowed to devote to her his time and attention, and an engagement was formed which lasted but a few months. Unhappily her lover was of a fickle disposition, and soon wearied of the bonds that bound him to one so young and tender. When he announced his intention of deserting her, she fainted; but from that time showed no emotion when speaking of him or hearing his name. She once said to me, when conversing about her unfortunate engagement, 'I believe I mistook gratified vanity and ambition for love, else I could never have withstood the shock.' A few years after the above event, I was told that she was fast failing in a consumption. It was too true. Previously to her illness she approached the table of our risen Lord, and gave herself in the innocence of youth to the service of her God. I need not say that she was sustained in the last great struggle. Twenty summers had not strown their flowers at her feet ere she laid down the burden of life to awaken in a home where life can no more be wearisome. Two sisters and an only brother survived to mourn over the youngest bud upon the parent stem. Her large dark eyes are even now bent upon me, and her arch and playful smile is indelibly impressed upon my memory. Her predominant trait was freedom from selfishness—perhaps the rarest attribute of humanity. 'Rest thee, young, guileless being! But one cloud gathered upon thy path, and that gave way before the smile of the Sun of Righteousness. Thy hopes grew brighter and brighter till lost in fruition, and thy feet linger in the bowers of Paradise.'

Bear with me, gentle reader, while I speak of one more form in the shadowy procession. This last had numbered but two years when her tiny form yielded to the decree of her Maker, and all unconscious, she too was early doomed to tread the dark valley. Some one may ask, 'Can those so young, be said to leave a shining path behind them?' Oh, yes! for hers was a holy ministry, appealing to the best feelings of our natures, and smoothing the roughness which intercourse with the world sometimes fastens upon the finest spirits. The household names were familiar to her infant lips, and an uncommon memory enabled her thus early to repeat a childish hymn. The youngest of a numerous family, she was the pet and idol of all, and the heiress of a mighty kingdom might have sighed in vain for the heartfelt homage that was hourly tendered unto her. A

disease of the lungs, which produced no violent anguish, slowly but surely sapped the fountain of life. It was a clear, cold morning when we met around her, fearful yet not certain that her end was near. She lay upon a pillow, and her little hands were folded upon her breast. Her father bent above her with sorrow such as parents only know, and when his grief mocked control, he turned away to indulge it in solitude. The little sufferer watched his retreating form, and when he was no longer visible, she murmured 'father.' Oh! how sad, how solemn was the cadence with which that one sweet word was uttered! It was her last effort. In a few minutes the delicate lid fell languidly over the shining orb, the silken lash rested upon her colorless cheek, and all was peace. No sigh, no groan broke from her pale lips, and her spirit commenced without a struggle its untried journey to the home of the angels. 'Sweet innocent, the love we bore thee was unlike all other love, so pure, so engrossing, so tender! The world was too rough a home for a spirit so guileless, and we gave thee, with many longings, but in perfect faith, to thy God. We feel assured thou hast joined the unspotted band who bathe in the river of life, and though we shed no tear for thee, we weep for ourselves, thus early left without thy hallowing influence.'

Fellow traveler upon earth, in thy past experience, are there no passages like these? Canst thou trace no lost treasure to the portals of heaven? As one by one we step upon the spirit shore, may we be greeted by cloudless faces whose memory was with us even when we glided over the river of death.

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The last of his Tribe.

BY T. B. READ.

The sun had sunk behind the hill,
The stars were twinkling in the sky,
The moon's bright horns began to fill,
And shone with splendor from on high,
While on the sombre veil of night
Glitter'd the fire-fly's golden light.

The wood where long the deer had stray'd,
And roved in nature's freedom still,
Now slept in silence and in shade,
Save when the lonely whip-poor-will
Pour'd from the giant old oak tree
Her song of mournful melody.

Beside the Mohawk's waters stood,
Bending its glassy surface o'er,
A weeping willow; while the wood,
The distant hills, and verdant shore,
Seem'd moving in the rippling wave,
That back their dusky features gave.

Beneath the willow's drooping bough,
Half hidden by the o'er-hanging green,
And by the bank's dark rugged brow,
An Indian cot was dimly seen;
The hunter's tent a bison's hide,
And wild deer skin a roof supplied.

Beside the tent an aged man
Sat in the moon's inspiring beam,
The breeze of evening came to fan
His silver locks, and on the stream
He gazed, and musing seem'd to trace
The story of his long lost race.

He was the last of all his race,
The Sachem of a thousand braves,
And 'twas the scene, the very place,
Beside the Mohawk's gentle waves
Where slept his sires; and with them soon
He hoped to lay life's burden down.

His bow and arrow by him lay,
A bison's robe was o'er him thrown,
And as the moon's soft quiet ray
Upon his tawny features shone,
He seem'd the emblem of the fate
Of his proud race, now desolate.

Awhile upon the stream he gazed,
Awhile he looked upon the sky,
Then to the silver moon he raised,
With solemn look, his troubled eye,
And chanted in a low, sad tone,
His tribe's dark hist'ry and his own.

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Margaret Leslie.

'If there be
One eye thou fear'st to meet—one human voice
Whose tones thou shrink'st from—Woman! veil thy face,
And bow thy head—and die!' HEMANS.

Gentle reader! dost love to muse on the lights and shadows of woman's life, and to hear the simple chronicles of a country hamlet? If so, come with me to 'our village;' is it not a lovely spot? There is the neat white meeting-house—for happily we have but one—and our little community hear with pleasure the word of God expounded by our venerable parson, who has labored here nearly all the years of his life, which are now many! There is his dwelling peering through those beautiful elms, quiet and secluded, humble and unpretending, as its beloved master; and there is the school-house, and scattered round, are the flourishing fields, and substantial dwellings of our farmers. But let us turn down this shaded lane, and we shall soon come to an old fashioned cottage; the little garden in front is neatly kept, and the woodbine which nearly covers the house, gives it a romantic appearance. Some dozen years ago, that humble roof was the

centre of attraction in our village; it was inhabited by an aged couple, who had lived a quiet and blameless life; the old man had been a carpenter in his younger days, and the united industry of himself and wife, had enabled them to purchase the little farm and cottage, where they had ever since dwelt, contented with their humble lot, and thankful for the blessings they enjoyed. Of a large family, which had been born to them, one only had lived beyond infancy; she had now grown to womanhood, and at nineteen, was the pride and joy of her parents, and the undisputed belle of the village. Queenly Margaret Leslie! my heart glows as I think of thee, in thy swan-like and glorious beauty! I remember thee in thy sunny girlhood—in the expansion of thy haughty womanhood—at the altar—among the gay and the wealthy—in thy coffin—in thy grave! I have said Margaret was beautiful—in person she was tall, and stately as Cleopatra—her hair was black, with that soft bluish tint which marks the wing of the raven; her eyes were large, dark and dazzling, yet at times soft and melting in their expression; and rendered even darker by long, silken jetty lashes, which swept in a gentle curve, like a veil upon the fair cheek; her complexion was of that soft, rich cream-like hue, which beautiful at all times, lights up at night into marble whiteness, and gives to dark eyes an additional lustre. Her features were small, yet finely moulded; pride was stamped on her lofty brow, and her small, compact mouth bespoke a firm and determined spirit. Such as I have imperfectly described her, can you wonder that she was eagerly wooed by almost every swain in the village? It was not entirely the effect of her person, but there was an irresistible fascination in her manner, which impelled them onward, even when they felt that there was no hope, and that it must end in a refusal. It was not vanity that prompted her—No, no! Margaret Leslie was too proud to be vain! She well knew the power of her charms, but she never exerted them for such conquests. She was the slave of ambition; her proud spirit longed to be away from the home of her childhood—all was too quiet, too same for her; she panted to go forth into the world—to be one of the actors in the busy walks of life; she pined for wealth and grandeur, and for nobler subjects than the plodding inhabitants of a country village. The unbounded indulgence of her parents had allowed her access to a circulating library, and she had eagerly read, or rather devoured, all the trashy novels of the day, and had dwelt upon the elaborately wrought scenes of high life, till she yearned to be one of the motley throng of fashion.

About this time her wishes were gratified in a very unexpected manner. She had reached her twenty-first year unwedded, and having refused, one by one, all the beaux of the village, she began to fear lest she should be obliged to 'waste her sweetness on the desert air.' It was near the close of a bright day in June, that the village was set in commotion by the arrival of a gentleman; he was riding through the place, on his way to a town a few miles distant, when the chaise broke down and he was obliged to go to the nearest tavern to wait till it could be mended; the stranger was a man of some forty odd years, and excessively ugly. He was short, and thick-set; his face was bloated, his eyes small and grey, his hair inclining to red, and the expression of his countenance almost repelling. It was soon discovered that he was a man of great wealth and high standing in society, and consequently every attention was paid him by the landlord. He was in a hurry to depart, and while the chaise was repairing, he stood at the parlor window of the inn, looking out on the road, and conversing with the landlord about the village and its inhabitants; when his attention appeared to be suddenly drawn to some one passing, and with a look of admiration, he exclaimed, 'Pray who is that splendid looking girl?'

'That is Margaret Leslie; she lives down the lane yonder, in the brown cottage, with her father and mother.'

The stranger followed her with his eyes, till she was out of sight, and then, as the landlord left the room, he muttered to himself, 'Faith! she's a stately creature! what an excitement she would raise in Washington; I must see her again!'

Instead of proceeding on his journey that night, the stranger expressed his intention of remaining a short time in the village, and it was soon noised abroad that a rich bachelor was staying at the inn. His arrival was on Saturday night, and the next day a longer time than usual was devoted to the toilet by the single females of the hamlet. When the bachelor was seen, however, nearly every matrimonial dream was put to flight; and he was viewed almost with terror. I said *nearly* every one, for in spite of his age, and his extreme ugliness, there *was* one who could entertain

thoughts of captivating him; and *that one* was Margaret Leslie! She closed her eyes to his person, and thought of the charms of his wealth—of the circle in which he moved, and *of* which alone she had read, thought, and dreamed for so long, and she bent her whole mind upon the accomplishment of her object. As for Mr. Dalrymple, for such was the stranger's name, he had been struck with Margaret's appearance, and left no means untried till he gained an introduction to her. From that time his visits to the brown cottage became frequent; his stay in the village was protracted, and when at length he departed, it was as the affianced husband of Margaret—he was going to Washington to prepare his residence for the bride, and was to return in a few weeks to claim her.

The wedding day came; the bridegroom having arrived the night before in a splendid barouche, drawn by a span of beautiful horses. The village was all a-stir—the church was crowded, and the bridal party soon made their appearance. Never was there a greater contrast than between that ill-assorted couple; Margaret's stately figure seeming even more majestic beside the insignificant form of the bridegroom; she was arrayed in snowy satin, and her raven tresses were ornamented with a bandeau of pearls, which, with a necklace of the same, was the wedding gift of Mr. Dalrymple. The hectic of excitement burnt on her cheek, and her eyes sparkled with unusual lustre; yet during the service, her lip sometimes curled as if in scorn, and an expression of disgust passed over her beautiful face, which gave the lie to the solemn vows she was pronouncing, 'to love, honor, and obey.' At length the ceremony was over; they returned to the cottage, where the wedding dress was exchanged for a traveling habit; they entered the barouche, and amid the tears of her aged parents, the sneers of some, and the envy of a few, Margaret Dalrymple was whirled from the home of her childhood, to enter upon the gaieties and dangers of a city life. * * *

We will pass lightly over the next two years, which were spent in a round of fashionable dissipation. And was Margaret happy? Alas! for her who, brought up in the quiet of a country village, is cast at once into the vortex of worldly pleasure, without any fixed principle to sustain her, and without that surest of safeguards to woman,—her husband's love! But Margaret had no right to complain; she had married her husband for his wealth, with a perfect knowledge of his character; knowing him to be ugly in person, disagreeable in manners—knowing that he sought *her* for her beauty only; and regarding him with a feeling little short of loathing and disgust, she had yet chosen to marry him, and she had received all that she had anticipated. He had placed her in an almost princely mansion—surrounded her with luxuries—introduced her to the circle in which she had so longed to move, and had her instructed in every accomplishment—all this was true, and yet—Margaret was *not* satisfied!

'You must put on your sweetest smiles tonight, Mrs. Dalrymple,' said one of her morning visitors.

'Why so?'

'O you will go to Mrs. Selwyn's, of course, and Mr. Aubrey is to be there!'

'And pray who is Mr. Aubrey?'

'Is it possible you have never heard of him? Why, he is an artist of great celebrity, and moreover, he is rich and handsome, and a great favorite with the ladies.'

At one end of Mrs. Selwyn's drawing-room that night, stood two gentlemen; one of them intently observing a lady, who was carelessly turning over some engravings.

'There is the most splendid woman in the room,' said he to his companion; 'can you tell me her name?'

'That is Mrs. Dalrymple—yonder is her husband.'

'Not that old, ugly man, surely?'

'The same.'

'Heavens! what a sacrifice!'

'Not so much a sacrifice, as a bargain,' replied his companion. 'Old Dalrymple found her in an obscure country village; he fell in love with her beauty—she with his wealth—he purchased the one with the other, and so they are about on a par; but come, shall I introduce you?'

In less than an hour, William Aubrey and Margaret Dalrymple found themselves conversing as familiarly, as though they had been acquainted from childhood. That night commenced a new era in Margaret's life; she had invited Aubrey to call at her house, and his visits became frequent; no party was complete without him, and she cared to go to none unless he was invited. When not engaged in his professional duties, he might always be found escorting her in her rides and walks; dancing with her at every ball, and admitted to her house at all times, on the most

familiar footing. Thus month after month went by, and under the specious name of friendship, Aubrey and Margaret were entangling themselves in the meshes of an unholy love, when some one hinted to Mr. Dalrymple the impropriety of Aubrey being the constant gallant of his wife. He had seen with perfect unconcern, the progress of the acquaintance, but though he had long since ceased to care for Margaret, himself, he did not choose that she should bestow her affections on any one else, or bring any disgrace upon his name. Accordingly when Aubrey called, the next morning, to escort Margaret on horseback, he was received by Mr. D. and forbidden to act longer as cavalier to his wife. Mortified and angry, Aubrey left the house, breathing imprecations on the husband, and more than ever in love with the wife. He wrote to Margaret in the most impassioned terms, telling her of his reception, and begging an interview. It was granted —and from that time stolen visits passed between them, and frequent letters were exchanged filled with expressions of hatred to Mr. Dalrymple, and of devotion to each other. But at length the crisis of affairs came. Margaret had gone to a ball where she expected to meet Aubrey, but some unforeseen event taking place to hinder his going, he sent a note, which not arriving till she had gone, her husband opened and read. Filled with rage, he awaited her return. Not finding Aubrey as she expected, she returned earlier than usual—she entered the drawing-room, and there stood her husband, holding in his hand the open letter, while on the table stood a little cabinet, containing chiefly Aubrey's letters and his miniature; the lock broken, and the contents scattered about. For a moment Margaret stood confounded, but at length she found courage to demand by what authority he dared open her letter case?

'By the authority of an insulted and outraged husband; did you think because I was old and ugly, as you please to term me, that I was blind also?' and with bitter revilings he left her presence.

That night Margaret Dalrymple left her home, her husband, and all that woman should venerate, and threw herself on the protection of her lover. Mr. Dalrymple procured a divorce, and the guilty pair took up their abode in one of the southern cities. Separated forever from the man she loathed and despised, dwelling, though as his acknowledged mistress, with the man she worshiped, Margaret for a time fancied herself completely happy. Her low sweet voice seemed to gain additional melody as it breathed forth words of passionate tenderness—her large, dark eyes were fascinating in the softness of their changed expression; and the color came and went on her fair cheek as it had not done since the days of her sunny girlhood. But alas! for the victim of illicit love! beauty without virtue soon loses its hold upon its votaries. Aubrey was a man of little principle, and having no respect for the woman who had renounced her domestic ties, however hateful, he soon grew tired of the beauty, which had attracted him. * * * * *

Two years have past since Margaret's fall from virtue—one marked by the wild excitement of guilty love, and the other by its gradual decline from the ardor of passion to coldness and indifference. Let us enter this splendid apartment—the thick Turkey carpet gives back not the slightest sound, and we may safely take a survey. It is furnished in princely style, and in a rich crimson *fauteuil*, sits a superb woman, dressed in a robe of costly black velvet; jewels are upon her beautiful neck and arms, and flashing from her imperial brow and amid the luxuriant braids of her glossy raven hair, yet scarce matching the lustre of her magnificent dark eyes. She is turning the leaves of a richly bound volume, yet there is a troubled look about her, which tells plainly that her thoughts are not with its contents. Ever and anon her eyes fill with tears as she raises them to the face of the other inmate of the room—a handsome man in the prime of life. His lip curls as he gazes on his beautiful companion, and he is speaking in a low, suppressed tone. Now his voice grows louder, and he taunts her in bitter terms with her passion for himself, with her desertion of her husband, and finally with her degraded position as his mistress. Margaret Leslie had risen from her seat as he went on, and she now stood erect with folded arms; her cheek and lip were bloodless, and her eyes flashed with unutterable indignation, as she replied to his taunts.

'William Aubrey,' she exclaimed, 'till I knew you, I was a proud but an unsullied being; you won me with your sophistry and I loved you; for *you* I forgot my matron dignity—*for you* I forsook my husband, my home, and virtue! and *with you*, had you remained what I then thought you, I would have been content to live in the most abject poverty; disgrace, the loss of name,

and fame, were as nothing compared to your love; but *that* for which I gave up all, I have seen decline, day after day. This hour you have set the seal to your villany, and she who has loved you with all the fervor of a first passion, now loathes and detests you, and spurns you from her, as the veriest worm beneath her feet.' And having poured out the torrent of her measureless scorn, she gathered up her drapery and left the room.

But when Margaret gained her chamber, the spirit which had sustained her through that trying scene forsook her, and throwing herself into a chair, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a passion of tears. When the first outbreak of grief was over, the tide of memory flowed back; she thought of the happy days of her childhood, of her cottage-home, and her venerable parents. Long she sat there in silent thought. At length she arose, and placing herself at her writing-desk, she penned the following note:

'William Aubrey: When this meets your eye, I shall have left your roof forever; the scene of this night can never be forgotten. Deeply as I have sinned, surely your hand should not have been raised, to crush the fallen. Yet am I justly punished! I will return to the humble home of my childhood—to my kind old father and mother, if my shame has not already brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave! They, at least, will not cast off their only child, bitter though her transgressions have been. I will sue humbly for pardon, and it may be, that my efforts may at length make atonement. Farewell, William! may God forgive you, as truly as does

Margaret Leslie.'

She folded, sealed, and directed her letter; then taking off the jewels which decked her person, she returned them to their casket, locked it, and placed the key with her note; then disrobing herself of her costly dress, she put on a dark and simple morning dress, and taking a little bundle of necessary clothing, and a small sum of money, she arrayed herself in a large mantle and bonnet, and left the house in silence.

It was the evening of the fifth day since Margaret Leslie's departure, when a female traveler was seen entering our quiet village. She was closely enveloped in a sort of mantle, and her face was entirely concealed by a large, coarse straw bonnet; she walked slowly and painfully as if worn down by fatigue, and now and then stopped to rest on the banks by the road-side. She turned down the little lane, and went on till she reached the brown cottage; she stood gazing upon it for a few minutes, then suddenly pushing open the wicket gate, she passed into the little garden. But on the threshold she paused—the window was open—for it was a warm balmy evening in June; the curtains were not closely drawn, and she took a survey of the inmates, herself unseen. At the clean deal table sat an aged man, reading aloud to his wife from the word of God which lay open before him. The part he had chosen was the parable of the 'Prodigal Son,' and as the wanderer drew nigh to the window, he was reading the words of the erring son, 'I will arise, and go to my Father!' The trembling woman leaned for support against the wall, and had any one beheld her face, they might have seen the terrible workings of her mind. The old man went on, till he came to the return of the prodigal, and the joy of the father, and raising his eyes to his wife, he exclaimed, 'Would we not in like manner receive and rejoice over *our* prodigal child? guilty though she be, would not *we* forgive her, and clasp to our hearts, the miserable penitent?'

The wanderer could bear no more—with trembling hands, she raised the latch, and entering the humble room, Margaret Leslie fell senseless at the feet of her parents. The old woman raised the stranger, and removing the bonnet from her head, she cried—'Margaret—my child! my child!—she has returned! she is given to our prayers!' Her old father and mother lifted her from the floor, and having placed her on a bed, and applied such simple restoratives as the cottage afforded, Margaret opened her languid eyes upon them—forgiveness was asked, and cheerfully accorded. She was suffering from hunger and fatigue, she had traveled nearly all the way on foot, save now and then, some kind hearted wagoner had given her a lift of a few miles, and after she had partaken of some slight refreshment, they left her to gain needful rest.

Now that she was alone memory commenced her work; she was in her own little bedroom—her head was on the same pillow which her fair cheek had prest nightly for many a year in the bright season of her girlhood; every thing was as she had left it, nothing had changed save herself—and what a change was there! not five years had elasped since she had gone forth from that very room, attired in bridal splendor, dreaming of the gaieties of the world, and longing to partake them; she had gone forth proud, beautiful, and buoyant in spirit—and she had returned

with branded name, faded beauty, blighted hopes, and a broken heart! From thoughts like these little rest was to be obtained, and Margaret awoke in the morning, after a short and unrefreshing sleep, exhausted, and ill at ease, in both body and mind.

Great was the excitement in the village, when it was known that Margaret Leslie had returned to her home; some cavilled, some sneered, and a few benevolent ones pitied the poor creature; but of all the parish, none went to the cottage, save the old minister and his kind hearted and gentle wife. Before they arrived there, however, Margaret was delirious; exposure, fatigue and grief had brought on a fever; the minister's wife, went to her house, and soon returned with medicines for the sufferer, who continued through the day to grow worse; she wandered constantly, but her talk was all of her youthful days, and her village companions; for a week she remained in this state, and her aged parents watched in agonized suspense—fearing to lose their restored treasure. At length the fever left her and though very feeble, it was thought she might eventually recover. The visits of the good minister were frequent; he administered comfort and consolation to the poor penitent, and bade her look for mercy and pardon to Him who has said, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow!' and whose dear Son breathed the tender invitation, 'Come unto me, ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

Six weeks had elapsed since Margaret's return; long weeks passed on the bed of sickness and suffering, which combined with grief and mental agony, had terminated in a rapid decline. One evening, after a long and interesting conversation with the worthy pastor, she had sunk back exhausted, and lay for some time so absorbed in thought that her parents, who sat by her bedside, fancied her asleep; when suddenly, she exclaimed—'Mother it will be five years to-morrow since that miserable day, when I left you a gay and smiling bride!'

'Hush, my child!' said the poor old woman, 'do not speak of it!'

'Nay, dear mother, it will not harm me now; though since my return, I have never but once alluded to the events of the last few years, it has often been the subject of my thoughts. Attracted by his wealth and station, I married a man I did not love, and soon despised and hated; I possessed every thing my heart had desired, yet I was unhappy;—then I met with one, who was all my imagination had pictured, and I loved him with an overwhelming passion;—when I left my husband for my lover, I fancied I was changing a life of misery for one of unmixed happiness; but I have found alas! that there is no rest for the guilty, no pang like that of remorse! and oh! I bless God, that sinful and miserable as I was, he had mercy upon me, and gave me strength to break from the fetters that bound me, and to return, humble and contrite, to the home of my childhood, and that the hands of my earliest guardians shall at length close my eyes. And now, my dear parents, this night I would be alone, to hold communion with my own soul, and my God!'

They left her according to her request, and the next morning, when they entered her little bedroom, they found her apparently sleeping, calm and tranquil. They went to her bedside, and called her name, but she answered not—they opened the little casement, and the sun which had risen clear and bright, on the anniversary of her wedding-day, shone full on the beautiful face of the dead! The event was soon known, and the minister and his wife came speedily to the cottage, to pray with and comfort the bereaved. For the departed one, they had no fears—for though deep had been her sin, yet great had been her sufferings, and sincere her penitence; and the friends who now knelt around that humble couch, felt that God had accepted her repentance and her tears, and that Margaret Leslie was at rest!

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

Written for the Repository.

Romance of Woman. No. 4.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THE LAMENT OF MAISUNA.

MAISUNA was a Bedouin lady, married to one of the Caliphs of Damascus. 'The pomp and splendor of an imperial court could neither reconcile her to the luxuries of the harem, nor make her forget the homely charms of her native wilderness. Her solitary hours were consumed in melancholy musings; and her greatest delight was in singing the simple pleasures she had enjoyed in the desert.'

Crichton's History of Arabia.

OH give me back my maiden haunt
Beside the desert brook;
I weary for the simple scenes
My foolish heart forsook;

I weary for the mountain chase
Among the wild chamois;
Alas, how little knows the heart
The fountain of its joy.

A couch beneath our hair-cloth tent
Gave calm and sweet repose;
I never wakened then to weep,
Nor slept to dream of woes.
My dear old camel knelt for me,
And bore me o'er the sands;
And food to her was always sweet
When taken from my hands.

Now dwell I here, a slave 'mid slaves—
A kid within a fold;
Alas! I do not love my chains,
Although they are of gold.
I do not love these gaudy rooms,
This incense-laden air;
How sweeter far the mountain rocks,
And wild winds breathing there.

These silks and jewels have no charms
To my poor tearful eyes;
I yearn to gaze upon the fields,
And watch the jewelled skies.
I'd rather view one soft bright star
From Araby's rough hills,
Than shine in all the fine-wrought gold
That Omar's treasury fills.

And he who wooed me from my home,
With soft entrancing words;
Who told me that my voice to him
Was sweeter than a bird's;
Who loved to wander at my side,
Or wreathe my hair with flowers,
And talk to me of houri charms,
To cheat away the hours;

Alas! I little deemed that time
Would wean *his* heart from mine;
That he would lay his love's sweet gifts
Upon another's shrine!
I little felt my gilded chain
When Omar held the links;
But now they drag upon the earth,
And my worn spirit sinks.

Forever more my soul will yearn
For my rude desert home;
Will yearn among its mountain rocks
And burning sands to roam.
It may not be—my life must waste
Within this gorgeous cage;
Already droops my nerveless wing,
As if o'erpowered by age.

But soon on angel wings away,
My heart shall take its flight,
To dwell forever 'neath a sun
Of everlasting light.
There 'mid the wild gazelle and kid,
I'll chase the mountains o'er—
And gather flowers in maiden joy,
Remembering grief no more.

Written for the Repository.

The Influence of Christianity on the Mind.

In the development of the intellectual faculties there is a great diversity among men. There are some tribes of the human race, among whom reason appears but little in advance of instinct. So wild are their habits; so ignorant are they of the most simple arts; so uncultivated are their manners; so ferocious their tempers, that one can hardly believe they possess a human soul. Yet in the darkest savage bosom there is a taper, whose light can never be extinguished. That breast which appears more barren than the African desert, holds deep in its dark recesses a germ of celestial origin. That degraded, cold heart contains a latent spark of intelligence, which, by the influence of favorable circumstances, may be kindled up into a living, brilliant flame. Mind, as well as matter, is inert. Without the operation of exciting causes it remains in a state of inactivity. Yet let force be once applied; let an impulse once be given, and the human intellect marches forward in strength and victory, until it extends its dominion over the hosts of heaven, reduces systems of worlds to its authority, and maintains undisputed control over the universe. Let the seminal principle of reason be subjected to the influence of causes favorable to the animation of its powers, and it will start from its embryo sleep; its germs will appear; it will increase in strength and beauty; extend its branches; put forth its flowers; and bring to maturity its abundant fruits.

The superior attainments of those luminaries of science, who have shone in every age as stars of the first magnitude!—the scientific and literary character of those nations, who in the history of the world have appeared, like a brilliant constellation in some part of the heavens, in the midst of surrounding darkness and gloom; those dazzling eras of literature, which have occasionally burst at once on the astonished view, like the meteor in the darkness of midnight; and those happy periods of intellectual improvement which have approached gradually, like the morning, preceded by twilight, and growing brighter and brighter still until the perfect day, may all be traced to the influence of causes, either general or particular, which have exerted a specific influence in producing these effects.

A high state of intellectual refinement is incompatible with the degradation of the moral feelings. Who does not know, that the depravity of the moral feelings and the triumphant reign of the vicious passions, degrade and enervate the mind? How many, who might have been the wisest, the happiest, and the best, have, through the influence of vice, been the most wretched, and the meanest of mankind. Genius, springing

up in a soil, destitute of virtue, is impeded in its progress to maturity, by the interference of many noxious plants. It may shoot out rapidly into many wild excrescences; but like a plant deprived of the light, it soon becomes sickly, and feeble, and falls to destruction. But let genius draw its nourishment from a pure heart; let the vicious passions be eradicated; let the moral atmosphere be purified from noxious exhalations, and then it arrives at a state of maturity, bringing forth in the greatest abundance the richest fruits. The moral influence of christianity is necessary to restrain the eccentricities, and correct the erring flights of the mind. Remove from the mind the regulating influence of christianity, and the most brilliant geniuses, instead of distributing, like the sun, light and comfort around their path, would, like comets unrestrained by central attraction, cross each other's orbits, and rushing furiously together, shake the universe with violent convulsions, and involve themselves in the common ruin. How many an accomplished and splendid genius has been wrecked and ruined by the unrestrained violence of the passions which it carried in its own bosom! We lament the fate of such, as we would that of some beautiful world, whose own internal fires had overwhelmed it in irremediable destruction. But christianity corrects the eccentricities of passionate impulse. It so tempers these internal fires, that they refine, purify, and animate the mind, while they do not, by excessive or irregular action, endanger either the safety or the appropriate operation of the intellectual machinery. To the unquiet and disturbed spirit, agitated by the disappointments, vexations and commotions of life, devotion is like oil to the troubled waters. It smooths the ruffled surface; it infuses through the soul a deep pervading tranquillity—a sublimity of feeling, which nothing can disturb. Under its healthful and purifying influence, the mind gathers strength and energy, and comes forth to its task, bright and beautiful as the morning of summer, when the pure breezes of night have driven away the remnants of the storm.

How deficient is every system of education, which has not for its basis the broad principles of the christian religion. Strike out christianity from modern education, and the whole fabric of mind would totter and fall in terrible ruins. We are no advocates for associating sectarian bigotry with education. Bigotry is the mother of ignorance, and ignorance of intolerance. But we consider christianity as the guardian genius of education; the purifier of the fountains of knowledge;—the enemy of prejudice and illiberal views. She unrivets the fetters of the mind, and bids it go free as the eternal Spirit that made it. Spirit of christianity! thou who art the inspirer of genius, and the friend of humanity! May the literary institutions of our happy country ever be thy chosen home. Thou shalt reign in peace, in glory, in honor, in the classic halls of New England; guiding thousands to knowledge and to happiness.

J. J. A.

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

A Vision of the Night.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Br. Bacon: I had been looking over the pages of a little book entitled 'Allegories and Divers Day-Dreams,' by our faithful brother, A. C. T. Probably this circumstance might have induced the *dream* which follows. I am not ignorant of the fact that it is but a poor imitation of excellent models; nevertheless, I hope you will not deem it altogether worthless and unmeaning.

I stood in a beautiful garden, by the brink of a stream that went sparkling and singing among the flowers. The trees were large and luxuriant, and wove themselves into arches over my head. The air was fragrant with the breath of roses and geraniums; and the dewy freshness of morning was added to its sweetness. On a mossy bank, studded over with violets, reclined a beautiful creature, such as we see *only* in dreams. It would be impossible to describe the purity of her complexion, the delicate carmine of her cheek, and the deep blue of her heavenly eyes. Tears, not of sadness, but of holy thought, trembled upon the soft lashes of those eyes, and a meek, *almost* a gay smile, played around her dimpled mouth. I loved her—I loved her for her very beauty's sake; but most I loved her because she turned her eyes toward heaven. Among the curls of her soft, golden hair, a few white rosebuds were entwined, and flowers as sweet as they were beautiful, were fastened in a knot upon her bosom.

I stood looking at her, and loving her as much as the poet loves his Muse, when I was startled by the approach of another person, who threw himself rudely down beside the maiden. The flowers withered, and the grass turned sere and

yellow at his touch; and I marvelled not that they should, when I for a moment glanced at his horrid countenance. Grim as a ghost, with eyes glaring like a madman, and hands dripping with blood, he sat there like some terrible incubus, immovable as stone. A snake lay coiled in his bosom with poison on its fangs, and worms were knawing around his heart. I shuddered as I looked at him, he was so horrible; and I trembled for the maiden, at whose side he had thrown himself. But to my surprise, she did not seem alarmed. A soft look of pity took the place of her smile; and the tears that had been of worship were changed to tears of compassion.

"Your name is Guilt," she said, in a sweet, low voice, turning her mild eyes upon his, which quailed and were downcast before them; "I knew I must meet you, but I had hoped to have found you less horrible."

"It is to Innocence, only, that I appear horrible. There are those who find in me something to admire—and I have many guises to deceive the unsuspecting. Sometimes I put on your form and mien, fair maiden, and then I can enter the holiest sanctuaries with safety. But now I am without disguise—you see me as I am by nature—and you call me horrible."

"So horrible that I wonder how any disguise can screen you," answered Innocence, covering her eyes for a moment with her hands, to shut out the frightful vision. "But what is your work among men? I hardly know the object of your enterprise in this world, though I have heard reports of your cruelties. Please enlighten me."

"Cruelties! Yes, I *am* cruel—more cruel than the worms that gnaw forever at my heart. I *am* cruel; and yet the world is apt to think me kind. To one man I go, and whisper him to commit some deed of blood. I promise him that his reward shall be gold, station, power; and he believes me. He commits the crime, and turns to receive his meed. I yield it. Gold, station, power, all are his. He rises early from his splendid couch, and goes out upon his ornamental grounds. The images of frightful dreams still haunt his mind, and the rustle of every leaf causes him to tremble, and become pallid with affright. The soft footsteps of the young rabbit, and the low warble of the brush alarm him, and he steals back into his house that he may shut out all sounds and sights that have power to disturb. There meet him his fair young children—bright beings of love and joy. But the glanness of their clear, laughing eyes pierce him with unutterable anguish; and he hides himself from their presence, as the vampyre hides from the sunbeams. Even the tender looks of his anxious wife serve but to increase his sufferings. And his faithful dog that sits meekly down at his side, and licks his hands, and whimpers at the sight of his haggard smile—even *his* affection distresses him, and he sends him away to his death. Then at night the long, dreary hours in which he tosses upon his bed of down—the terrible thoughts which will not permit him to sleep—the grim spectres which he fancies he sees gliding around him—the groans of the murdered that ring in his ears—these, *these* are the glorious harvest of his crimes; *this is my work among men!*"

"How different from mine," exclaimed Innocence, again lifting her beautiful eyes, humid with tears, toward her native heaven. "I prompt to no deeds but the gentle deeds of love; I promise no reward but a happy heart and tranquil thoughts. Sweet is the sleep of those who fulfill my law. They awake at the song of the birds, and lift their own hearts to God in a hymn of praise. They love the sound of the waving leaves, and the voice of the running water. All the young creatures of the wood are dear to them, and their hearts have sympathy even for the lowly flowers. All gentle affections are sources of joy to them, and nothing is sweeter than the voice of laughing childhood. Their days are sunny and gladsome, and their nights are holy seasons of repose. This is *my* work among men—and it is a work that my Father approves. I would it were not so often checked by *your* operations, oh bloody-handed Guilt!"

"You wish in vain, poor child! still shall I go on teaching the hollow heart to wear *your* smiles, and the purged hypocrite to breathe *your* prayers. Still shall I go on cheating men into the belief that my rewards are all that I declare them to be—and that in my service, only, can they attain to the highest honors of life."

"Must it, indeed, be so?" sighed Innocence, turning a pleading eye toward the throne of Love; "poor victims! they will find when it is too late, how much they have lost in losing me; and how richer far is one approving smile of mine, with the quiet repose and gentle hopes that I bestow, than all your treacherous rewards, earned at so hard a service, and at such fearful expense. Happy am I, oh Guilt, in the praises of those who serve at my altar. Every day do

they come to me with blessings, and with entreaties to be saved from your wiles; while *your* votaries mutter continuous curses against your treachery, and bewail the day in which they first followed your bloody steps, which lead down to the paths of shame.'

Scarce had she uttered these words, when Guilt, like Proteus of old, assumed the beautiful form and manners of the maiden at his side. So perfect was the disguise, that even the most scrutinizing eye might be easily deceived; and yet it was not difficult to perceive that what in one was nature, in the other was consummate art; that what in one was but the involuntary expression of the soul, in the other was the effect of study and of guarded effort. Yet the illusion was so complete, Innocence herself was astonished, and burst into tears. 'Alas!' she cried, 'must so much iniquity be wrought in my name? Must my very form be made an instrument to betray? In what, then, am I superior to my adversary?'

'In thy works and in thy rewards!' I exclaimed, awaking myself by the earnestness with which I spoke; for as scripture hath declared, 'By their *fruits* shall ye know them!'

Written for the Repository.

The Restored.

BY IONE.

'THOU hast put gladness in my heart.' PSALMS.

I BLESS thee, oh, my God!
That the loved playmate of my boyhood's years,
Fearfully stricken by thy chastening rod,
Yet lifts his head to smile away our fears.

A stranger's couch he pressed,
And met the glances of a stranger's eye!
No mother lulled his throbbing brow to rest,
No sister drew with unheard footstep nigh.

Lonely and sad he lay,
While fever fired the current in his veins.
'Oh! bear me hence where cooling zephyrs play,
And streams are gliding through the verdant plains.

'To be at home once more,
To see thee, brother, with thy quiet smile,
To hear the murmuring on our rocky shore,
Whose low, sad music would my pain beguile,—

'This is my constant prayer,
As oft in loneliness the hours depart;
I breathe my sorrows to the burdened air,
Which brings no answer to my aching heart!'

The sufferer's voice was hushed,
As nature bowed beneath the dreadful doom.
But health again with welcome fervor rushed,
And snatched our treasure from the opening tomb!

Joy, that again he walks
The paths of living men, and lifts his voice—
Though we may hear it not—and joyous talks
Of dangers past that bid his soul rejoice!

Thou who wert Israel's guide
Along the desert's wide and trackless way,
Move with sustaining arm his form beside,
And bid the tempter from his path away!

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

A Christmas Address.

Our temple wears an unusual appearance. Its walls are hung round with the green and fragrant wreaths, woven by the hand of taste and skill, from the product of the forest and wood. It is not the adornment of pride, but the expression of religious sentiment—speaking forth a spiritual language to all who can throw the garments of poetry around material forms, woven by sacred affection and pure feeling. A stranger to our customs would, on entering our sanctuary this evening, be impressed with a conviction that there was deep meaning in the chaste and beautiful ornaments here placed, and must indeed be strangely free from the curiosity common to man, if he did not inquire out the hidden sentiment, and seek to know all the associations connected with what he beheld. And are we all ready to give the answer in the fullness of truth—to interpret to him these mystical characters? I would fain hope it were so—that deep feeling has given to thought that inspiration by which memory is quickened, imagination made more vivid, and the beautiful scenery of faith and hope is more clearly perceived; by which we are made more deeply conscious of what Jesus Christ has been, is, and will be, to us and to the world of mankind; and how he is the perfect Example, the reflected moral image of God, the King of Truth, and the ordained Savior of mankind. Then the *evergreen* of the forest becomes a type of the unfading love of Jehovah, of the undying sympathy of the Christ, and the ever blooming beauty of true spiritual affection. And as this beautiful type is thus wrought into many forms, and all lovely, so we may dwell on the various, and each beautiful, manifestations of this love of Jehovah, this sympathy of Christ, and this affection in man. And as we have thus adorned the material temple with the garlands of earth, let us adorn the spiritual temple with the wreaths of the heavenly graces, and thus have the consciousness that we know we are the temple of God, and possess a taste for the beautiful in religion. It is this sympathy with the Divine that alone can give the feeling that caused the poet to declare,—

> 'Not a tree,
> A plant, or leaf, or blossom, but contains
> A folio volume.—We may read, and read,
> And read again; and still find something new;
> Something to please, and something to instruct,
> Even in the humble weed.'

We have wreathed our house, and have gathered here, in honor of the Man of Nazareth, the Messiah of God, and the great Reconciler to the Father. Some of the many views to be taken of his life, character, and mission, are the appropriate themes for discourse on the occasion; and the fruitfulness of the study of the character, and revelations of Christ to man, can in some degree, be conceived of by considering the vast variety of names and titles associated with him in the scriptures—each affording subject matter for much thought and reflection, and bringing before the mind beautiful images and forms to delight and charm.

But the short hour allotted me requires a careful selection of a theme from the many that rise up to claim precedency; and by meditation I have been led to contrast the benefits of the christian philosophy with the Baconian; and the folly of rejecting the one, with the folly of rejecting the other.

The subject chosen is one which will show the worth of christianity—what mighty reforms the Almighty permits the impelling energies of one mind to effect—the degrading influence of infidelity, and the reasons for clinging to the philosophy of the christian scriptures as worthy of all honor. And as I speak by the request of associated young men, and as I feel that right christian principle is the soul of goodness, and the living, beating heart of usefulness, I know of no theme better suited to this occasion, while I think of the subtile efforts put forth in various forms to undermine the foundations of rational faith, and to palm on man a deceitful philosophy, that would leave him without hope and without God in the world. When I speak of Infidelity, I mean the atheistical philosophy that boasts so much and possesses so little—that rejects the claims of Jesus Christ, marks him as a creation of imagination, or an enthusiast, or an impostor, and can find no word it loves so well to apply to christianity as *superstition*. When Jesus Christ—the glory of humanity—is thus rejected; the most glorious manifestation of the Deity thus trodden under foot, it is but a slight step that brings the mind down into the dark cavern of atheism. And these vagaries I term *infidelity*, because fidelity to the simplest lofty aspiration of our spiritual nature would prevent the whole, and because these vanities make man false to the better impulses of the human soul. I would always treat this as a fallacy of the head, rather than an error of the heart, for often the heart speaks out against what the brain in its visionary hours is coining for the denier of the divine in christianity. I cannot speak but with pity for such—for why do we lament that ever Milton was blind, or that the eyes of Galileo ever grew old and dim? Simply because we know how well the one was fitted to enjoy the beautiful in nature through the sense of sight, and the other to study the mystic page of the firmament. So must I lament the blindness of mind, and the dimness of spiritual sight, in the unbeliever, because I know how well God has constituted him to admire the beauties, and enjoy the pleasures, peculiar to christianity. I speak to rational beings, and therefore I will use none but the language of soberness, argument, and persuasion.

But to the analogy that is to claim our attention. And first of the grand philosophy of study and investigation given to the world by Sir Francis Bacon. He, you well know, was the first who taught the right method of study and investigation to the attainment of truth. He waved his wand—and the true avenue to all discoveries was opened. He spoke, and the chains that had bound men to names and systems were loosed. He wrought, and tottering and crashing came down the old fabrics of scholastic subtilties and vain speculations; the rubbish was removed, and up went the foundations of a glorious temple, every stone a fact, and when the headstone shall be placed on the finished structure, the universal acclamation shall be—Truth—Truth unto it! Truth the temple, and truth the spirit of the worshippers.

Strange was the state of the philosophical world when Bacon arose in the energies of his mind. The reigning doctrines were opinions and theories; and speculation, is a better term to apply to the great mass of intellectual employment, than study; for speculation upon systems had usurped the province of investigation of facts, and nature was neglected in the devotion to doctrines. The master spirit came forth, and gave to the world the philosophy of *Induction*, which taught the secret of all true study of the sciences in bidding the mind to study facts, not conjectures—to place before itself an undoubted truth, however simple in itself, as a nucleus around

which to gather kindred ones, and thus by carefully bringing together right materials, to bring out truth. He significantly termed his philosophy—'asking questions of nature.' And when he taught the necessity of taking a truth as the basis and centre of all study, he became the herald of wisdom in her divinest forms. The history of the sciences from that period to the present, is but a record of the success and value of his philosophy; and according as the great minds that came after him imbibed the spirit of this philosophy they were rivals, and he that had the most—even the illustrious Newton—was the wisest and the greatest apostle of truth.

How well emblematic of the world at the advent of Jesus, and the worth of the christian philosophy, are the state of the philosophical world and the importance of the philosophy of the Reformer of study! While Jesus was in humility in Nazareth, how was the outer world of teachers and religionists! All its parts at variance, all needing the true principle of sympathy that would give affinity to what was good, and cause the evil to rise up in dross and be thrown aside. Many were the standards, many the clans, and each clan had its own leader and dress, but no spirit of unity dwelt amidst them as a centering power. Jesus came forth, and gave the world the only true spiritual philosophy—'Search the Scriptures!' And he did more than the father of natural, experimental philosophy, for he gave a central truth—fixed the fact that must be the grand nucleus—the centre to which all that is true in nature and revelation, pertaining to God, human duty and final destiny, must gravitate. That truth was the fact wrapt up in those two words so often expressed and so little adequately felt by us, 'Our Father.' If God be our Father, all his creations, governments, and dealings with man, must accord with the true paternal spirit. If God be our Father, the whole of human duty must be to understand what is the filial spirit, to cultivate and continuously exercise it, binding the soul to the glory of the Deity by uniting it to the promotion of man's good. If God be our Father, the consummation must be the full manifestation of the paternal in the Divinity, and the full exercise of the filial in Humanity. God must be a Father ever where and always—to each and all—through time and eternity, if our Lord spake truth. He did speak truth, and the fact is the everlasting centre towards which all that is true in morals and religion must gravitate, and repelled must be every speculation that has not an affinity therewith. Go forward by spiritual philosophy to the discovery of truth, and clear as if written with a sunbeam on the broad arch of heaven, will be seen, in due time, what is the character and purposes of God, human duty, and relations growing out of these, and the true grounds of immortal hopes. *God is Father!* is the idea, and infinite are all its relations, linking time with eternity, and giving employment to the thoughts, and joy to the affections, through ceaseless ages and to all mankind.

To reject the Baconian philosophy were less than to reject the Christian, even as the spiritual is worth more than the natural. To reject the one, were to give up the intellect to error and conjecture—to launch out on the broad sea of speculation and fancy, without a single guiding star. To reject the other, were to give up certainty and satisfying knowledge, for that which gives no hope and can yield no comfort. What words can picture the state of the mind that deems a better name for our sacred book would be new and old superstition, than the one it bears, and turns from the divinity there to deify the laws of nature. What is taken from the soul that deems us enthusiasts in honoring the son of Mary? The noblest specimen of humanity—yea, humanity all radiant with the divinity—the pure inner spirit making the outward glorious. To strike out Milton and Shakspeare from the world of literature would be deemed a great loss. But no more in comparison with striking out Jesus from the world of truth, than the loss of the masses of ice which form in the heavens at times beautiful mock suns, compared with the blotting out of the sun itself. They are the light of their respective worlds—the world of matter and of truth. And as the beams of the one stream down from his fount illuminating the earth, giving all the life and beauty of the verdure of the field, the tints of the rose and her sister flowers, the radiance and hues of the landscape, the glory of the clouds, and all that is attractive and beautiful in the sea or on the land, and whose light is the grand power 'without whose vesting beauty all were wrapped in unessential gloom;' the other gives that light to the moral and spiritual world that reveals beauty and harmony where all was before dark and mysterious. Would you know what it is to lose the sense of bodily sight, hear the plaintive strain of Milton on his blindness,—

'Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark,
Surround me! From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed;
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.'

Would you know what it is to be spiritually blind? hear the acknowledgment of Hume,—'I am affrighted and confounded with that forlorn solitude in which I am placed by *my philosophy*. When I look abroad, I foresee, on every side, *dispute, contradiction, and distraction.* When I turn my eyes inward, I find nothing but *doubt* and *ignorance.* Where am I, or what? From what causes do I derive existence, or to what condition do I return? I am confounded with these questions; and I begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, *environed with the deepest darkness.*'

And is this the philosophy that presumes to compete with the christian? And is this the philosopher who is lauded by those who would make the idea of God an imagination, revelation a fable, and christianity a lie? Let those who love darkness better than light choose this philosophy—the atheistic philosophy of Hume's that environs the mind with deepest darkness, making thought a doubt, life a mystery, and death annihilation; but may Bethlehem's star never grow dim in the heavens of our meditation and delight.

'It is our Light, our Guide, our All;
It makes our dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
'Twill lead us to the port of peace.'

Let me fix your minds now upon particulars pertaining to this subject, so that you may have distinct impressions in reference to the degrading influence of infidelity upon the intellectual and moral man, and feel more your obligations to Jesus Christ.

1. *It changes man from being a child of God into a creature of the earth.* It denies him his heavenly paternity and traces his origin to forest animals, making apes and monkeys his ancestors, or leaves it all in mystery. An organized atom—a highly cultivated beast—an exquisite machine whose vibrations give birth to thought, affection, and speech, which entirely dissolves when the movement stops, so that the soul of a Milton may become the sensorium of an owl or bat! The eagle becomes a mere worm, and the child who would fain think it has a father, is left to sorrow over his orphanage.

2. *It denies him the privilege of tracing out a governing benevolence where are discovered beneficial arrangements and adaptations in nature.* Who has not been moved to tears in discovering some kindly arranged pleasure by the hand of love? Who has not felt emotions too deep for expression in looking around the chamber of sickness, and seeing there the evidences that a dear one had been busy while he slept, to prepare comforts to cheer him? And when we receive a kindness from an unknown source, are we not pained by our ignorance, instinctively desiring to discover to whom we are indebted? All this we have known; and shall we not apply the lesson to the benevolent arrangements in nature? We must; and is there not a vast difference between considering all the beautiful adaptations of means to ends, promoting human enjoyment, which are exhibited in the study of nature and man, with the idea of a governing and directing God, than with a belief in chance and necessity? Most certainly. An elegant writer has put into the mouth of one of his characters the following language, which is the expression of a feeling familiar to the christian,—'Whenever I feel the most, I am the most inclined to prayer. And what a delicious overflow of the heart is prayer! When I am with you—and feel that you love me, my happiness would be painful if there were no God whom I might bless for its excess.' Holy indeed is the bliss of such a heart; and whenever more insight is given to the means the Creator has provided and arranged for his creatures' happiness, a new spring of grateful and joyous feeling is opened in the soul.

But with him who knows not God how different the effect! To him nature is God, and he seeks no higher Deity; and therefore what to the christian are divine arrangements, love's harmonies, a Father's provisions for his children's enjoyment, he looks upon as the product of unconscious matter obeying laws of necessity, and designing benevolence cannot therefore be recognized by him. What an elevation of thought and feeling is he thus deprived of! From him is torn the loftiest and divinest poetry—for the sublimest poetry is the union of the spiritual with outward nature—blending the divine with the material, and thus clothing in the garments of holy sentiment the forms of outer beauty. There is no poetry amid the stars till they de-

clare the glory of God, nor amid the flowers of earth till in their loveliness is traced the smile of Him who gave them

> 'To minister delight to man,
> And beautify the earth.'

When christian sentiment burns and glows within, warming with devotion the whole mental being, the soul sees the glory of his Maker in every twinkling star, reads his name all over the beautiful terrestrial, and owns his goodness manifested in all the vast variety of ordinations to benevolent ends in nature's economy, while the silent hymn of deep feeling is read by the Searcher of hearts—'How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God!' The atheist may see these ten thousand proofs of benevolent design, but he is not moved to thankfulness to the designing Mind; and though he discovers he is fearfully and wonderfully made, he has no tribute of praise to the Framer of man. And thus he is degraded; for man is always degraded when the deepest affections, and the purest and loftiest aspirations of which his nature is capable, are buried and kept down by the vanities that rise from the denial of God and his own spiritual nature.

3. *It deprives him of the gratification of one of the deepest wants of our nature—the desire for something more perfect and lovely than of earth.* How is this deep want to be satisfied by a denial of the divinity of the religion of Jesus Christ! That religion alone can inspire the human soul with the assurance so feelingly expressed by the German poet: 'O God! thou canst and wilt give us hereafter *a reality*, that shall embody, and exceed, and satisfy, all that is here ideal!' O how glorious must that reality be, that shall satisfy the infinite aspirations of the soul after the Perfect! It must be placed in the future, where the mind freed from all grossness of association shall see truth in the light of the Deity's smile. Infidelity would satisfy us with earth. As well attempt to satisfy the eagle with the darkness and bounds of a prison. It cannot be—and even the unbeliever will sometimes write a hope by lightning-thought on the cloud curtain of prospective annihilation.

4. *It takes from him the great and grand guard against secret sin, by taking from the mind a belief in an Omnipresent Judge.* It cannot speak strongly and say, 'Be sure your sin will find you out,' for it denies the highest relations of our moral being, and all obligations to seek the approbation of a higher than man, and gives in lieu thereof a miserable morality—*miserable*, because it is the source of much of the moral evil in our world and the imagination that degrades man. Teach men that they are amenable to no power but man's—that there is no eye resting on their acts than that of the individual, or of society, and in the depths of secret wickedness they are flattered into security. Society—its peace, security, and progress—requires for man a religious morality—a morality that has a divine soul—that follows man with an all-seeing eye whereever he betakes him to work wickedness, and pursues him with the consciousness that though he hide himself in the top of Carmel, or be hid in the bottom of the sea, he cannot be released from the judgment of the Higher than earth's highest, who regardeth the ways of men.

Here lies the great distinction between the morality of revelation and that of atheistical speculation. The one follows man with an omnipresent and omniscient eye, the other only with the contracted and often clouded eye of man and society. The one makes him feel that he is accountable at all times and in every place to one whose judgment cannot be averted by skill and talent; the other teaches him that he is amenable to society only, whose penalties may often be averted by the sophistry and talent of skill, and are often evaded by cunning and craft. The one makes him realize that he has a spiritual nature and is an immortal being; the other only reminds him of earthly relations. The one is divine, the other human.

If mankind had never felt that they were accountable to other than human authority and power, where would be the glory of humanity—the illustrious examples of the nobility of our nature? In the ages of darkness and the despotism of the few powerful over the many weak, had not some felt deeply—their whole being been pervaded with the consciousness of their accountability to God, the greatest reformers and champions of the right, would have shrunk away to obscurity. This has been the spring of the most holy and honorable perseverance for man's good. This has made the Pauls, the Washingtons, the Howards. Take away the divine from human consciousness, and you take away the soul's chief strength and the heart's mightiest energy to meet, bear, and triumph amid perils and woes. It is that which has sent up from the retreats of solitude and exile the hymn of faith and hope—the song of the heart's confidence, and the mind's solace:

'And faint not heart of man! though years wane slow!
There have been those that from the deepest caves,
And cells of night, and fastnesses below
The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves,
Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nursed
A quenchless hope, and watched their time and burst
On the bright day, like wakeners from the graves!'

Such have been those who felt the divine in their souls, and leaned upon the arm of God. Mere humanity is weak—O how weak!

5. *It tears from the human heart the only true Comforter.* 'When my heart is overwhelmed,' says the Psalmist, 'lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' But where is such a rock, if we give ourselves up to the rejectors of all that is super-human? There is none. The drooping vine must still droop and bleed, for there is no friendly arm on which it can lean, and as it creeps along upon the earth, it must become intermingled with thorns and briars that pierce it with new wounds, till at last it dies. The christian religion alone can comfort in affliction. Christianity with its parental God and its heaven of re-union and eternal bliss, is the true genius of consolation. It speaks to the widow, 'Thy Maker is thy husband, the Holy One is thy Friend.' To the fatherless the upward glance is given while the heart speaks out to God: 'Doubtless thou art our Father.' And to every child of sorrow it repeats the ancient assurance of Jehovah: 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' And thus is given the sweet—O how sweet! assurance that 'earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.'

But alas! for him who writes other than *truth* on our sacred book—to whom Jesus is not the resurrection and the life—and who looks on the grave as the last home of the glorious intellect and the expansive affections, as well as of the body. As the venerated father, the idolized mother, the beloved wife, or the dear child, is shrouded for the tomb and laid there, he tries to tie down his feelings so as to say, *Gone forever!* With a heart of common affections it is sad enough to give the last earthly kiss of affection to a beloved one even when christian faith and hope are strong—but to give it with no pulse of immortal hope in the heart, is horror itself! Well—well has it been said: 'To how many hath the death of the beloved been the parent of faith!'

Thus have I spoken of the degrading influence of infidelity on the intellectual and moral man, and the contrast of christianity therewith, must tend, I think, to make you, as it has me, honor, love, and serve, the Author and Finisher of our faith, as the Messiah and Son of God. Christianity teaches us to look to the Creator of all worlds as our Father and Benefactor; Infidelity tells us we are only a little superior to our fellow beasts. Christianity teaches us to feel the relationship that exists between our spiritual nature and glorified spirits; Infidelity tells us there is no higher order of beings than ourselves. Christianity teaches us to look forward to a pure and blissful immortal state; Infidelity tells us the grave is the bound of our whole being—that from the perishing animal there is no distinct nature, and that alike sink into nothingness the instinct of a bird and the mind of a Shakspeare! I honor Jesus Christ and the immortal mind, and therefore cling to the teachings of christianity. I love man, and desire too much the happiness and progress of my race, not to despise, abhor, and loathe infidelity. And in full view of both—with the contrast directly before us,—it becomes us to pledge ourselves to advance its true interests by all the means available. If we would be true worshipers at the altar of human good, we must do it, and let us do it—in the name of our God set up our banner.

One great labor for us is to exhibit to the world the evidences that Universalism is but another name for pure christianity—christianity as it existed in the eternal purpose of Jehovah, lived in the mind and heart of Jesus, and flowed from the lips of Christ and his apostles. The world is ignorant of the true principles of our faith, and of their harmony with every perfection of God, and with the whole being of man, and therefore men speak evil of the things they understand not. But man must receive that faith in its beauty and fullness before the spiritual nature will be satisfied—the wrathful passions subdued—the dominion of peace set up in the earth, and the spirit of love become the governing and directing energy in man. As the Lord liveth, these things are so.

Men condemn and despise Universalism because it is christianity exhibited amid the glories of the mount of Transfiguration, rather than shaded and darkened by the smoke and the tempest, and the terror of Mount Sinai; because its voice is the voice of Jesus' blood that cries, 'Father forgive!' and not the voice of Abel's blood that cries for vengeance; and because it would move men to virtue and religion by the glories of a real heaven, and not drive them by the flames of an imaginary eternal hell. But God will protect

that which is good, though men despise it; and in him is our trust for the future triumphs of our faith as the antidote—and 'tis the only one—of infidelity.

There is no power like the spirit of the Restitution faith to take hold on the human heart and turn it from the degradation of infidelity, to the sublime and elevating conceptions of the truth of the Divine character and government, as revealed in the gospel. According as systems of doctrine advance from primitive Calvinism and become disrobed of absurdities and follies, and all that is in them good and pure is seen to assimilate with the principles of Universalism, they will become antedotes to infidelity, because they will answer the wants of men—the divinely infixed desires of the soul. And these desires cannot be satisfied with any doctrine that casts one cloud over the glory of the future world as the state of happiness and purity for all mankind. Disciples of all sects would save all mankind if they could only have their own way of doing it; and disciples of all sects deem it the duty of man to have constantly a deep concern for the salvation of souls; and disciples of all sects feel that there is no cause of rejoicing like the conversion of sinners, and the wicked made holy gives them unutterable satisfaction. These are the facts that fortify and prove the assertion I have made. They prove the existence of desires and motives, of interest and concern, and capacities for enjoyment, in reference to human salvation, that can never be satisfied but by the prospective view of the final restoration of universal man. We are linked with the ungodly as well as with the holy, and we need as much a hope for the glorious resurrection of the unjust to purity, as we do for the resurrection of the just to perfection. We have wept too bitter tears over their degradation, to be satisfied with a view of its eternal continuance. David must see his Absalom in heaven ere the haven of rescued souls can be a heaven to him; and not there as Absalom the rebellious, but as Absalom a true child of God. We must have a sure hope for the salvation of the dear who were, despite our efforts, among the sinful, ere we can be resigned to God.

There is no sound in the triumphal strain of the redeemed, which does not find an echo in our hearts, as it ascribes glory to God. The glory of God! what is it? It is in the spiritual good of man; and as true as man has a spiritual nature, and love and holiness are the happiness of it, so true is it that the infinite Father will throw around man, in time or eternity, such clear manifestations of himself and his love, as to draw out into right exercise the powers of man's spiritual nature. We are creatures of progress, and if the discovery is not made in the years of time that happiness is in the practice of holiness, why should eternity be an eternity of the same waste of affection and mind—why should the child born for heaven be made evermore to dwell in an abode of darkness? Nay, nay, eternity will not be as time, a mingling of goodness and transgression, but its intenser light will reveal to the spirit the Father clearly, and love shall be born with the sight, and man be happy. This is our hope for ourselves, and our loves, for affection stops not at the grave.

'We send these fond endearments o'er the grave,—
Heaven would be hell if loved ones were not there,
And any spot is heaven if we could save
From every stain of earth, and thither bear
The hearts that are to us our hope and care.'

But we want a heaven for more than the loves of our hearts—we want it large enough for every creature of mind and affection—large enough for the one fold Christ shall gather—yea, even the heaven of which the enraptured John caught a glimpse, where tears were wiped from off all faces, and pain and sorrow were not known. The burden of every song in such a heaven is Glory to God! and the beating pulse of gratitude shall make the rush of feeling throughout universal man to be a glorious choral cry—'*Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!*'

For this transcendantly glorious hope we are indebted to the manifestation of God's love in the gift, ministry, and mediation, of Jesus Christ. 'All things are of God'—all the influences by which the heart is touched, the mind awakened, the conscience convinced of sin, and the whole man won over to love and holiness. Let us be thankful for the abundance of these influences, improve those proffered to us, and be for God and man, in living the active, holy and benevolent life. To this end, let us wear Christ as a miniature before our spiritual vision, and seek to be transformed into the like divine image—the unshadowed image of God. B.

Boldness in the defence of the oppressed, exalts humanity. But to the oppressor, degradation is upon him.

Be slow to cast even the imputation of guilt on a friend, ere it shall appear.

When thine heart inclines thee to assist the needy, leave all and do it, and happy thy rest.

Written for the Repository.

'Pray without Ceasing.'

God of the first gray dawn!
To thee my vows I raise;
And on the wings of morn,
Send up my song of praise.
I bless thee for the sleep
That soothed my weary frame;
The vigil thou didst keep,
The visions bright that came.

God of the sun's first ray!
O let its influence be
A magnet, day by day
To draw me unto thee.
I bless thee for that light,
The sun that fills the soul,
Whose beams divinely bright,
Can purify the whole.

God of the glowing noon!
My prayer shall still ascend,
And crave a heavenly boon,
Of thee, my kindest Friend,
I seek that better part,
To animate this clod;
I would be pure in heart,
That I may see my God!

God of the morning light,
And of the evening's close,
Thy love, no shade or blight,
Or diminution knows;
O Father! when at length,
My earthly ties shall sever,
Be thou my staff of strength,—
Thine arms—my home forever!

CHARLOTTE.

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Conversation on Christmas.

A. A MERRY Christmas to you.

B. The same to you—but why is the birth day of Jesus called Christmas?

A. The term is of Roman Catholic origin, and was derived from the celebration of a magnificent *Mass* on the day usually called the birth day of our Lord—called the Mass of Christ.

B. What is a *Mass?*

A. It is a part of the Catholic service, consisting of singing, prayers, and sometimes the partaking of the consecrated wafer of the Eucharist. It is used as a general word for the festivals as Candlemas, &c. Their Liturgy is called their Mass-book.

B. I should like to attend the service, for it must be impressive.

A. It is indeed so when celebrated in one of the great Cathedrals as in Rome, or in Spain. Travelers describe the birth day *Mass* as most magnificent in Rome, where the Pope attends in great pomp, amid thousands of persons of all classes.

B. I should be glad to read some of these descriptions.

A. You can do it now, for here is one by Catherine Taylor.

B. I would thank you to read it as you have doubtless read it before, and I shall catch the ideas from your voice better than from a book.

A. I will do as you wish. She speaks of being in St. Peter's Church, and continues: 'Our servant came to tell us that he had spoken to a sacristan, who had promised to admit us into one of the small galleries, of which there are four beneath the dome. Nothing could be better than this situation; here we were quietly seated, without any bustle, looking down on the expecting crowd of ladies, who were not admitted to their places, until long afterwards. Permission being once granted them to enter, in they rushed, each one struggling and pushing her way, in no very lady-like manner; the guard, in vain attempting to moderate their eagerness, was completely overpowered by them. I felt ashamed, for they were most of them our countrywomen.

'We had still an hour and a half to wait; but there was so much to amuse and interest us in the novel scene, that time flew without our knowing it. Every moment offered something new and strange. Now a cardinal, with his long train of servants, crossed the aisle in his bright scarlet robes,—or returned, having exchanged them for a more sumptuous dress of white satin and gold. Now an ambassador with his suite, was ushered through the crowd with all imaginable pomp. Here a priest, returning from a side altar, appeared from one of the arches, bearing the Host in his hand—there, a group of peasants in their bright festal garments, or a solitary friar pacing slowly along the aisle. In a confessional opposite to us sat a Dominican friar, listening amidst all this gorgeous array, to the tale of penitence which a woman was pouring into his ear. Presently the Guarda Nobile arrived; this is the body-guard of his Holiness, and consists of the sons of noble Roman families: their dress is splendid,—scarlet and silver, with graceful plumes of drooping feathers. They took their station near the altar, at the top of the avenue of soldiers, which now reached to the great western door.'

B. That must have been a singular sight when we remember that the Pope is the pretended representative of God on earth, as was Jesus. How strange Jesus would have looked with a

body-guard of soldiery around him. But go on; I wish to hear further.

A. 'At ten o'clock the cannon of Sant' Angelo announced the approach of the procession, the wide portals were thrown open, and from the far end of the noble aisle, we saw it slowly advancing, at first like a moving mass of satin and feathers. By degrees, however, we discerned the figures of which it was composed; first came attendants, bearing on crimson velvet cushions the various Papal mitres and tiaras, the gold staff and cross, and the insignia of the temporal power of the Pope. Bishops and cardinals followed, each with his train of priests and servants. Two men next appeared, with large fans of white peacocks' feathers, immediately preceding the Santo Padre: these fans are carried before the Pope, and the eyes on the feathers are considered emblematical of those of the whole human race, which are directed to him as the vicegerent of God on earth. His holiness was seated in a chair of crimson and gold, borne on the shoulders of twelve men in sumptuous liveries; over his head floated a canopy of white satin, supported on lances carried by the Palfrenieri, as the persons selected for this office are called. He was dressed in magnificent robes of white satin embroidered with gold, and on his head was the triple crown: bestowing his benediction on the people, by making the sign of the cross in the air, he passed on to the high altar, where, descending from his ærial throne, he knelt for a minute at a splendid Prie-Dieu and was then conducted to his chair of state. At this moment the Mass began, the choristers chanting a glorious Kyrie Eleison. The cardinals each knelt in turn before the footstool of the Pope and kissed his hand; the bishops followed, and kneeling pressed their lips to his knee, while all their attendant priests saluted the cross embroidered on his slipper. Each as he retired, bowed first to the Pope, as the representative of God on earth, and then to the right and left, as to the Son and Holy Ghost. Then the cardinals, receiving from the priests at the altar various parts of the Pope's dress, proceeded to divest him of his original robes. Ten were employed in this ceremony, who, stripping him of all his gay attire, left him sitting in a plain dress of white linen. I could not help smiling to see the grave old cardinals acting the part of valets, as they now unrobed, and again dressed up, their master like a puppet in satin and gold: at length the weighty task was accomplished and the Mass proceeded.'

B. O to be servant to great folks is a noble office to some; and we read of a dispute which took place in England for the privilege of holding a towel for the king Richard the Second, while he washed his hands before dinner, on the Coronation day. The one whose right it was, was not of a sufficiently exalted rank!

A. Our author continues:—'I cannot follow the Mass through all the accompanying genuflections, the walking to and from the altar, the crowning and uncrowning of the Pope. Wearied out at last, I sat with my eyes closed, listening to the beautiful music; there was no organ, but the voices were rich and melodious, as they poured forth strains of delicious harmony. At last the Pope arose, and supported by two cardinals approached the altar; clouds of incense ascended from the fuming censers as he elevated the Host. That was a moment never to be forgotten; the whole multitude was prostrate, every head was bent in adoration; the arms of the soldiers fell to the ground with a clanging sound, and a deathlike silence followed. I scarcely dared to breathe; when from the far end of the long aisle the full and silvery notes of a trumpet stole upon my ear like sounds from heaven. Amidst assembled thousands the Pope alone was standing; three times he raised the cup, while a stream of glowing sunshine, falling on his uncovered head, seemed to light up the altar: then he replaced the chalice; the people rose, and loud hosannas resounded through the mighty dome. There was a power in the scene at that moment which even my heretic heart acknowledged; I forgot the weak emblem which was the object of adoration, and my thoughts rose to him who is the only fountain of life and light and all things.'

B. That must have been grand indeed, and who would not love to be present amid the witching sweetness and overpowering grandeur of the service! I marvel not that the Catholic worship is so attractive to thousands, and I would it could be separated from the gross superstitions of the church.

A. So do I. But Protestants reject the good because of the evil.

B. To what do you refer?

A. Particularly to Christmas. At one time the English Parliament voted to abolish the notice of the day because the Papists observed it; and our Puritan fathers thus decreed in the Colony;—'No one shall keep *Christmas*, or any Saint day,

read common prayer, make mince pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, or Jews'-harp!' And they encouraged prize-shooting for game on that day, which continues now in some places.

B. A singular law certainly. But why, pray tell me, were *mince pies* outlawed?

A. Because they were associated so intimately with Christmas, being once made in *a long shape* to represent a manger, and were the Christmas pies. The Puritans were fearful that with the taste of the pie the old associations would return, and revive a new love for the merry rites of England's Christmas festival.

B. That well accorded with their stern character; but were those rites peculiar?

A. They were somewhat, as Irving has described them in the 2d volume of the 'Sketch Book.'

B. Can't you describe them to me?

A. You had better read them at your leisure, as the customs were many and singular, and his descriptions are rich. Christmas Eve, called the Vigil or watch, was celebrated by rolling on to the hearth the 'yule clog,' which was the name for an enormous great log, which was lighted by a brand saved from the last Christmas log, and merry songs and tales were sung and told while it continued to burn. Huge Christmas candles were also lighted; the chandlers made presents of 'Christmas candles' to children; and the houses seemed to be on fire, so full of light were they.

B. A merry time certainly they must have had, for plenty of eating and drinking always accompanies such times.

A. Certainly. The religious rites commenced about midnight, when it was once a custom to have an exhibition in the churches of a manger, a wax babe and other members of the holy family, and songs were sung and prayers made. At this time it was believed that all the cattle knelt in their stalls in homage to the child Jesus; and all the bees hummed a song. The houses and churches were dressed with evergreens, and great festivities took place, lasting during twelve days sometimes. The houses were open to all—the nobles and the commoners met as equals, and the poor were bountifully provided for.

B. So says the old description of Christmas:

'Then opened wide the baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride;
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
All hailed with uncontroled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.'

And we learn also that they had merry dances of maskers as the description ends with allusion to them:

'Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists, may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery.

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas bro't his sports again.
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart thro' half the year.'

A. England's poor now need such festivals to open the hearts of the rich and those in power, for many thousands of her laboring children now groan for want of the Christmas generosity of olden time.

B. Such festivals surely do much good, and the associations of Christmas should always keep mirth under healthy restraint, lest it end in heaviness.

A. Such is the merry Christmas I wished you.

B. And such I wish you and all who are dear to us.

A. I join in your good wishes, and am glad that our Sabbath School is to celebrate Christmas.

B. It should, for how frequently are the birth days of illustrious personages celebrated, whose lives were of small importance compared with the life of Jesus!

A. We certainly celebrate the bestowment of our heavenly Father's greatest gift, worthy to fill the world with joy.

B. Yes, you remember that the angels so described it: 'Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.'

A. That could not have been said, if the Calvinistic doctrine of election of but a part to be saved, were true.

B. Neither could it have been said if *any* form of partialism be true, as the gospel cannot be great joy till it is believed, and yet it is said to be designed as such for all people.

A. Yes, and a late controversialist has said that he believes all infants will be saved and all the heathen, as they never heard of Jesus. If then he had *not* been revealed to any part of the world, all would have been saved; and would not that be greater joy than many have now in prospect?

B. Certainly; and thus the birth of Jesus is more to be lamented, than rejoiced in; for it was an awful calamity if it is to result in more misery than bliss.

A. It may be *that* is the reason so many do not celebrate the event.

B. Well, be it so, or not, it becomes Universalists to honor the season, as they have the most glorious view of the Savior's character and mission, regarding him as the perfect image of the Father's love and 'the Savior of the world.'

A. Yes, and to us there is a blessed reality and certainty about the final results of his mediatorial reign, that causes us to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; for all the promises are yea, and amen, sure and certain in Christ Jesus.

B. And, therefore, he claims our gratitude, and by that noble feeling he would awaken the most generous affections of our being, and attach us to his service as willing and glad subjects.

A. How few understand this. How many think, or try to think, that we have nothing to incline us to love Jesus, and practice his religion. I think we have more than any other christians.

B. I'm sure we have. We have better views of the purposes of God, of the unchangeability of his love, of the good of being controled always by a religious, a christian spirit, and are made to perceive the present evils of sin. And more than all this, we have better views of heaven, and are permitted to look forward to purity and joy universal, when

> 'God's own soft hand shall wipe the tears
> From every weeping eye,
> And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
> And death itself shall die.'

A. Yes, and the glad spirit of our faith bids us exclaim as the poet closed his hymn:

> 'How long, dear Savior, O how long,
> Shall this blest hour delay!
> Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
> And bring the welcome day.'

B. But if we had faith in the limited view of salvation, and imagined that the end would result in the utter ruin and eternal misery of a great portion of the human family, we should have to alter the words and cry—

> 'Delay, dear Savior, O delay,
> The awful time forever!
> Roll slowly round, ye wheels of time,
> And bring the era—never.'

A. O how sad that sounds! It makes me shudder to hear it, as I fancy terrible things, and see misery and wretchedness that must never be lessened, and God unpitying and Jesus stern! O I surely am not half grateful enough for the belief I have in the universality of the redemption.

B. None can be grateful enough. I have often thought that our faith is beyond expression dear, when I have seen the hopeless mourner at the grave of the loved.

A. God pity such, and give them to believe that not in vain was Jesus born, and not in vain did he die. He shall see of his labors and be satisfied.

B. That is the declaration of scripture, and surely nothing less than the salvation of the world can satisfy such a love as Jesus has—a love that made him pray even for his murderers.

A. So let us ever believe, that we may rejoice, and find Christ precious unto us.

B. Then the gospel will be the best 'Christmas Box' ever given, and full of jewels.

A. It will indeed. But pray tell me, why are presents given at this season called 'Christmas Boxes,' and so advertised for sale?

B. Because among Catholics in olden time, sailors used to have a box for the priests on board ship, in which they put contributions, and when they arrived home, the whole was given for the priests to say Mass for them on that day as a prosperous and sacred one, that all their sins might be forgiven.

A. If so, I'll never call a present by that name, for money cannot pay for the forgiveness of sin.

B. True; God will hear the penitent though poor as mortal ever was; but to those who were like him of old, his word says, 'Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God can be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God.'

Written for the Repository.

Elegiac Stanzas.

To the memory of Ann Janette S. Daggett, who died August 20, 1838; and of Corrissande L. Daggett, who died, January 16, 1837.

'O where are they?' This question comes from all I hear and see;
O where are they, the beautiful, twin stars of memory?
'*Gone*—' is the sad response I meet, from each familiar thing,
Departed in their brightest hopes—their freshest blossoming.

I miss them at the silent board and in the meadows fair;
I miss them on the pleasant hills—I miss them every where!
Long years have gone since last I stood within this ancient hall;—
No outward change has come; and, yet, a dark, funereal pall

Seems settling heavily upon each dear, familiar spot,
Shading the haunts of those fair girls, who were—but who are not.

Quick memories as now I write, come rushing o'er my brain;
And back the curtain of the past in darkness—furls again,
Revealing scenes of love and hope, too hallowed, and too dear
For the rough breath of earth-born winds. They grew—and perished here—
They perished—but their memory is the fairest, brightest gem,
Which fond affection places in her earthly diadem!

Dear Corrissande! I see her now—mild spirit-like, and fair;
No tear bedims her soft blue eye, or wets her flaxen hair.
Her tender voice, her ringing laugh, are audible to me
As when they woke sweet echoes here with their rich melody.

She blended woman's dignity with the sweetness of a child—
High aspiration, noble thought, with manners soft and mild;
But, as the fairest flower is sought by the first-coming frost,
So soon our gifted ones decay—our beautiful are lost.

She passed away—and left a shade to darken o'er the brow
Of all who knew and loved her here. That shadow lingereth now.
But her beloved sister mourned too deeply—and too well,
And, like a stricken bird, full soon that weeping sister fell—
She fell in all her beauty—in the fullness of her pride—
With mind, and heart, and character developed, and allied
To all that 's noble—all that 's true,—and left in bitter grief,
Fond loving hearts, to whom bright hope alone can bring relief.

She heard her angel sister's voice—'twas calling her away—
And on this cold and dreary earth she could no longer stay;
For visions of the spirit-land broke on her raptured eye;
And her young hopes that perished here, were blossoming on high.
Yes, she too has gone. A double blow has pierced each bleeding heart;
And from each deep and cureless wound fresh drops of anguish start.
O sad and desolate to me each haunted spot appears!
The ghost of buried happiness sits here all bathed in tears;
And with her pale, cold finger, still, she points to the departed,
Mocking with bitter fallacy, the lone and broken-hearted.

But on this sad returning day, our thoughts should rise above;
For, O, we know our Father but chasteneth in love;
We know there *is* benevolence, though we perceive it not;
We know that kindness makes the law of every human lot.
Believing this, a healing balm shall reach the wounded part;
And peace shall fold her wings again within the troubled heart;

Our praises, then—our gratitude—shall to that God be given,
Who, when he takes our flowers from earth, transplanteth them in heaven!—

Forever—ever—in my heart your images I'll set!—
Farewell, farewell; dear Corrissande! beloved Ann Janette!

Attleborough, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Human Pride.

Pope calls pride, 'the never-failing vice of fools.' It is very certain that, in our daily walks, we meet with many who are remarkable for their stubborn pride; for pride of opinion, and high self-estimation; who possess very little knowledge, very little talent, and very little of anything which is calculated to render them objects of love or admiration to their fellows. Nay, I believe that where merit is wanting, we shall generally find that pride supplies its place.

> 'For as in bodies, thus in souls we find
> What wants in blood and spirits filled with wind.'

But we shall find that, independent of this fact, pride is the enemy of intellect. It is the enemy especially of true knowledge. Even if the scriptures did not inform us that 'God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble,' and that it is 'the meek whom he will teach of his ways,' yet in the exercise of our observing faculties, we should have become acquainted with the fact that pride is a great bar to the acquisition of true knowledge.

Pride has often rejected the gospel, and in so doing has proved a sore enemy to the happiness of him who entertained it as a guest. When we look directly at pride, and strip it of the ornaments with which the worldly have bedecked it, we shall perceive that there is nothing noble about it. Pride puffs up man not on account of the good that he has done, or the great qualities which he possesses. For, he who hath pride is, in a good degree, rendered incapable of performing noble actions. The noblest actions are those which prove our disinterestedness and our regard for the happiness of our fellows, who are children of the same heavenly Father with ourselves. Yet pride builds a partition wall between us and other men. It induces us to suppose that we are so much better than others that we are under no natural obligation to treat them as brethren and sisters. Here it interferes with our duties as christians, yet how common is it for high professors to indulge in pride—the most selfish and consequently the most base of all the vices. Particularly does the Savior deprecate pride; and both by precept and example does he teach humility, real, genuine, heart-felt humility. It is the ornament of the christian character, and without it, there can be no religion. So sensible have hypocrites been of this fact, that they have universally assumed this virtue when they did not possess it. Even the monks, friars, and other ecclesiastics who lived in an age nearer that of the Savior's advent, felt the great necessity of assuming the *appearance* of this virtue. Hence they went about, dressed in coarse cloth and barefooted, lived on alms, and often assumed humiliating attitudes. No doubt, that many of them were sin-

cere, and supposed that by these outward manifestations they would work out humility of soul. But not so. Those things were but a repetition of the sour countenance and long prayers of the Pharisee, amounting to nothing which could regenerate the heart. When Jesus washed his disciples' feet, he did not perform a ceremony which had been handed down by tradition, but acted from the spontaneous suggestions of his own heart. This is true humility, to regard all men—however low their condition, and however obscure their origin—as our brethren; and therefore of as much consequence in the sight of heaven as ourselves. I do not mean to say that it is sufficient to confess and to teach that all men will be saved; for if Jesus came here for anything, he came to cultivate the spirit of universal brotherhood on earth; and such is the natural effect of the doctrine which we believe. Unless it makes us feel that all men are our brethren, and inspires us with good will to men, irrespective of name, sect, or nation, it answers not the end for which it was designed. Christian love admits not of exclusiveness or sectarianism.

But perhaps that some one of my readers may be ready to ask, 'Am I obliged to smile upon men who possess coarse and vulgar tastes? Am I obliged to fellowship with crime, error, and disgusting vulgarity?' I would reply, As soon as your tastes, sentiments, and feelings become more lofty, more sublime, and more pure and noble than were those of Jesus of Nazareth, you may spurn from you the humble and unfortunate sons of earth. Then you may look askance upon the ignorant and the vulgar, and may determine that it becomes you not to hold converse with those who are unlettered, uncouth, and vicious; but until then, you are no christian, unless you treat all men with fraternal tenderness and regard. Shall it be answered, 'But I like higher and more intellectual pursuits than they. My mind has more chaste and refined views and feelings.' Then I reply that all the worldly wisdom and refinement of scholars, poets, and philosophers, is as dross when compared with christian love. There is no true intellectual greatness, no true refinement, and no true wisdom, that has not for its foundation the simple truths of the gospel—the impartial love of our brethren, even as it dwelt in Jesus, and as it dwells in the bosom of the Father.

This is true humility—to treat all men as brethren. This is the humility of the heart; and for want of this the Pharisees found a substitute in disfiguring their faces, and appearing unto men to fast. For want of this, the poor misguided monks and friars lashed themselves with whips, performed penance, walked barefooted, and lived upon charity.

But this true humility can never exist where men believe that the wicked are under sentence of everlasting perdition. No man can love his neighbor as himself, while he believes that his God does not love that neighbor; and it would seem unreasonable that the servant should love his Master's enemies, and those whom his Master intends to banish from his face and his favor forever. Hence the sectarian pride, the bitter bigotry, the persecuting spirit manifested by many professors of religion. I will risk the assertion that partialism has engendered and kept alive more cold and heartless malignity in the human breast, than any other cause.

The simple fact that Jesus commands his disciples to love their enemies, overthrows the whole scheme of partial salvation, since why should the Creator require that of the creature which he cannot do himself?

I believe that Universalism has done much to destroy this sectarian wall of division which has opposed itself so long to the harmony and peace of mankind. Let the trumpet sound its notes far and wide; let the doctrine of a world's salvation be preached until mankind shall more plainly perceive that they are brethren, and then true humility will take the place of exclusiveness and bigotry. Then we shall learn to feel another's wo; and not first ask whether they are worthy of our sympathy. Oh! monstrous thought! that any one of God's dear children should not be worthy of the sympathy of his brother; or that we should coldly pass by the unfortunate because vice, the worst misfortune, is one of their woes!

Happiness. Some men ascribe all their unhappiness to the narrowness of their means; but place them in the immediate enjoyment of all that enters within the circle of their present hopes and desires, and they will no sooner have entered upon the enrapturing possession, than new hopes and desires will begin to manifest themselves. You cannot place a man in such a situation that he will not look above it and beyond it; give him the whole of this world, and like the hero of Macedon, he will inquire for another.

Social intercourse, or neighbor visiting neighbor, is a strong link in the chain of friendship.

Written for the Repository.

The Minister's Daughter.

A good old man was my uncle Jeremy; his kindness of heart and cheerful loquacity always insured him a welcome from us little folks, and his chidings, even, were so mild that they never gave offence, while they called us from many devious wanderings. How he used to pause in the middle of his talk, fix his dim, grey eyes on me, when I was a wild, romping girl, and say,—'Ah! niece, it will not always be so,—there are, in reserve for you, days of darkness, which will eclipse this joy, and sadness that will make the remembrance of this excessive gaiety bitter to you! Moderate your mirth, and sober your heart, child; for heavy affliction awaits you.' It was wrong, perhaps, to laugh at the old man's fears; but I did so, for I thought, in childish ignorance, that I would always hold happiness near to my heart, which I thought sufficiently well fortified to resist successfully any external enemy, and strong enough to bear, unmoved, the heaviest affliction. How ignorant we are of our weakness, till our strength is tested! How little we think of the pride that dwells in our hearts and is fostered there, till it is humbled! Singularly, indeed, were the old man's words verified! Though I treated them lightly, yet they always seemed ominous, and threw a transitory gloom over my spirits. But they were kindly meant, and his fatherly counsels have, since, been more soberly regarded. Especially did he enjoin the duty of guarding well the lips, lest they should be defiled by evil-speaking. 'Let not the breath of slander pass over them, he said, 'for it will return to you with a deeper pollution, and poison the springs that now supply the fountain of truth in your heart.' He gave me many chapters from his own experience to impress more strongly on my mind the odiousness of every species of slander. One of these, I have thought to give the reader.

On returning from a visit to a young associate, I announced to my aunt the resolution I had formed of never again visiting Harriet. The good lady lifted her spectacles, and asked what had happened? Uncle Jeremy smoothed down his grey hairs, drew a chair close to his side and said,—'Sit down here, niece.' I did so.

'Now tell me.'

'I met Caroline Benson, and she said that Harriet was mean, and had talked badly about me, uncle.'

My aunt smiled at my indignation, but rebuke was in uncle Jeremy's eye; I felt the glow of shame overspread my face, and concealed it on his shoulder.

'Dear uncle'—

'Nay, none of this, child! but I fear you will never learn how to treat these idle tales;—I have a story for you.'

'Thank you, dear uncle.'

'When I was a child like you, my father often took me with him to hear his favorite minister preach, and I became so attached to him as to imagine him superior to every thing else human. Dr. Weymouth *was* a benevolent man. His countenance wore a Puritanic gravity, that would have been repulsive had not his heart been all kindness and his words all love. Whenever he spoke to me, he seemed to draw me into his heart, and I reverenced him as a pattern of human excellence and loved him as a parent. When a stripling youth, proud of expanding powers and growing attractions, I thought that to have access to the Doctor's library and to be received by his family as a particular and a privileged friend, would be the acme of bliss. I knew no higher ambition, had no dearer wish. This wish was gratified; I became completely domesticated in his family, with all the privileges I had desired. Without an effort to effect it, I gained the confidence of the different members of the Doctor's family, and became the common repository of each one's plans and vexations. After a little time I discovered, much to my surprise and grief, that the nicest harmony did not pervade the Doctor's house; but I carefully concealed the little defects that I saw, and tried to persuade myself that I was too sensitive to these domestic discords. I have wondered, since, that I could be so blinded; but it was a boy's trustfulness. I do remember that I was very uneasy and my cheek became uncomfortably hot, as the captious wife, in her injudicious communicativeness, detailed to me her conjugal annoyances, and petty jealousies, exaggerated and colored as they were by a vain heart and a restless imagination. But, as the Doctor bore all this meekly, and never complained, I concluded that his wife spoke so only in moments of excitement, from the impulse of passion that soon subsided, and left her a kind and faithful wife. However this might be, I knew that both duty and honor required me to be silent respecting their domestic troubles. The pleasure of communion with the Doctor's family

had been only in anticipation. When my heart expanded to realize it, adverse qualities compelled it to retire to its own solitary enjoyment; yet the strength of my attachment abated not, and while I pitied, I loved.

The Doctor's oldest daughter was a good hearted girl, and, at first, I loved her much. As she grew in stature and in years, her mother's example and the feelings awakened by her, rendered her child less amiable, and I sometimes thought decidedly disagreeable. Myra must have suspected this; for her manner towards me changed, and she often treated me with haughtiness and even contempt. Finding so little happiness here, I sought new associates, and became acquainted with a girl whose quiet demeanor and delicate feelings I fully appreciated. You may suppose, niece, that a young fellow, such as I then was, would possess many foibles and some unpleasant habits; these Louisa soon perceived, and with the kindness and faithfulness of true friendship, she called my attention to them, and tried by all the arts of persuasion to correct them. At first, I misinterpreted her efforts, and thought her influenced by motives which never moved her; but when I asked her reasons for wishing me reformed, and demanded what good it would do *her* for me to be divested of these imperfections, I knew by the steadiness and deep meaning of her look that she read my selfish suspicion.'

'What is the object of friendship? asked she. Will you tell me its duties? Why are friends given us?—to be encouraged in habits that make them disagreeable, and *may* render them odious?—that they may have those feelings strengthened which will bring disappointment and misery on themselves?'

'The mild rebuke contained in these questions so sweetly and sadly uttered, silenced my cavils; yet, I could not understand why she should take so great an interest in me as to trouble herself about my faults, and all this with such perfect uprightness of intention. I could not defend my errors, and when I laughed at her she only repeated the reproof more kindly and firmly; but when I saw that my increased and unmeaning levity made her countenance sad and her accents of entreaty mournful and tremulous, I was subdued,—the suppressed tears were fast gathering in her eyes, and for me,—I yielded my foibles, for I would not forfeit her esteem; and I could not lose her society. Oh, how I valued her smile of encouragement, as I tried, every day, to lessen the power of my enslaving habits, and to make myself as upright and as excellent as she told me I could be. And how careful I was lest in my intercourse with society I should betray the lingerings of what she had censured, or acquire any thing that she would not approve. I owe much of my high reputation to the influence of her sympathy and sweet counsels.'

'But, uncle, this Louisa was not the minister's daughter!'

'Well, niece, Myra saw that I looked for happiness no more in the family of her father, she knew I had the confidence of her friend;—Louisa was a favorite of the family, and stood high in their esteem,—and that her society made me better. This roused in her breast improper feelings. She saw him whom in her dignity she had scorned, treated by Louisa as a particular friend, and,—think me not vain, niece,—she saw that the eyes of all her female friends looked favorably on him. Her tall, queenly figure now oftener bent in courtesy to uncle Jeremy; but he saw not its attractions. His eyes looked through this dazzling veil, and saw concealed by its beauty dishonorable designs of regaining by flattering attentions what might have been secured by the natural action of kind feelings. Still, she had more power over me than I admitted, or, indeed, was aware of, and her mother warmly seconded her efforts. Mrs. Weymouth had uniformly treated me with the kindness of a mother, except in the impetuosity of quick resentment, which I always forgave, and easily forgot. Now, she took an increased interest in my affairs, and appeared unusually devoted to Myra. She seemed to think her daughter a pattern of filial duty, though I had previously thought that all the comfort she afforded her mother was what administered to maternal pride. I will not tell you, niece, by what subtilties of detraction they turned my heart against Louisa; but they did it so effectually that I delighted to practise what I knew she would condemn. When in her presence, I found it impossible to credit their artful insinuations; but, day after day, the same tales were rung in my ears, and their influence over me was complete. Often, at her look of earnest inquiry, did my cheek glow with emotions which I could not conceal, and I felt abased and wretched.'

'Did Louisa know why you slighted her friendship, uncle?'

'She did not, for on meeting her by accident,

and turning to avoid a conversation with her, she spoke of it with her usual frankness, and asked the cause. I replied carelessly; but she requested a candid answer. I said it was not proper there. 'Will you walk home with me then?' she asked. I had previously been as a brother to her, so the request was such as a sister might make; but I complied with evident reluctance. Myra was near, a critic on our words; but Louisa heeded her not, though she well knew that her conduct would be made a subject of derision. Louisa understood Myra's character, and was certain of not receiving any justice in her misrepresentations.'

'In your walk did you explain to Louisa your strange conduct?'

'I evaded her inquiries, assuring her that she had neither offended me nor wounded my feelings; I was ashamed to let her know that they could be governed, and my conduct directed by Myra's ridicule and Mrs. Weymouth's artifice. Wounded friendship found no relief, and Louisa's womanly dignity forbade her speaking of it afterwards. She told me she knew I accompanied her unwillingly, that her only object in asking the favor, was to get an explanation of my uncommon formality, and that she would not oblige me to go farther in opposition to my wishes.'

'Did you leave her in the street, uncle Jeremy?'—the old gentleman did not hear the question; he had turned his face away, for strong feeling was at work in his heart. I repeated it.

'Could uncle Jeremy be so clownish? do you think, niece. During the remainder of the walk, Louisa talked cheerfully on general subjects; but, with true feminine feeling, she ever treated me, afterwards, as a casual acquaintance, kindly, but with reserve.'

'But, *the minister's daughter*, uncle.'

'Myra gained her purpose here.'

'And you no longer disliked her, uncle?'

'I disliked her, but I disliked her merciless ridicule and sly hints still more. I saw not all the snares spread for me, in which, even then I was entangled.'

'How did you discover their mischievous schemes, uncle?'

'Myra invited to the Doctor's house the amiable and beautiful daughters of Mr. Rodgers; these young ladies I found, on acquaintance, to possess excellent dispositions and sensible minds. I told Mrs. Weymouth how highly I valued their characters, and that I thought them attractive and agreeable. Myra was present and replied, 'You are not so well acquainted with their characters as I am, and know nothing of their domestic bickerings.' Mrs. Weymouth rejoined: 'They are pretty girls; but we should not suffer ourselves to be misled by appearances.' As you perceive, they accused the girls of nothing, they did not even pronounce them *unamiable;* they well knew that these artful and cruel intimations, obliquely thrown out, would serve them better. To me, it seemed strange that they should speak disrespectfully of every girl I thought deserving, and I recollected that the traduced ones had been welcomed to the Doctor's house by his wife and daughter, with the greatest apparent delight, and treated by them with distinguishing cordiality. Here was an inconsistency that I failed to reconcile. For once, I resolved to investigate it and find where truth rested. I did so; Myra's hand and smile were ever ready for the Misses Rodgers, when she met them, and her satirical jests and refined slanders followed them as constantly. My perception was rectified, the illusions that so long had cheated me, vanished; I saw how completely I had been duped, and at what fearful cost to me. Myra was vain, she loved to be noticed and praised, and imagined all the esteem and admiration given to others, something of which she had been defrauded. This was the defect in her moral character, she was disquieted by others' virtues.'

'Why did not the Doctor correct this fault, uncle?'

'Doctor Weymouth was a devoted parent; but his authority was set at naught, and his efforts thwarted by his wilful and weak-minded wife, who in her foolish conceitedness turned Myra's heart against her father, so that she regarded him only as the minister of her wants. Myra was not wanting in outward respect for him, for she feared the steady look of his searching eye; but, that feeling of veneration which clings to a parent and feeds in delight on his wisdom and experience, and, with filial watchfulness, exerts itself to make smooth the path of a parent's anxious life, was a stranger to her heart. His councils, the fruit of deep thought and an extended knowledge of the world, were disregarded, and to her mother she ridiculed his advice as recklessly as she did the sentiments of her female friends.'

'Did Mrs. Weymouth permit it, uncle?'

'Her own example served to strengthen the

propensity and encourage such undutiful conduct.'

'Was Myra really beautiful, uncle Jeremy?'

'She thought herself so; her beauty pleased only the eye, it was not such as delights the heart.'

'How did you revenge yourself for the deceit they practised upon you?'

'I left the city, dear as it was to me, for I could not meet unmoved, the warm, generous hearts that I had treated so coldly and ungentlemanly. I could not meet the calm, dignified Louisa and look on her celestial countenance, think of the benefits she had conferred on me and the return I made, without emotions that I wished to smother. Besides, the perfidy of my deceitful friends haunted me like a demon of darkness from which my soul turned with loathing and silent indignation.'

'What became of Myra?'

'Some years after I left the place, a friend wrote that, after coquetting as long as she retained any power, she married in despair.'

'But, uncle, Louisa and you were, surely, friends again.'

'I have not seen her since I came here; I thought she must despise my ungrateful conduct, and pride sealed uncle Jeremy's lips till they were opened for your instruction and warning. Remember, niece, that a person's feelings and conduct may be influenced by circumstances and motives which we cannot see; therefore we ought not to judge hastily or unkindly. Distrust scandal; never confide in one who traduces her neighbors or friends, for if she searched her own heart carefully, she would find so many imperfections that she would not desire to invade the precincts of others. Remember, niece, this severe lesson from your uncle's bitter experience, and listen to no slanderous reports.'

'I thank you, dear uncle; but—why did you not marry?—from what you said, I suppose you were quite a favorite with the ladies.'

'I could not feel their selfish attachment, and was unmoved by it. Early communion with Louisa had led me to associate with female society, advantages of improvement and high intellectual and spiritual enjoyment which I never found in the society of another. And now, Amy, keep this lesson to yourself, and profit by it.' As he concluded, his sister, my aunt Amy, came in and said, tea was ready. I thought uncle Jeremy was glad my attention was diverted from him. I never after spoke to him of the story, but I thought he knew it was remembered.

MIMOSA.

——, *Me.*

Written for the Repository.

The Boy at the Convention.

Mother, I cannot worship here,
My spirit droops its wing;
The vanities of earth, so near,
Their shadows o'er me fling.

'Tis said the preacher's talents rare
In matchless splendor shine;
And that his gifts of language are
Transcendent and divine.

I know he stands before us all
So nice, and richly dressed,
And lifts his hand and lets it fall
In tremor to his breast.

But all his words are learned and long,
For wise, big heads designed;
His labored preaching is too strong
To feed my little mind.

The lofty brilliant things he says
Send all my thoughts abroad,
I think of him whene'er he prays,
I cannot think of God.

A beamy cloud before my eyes,
Its mists obstruct my sight;
My dazzled vision cannot rise
Beyond its borrowed light.

I wish that, in our chapel small
With meek ones I could bow,
And tell in simple language, all
The feelings I have now.

There no magnificence would weigh
My spirit to the dust;
But my full heart would love and pray
With quiet, steady trust.

Oh! mother, take me hence, for o'er
My heart a sickness steals,
My senses can endure no more
The organ's swelling peals.

My simple spirit is oppressed
By all this bright display;
Amidst this grandeur is no rest,—
Come! let us go away.

And take me to your bosom, dear,
Sweet mother! you can hush
These vagrant feelings, that when here
Thro' all my pulses rush.

MIMOSA.

——, *Me.*

A Moral. Preachers of the Gospel should at all times, when called upon, be ready to furnish a Moral, that will be useful in filling up a niche in a waste place. So should they employ the leisure moments of their vocation, that the very sight of them will act as a Moral to the world, causing the passers by to receive them as living guides.

Written for the Repository.

Lowell Offering.

We have just received the ninth number of this excellent publication. Its literary and moral character continues to be well sustained. We have looked through, as carefully as leisure would permit, those numbers of the volume which have been published, and have found in them all much to approve and admire. Do *all* our readers know that this work is made up *exclusively* of the productions of the factory girls? If not, it is time that *every* heart should thrill with pride and with gratitude at the knowledge of what *woman*, and LABORING WOMAN, can accomplish?

We question whether any magazine in our country can show upon its pages articles of a superior tone to some which have appeared in the 'Offering.' Has any writer in the '*Ladies*' Book,' or the '*Ladies*' Companion,' or even in the '*Ladies*' *Repository*,' advanced more rational or philosophical views of woman's sphere, and woman's rights than has 'Ella' in No. 5 of the *Factory Girl's* 'Offering?' Found ever Salvarietta a more eloquent eulogist than the gentle yet martial-spirited 'Adelaide?' Among the hundreds who have declaimed and written and sung of the magic heroism of Joan of Arc, who has offered a nobler tribute to her memory than the writer in a recent number of the 'Offering?' But time and space would fail us to mention half the fine things that appear monthly in this unpretending publication. We would, however, ere closing this notice, call the reader's attention to the following extracts from an article in the last number, entitled, 'Aristocracy of Employment.' It is written in a strain of noble eloquence that would do credit to the best orator in our land; and the heart that does not thrill at its touch, can have little of dignity or humanity left. Read, and *think*.

'The laborer—and who is *he?* A man, made a little lower than the angels, and stamped with the impress of his heavenly Father; a man, and brother to him who will not soil, with slightest manual employment, his snowy hand, or costly vestment; a man, and though too often degraded to a station but little above the brute, yet may be, in some future time, the companion of angels.'

'The laborer—and where is he? Wherever the beauteous mansion of the rich man greets the admiring gaze of passing travelers; wherever the splendid temple's lofty dome is reared, and its tapering spire springs upward to the sky; wherever the giant mill-wheel groans on its axle, and myriads of wheels, and springs, and bands revolve in their lesser circles, there has the laborer been. Wherever the amateur displays his costly collection of beauties, or the virtuoso the curious productions of gifted ones in other lands; wherever the artist displays the inspired creations of the pencil or the chisel; or the poet's strains subdue by pathos or excite to rapturous enthusiasm,—there again, yes, even there, amidst that thrilling beauty, has the laborer been. Wherever some lovely paradise, some modern garden of Eden, with its labyrinthine walks, its jutting founts, its rare exotics, its sweet perfumes, and costly flowers are to be seen, there also, amidst that choicest haunt of the lover of refined amusements, has the dirt-soiled laborer been. Wherever the organ's 'loud-resounding notes' swell upward from the worshiping choir, or the flute's soft tones steal gently on the evening breeze, or the piano's keys vibrate beneath the touch of the favored child of fortune, there also is the handiwork of the laborer. Not more surely is his presence indicated by the humble cot which shelters his head from the cold and the storm, or the rude couch on which he rests his weary limbs, than by the fretted dome of the vast cathedral, or the gorgeous splendor of the palace.'

Again, she says: 'Employment is the lot awaiting us all, as we come forth into this busy world. The earth is to be tilled; cities, towns and villages to be built; strong ships are to be made, and guided across the deep sea; there must be a ceaseless preparation of food and clothing for the unceasing demand for them; there is ever a new generation springing up to be nurtured, and taught, and watched, and an old one to be nursed, and sheltered, and cared for, till they are laid in the house appointed for all—and the living must make that last tenement; all this is to be done, and to be always doing, and man *must* be the laborer.'

'And he who resists this law, who would make of himself and *his*, exceptions to this rule, he who would go through this world without conferring one benefit upon those who have ministered to his wants, and supplied his necessities, those who have cherished his infancy, and preserved his maturer life—he who would lay down a useless existence in an unhonored grave—he who would do this, would fain believe himself a

being to whom the faithful observers of Heaven's mandate should bow, and cringe, and fawn, and kneel, and thank for the listless smile, and pray for the privilege to watch and wait around him!'

We are sorry—but one other extract is all for which we have room. In this she speaks more particularly of the *aristocracy* of labor. It is lamentable, and yet it is too true, that 'he who wields the cloth yard measure, deems himself far more worthy of respect than he who tills the ground; he who girds himself for war, and makes it the occupation of his life to slay his brethren, thinks himself an object of far greater value than he whose days are spent in the manufacture of the necessities or conveniences of life. She who sits at ease in her parlor, would fain think herself a better and nobler being than she whose every thought, and act, and moment, is devoted to her family; she who sits and fashions nice attire, believes herself of greater consequence than the individual who manufactured the article of which those garments are made; and thus, through all the gradations of employment, is this aristocracy.'

'Is it not foolish, nay, worse than foolish, to trample upon, and jeer, and scorn those who are bound by necessity's stern laws to some harder service, some less profitable toil than ourselves? Why should it be that those who do most, are so often thought to be deserving of the least? The hardest working man is really the *poorest* man. He who builds a palace must himself be content with a cottage.'

Do not these extracts substantiate all we have said? If not, take the work itself, and learn that this is not all, nor half that is noble, and excellent, and true. God bless the guardians and the writers of the 'Lowell Offering,' and make it an instrument of incalculable good. S. C. E.

Our Book and Memoranda Table.

Christmas and New Year. This is the season for kind regards and good wishes, and we must present ours to the readers of the 'Repository,' with feelings of sincerity and earnestness. It is well for us all to consult the unalterable past, and learn wise lessons therefrom, that we may the better improve and enjoy the present, and prepare for the future. May the close of the year be to our patrons like the clear autumn sunset, and the opening of the new be as the glorious dawning of a bright day.

The Gift Season. Books have ever held a prominent place among suitable gifts for this season of affectionate tokens of friendship, and they should ever be thus regarded. A good book has intrinsic value—is of permanent worth; and a person can manifest a good taste in the selection of a book as in any thing else. The offering of a book is a better tribute to the mental and moral worth, than a mere personal ornament, even as it is better to enrich the mind than to ornament the person. The *variety* of suitable gift books is great, and therefore the selection is most difficult. A *choice* variety can be found at A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, where we invite our friends to call early. There they will find the 'Rose of Sharon,' one of the most intrinsically valuable of all the annuals issued from the American or English press this season. The publisher has some in *extra binding*, which are very beautiful indeed, and form an elegant and appropriate present for Christmas especially, and for New Year gifts. He has also that popular volume by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, '*The Merchant's Widow, and other Tales.*' This is a very interesting, and no less useful, work, and is issued in a neat and pretty style. He has also '*The Poetry of Woman*,' by Miss Edgarton, containing exquisite sketches of scenes and characters. He has also '*The Christian Graces*,' which has received so liberal a share of commendation. He has just issued a highly interesting work entitled the '*Poetry of the Seasons*,' by *Julia*, favorably known to our readers. It will be found, we are assured, a very pleasant book, and will gratify its purchasers. He has also just published a neat little volume of '*Stories from the German*,' by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, which will, we have no doubt, be received with great favor.

But we cannot enumerate a tithe of the beautiful volumes he has in his store suitable for the gift season. *Call and see*, and will certainly be as well pleased as at any other establishment.

Settling Accounts. It is a good rule to settle all demands, as far as we can stretch our ability, at the opening of a New Year. This will enable a man to start anew with confidence in his own integrity, with a consciousness of how much he really possesses, and with a good conscience. It is our earnest wish that our delinquent subscribers would take this matter into serious consideration, *for there is a great need of it.* Why should the publisher be obliged to borrow, instead of receiving honest dues which would furnish ample means to prevent any increase of liabilities? Think of these things, ye who are intended by this call!

Book Accounts. The publisher called upon those who were indebted to him on book account in our last No., but to little avail. He has written letters to individuals concerned, and *has received no answers from most of them.* This is not just, nor even courteous, and we hope it will not long continue so. Give heed, *feeling* heed to this matter, ye who are inattentive to the requirement—'*Deal justly.*'

Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate, edited by A. B. Grosh and G. W. Montgomery. We have received the prospectus of the new volume, commencing January 1, 1842. This is one of the most excellent and useful of our periodicals, and we wish it, as we ever have wished it, abundant success. The project for the establishment of a new paper in that section, it is to be earnestly hoped will be abandoned.

'Christian Comforter.' A gift for the Afflicted and Bereaved. We are gratified in being able to say that the first edition of this work, consisting of a thousand copies, has been sold, and a new edition is out of press. This will be some evidence of the adaptedness of the work to the ends designed, to impart comfort and hope to the sorrowing and afflicted, and give a right direction to the depressed or desponding mind. It is a work that will be thought of most particularly when the spirit is wounded and the heart is bleeding, and thus has it been called for and circulated. Yet it would be well to possess the work in health and strength, that in calmness and the full possession of the reflective powers, its contents may be communed with, that its consolations may rise spontaneous in the soul in the hour of need. It is not deemed modest to praise one's own work, and we would not wish, at any rate, to lose our claim to diffidence; but the numerous testimonials we have receiv-

ed, unasked, impel us, for the publisher's sake and that the book may do more good, thus to speak of it. It has borne needed comfort to many, and the consciousness of *that* is sufficient reward—it is better than praise.

'*The Christian Comforter*,' will be a very appropriate Christmas and New Year's gift in many cases where the memories of the past year are sad and grievous. Let it be examined.

We may be pardoned in alluding here to a fact—that a large number of respected *Unitarian* friends, having been highly pleased with the 'Comforter,' have recommended it to others.

'Some one of our Editors,' says thus and so, is the language of our good Br. J. O. Skinner, in his notice of Wm. Jackson's book in the 'Freeman.' We don't and cannot like this indefiniteness. Speak out, and rest blame where it belongs.

Br. Henry C. Leonard. The friends of this young brother will be glad to hear that he is now settled in *Thomaston, Me.* He will be installed as pastor of the *second* Universalist Society on Christmas day or eve. Imperative engagements will prevent our attendance, did not feebleness of health dictate our tarrying at home. A good friendship has sprung up between Br. N. C. Fletcher and Br. Leonard, and they will work together for the good of the two societies. May God bless them, and return, spiritually, a thousand fold to Br. F. for his christian interest in one dear to us.

We Acknowledge the receipt of a small pamphlet of 24 pages, containing 'an essay on Prayer, or the Christian's prayer vindicated; to which is added a reason for perseverance, and the vision fulfilled; by James S. Palmer, Elkton, Md. Philadelphia, published by Gihon, Fairchild & Co. 1841.' We have no doubt that more care would have enabled the author to express his ideas more definitely, and to correct many errors in composition.

Illustrations of the Law of Kindness. By Rev. G. W. Montgomery. Utica, O. Hutchinson, 1841. pp. 216. This is a *good* book, full of interest, and devoted to an important matter—the illustration of the beauty and practicability of the great law of moral necessity—*Kindness*. We call it a law of *necessity*, because in the constitution of our being and the structure of society, God has wisely ordained that progress and reform shall be always allied to the spirit of kindness—of good will—of philanthropy. Our author contrasts kindness and revenge, then sets forth the *power* of the former, and then considers kindness in relation to the government of the insane, of criminals, and the ignorant, and how it attracts universal admiration. He then proceeds to treat of National Kindness; of kindness and persecution; and of kindness in the infliction of punishment, which makes even severity amiable, as God is in the character of Judge. Then the duty of practising the law, and the blessings which follow such practice, receive attention; and the volume closes with a chapter on the character of Christ. Does not this variety promise well for the interest of the work? 'Yes,' say you, 'if treated well.' And it *is* treated well, the style is chaste and animated, the language well chosen, and the historical and anecdotical illustrations selected with good taste and discernment. We commend it to the attention of our readers. It should be in every family and every library, and its spirit in every heart. It can be had of A. Tompkins. The publisher has our thanks for a copy.

The Convention Sermons. We have received a copy of the work spoken of in our last as in press to be published by Br. Price of New-York. The volume contains Br. T. J. Sawyer's excellent Occasional Sermon, together with thirteen other sermons preached during the meetings of the Convention. The volume is got up in a very neat style and is valuable, containing sermons from Brs. Sawyer, Miner, Asher Moore, H. Ballou 2d, H. Ballou, S. Streeter, Sanford, Austin, Chapin, O. A. Skinner, Greenwood, S. R. Smith, H. G. Smith, and W. S. Balch. We hope the volume will have an extensive circulation. It can be had of A. Tompkins, price 50 cts. pp. 296.

Shanty the Blacksmith. By Mrs. Sherwood. Philadelphia: Gihon, Fairchild & Co. 1841. This is certainly one of the most interesting books we have ever read, and we have read it with care. No one in love with this kind of writing, can fail to be highly gratified with this story. It is full of incident, and light comes out of darkness with peculiar beauty. The work has been spoken of on account of its theology; but a very little, however, is to be met with in it, and that recognizes the depravity of human nature as innate,—the redemption of man as complete in Christ—'Christ is all.' Col. ii. 11. It can be had of A. Tompkins.

New Bedford, Ms. Br. L. L. Sadler, late of Bangor, and formerly of New York State, has removed to this pleasant town, and become the pastor of the Universalist Society. Br. Sadler carries with him good wishes and prayers from his brethren in Maine, and we trust that his residence in New Bedford will be pleasant and useful.

The Mosaic Account of the Deluge. By Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Auburn, N. Y. Published by P. Price, New York city. We received this pamphlet on leaving home for a journey, and meant to have read it ere this, but have been prevented by divers circumstances from doing so. We have full belief that it is worthy of consideration, as it is upon a subject to which Br. M. has given much attention, and he always writes well. It can be had of A. Tompkins.

To Readers and Correspondents. We are happy in being able to present so interesting a number of our work to our readers. We must believe that it will be received with great favor, and valued by all.

The very excellent article entitled '*Margaret Leslie*,' is founded on fact, as the writer says in a note, 'The enclosed story is founded on facts, the heroine having been personally known to me, and in my school days a dear friend.' It will be read with greater interest from the knowledge of these circumstances. We have on hand another article from the same writer, whom we speedily learned to value as a contributor.

In our next No. will appear:—'Sketches from Life, No. 2. *The Widow and her Child*;' received with great pleasure; as also a poem by the same, which we regret we could not get into this No.

'*Kate Vincent*,' by our new correspondent, Charlotte. We earnestly hope she will continue these articles, and receive our truly sincere commendation of her efforts. We have several poems by Charlotte, which will be given in due time to our readers.

'*Absent Friends*,' and '*Summer Rambles*,' by Julia, too late for this No.

'*The Sea*,' a poem, by Mrs. Broughton, with other contributions—always received with great favor.

'*Prayer—its nature*, by Rev. S. P. Landers,' too late for this No.

We are expecting, daily expecting to receive a communication from our far off friend, T. C. A. We hope he has not forgotten us; but if we *have* been so unfortunate as to have faded from his memory, may these brief lines restore us to his remembrance.

List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Dec. 1, 1841.

E. A. M., Penfield, $2; H. A. D., Manchester, $2; T. L., Washington, $2; P. A., South Warren, $2; L. T., Centre Darien, $2; E. G., Plymouth, $2; S. G., Corfu, (on ac.) $2; A. K., Portageville, $2; Mrs. M'Narme, St. Charles, $4; O. C., Troy, $1; H. F., Burlington, $2; W. J. L., Williamsburg, $2; C. K. B., New Haven, $2; J. B., Hamilton, $2; E. W. C., Walworth, $2; M. C., Rochester, $2; R. D., Erie, (pays to June 1841) $4; H. C. V., Mattapoisett, $2; M. C., West Catlin, $2; R. M'K., Hudson, $2; N. M., Portsmouth, $8; H. L., Randolph, $2.

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For January 1842. No. 8.

Written for the Repository.

The Beatitudes;

Or the Elements of Christian Happiness.

Chapter VII. Purity of Heart.

Matt. v. 8: 'Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.'

The heart, though universally used as the seat of feeling, has in itself no feeling—it can be grasped without producing a sensation of pain. This is a discovery from actual experiment, which, like every other revelation of hidden truth, adds another demonstration that while we are fearfully and wonderfully made, there is benevolence also in every part of our mortal mechanism; for had the nerves of feeling been given to the animal heart, every pulsation would have been a thrill of anguish, and that which now, like the ministries of heavenly love, performs its office when we are enjoying the sweet and quiet repose of sleep, as when we are awake and active, would have been a continual tormentor. If the Creator were a malevolent being, we here see how easily it could have been demonstrated; but every part of our frame, to the eye of true wisdom, shows the benevolence of the Deity; for no where are the nerves of feeling placed, but where they are essential to the well being of the whole, and are guardian sentinels, or purveyors of pleasure, or contribute to that sympathy which is necessary to our social existence.

But though literally, the heart is incapable of feeling, it may with all propriety be metaphorically used as the seat of the affections and passions; or the action of the heart in the animal system, may well be made emblematic of the operations and influence of the passions and affections; for the heart is the fountain of life—the grand laboratory where the material is prepared to furnish what is wanting in the whole animal system; from thence issue streams of health and strength to every part of the structure, supplying the constant waste, and adapted to the different parts. If the heart be but healthy—the grand fountain pure—the machinery of the laboratory in order, the active round of the vital fluid will be most happy, supplying to each membrane, tendon, nerve, muscle, bone, and every other particular in the human frame, the sustenance and vivifying qualities needed, and the whole man will be in health. Mysterious is this circulation, but beautiful as the simple but sublime order in nature, by which from the vast surface of the ocean and waters those vapors are called up which form the clouds, and send life, beauty, growth, and fruitfulness, to every part of the lower world. Well may the ocean be termed 'the great heart of nature'; and how beautifully are the mutual dependencies of the animal system upon the heart, typified in the sacred language in reference to the mutual dependencies in nature upon God; —'I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth, and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel'—or the needy people.

We see then how well our Savior, not only in accordance with the peculiar opinions of the Jews on physics, but in reference to the discoveries of our age, might use the heart as the seat or centre of the affections and passions, out of which 'are the issues of life.' He kept distinctly in view, in all his teachings, what a mere surface purity had been countenanced by the religious teachers of the age, how dim was the 'inner light,' how their instructions were adapted to make men 'like a goodly apple, rotten at the heart,' and though by the scriptures they were taught of the peculiar blessings of pureness of heart, yet blinding others to the evident truth. He therefore dealt not with the streams of a corrupt fountain, but went to the fountain head;

struck at the disease itself, not treating simply with the symptoms; tore off the lambskin from the wolf, and opened the beautiful sepulchre, exposing its corruption and deadness.—Blessed are the *pure in heart!* was his proclamation; and in these few words he displayed the superior excellence of his principles of morality, virtue, and holiness; how they first sought to make pure and healthy the source from whence came evil thoughts and all their defiling train, so that all that should afterward issue therefrom, should be for health and happiness to the spiritual man. By the pure heart could alone be possessed the vitality needed, to correct all that might enter through the influence of the outer world, and prevent the subtile mingling of evil with the emotions and feelings that affect mysteriously the affections and passions—the springs of moral action; as the healthy heart in the body can alone resist the mingling of the poisonous substance of the black blood, that comes unbidden, with the vital fluid that must be sent to every part of the system. Without this correcting power, the animal and the spiritual man become diseased, their powers weakened, their usefulness lessened, and life will be less enjoyed, and death be nearing.

Blessed then indeed are the pure in heart—happy indeed the pure! And what a beautiful reason does our Savior give why this pureness of heart is blessedness—'*For they shall see God.*' Holy, solemn thought. *See God!* Our Creator, Benefactor, Savior, and Friend! Not certainly, did our Lord mean that we should literally see God, but as we see the love, devotedness, and fidelity of the beloved one who is the sunshine of our home and the light of our days. We do not see the spirit that operates so that a thousand comforts are provided for us in our homes, our wishes supplied, and our happiness advanced; but we do see its manifestations. We come to our retreat from the world; we enter where activity has been operating in our absence to arrange and make all pleasant for us, and though all is silent and lone—no one is near—how do we behold the manifestations of an invisible love, *if we have the nice discernment of the pure heart of love,* and how do we see, as it were, in these arrangements and comforts, the presence of the beloved! If an audible voice should speak and tell the labors and by whom wrought, we could not know any better than we already know, or feel more the manifestations of love. But the wife or sister may labor with all the diligence of devoted love—may study minutely the comfort of the husband or brother, and seek with pious care to prepare every little pleasure the other enjoys, and make all the arrangements that are suited to please and minister to happiness; yet if the heart of him for whom all this was done, has no deep and true reciprocal love, he may enter amid these numerous tokens of an active love without emotions of grateful feeling, being devoid of that keen sight to discern labors for one's sake that can only be given by fondly cherished affection. And not only is he deprived of the enjoyment of those 'thoughts, too deep for tears,' which arise as we dwell on the blessings of the ministries of love, but he is vexed and tortured by the slightest offence to his taste, the least arrangement that does not suit him, and does despite to the spirit of love that has been so active for his good. Cannot this be applied to the pure heart and seeing God? It can; for we can only see God as he manifests himself to the mental perception.

The Savior spoke of the spiritual heart and of spiritual sight. And we all know that in a scripture sense, *to see,* is to discern, enjoy and realize. Thus, 'taste and see that the Lord is good;' i. e. have experimental knowledge that he is good. Thus, to 'see the kingdom of God,' denotes the possession of an inward perception of its truth, and enjoyment of its blessings, the same as to 'enter the kingdom of God.' He that is deaf to the truth, must be blind to it, and can no more see the glorious scenery of faith and hope, than the sightless can see the unfoldings of summer beauties. The blind may have a belief in the phenomenon of the rainbow and perhaps some imaginings of its beauties, but cannot have that sensation of rapt pleasure which is given to the true lover of nature who sees with the clear eye the bow in the heavens, when the clouds are glorious to behold, and the earth is decked in her richest robes, glittering with the jewels of the shower; so he who yields assent to the truth of christianity, but who bears with him the evil eye—the impure heart—the blindness of spiritual perception, cannot realize and enjoy all that is spiritually typified by that bow, as can he to whom omniscient Wisdom ascribes a pure heart and active goodness. We must have sympathy for the beautiful, if we would rightly appreciate it.

If the careful cherishing of true domestic affection—the religion of home, can alone give us the right inward perception of what is daily done

for our comfort and well being, so as to make us grateful, and cause us to be less affected by the evils of life; it is also true that a pure heart, out of which love unfeigned towards God issues, can alone give us that inward perception of the presence of God around our daily paths, that sanctifies our labors, sweetens our toils, lessens our griefs, and gives us grateful feelings in causing us to discern how much he every hour does for our good. So true it is,

'There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'mid familiar things,
And through their lowly guise;
And feel that by the lights and clouds
Through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike,
We are training for the skies.'

And what—O what, do we need more than we need this spiritual perception of God! To feel him ever around us—to see in the light and joy of life his goodness, and to feel that every cloud and every shade hath a wise ordination to our character and lot. O what can compare with that spiritual perception by which the martyr looks up from the flames and the tortures around him, and sees heavenly countenances radiant with the reflected smile of Jehovah, looking down to cheer him, as the martyr Stephen saw heaven opened. And what a power to be sought is that which permits the mother and the father to see the hand of God in the removal of the only child, that was to their home what the flowers are to earth; and cause them, though they have watched and wept like David over his sick child, through nights and days, to say and feel, as he said and felt when the child was dead, '*Wherefore should I weep!*' Aye, it is nature to weep when bitter sorrow comes; but he that sees his heavenly Father employing all trials for his good, will never weep those searing tears that well up from the boiling spring of the unbelieving or indifferent heart. Sorrow will wear a different aspect, and never will her countenance appear entirely devoid of brightness, which will at last reflect its sunny ray upon his tears, as when unexpected joy enters the soul and makes the eyes brighter for their tears. And this same feeling of the heart endears all the divine requirements, gives the only correct view of sin, and animates, as nothing else can animate, to progress in holiness and love universal.

Thus we plainly see the relations of this purity of heart with our happiness; but let us consider it now more fully as connected with and recommended by the Gospel.

And first of all, it is most manifest that all the operations of the Gospel *tend* to this one point—*aim* at this end,—*purification of heart;* and no truth is more distinctly expressed, or clearly unfolded and illustrated, than that so far as the Gospel produces this end, the peculiar blessings of christianity are experienced. Therefore freedom from sin is the liberty of holiness—man's chief—his highest good. This alone gives him that spiritual position by which he can look out upon the works and operations of the Almighty to the best advantage, and without which the delicate traces of divine benevolence can no more be perceived, than the exquisite touches of the master artist on the canvas, or on the marble, can be discerned by him who has no sympathy with painting or sculpture. Well may the remark of Origen be often quoted: 'A defiled heart cannot see God; but he must be pure who wishes to enjoy a proper view of a pure being.'

This is a law of our nature—it cannot be revoked. We must have an inward sympathy with that excellence whose worth and beauty it is desirable to discern. We must tune our own hearts, if we would hear the true music of nature, or we may often imagine the discord to be without, when in fact it is within. Our *taste* cannot make the waters of a bitter fountain sweet—they will flow on in bitterness; but correct the taste, and the bitter streams will be known, and shunned, or we be inspired, as was Moses, to search out the tree whose branch can change the bitter waters to sweet.

Here then we are led to show what is the blessedness of the three grand characteristics that belong to christianity—Faith, Hope, and Love. These all tend to purify the heart, and in this tendency their divine excellence consists; and a heart purified by christian truth, knows not unbelief, doubt, or hatred; these are all swallowed up—drowned—swept away—by that participation with the divine nature which enables us to escape all the corruption that is in the world, and see ever-present, all-operating and omnipotent, the God of love.

Faith tends to purify the heart, because it gives credence, in full, without the least reservation, to the perfect fitness of every requirement of our religion to promote our best good. Here is the moral office of faith. Selfish interest, policy, fame, the praise of man, wealth, power, dominion, and all the courtiers and partizans of the adversary, in vain plead, or entice, or persuade the

heart that has true faith to swerve from duty. It teaches such a heart the superior excellence of benevolence above self-interest; duty above policy; self satisfaction above fame; the praise of God above the praise of men; the riches of integrity above wealth; the power to resist temptation above outward might; the control of the passions above dominion without; and holiness above every thing that can be promised by disloyalty to her commands. And more than this, faith takes hold of invisible things; it preserves the consciousness of the Deity's presence—of the invisible and close scrutiny into feelings, thoughts, emotions, desires, passions and affections, and that 'all things are naked and opened to the eyes of him with whom we have to do.' In short, it believes that God is holy—requires holiness, and that without holiness man's powers and capacities cannot have that free and proper action which is essential to his enjoyment of life; and therefore for holiness it seeks, and so Faith purifies the heart. 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord'—shall have a right perception and enjoyment of the perfection and presence of the Deity.

So with Hope—the last angel that was left to man, and enough of herself to redeem him—if he would but listen to her voice and obey. Hope takes hold and applies to herself all that Faith promises. Had not faith and hope—glorious angels—supported Abraham on either side, he would have staggered as he went forward with his darling son and saw upon his shoulders the wood that was, as he thought, to be his funeral pile; but faith preserved his reason, and hope comforted his heart, and he gave glory to God. Says John, 'He that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as Christ is pure.' What hope is this? It is the gospel hope—the hope of which the Apostle spake when he said: 'Faith is the substance,' ground or confidence, 'of things hoped for.' It is the hope of being with Christ, seeing him as he is, and being like unto him. This John expresses in the verse previous to the one we quoted from him. Well, can any one have in his soul the hope to be with Christ, see him as he is, and be like him, and be at the same time conscious of the aids to progress folded up in his being, and not aim to purify himself as Christ was pure—by devotion to the service of God? He that, in a scripture sense, hath this sublime hope, will exert himself—put forth all the powers of his being, to assimilate his character to the object of his hope; even as he who has a deep and fervent love of an art or a profession, will make the most and best of himself in drawing out and improving his capabilities for its appropriate duties. So Hope tends to purify the heart, because the object of hope is purity.

So with Love. Love is the guardian angel of purity, and sees her face perfectly mirrored only when the Refiner's fire has removed away all the dross of impurity from the silver of the human heart; and for this cause she sits as a refiner near that heart, ready to acknowledge in the happy hour its purity. Where purity dwells, corruption cannot come; and where corruption is not, there is no evil work devising. Hence, the perfect benevolence of our Master's life. 'Love worketh no ill to its neighbor,' but is the friend, patron, and follower of all that is good and true. God is love, and consequently, God is pure; and these combined with the perfection of his wisdom and power, make certain the final purification of our race, for eternal perpetuity cannot be given to that which is opposite to the divine nature and glory.

Do we not thus perceive abundant reasons to regard purity of heart as an essential element of happiness? An impure heart! what can it enjoy? Nothing worthy of the desire of a rational being. It has no sympathy with the spirit of creation, with the absolute laws of our mental, moral and religious constitution, or the revelations of the highest and sublimest truth. 'To the pure, all things are pure'—all things are colored by the light in the soul's urn. Blessed is he in whom no impurity dwells to cloud or veil the 'inner light,' for he walks abroad surrounded with his God, rejoicing in the fond and joyous faith that

> 'The man
> That could surround the sum of things, and spy
> The heart of God, and secrets of his empire,
> Would speak but love; with him *the bright result*
> *Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,*
> And make one thing of all theology.'

Written for the Repository.

Absent Friends.

'My friends! my absent friends!
Do ye think of me as I think of you?' L. E. L.

Do ye not think of me, my absent friends,
Ye unto whom my heart in sadness clings,
With its undoubting faith and youthful trust,
As to the memory of all cherished things?
Can ye forget, to whom my soul hath given,
So much of love due only unto Heaven?

Do ye not think of me, whose lightest tones
Were more than melody to the fond heart,

Which knew no rapture save that ye were near,
Recked not of sorrow save that we must part?
Do ye not sometimes wish that I were near,
And think of me as one to memory dear?

I know 'tis much to ask—and yet for this,
I give the fond, confiding faith of youth,
Its answering memory of cherished love,
Its unchilled fervor, and its deathless truth,—
Its unchecked fount of feeling gushing free,
And only ask, do ye not think of me?

Do ye not think of me, for whose fond love,
I learned my proud and passionate heart to rule,
And taught it in its own unfettered power,
Each haughty and ungentle thought to school,
Till it became, the wayward and the wild,
A meek and gentle thing when friendship smiled.

My mind is wandering to the quiet vale
Where in its peaceful beauty sleeps my home,
For there I know beats many a gentle heart,
That kindly cares for her who thence did roam.
Should I no more that quiet valley see,
My absent friends, will ye not think of me?

Not as I think of ye, my selfish heart,
In its most selfish mood would never dare,
To ask so rich a boon of kindly thought,
Or claim such deep and sad remembrance there;
But I would have ye think of me as one,
To whom your love was a ne'er setting sun.

It is not well it should be thus, I feel
My spirit in its sinfulness hath given
Too much of worship unto earthly things,
Too little of devotedness to heaven;
All fetterless it may not soar above,
It still must bear the chain of earthly love.

In the deep sadness of this home-sick heart,
In the undying faith of memory,
In ceaseless prayers that daily, hourly rise
For blessings on your way, I think of ye;
But I would have ye think of me as one,
To whom your love was an unsetting sun.

Philadelphia. JULIA.

Written for the Repository.

Kate Vincent.

'A CREATURE, not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;—
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.'
WORDSWORTH.

WHAT a host of associations are sometimes conjured up in the mind, by the repetition of a simple name! Days long past, and scenes almost forgotten, are suddenly recalled, in all their pristine freshness; faces that we have not seen for years look kindly upon us, friendly eyes smile, and old, familiar voices greet us with words of affection—and thoughts and feelings long hidden in the secret cells of memory, are awakened as by some magic incantation! Such were the sensations I experienced a short time since, by casually hearing the name of—'Kate'! Every one has some favorite appellation, endeared by pleasant remembrances and associations, from Byron, down to the least imaginative; and I confess that I 'have a passion for the name of' Kate; simple, graceful, loving, kind hearted, merry Kate! I was in the midst of a crowded assembly, but the instant that name was pronounced, the power of memory was confessed, and I was far away in the green, sunny home of my childhood; I saw the moss-covered roof of the little low browed cottage, where I was born—the old, wide-spreading sycamore, which grew beside the door and threw its branches over the humble dwelling, beneath whose pleasant shade I had sat so often; there was the brook that went singing merrily by, where we used to fish for the bright little minnows;—and the old well, with its 'iron-bound bucket'—a necessary feature in my eye at least, to the beauty of a country landscape;—and the green where we used to dance, and the little school house. I heard the music of the birds, and the ringing of merry voices; blessed scenes of my childhood! will ye never return save in dreams, to my yearning heart?

In a beautiful glen in a retired part of our village stood a little white cottage, half embowered in roses and honeysuckle, which from its romantic situation, had gained the name of the Bower; it had been fitted up in the most elegant manner by a gentleman of wealth and taste, as a summer residence for himself and his young bride—a fair flower whom he had transplanted from the sunny South to grace his home, but she soon withered in the uncongenial climate, and in a few months he laid her in an early grave! The bereaved husband could not bear to remain longer among the scenes from which she had fled, and he soon left the village, with orders to his agent to dispose of the property. About this time my mother received a letter from an old and valued friend, who had been her school-mate,—but having married an officer in the army and accompanied him to his distant station, the friends had not met for several years; she now wrote, stating the death of her husband, and her intention of returning with her only child to New England; she expressed a wish to reside near my mother, as the only friend of former days with whom she had maintained a correspondence, and requested her to look out a suitable residence. The Bower Cottage appeared just the thing to suit her, and an answer was accordingly returned, acquainting her with the situation of the place and other particulars, and requesting an immediate visit. I

was then a warm-hearted child of ten years, and with all the eagerness of that age, I watched for their arrival; at length the day came when they might be expected; I rose early, and ransacked my little garden for the brightest flowers to ornament the mantel-piece; my dolls were dressed and re-dressed, and my baby-house set in order a dozen times; the stage arrived in the village about two o'clock, but our cottage standing on a little elevation, I could see it nearly half an hour before it arrived; on the day in question, I was posted at the window which commanded a view of the road, and Oh! how anxiously I looked for it; at length it came lumbering up the hill, and I strained my eyes to descry some one among the passengers, who could answer the idea I had formed of our expected visiters; soon the rumbling of wheels came nearer and nearer, and in a few minutes the stage stopped at our gate; the steps were let down, and a tall, fine-looking woman descended, followed by a little girl, apparently about my age, both dressed in deep mourning. Mrs. Vincent and my mother met with all the warmth of friendship, and when the first greetings were over, she turned to me, and presenting her little daughter, said, 'I hope you and my little Kate will soon be good friends.'

The Bower was purchased as a residence for them, and after a most delightful visit to us, the Vincents became its inmates; and from that time Kate and myself were playmates and school-fellows, and as we grew to womanhood, our childish intimacy ripened into a deep and lasting friendship. How shall I describe Kate Vincent? Strangers called her plain, but we who knew and loved her, thought far otherwise. True, her skin was brown, but then her cheek glowed with the richest hues of health and exercise; and what though her features *did* set all symmetry and regularity at defiance; who heeded that her mouth was too wide, when they saw the bright smile dimpling her face, and displaying teeth of dazzling whiteness, and lips like ripe strawberries? or heard her clear, merry laugh ringing in their ears like music? Her nose was a little turned up, but *that*, in my opinion, only served to heighten the arch expression which so well became her; and then her thick, jetty curls, which fell in rich profusion round her face and neck; and her long, large Oriental black eyes, sparkling and dancing in their own light, and her short, trim figure, a little *embonpoint*, yet light, graceful, and youthful as a Hebe,—and her whole face lit up with the affection of her own warm and generous heart. Oh to me Kate Vincent looked very lovely! She laid siege to all hearts; and rich and poor, old and young, every body loved the gay, good-humored girl; she was her mother's idol, and the pet and favorite of the whole village; and old blind Susan used to say, that 'it did her heart good, to hear her footsteps, and her merry laugh echoing in her humble dwelling.' Add to these an intelligent and well cultivated mind, and you have some idea of one whose name can always bring a thrill of delight to my heart.

More than seven years of quiet happiness had glided by, since the Vincents first came to our village, and each succeeding season served to rivet still closer the bonds of intimacy between the two families. The merry Kate was fast verging towards her seventeenth year, yet seemed not a whit steadier than at twelve, and save the changes that are always taking place in every community, every thing remained much the same as when they first came to the Bower. One afternoon about sunset, I called at the cottage for Kate to accompany me on a walk we had been projecting, and on entering the little parlor, found her with an open letter in her hand, and to my utter surprise and dismay—in tears!

'What *is* the matter, dear Kate,' I exclaimed.

'Nothing, only I was very foolish, and a little agitated by reading this letter; it is my father's writing. But come,' she continued, 'let us go out, and on the way I will tell you the cause of my tears.'

We accordingly set out, and I will endeavor to 'tell the tale, as it was told to me.'

'Captain Vincent, the father of Kate, had an only sister, to whom he was very tenderly attached; she was many years his senior, and their mother having died while he was very young, she had in a great measure supplied her place to him. Young Vincent had always shown a predilection for the army, and as soon as he arrived at a suitable age, entered the Military Academy at West Point. About this time his sister married a wealthy and distinguished southerner, and went to reside in Virginia. Mr. Jerauld, her husband, was a man of highly cultivated mind, and fine talents, and passionately devoted to study. His intense application to it, gradually undermined a constitution never very strong, and the high-hearted man was cut off in the prime of his days, leaving his wife and her brother executors of his princely fortune, and guardians to his

only son, a boy of fifteen. The disconsolate wife survived her husband but a twelve-month, and from that time Horace Jerauld became a member of his uncle's family, by whom he was regarded with all the affection of a son; and his uncle seemed to endeavor by his kindness to him, to repay in some measure the debt of gratitude and love he bore the boy's mother. The little Kate was at that time about four years old, and towards her, Horace manifested all the tender affection of a brother, and in return was dearly loved by the little creature.

'After a year passed thus, Horace entered the University, but all his vacations were spent with his beloved friends. At length his collegiate course was finished, and it was settled that after a long visit at home, he should make the tour of Europe. But in the second week after his return, Captain Vincent was suddenly taken ill, and after three weeks of agonizing suspense, his case was pronounced hopeless. Horace was his constant attendant, administering to his necessities, and even anticipating many wants of the invalid. When the sick man felt the hand of death upon him, he motioned his nephew to come nearer, and with difficulty addressed him. "I wished to speak to you, Horace, on a subject that is near my heart. For my pecuniary affairs I have no anxiety; I leave my family in comfortable though not affluent circumstances, and I know you will be an unfailing friend to them; it is of my child I would speak, of my darling little Kate, so soon to be left fatherless. I know that you regard each other with the affection of brother and sister, but it is my earnest wish, as it was that of your dear father and mother, Horace, that it should ripen into a warmer sentiment; and should neither of you conceive a passion for any other, may I hope that when Kate arrives at a suitable age, my wishes shall be fulfilled?"

'Most assuredly, dear uncle, as far as I am concerned; but should Kate then have other inclinations, be assured I will ever be to her a faithful friend and brother.'

That night Captain Vincent died; and when the funeral was over, and his affairs settled, Horace escorted his aunt and cousin, till they took the stage for our village, and then prepared for his voyage.

'Since that time,' said Kate, 'you know our history.'

'But I do not yet understand, why if you love your cousin, you should have cause for tears in the prospect of being more nearly connected with him?'

'I did love him,' she replied, 'in the days of my childhood, but I have only a faint recollection now, of his personal appearance; I have not seen him since I was nine years old, and he is twelve years my senior; I remember that he was very kind and pleasant, but nothing further. My mother has frequently received letters from him, and always spoke of him to me, in the most affectionate manner; but this afternoon she sent for me to come to her room, and told me all that I have now repeated to you, and put into my hands the letter, which caused my tears; it was written in a trembling hand, by my dear father, the day before his death, and contains a request, similar to that he made of Horace, and telling me in the most earnest language, how he had cherished the project of our union; and is it not strange, my wayward heart, which has always retained a warm affection for my cousin Horace, rebels at the idea of becoming his wife, unwooed?'

I said all in my power to comfort her, and before we returned to the house, her face was decked in smiles again, and her bright eyes sparkling through her tears. When we reached the Bower, we found Mrs. Vincent waiting for us at the door, and there was a deeper shade than usual on her brow, which was instantly dispelled, however, when she saw the beaming face of her daughter.

Three or four weeks after the above conversation, Kate and myself were returning from a long ramble, when, just as we reached the very prettiest spot in the village, we encountered a tall, handsome-looking man, leaning against a tree, and busily engaged in sketching the beautiful scene before him. As we approached, he raised his eyes, and fixed them for an instant upon Kate with a look of admiration; then saluting us courteously, he resumed his employment. The handsome stranger furnished ample theme for conversation during the remainder of our walk, and when we returned to the cottage, we mentioned the incident to Mrs. Vincent.

'I wonder who he can be,' said Kate, 'he must be a late arrival.'

'I can satisfy your curiosity, I believe,' said Mrs. V. 'The same gentleman, I presume, called here a few minutes after you set out, and brought me letters from some southern friends; he is a Virginian of good family, his name is

Stanwood, and he is by profession an artist; his appearance is very prepossessing, and my friends give him a high character; he is travelling in search of subjects for his pencil, and is so pleased with the romantic beauty of our village, that he intends passing several weeks here; and I propose gratifying the ardent wish you have always expressed to learn to draw, by allowing you to take lessons of him during his stay.'

Kate thanked her mother with sparkling eyes, and the next day the artist called again, and was introduced to his pupil; never had teacher a more assiduous one, and for two or three weeks all went on smoothly. In the meantime Stanwood became a constant visiter at the Bower; when not engaged with the lessons, he read with a deep, mellifluous voice from their favorite authors (for somehow their tastes seemed to agree remarkably,) while Kate was busy with her needle; or if she sang, he accompanied her soft, bird-like notes, with his flute, or his own richer tones; and far oftener, the book, pencil and flute were thrown aside, for a long twilight, or moonlight ramble. At first, I used to join them in these walks, as I had been accustomed to do when I was Kate's chosen companion; but after a while, I began to feel myself rather *de trop*, or, in other words, that *third person*, whose situation is so extremely awkward, when one cannot help feeling one's companions would prefer being *tete-a-tete*. At the commencement of these walks, the starry heavens, and the beautiful earth, had been the chief objects of admiration; and many long and animated conversations had passed concerning them; but if they now looked at the stars less, they gazed into each other's eyes more, and doubtless fancied them far brighter; and at length I betook myself to solitary rambles, before 'the dewy eve came on;' and made my visits at the cottage at a time when I was more likely to find Kate at home. Now all these moonlight walks, and sentimental *tete-a-tetes*, did not seem to me, just the thing for an engaged young lady, but since her birth night Kate had never mentioned the subject, and I did not feel at liberty to introduce it; the less as Mrs. Vincent looked with apparent pleasure on the growing intimacy of her daughter with the artist; and heard with indifference, to say the least, the village gossip concerning it. As for the parties themselves, they appeared wholly engrossed with admiration of each other; and if Stanwood had not made his young pupil a proficient in drawing, certain it is, he had instructed her fully in a far more intricate and dangerous science! Her life appeared to be one dream of delight, and when I looked at her sparkling face, I trembled lest some unseen cloud should darken the brilliant heaven of her hopes.

While affairs were in this state, I went to the city to pass a fortnight with a friend; on the afternoon of my return home, as I was relating my adventures, and hearing the news of the village, a note was brought me from Kate Vincent. It contained a few lines written in a trembling hand, and scarcely legible, and the surface of the paper was blistered in several places as if by tears; she wished me, if I were not too fatigued, to come to her immediately. I hastily donned my bonnet, and pondering on the strangeness of the summons, and forming a thousand conjectures, I arrived at the Bower. Upon entering the parlor, I found it untenanted, but happening to bethink me of a place, where I should be likely to find her, I bent my steps thither. The apartment to which I allude, was a small, pretty room, at the back of the cottage, where Kate and myself had passed many happy hours; it was neatly fitted up, with books, pictures, and many pretty knick-knacks, and souvenirs. A folding window of glass opened upon a little green terrace, which in the spring and summer was completely enamelled with flowers. As I approached the door, I heard a low, convulsive sob, and hastily opening it, I found Kate lying on the sofa, with her face covered by her hands, while the tears trickled through her fingers. She rose as I entered and grasping my hand, exclaimed, 'It was very kind of you to come so soon—I am *so very* wretched!' Half alarmed by her manner, I seated myself beside her, and soon drew from her the cause of her distress. Her mother had received another letter from Horace Jerauld, in which he expressed his intention of coming to the village immediately, to renew the acquaintance of his promised bride; as she had now nearly reached the age when her father wished the connection to take place. He says in his letter, continued Kate, 'tell my cousin that since I left her, her image has been my constant companion; and joined with my dear uncle's last words to me, has guarded my heart against the charms of the loveliest woman in Europe; and I am now about returning to my native land with a heart beating high to see the dear ones it contains. I presume Kate is already aware of her father's wishes, and

I trust she will not refuse to ratify the promises she used to make me, when a little laughing gypsy of eight or nine years, always to love cousin Horace.'

'And so I do, *as a cousin*,' said Kate, 'but marry him, I cannot; What shall I do?—counsel me, for I am too miserable to think for myself.'

'And where is Stanwood?'

'He has gone to the city, on business, and will return in a few days—and how can I meet him with this intelligence? I will beg Horace on my knees, to free me from this hateful engagement, for how can I go to the altar with him, when my heart is all another's?'

'And what does your mother say about it?' I inquired.

'She wishes me to marry the man of my father's choice, and she says I cannot fail to be happy, with one as generous and good as he is. Oh! why did she place me in the way of one so fascinating as Stanwood, so every way worthy of love, and then urge me to a union I despise.'

'But perhaps, if your cousin be really as noble-hearted as your mother says, and even *you* allow that all your recollections of him are pleasant, he will scorn to avail himself of the influence of your father's wishes when he knows your reluctance; when does he arrive?'

'Very soon,' she replied, 'to-morrow I fear.'

'Then I advise you, dear Kate, to see him; tell him your feelings towards him, and your love for another, and if he be what he is represented, he will gladly free you; if not, you know you are not compelled to marry him, for your father expressly says, in his letter to you, and his request to your cousin, that he would not force your inclinations.'

Soon after I took my leave, promising to see her the next day; on my way home, my mind was wholly engrossed by the troubles of my friend; and I could not help reprobating the inconsistency and imprudence, to say the least, on the part of her mother, in allowing such unrestricted intimacy between Kate and her drawing master, and showing such apparent pleasure in the growth of an attachment, which she might have foreseen in throwing, together two persons so admirably qualified to please, and make each other's happiness.

I was unable to fulfill my promise in the fore part of the suceeeding day, but in the course of the afternoon I walked down to the cottage, and entering the little room I have before mentioned, I found the mother and daughter together. Mrs. Vincent was calm, collected, and dignified as usual; more at ease, I thought, than the occasion warranted, when the destiny of an only and darling child was about to be decided; but Kate appeared to be in a state of nervous agitation, which was really painful to behold; and I could scarcely have recognized in the sad, drooping figure before me, the gay, laughter-loving girl, whose smile was so full of sunshine. Her colorless face was half hidden in her thick ringlets; her large black eyes, had a wild, unnatural stare, and her hands lay listlessly on her knees, in all the languor of despair. Mrs. Vincent soon left the room, and I ventured to ask if her cousin had arrived?

'No, but he will be here to-night, and I have tried hard to gain courage to meet him and tell him all.'

While we were conversing, we heard the sound of approaching wheels and in a few minutes it stopped at the door. Presently Mrs. Vincent entered the room;—'Your cousin has arrived Kate,' said she, 'and wishes to see you; do not tremble so, my love, only see him once, receive him as a friend, and if your heart still revolts from the idea of becoming his wife, I will urge it no farther; shall I bring him hither?'

Kate bent her head in assent, for she seemed to have lost the power of speech; and her mother soon returned, accompanied by the dreaded visitor. 'Your cousin Horace, my daughter,' said Mrs. Vincent.

'Dear Kate,' said a well known voice, and Kate lifted her head, and the next moment was clasped to the heart of her artist-lover, her betrothed husband, Horace Jerauld! Excess of joy is sometimes as overpowering as grief, and a long swoon succeeded to this delightful recognition.

'Is he so *very* hateful, dearest,' said Horace to his cousin as they sat together in the little boudoir, the day after the *dénouement*.

'O Horace! how could you deceive me so? and you too, my dear mother, to turn such a traitor?'

Mrs. Vincent smiled, and Horace said, 'You must lay all the blame on *me*, Kate, the scheme was my own. Your seventeenth birthday was the period fixed on for making you acquainted with your father's wishes respecting us, and your mother wrote to me, with intelligence that she had told you all, and also with your reluctance

to perform the engagement. I then laid the plan to introduce myself to you in a different character, and endeavoring to win your love, and if I succeeded, to make myself known. I accordingly came to the village, and sought an interview with my aunt; I told her my scheme and gained her interest, and the rest you know; and now, considering the finale, may I not hope for forgiveness?'

Kate's answer is not upon record, but we presume it was very favorable, for the next Sabbath many smiling eyes were directed towards the Vincents' pew, when at the close of morning service, the parish clerk published the 'banns of matrimony between Horace Jerauld, Esq. and Miss Catherine Vincent;' and some three weeks later, I was summoned to officiate as bridesmaid at the marriage of my friend. It was a bright, beautiful September evening, and if there be aught in omens, it prognosticated for them a cloudless life. Shall I describe the wedding? and tell you that the bride looked lovely, as brides always do; and how her face was alternately suffused with blushes, and brightened with smiles and dimples?—and how the bridegroom looked full of happiness, as a man might be supposed to look who was about to receive the consummation of the hopes of years;—and how the mother's face wore an expression of chastened happiness, as she 'gave her to another's arms, her beautiful, her own;'—and how the guests wept during the short and simple, but solemn ceremony, which bound those two hearts in a tie,

> 'Which only love should weave,
> And only death can part?'

Or, shall I speak of the congratulations which followed, and the mirth that prevailed, till the group at length dispersed to their several homes?

The morrow came, and with it came the carriage that was to convey the newly married couple to their southern home; Mrs. V. was not to accompany them, though Horace and Kate had both entreated it; but she had become attached to the village and its inhabitants, and preferred remaining, with a promise of making long and frequent visits to her children. Mrs. Vincent was not a woman to give way to idle grief, and when they were gone, and the first freshness of sorrow at the parting had worn off, she set about her usual occupation. Frequent letters came from Kate, filled with expressions of happiness, and her fond mother was satisfied. About this time, I went to reside in another part of the State, and since her marriage, I have seen Kate but seldom. The last time I saw her, I was on a visit to my native village, and almost the first news I heard on my arrival was, that the Jeraulds were at the Bower. It was a summer afternoon, and I immediately walked down to the cottage, and entered the well known dwelling, without the ceremony of knocking. I was led by the sound of voices to the little terrace-room; the door stood a-jar, and unseen I looked in upon the group. At the window, stood a lady, holding in her arms a beautiful child, while another some two years older, stood by her side. The face was partly turned from me, and the once thick curls were gathered into rich braids; but there was no mistaking that round, youthful figure, and that light, ringing laugh; the next moment I was in the room, and received a cordial greeting from my blooming friend, and her handsome husband.

'And here are my pets,' said Kate, laughing, and presenting her beautiful children; 'and on pain of my displeasure, you must say they are very lovely.'

'You are the same as ever, Kate, I perceive.'

'Yes.'

'And you have never repented your marriage with that terrible cousin?'

'Never!' she replied, turning her beaming eyes on her husband; 'Oh! I am *very* happy!'—and so I believe she is. I have never seen her since, but I occasionally hear from her, and her letters are always fraught with the affection of her own warm and generous spirit. Dear Kate! wheresoever thou art, may God ever bless and prosper thee and thine!

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

Written for the Repository.

Sonnet—'Home Vale.'

HOME VALE! dearest spot on the wide spreading earth,
I must bid thee my last and my painful adieu;
But can I forget thee? the land of my birth
Shall fade from my memory much sooner than you.

Forever enshrined in this heart thou shalt be;
Forever remembered where e'er I may roam;
In the strife of the world I will still look to thee
As the mariner looks in the storm to his home.

Farewell; thou retreat of the gifted in song;
Where affections are nursed and where purity reigns;
May the current of time as it hurries along,
Deface not thy threshold with one of its stains.
May the sweet christian graces eternally dwell
In the mansion they now are adorning so well.

D. B. H.

The Sad Festival.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

How often has thanksgiving been a happy day to me, and how often have I looked forward with joy to its coming. O, many times have glad hearts and happy faces met together to enjoy this festival at my pleasant home. Many times has the long board, covered with profusion, been surrounded by the smiling eyes of children, grandchildren, and friends. What a change one year has wrought among us! I look round on our diminished number—we are but five, to-day. Are we joyous? O, no! We come to the table in silence, and there is nothing superfluous upon it, for we feel that profusion would be a mockery, and we can scarcely taste the few viands, so dimmed are our eyes and so saddened our hearts. Father, do not weep! every tear of thine doubles the pain at my heart. Alas! my own eyes are overflowing, I cannot restrain the fast dropping tears. Our thoughts are with the absent and the dead. One of our number is far, far away, and one has gone down to the grave in life's early morning. We miss thy angel smile, O dear, departed brother! We listen in vain, for thy quick, light step, and thine ever cheerful voice. Thou wert the joy and pride of our home; the pearl of price, the jewel of our hearts, and thy presence was like sunshine to us all; but thy life passed away with the fading roses, and we shall see thee here no more forever. Thou wert too good, too gentle and pure minded, to dwell long on earth, and the Savior folded his robes around thee and took thee to his bosom. Thou art happy! thou art ineffably blest! how then can we wish thee with us now?

'*With us!—we wrong thee by the earthly thought—*
Could our fond gaze but follow where thou art,
Well might the glories of this world seem naught
To the one promise given the pure in heart.

Yet wert thou *blest e'en here*—oh! ever blest
In thine own sunny thoughts and tranquil faith;
The silent joy that still o'erflowed thy breast,
Needed but guarding from all change, by death.

So is it sealed to peace!—on thy clear brow
Never was care one fleeting shade to cast,
And thy calm days in brightness were to flow,
A holy stream, untroubled to the last!

Farewell! thy life hath left surviving love
A wealth of records and "sweet feelings given,"
From sorrow's heart the faintness to remove,
By whispers breathing 'less of earth than heaven.'

Thus rests thy spirit still on those with whom
Thy step the path of joyous duty trod,
Bidding them make an altar of thy tomb,
Where chastened thought may offer praise to God!'

We miss another loved one who has turned his steps away towards the setting sun. Dear, absent brother! we may hold communion with thee to-day, for thy thoughts are here, and thy heart, too, mourns for the sunbeam which has ceased to shine on our pathway. Pray for us, brother, and we will pray for thee! and may Heaven protect thee, and lead thy steps again to thine early home.

I too, have been away. Months have I passed in a sweet, quiet spot, embosomed among the mountains of the North. I saw those lofty heights in the green dress of summer; in the glorious robes of autumn; in the sombre garb which they don when their rainbow hues have departed, and in their snowy drapery, which, though fair to look upon, sends a chill through the frame, for it bids us think of the coming winter, of the cold, and of the frost. There are warm hearts among those beautiful Vermont mountains, whose sensibilities their cold climate cannot chill. Pleasant days have I passed there; kind words and sunny smiles have raised my drooping spirits; and tender sympathy has softened the sorrow of my soul. I have met dear friends there who will never be forgotten; I have looked from the watch towers of nature upon glorious landscapes which will long remain pictured in memory, and have listened to exquisite music which is still echoing in my heart. How is it to day with the loved family in which I have so long been a member? Ye too, are keeping this festival, and looking round the board upon its diminished number. Where is the daughter, the eldest one, whose cheerful temper and affectionate heart, lent a charm to her home, making it pleasant for all? She has given her hand, her heart, and her smiles to another; she has gone from thee a happy bride. It is but a little while ago, and they who remain in the home she left, cannot yet be reconciled to the change. An only son too, is absent, duty has called him away, and the many guests who lately met under the hospitable roof, have all said farewell, and departed.

'Sweet Anna,' I see a shade stealing over thy expressive countenance, and thy large, dark eyes are moistened with tears as thy thoughts turn to the sister, the brother, and the cousin, all far away. Mary, you too have a cloud on your usually sunny face. Your arms are twining around me, your kiss is on my lips, and I hear you saying, 'Cousin, I love you;' and very precious is that love to me, sweet child. You were exceed-

ing sorrowful when we left you, on that day of tears and farewells, for your young heart had never known a grief more deep than that caused by parting with so many you loved. God bless you! dear, affectionate, light hearted Mary! and ever keep your spirit undefiled! Blessings on each and all of the dear family who share so large a place in my heart. Blessings on the departed bride, and the absent son; and may we all meet again under that happy roof; but if not there, or elsewhere on earth, may we meet in heaven.

Memory is busy to-day, and the form of another well beloved friend, who was with me one year ago, rises before my mind's eye; but it is a form of air; for *she* is not here, she has left us, and has gone with the chosen of her heart to a distant city. It is long since we have held communion either by word or pen. Art thou thinking of thy New England home to-day? Does thy heart keep this anniversary with us? My thoughts go forth to meet thee, and I would fain tell thee how I have suffered and wept. Friend of my heart! the sad forebodings which troubled me, when I bade thee farewell, were realized, and the shadow of death darkened around my home. I bowed in anguish before the destroying angel, and wished that I too might die; for life seemed worthless, and the world but a scene of trial and tears. I was weak, but God strengthened me—the cloud lifted, and the light again dawned upon my soul; and with an eye that sees clearly the path of duty before me, I strive to walk steadily and cheerfully on.

The day which has thronged my heart with so many memories is closing in gloom and storm, and I will now say farewell to those who have to-day met only in thought; but the time is coming when the heart shall no longer vainly ask for the lost and absent, and when the festival shall no more be sad because some dear ones are not there. Let us look forward with joyful anticipations to that thanksgiving of our God, when we shall behold all we have ever loved on earth, assembled together in our Father's house in heaven.

Hartford, Nov. 25, 1841.

When you go abroad among the fields of nature, in autumn time, and witness the changed aspect of the scenery around, from what glorious summer had so lately put on, and observe the decaying of vegetation, the falling of the leaves, how it reminds man of his progress and decay. It is fit for man thus to see himself.

Written for the Repository.

Lines written Extempore.

The accompanying extempore lines, (written on reading Mrs. Hunt's beautiful poem, '*Georgiana,*') are with diffidence offered to the editors of 'the Ladies' Repository,' as the writer knows they have a better claim to truth and feeling than merit as a poem! She is aware that they might be improved—but she is unwilling to alter them.

Mother—did no spirit token
Tell thee then—the chord had snapped?
That the golden bowl was broken,
And the heart's bright fountain sapped?
* * * * *
Tell us, is no warning given
When the distant loved one dies?

MRS. C. W. HUNT.

Aye, did the spirit come! With whispers loud,
And deep—borne on old ocean's stormy blast.
With light'nings speed it came—quicker than e'er
The meteor's course athwart the firmament!
And to mine ear it said with fearful tone
'*Thy child is dead!*'—In vain friends rose and said,
'Twas but a fancy, love and fear had wrought;'
I knew 'twas so! How could I doubt the voice,
That God had sent across the briny deep,
To warn my stricken heart, to pray for strength
To bear a widowed and a childless doom!
O God! Those fearful words, ne'er struck such dread—
Such certainty—when clothed in human tones,
As thus they did!
'*Twas long before the wished for letter came.*
My weary, tearless eyes—(I was too sad to weep,)
Would day by day, watch each white sail that decked
The bright blue sea, yet brought no news to me!
Then night—the lonely night, with freshening breeze,
Would bathe my fevered brow—my heart
The while grew sadder; and the dull deep tones,
Of the Cathedral bell, whose midnight chime,
Broke the sad silence—fell heavy on my heart,
And seemed the knell of hope! nature at length,
Exhausted, sank to slumber, not to rest,
For dim unearthly visions rose to rack
The brain—and worn with troubled sleep, the frame
Scarce could support another weary day!
* * * * *
Father! I thank thee! Thou didst give me strength,
In this sad hour—in this my time of need,
And nerved my soul to bear thy chastening hand
Though deep the iron entered—and to quaff
The bitter cup, which shuddering nature loathed!
For at thy bidding, Faith and Hope, stood by
And lent me grace to say, '*Thy will be done!*'
Like Naomi of old—I had gone out
Full and returned empty!

S. M.

East Randolph, Vt.

Written for the Repository.

Letters to Elizabeth. No. 1.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

'Have you seen Philadelphia yet, cousin Julia?' said little Eddy. One look of love was given to the dear child, the next to the beautiful city we were so rapidly approaching, thine own city, my sweet friend, and one I was almost ready to admire for thy sake. My first impression was of beauty,—calm, still, dreamlike beauty. We had turned with saddened hearts from our own fair

Lancaster, had said a long adieu to our Boston friends, two weary hours of disappointment and vexation were all our sojourn in New York, but like an isle of peace in our pathway lay the city of brotherly love, and within its pleasant places were fond and gentle friends awaiting our arrival. Methinks there is something in the very air, that breathes of hushed repose. Repose we surely wished, for a deep weariness had passed over mind, and heart, and earthly frame. The boat soon touched the wharf, and the tones of well known voices met the ear, a few short moments more and our fatigue was forgotten in the joyous meeting of long sundered friends.

And now I hear a voice of soft reproach, 'Hast thou but now found thought for those thou hast left?' Nay, chide me not, dear friend, nor if thou lovest me, doubt my home bound thoughts. Truly 'there are some things I cannot bear,' and doubt from those I love, is one of these. Undoubting love,—unfaltering trust, are they not priceless gifts for the human heart to ask?

We had few thoughts to spare for the lovely day which greeted our arrival, albeit it was the smile that cometh after many a frown. There was a beaming sky above us, and the busy streets of a populous city beneath us, but our spirits lingered still with the dancing waves, the free glad waters where we fain would live and die. They had borne us from the home of love, the friends so dear, but in their foamy beauty swept they on, and the heart of youth forgave them. Beautiful are the waters ever, for the Spirit of the Lord passed over them.

'I am glad you have come this week, for now you can visit the Chinese collection,' said a friend the evening of my arrival. I sighed in weariness at the thought of thus disturbing my visions of rest, but it was to be removed in a few days, and I accepted the kind invitation. We spent several hours here, admiring the works of this interesting nation. The exquisite finish of many of the articles excited our admiration, while the patient and persevering industry by which they must have been framed, moved us to wondering thought. The figures were strikingly natural, and we might almost imagine ourselves in the visiting room of the nobleman, the store of the merchant, or the workshop of the artizan, as we turned from one to another of the groups. The vacant spaces were hung with paintings, many of which interested me much. Among the flowers represented I noticed many familiar friends. The porcelain was beautiful, as would in truth be deemed a thing of course.

The Sabbath morning came, with its quiet loveliness, seeming as if all nature bent in prayer. It brought the fond recollection of many a home scene, and home thoughts were not calculated to add gaiety to the heart of the absent one. The Sabbath bells were calling us to many a magnificent church within whose walls a gathering crowd were met,—I thought but of a humbler edifice by the banks of a woodland stream, where in the spirit's truth worship a few and feeble band. I knew that there were many there to miss their sister one. There was a soft tone that was wont to greet me, and a gentle hand that was clasped in mine, and a smile that ever called an answering smile, but the place by her side was mine no more. I strove to hide my weakness from the eye of friendship, and if possible to banish every saddening thought, when the bells of Christ's Church, near by, rang forth their music notes of '*Home, sweet Home.*' Blame me not, sweet friend, if I should own the tears those tones called up from the fount that had been long and silently flowing far down in the deep recesses of a homesick heart.

Yet I have found much, very much, to admire in this Quaker city. The neat and tasteful garb which distinguishes so many of its inhabitants, has always been a favorite one with me. The width and regularity of its streets, the beauty of its public buildings, and more than all else the graceful trees which adorn its most crowded streets, are well worthy the admiration of the stranger. Its public squares afford many pleasant walks, and its beautiful cemeteries show that the departed are not forgotten. The very name of Philadelphia has a tone of quiet in its sound, and its citizens pass to and fro even in its most noisy streets with an air of stillness totally unlike the bustling manner which characterizes a New Yorker wherever he may be. Fountains of water flow in every street, and on either side the bright waters of a silvery stream glance up to greet the eye.

Still 'I have *a few* things against' them. My almost Jewish prejudices would remove the swine from their thoroughfares, where now they roam with much apparent consciousness of an undisputed right. There is even a slight wish in my mind to exchange the white shutters which are seen on every side, for the green lattices of New England, and once again to talk of *ninepences* and

fourpence-happenies instead of *levies* and *fippenny bits*. Am I not a *very* severe critic?

You are with me, a lover of the flowers, else would I not tell you of the many rare and brilliant 'stars of earth,' that were arranged for exhibition at the Masonic Hall, soon after my arrival here. It was the annual exhibition of the Horticultural Society, and I pass over the luscious fruits, and 'big pumpkins,' to tell you of the flowers. A more beautiful collection of dahlias I have never seen. I have heard the remark, 'If the dahlia and rose bloom side by side, the dahlia will be admired at a distance, but the rose will be gathered by the hand of love.' However true this may be, yet I confess a love for the fair flower that saith, in its own gentle language, '*Forever thine*,' for such even in defiance of 'Flora's Interpreter' is the dahlia's tone. The mysterious passion flower,

> 'Which consecrate to Salem's peaceful King,
> Though fair as any beauty's bower,
> Is linked to sorrow like a holy thing,'

spoke of 'religious fervor,' and the aloe of 'religious superstition.' Yet I turned away from other and rarer flowers, to list to the graceful myrtle, as it whispered of the absent and the dear, and the tears came as I looked on the globe amaranth's unchanging flower, and thought how it bloomed a cherished thing in the far away gardens of home. But more than all—

> Two moss-wove baskets side by side,
> My admiration drew,
> One filled with every brilliant flower,
> Which in the garden grew.
> The tulip by the lily's side,
> The orange blossom fair,
> The moss-rose with its fairy gift,
> The dahlia high was there.
> I may not pause to name each one,
> For thou full well dost know,
> The beauty of the budding flowers,
> In garden walks that grow.
> The other held a wild-flower band,
> From wayside, glen, and wood,
> And bright and beautiful therein,
> The starry aster stood.
> The little pale forget-me-not,
> The dandelion rude,
> And gentian blue that only springs
> Where autumn leaves are strewed.
> The yellow butter-cup so dear,
> To heart of every child,
> Yarrow for aching hearts a cure,
> Shamrock and thistle wild.
> Each flower that keeps the memory
> Of happy moments spent,
> In loiterings by the wayside, when
> To village school we went,—
> Of sunny rambles through the glen,
> By forest, field, and brook,—
> And many a precious lesson learned
> From many a wild-flower book.
> I mused upon their loveliness,
> One spoke the power of art,
> The other of the mightier spell,
> Of Nature o'er the heart.

If I have not already wearied your patience, dear Elizabeth, with this *very* connected epistle, you may perhaps hear again from the absent one. You know I only promised you *first thoughts*, and they have been perhaps too often thoughts of home, for well have I learned how much of music dwells in that one word, MASSACHUSETTS.

JULIA.

Philadelphia.

Written for the Repository.

'His Banner over me was Love.'

BY IONE.

I KNEW it—I knew it, and therefore smiled,
Though the storm swept by on its pinions wild;
And its breath like the fearful simoon blast,
To the earth's cold breast had the flow'rets cast,
But I could not weep, for I glanced above,
And I saw that the banner there was love!

I knelt by the couch where an idol lay,
And I strove in my bitter grief to pray,
But the brow was cold and the voice was hushed,
And I wept for a bud of promise crushed;
Then a finger pointed to realms above,
And I saw that the banner there was love!

I laid on a false and glittering shrine,
The treasure due to a friend divine,
From the shrine full many a prize I bore,—
'Twas the golden fruit with the ashy core!
Then I turned to the holy courts above,
And the banner there was the sign of love!

Oh! the grave is dark, and I fear to tread
The silent courts of the holy dead!
I shrink from the sable pall and shroud,—
The doom alike of the meek and proud!
Yet these are the path to the bliss above,
Where a banner floats in the breath of love!

'Tis love that watches the infant's birth,
And guide his step o'er the laughing earth,
And crowns his brow in its manly prime,
With flowers undimmed by the flight of time;
Then mounts on the wings of the soaring dove,
Where a banner waves in the home of love!

Boston, Mass.

Selected for the Repository.

Beautiful Thoughts on Prayer.

As I was passing out of a bookstore I chanced to see a small pile of pamphlets, and pausing, found they were tracts. *Prayer* was the subject. I threw down the price and took one, saying to a friend, 'I shall get more than my money's worth!' believing I should find some good thoughts in the treatise. But little did I expect such richness as I discovered when I read the little work. The beautiful ideas are clothed in language of uncommon excellence, and the spirit that breathes through the whole is of the most earnest and persuasive character. Prayer is a spiritual exercise, and no spiritual exercise can be without a rich reward; and we should value such rich invitations to its culture as are furnished in this treatise. I feel that I shall do my readers a

favor by offering some extracts. It is by Rev. John H. Morrison, I believe, an Unitarian minister in New Bedford, Mass. B.

'THERE is no act, which in word and practice Jesus has more earnestly enforced than prayer. In connection with this subject one passage (Mat. xiv.) in his life has been always to my own mind peculiarly affecting. He had been through the day instructing the multitude and healing their sick, confirming his spiritual teachings by his sympathy with their spiritual wants. Having at the close of the day miraculously fed the five thousand, he constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and dismissing the multitudes, as they were winding their way homeward through the valleys, "he went up into a mountain to pray; and when the evening was come he was there alone," and there remained till the first streaks of morning were shooting up over Mount Hermon, and perhaps kindling the snowy peaks of Mount Lebanon. All night long the disciples on the sea below were tossed by the waves, while he, far above, in the serenity of his own spirit, reflecting the clear serenity of the skies, was spending the night in prayer. Faint and exhausted with the toils of the day, he had gone up thither to pour out his soul before his Father, and now refreshed and strengthened, he comes down to allay the storm, and calm the fears of his followers.

'Such is the true character of prayer. From our anxieties and labors, the storms, and doubts, and agitations of life, it leads us up to the mountain of meditation, it spreads around us the clear serenity of the heavens, it reveals to us the first dawnings of that spiritual light which shall afterwards shine upon our daily walks; it purifies, it invigorates the soul; it goes down with us to calm the tempest, to assuage the fears, remove the darkness and doubts, that distress us, to give us strength for all our duties, and to spread its own cheerful spirit round our steps.

'Prayer is the intercourse of man with God. It is calling upon our Father in heaven with the certainty that we shall be heard and answered. Not that we expect every request to be literally granted. But as the true child wishes his requests to be modified by the better judgment of his father, so we may wish and expect our prayers to be answered only so far as the divine wisdom may see it to be for our good!

'But can we hope that our prayers will have any influence upon the Almighty? Can we expect through prayer to receive that which we might not otherwise obtain? Has the act of devotion any effect except upon our own minds? Here, with many, are the great difficulties connected with the subject. God is unchangeable; how then can prayer affect him in the distribution of his gifts? God is indeed unchangeable; but man is not; and the result of the intercourse between the two will always vary according to man's conduct. God is unchangeable, not because he acts always in the same way; but because he adheres always to the same principles. He rewards the just; he punishes the unjust; his action in the two cases is different, but the principle the same. If he treated good and bad alike, his immutable conduct would be purchased at the expense of his immutable justice. The whole difficulty rests on this wrong idea of the divine character. God is unchangeable *because he adheres always to the same principles.* In conformity to an unchanging principle he rewards the just and punishes the unjust; and in conformity to an unchanging law he may give to him who asks and withhold from him who asks not.

'In his influence upon matter the laws are always the same; but the result is perpetually varying with the circumstances under which they are brought to act. For instance, the laws of vegetation are the same, whatever may be my conduct; but the question whether I am to reap a harvest from their operation depends very much on my causing the seed to be put into the ground. In all the intercourse of God with his free agents the principles are unchangeable, but there are conditions to be performed on our part before we can enjoy the reward. I must sow in order to reap; I must ask in order to receive; and as the connection between sowing and reaping is a part of the established system of things;—so also is the connection between asking and receiving. I may not *see* the connection between prayer and the blessing which follows; neither could a child see the connection between the seeds that are buried in the naked earth in autumn, and the grain that after a winter of snow waves over the field in a summer's day; and in truth the exact manner in which the result is brought about is to the profound philosopher, not less than to the child, as much a mystery in the one case as in the other. If he is ignorant of the process by which prayer produces the blessing, so, also, is he ignorant of the process by which the seed produces the plant.

'But then we may watch the progress of the seed, as the germ is unfolded and becomes a plant, and can say with certainty that the one is the result of the other. The growth is almost sure. But we pray for a thousand things, only a few are received, and we can trace no connection between them and the prayers. Are not the cases, where our requests are not answered, sufficient to show that prayer is unavailing, and that the few instances, which seem a fulfilment of our requests, have in reality no dependence upon them? If prayer be effectual, why does it so often fail?

'Analogy here does not forsake us. Watch the tree whose light, feathery seeds, uplifted by the winds, are borne hundreds and perhaps thousands of miles, and which in a single year produces enough to plant the forests of a kingdom. Yet that tree is alone, and you nowhere find one which you can say positively is its offspring. There it stands under the eye of heaven, fulfilling its destiny and every year faithful to its Creator, sending forth its myriads of seeds. Some are blighted in the flower, some are mildewed, some fall upon the ocean, some are the food of birds, some are buried in the forest, where they lie for centuries till the old forest is removed and the newly admitted warmth calls them into life, and men wonder at the strange growth; some fall by the way-side, some on cultivated fields, some on deserts, some in distant islands. For every one that becomes a tree, millions on millions are permitted to perish; and in no case can we trace the connection between the new tree and the particular seed that produces it. Now are not the innumerable instances of failure a proof, that the process of reproduction is here unavailing, and that the few plants which seem to grow out of these seeds, have in reality no dependence upon them? If the process be effectual, why does it so often fail?

'God is so rich in his resources that he may select only the few from the innumerable, and yet his purposes and their wants be answered. Of the seeds only those shall grow which may not interfere with his other designs, and they shall be enough. And of our requests only those shall be immediately granted, which are not inconsistent with the wants and rights of others, and all the complicated purposes of his infinite kingdom. But if we ask in sincerity, they shall be enough. Some of our prayers are blighted by wrong motives, and some are mildewed by an impatient spirit;—some rest on objects which are barren or would do us harm;—some must wait till forests of selfishness, ignorance or sin are removed, and centuries yet to come, may show to us the fulfillment of petitions over which we had mourned as lost. They may not accomplish the particular purposes for which we had intended them; but not one prayer is breathed in vain. As of those countless seeds, though few grow into trees, not one is lost; but some are the food of birds, and some go back to enrich the earth, and some are used for the sick, and all in one way or other answer some purpose, though different from their original design; so of our prayers, not one is lost, but each has and shall have its influence in the great system of God's providence. We read of golden vials in heaven filled with sweet odors which are the prayers of saints. Rev. v. 8. And we cannot say how many of the prayers which we have regretted as cast upon the winds, shall yet greet us with their fragrance in some new condition of being.

'But why should we pray? Why has God made this a condition on which we are to receive his favor? He can as well give without our asking. Why should we sow? Why has God made this a condition of the harvest? He can as well produce food without our labor.

'But as our physical powers are to be strengthened by the necessity of providing for their wants through personal exertion, so our spiritual natures are to be called out and cherished by the sort of exertion which God has ordained for them. By connecting prayer with our daily wants, he has made it one of the great means of sustaining our spiritual lives.

'But I do not like to argue upon a subject like this. Prayer is an instinct, a spontaneous impulse of the soul, and like all other glowing emotions is chilled and withered under the cold investigation of the intellect. There are feelings which it is not well to analyse too rigidly. It is like applying the dissecting knife to our own hearts, to find out the principle of life, which is extinguished by the touch that may reach it. What would become of the filial affections, if the child instead of rushing to his father, as his feelings prompt, should wait till he is able to analyse his feelings; to answer the metaphysical doubts that ingenious men may put;—to see exactly how his mind may act upon his father's mind; and how the wishes of a simple child should have any influence upon the mature purposes of

a man? There is more wisdom far in the undoubting impulse by which he clings to his parent, trusts to his kindness and *knows* that he will hear and assist him. Prayer is a spontaneous emotion, a voluntary prompting of the heart. It is the reaching out of the soul towards God, as the young plant reaches out towards the sun; and it is well for us to obey the prompting without being too curious to hear or to answer the objections that may be urged. When once in the simplicity and unthinking confidence of our souls we have felt what it is to pray, we have received that which no arguments can shake. The strength of our own hearts in prayer melt and carry away the objections that before confined us, as the strength of the stream with the first shower of spring breaks up, dissolves and bears away the ice which all winter long has weighed upon its breast, and which no human skill or power could remove.'

Written for the Repository.

Follow ye God.

'Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children.' PAUL.

Follow ye God, the Scripture saith,—but how?
With fearful, throbbing heart and anxious brow?
Follow ye him just like the crouching slave,
Who quails beneath the glance his master gave?

Follow ye God with trembling and with fears?
Follow ye him with sadness and in tears?
Follow ye God—alas! a God of wrath,
Frowning in anger o'er your troubled path?

Nay! 'tis no tyrant threats you with his rod—
No demon bids you tremble at his nod,—
But, in the cheering tones of love I hear,
'*Be followers of God as children dear!*'

As *children* follow God! Our hearts rejoice
To hear our Father's well known voice!
Obedient to the call, we joyful come,
Nor wish to wander from our heavenly home.

L. S. R.

Written for the Repository.

Scholars training for Teachers.

G. I've heard that Mary Beaumont is a-going to leave our school.

H. I'm sorry for that, as she is one of our best and oldest scholars. But what reason does she give?

G. O she says she is too old.

H. That is a strange reason, for none are too old to learn, and our studies keep pace with the growth of the mind.

G. Yes, for we know some things now, which, a little while since, we could not comprehend, and there are many subjects which we do not now understand.

H. I'm sure there is, for in Smith's Scripture Doctrine Catechism, and in Hudson's Questions, there are subjects that will ever afford us study, and study will bring us profit.

G. There is enough even in the Lord's Prayer, I've heard our minister say, for the greatest mind, to exercise the loftiest faculties, and awaken deeper and stronger affections.

H. And therefore we should be thankful for all aids furnished to us to enable us to read the Bible with understanding and profit; in the Sabbath School such aid is given, and it is singular that Mary does not understand this.

G. Perhaps she does; but she objects to attending school because she is so large and looks so great among the scholars.

H. Well, that is certainly a queer idea! Is the mind to be measured by the body, and are we to decide that because a person is small, they have peculiar reasons for staying at school?

G. O Mary wouldn't say *so*, for she does not boast of a great mind; but her objection to being in a class is that *it looks so!*

H. It looks so! Looks how? Very well, I think; for it will show that now that she is able to reason upon these matters and choose for herself, she chooses to get all the wisdom she can while young.

G. Yes; I told her she shouldn't care for looks, so long as she looked well and was seeking good; and as she was always neat in her dress, gentle in her manners, and studious to please in the school, she might always be assured she looked well.

H. That was right; but you might also have told her how many persons are ruined by the foolish pride that can give no other reason for a course they pursue than—'It looks so not to do it!' They will get into debt and into trouble for a dress, simply because *it looks so* to be out of fashion. I knew a young lady who actually suffered from hunger at a party, after a long and cold walk, simply because it looked so to see people eat heartily.

G. She was to be pitied, as was the poet who never wished to see a lady eat, as there was no poetry in it—it looked so!

H. The case I mentioned is something like Mary's case. She has a good appetite, and if she comes to school, she will be in a party, and there

will be good food for her; yet she will not come and eat heartily, simply because *it looks so!*

G. Yes; but I wanted to tell her how she could fit herself to be a good teacher, as the longer she was in school the more would she understand of its management, the better acquainted would she be with the scholars, and the more knowledge would she get to impart to others.

H. I wish you had; for those who know, say *that* is the best way to make good teachers,—educated in the school for that office, loving the scholars and being loved by them from long association.

G. I will tell her; for there is something very beautiful in the thought of thus repaying to others the kind offices conferred on us, and using the knowledge taught us for the benefit of the school in which it was obtained.

H. Yes, it is like an elder sister in a family, who relieves her mother of a part of her care over the younger children, and learns something every day in order to be more useful.

G. True; and such are loved and valued in every family, and it is no small treasure to have the love that is fostered towards them. 'None name them but to praise.'

H. To be loved by hearts that value us, is not a matter of small importance, for it is the main-spring of noble efforts for others' good. It should be our rule of life, for it will ever prompt us to seek to be useful—useful wherever we are, or whatever may be the relations we hold in life.

G. So let it be with us in the Sabbath School. There let us aim to gain the affections of all, to understand the benefits of the institution, and how we can now prepare ourselves for future usefulness.

H. I join in the resolve; and for our encouragement let us remember that Jesus once stood a little child in the presence of his disciples as more amiable than they were. May we be loved as well by the Savior.

Written for the Repository.

Arabella Stuart.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Among the many beautiful and touching incidents in the history of woman, and woman's love, the brief and fragmentary records of Arabella Stuart are pre-eminently interesting. And it is not in the musty chronicles of historians, alone, that she has found an immortality. So long as English literature preserves its most exquisite treasure—so long as the sweet lays of Felicia Hemans are familiar to the heart, so long will the royal, the unfortunate, the most intensely affectionate Arabella be tenderly cherished in remembrance. Blessed forever be the sainted name of the 'high souled Felicia,' who has gathered such a glorious beauty around the character of faithful, generous, suffering woman! It was a noble deed in this gifted being to make her genius the altar stone of the *female heart*, whence hath ascended the incense of its passionate fervor, its deathless tenderness, its elevated and triumphant faith. The immortality that she has bestowed on others will redound with a brighter glory upon her own beloved name; for the mind that can confer this boon on those it serves, must certainly contain its richest elements within itself.

Like many others whose melancholy destinies are recorded on the pages of history, the lady Arabella owed her misfortunes to the royal blood that flowed in her veins. She stood too near a throne for peace; and it was her crime that she dared to love. Fetters can be bound upon the hands, and restraints imposed upon the person; but it is an idle thing to attempt to confine the affections of a warm and loving heart. It was idle, indeed, to deny the exercise of these feelings to the gentle Arabella. She was all formed for love. Her whole nature was swayed by the strength and depth of her attachment. Seymour, too, pleaded for her hand; and what could the interdict of a king avail against the mighty strength of their united hearts?

They were wedded in secret, but their union being early discovered, they were ordered to a separate confinement; this confinement was not, however, so rigorous, nor was their separation so distant as to prevent their secret correspondence. While this continued undiscovered, Arabella could not despond. In one of these letters, the only one yet made public, and perhaps the only one preserved, she writes in this wise; 'Wheresoever you be, or in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me that you are mine! *Rachel wept and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.* And that indeed is the remediless sorrow, and none else! and therefore God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure God's book mentioneth many of his children in

as great distress that have done well after, even in this world.'

It was about this time that she addressed several petitions to the king, in one of which she demands to know why she is thus imprisoned. The only answer his majesty deigned to send her, was, that '*she had eaten of the forbidden fruit.*' It was not objected that she had married Seymour—it was her crime that she had married at all. She had some advantage above James of Scotland in a claim to the English throne; and if she became the mother of children, the heirs of King James were in danger of losing their crown. This was a sufficient apology for tyranny to work its vengeance. This was reason enough why innocence and holy love should become the victims of royal ambition. Oh King James! where was the memory of thy unfortunate mother? Could not the blood of the beautiful and gentle Mary of Scotland speak aloud to thee in a voice of warning and of entreaty? Alas! thy heart knew little of the pleas of filial tenderness, and as thou wert careless to the love and the sufferings of thy mother, so wert thou careless to the love and the miseries of thy cousin Arabella.

The discovery of the secret correspondence between Arabella and Seymour, was followed by an order from the King for their distant separation. The princess now abandoned herself to all the wildness of despair, and in consequence of the violence of her grief, became too ill to perform the journey. James was sufficiently indulgent to allow her two months in which to recruit her health, after which she made preparations for her departure. 'She now openly declared her resignation to her fate, and showed her obedient willingness, by being even over-careful in little preparations to make easy so long a journey. Such tender grief had won over the hearts of her keepers, who could not but sympathize with a princess, whose love, holy and wedded too, was crossed only by the tyranny of statesmen. But Arabella had not within that tranquillity with which she had lulled her keepers. She and Seymour had concerted a flight, as bold in its plot, and as beautifully wild, as any recorded in romantic story.' So says D'Israeli, who particularly relates the circumstances of this adventure, and its unfortunate termination. As these are undoubtedly familiar to most of our readers, we will not recapitulate them. Suffice it that Seymour escaped, and that the unhappy Arabella was brought back to a final captivity, where 'her constitutional delicacy, her rooted sorrows, and the violence of her feelings, sunk beneath the hopelessness of her situation, and a secret resolution in her mind to refuse the aid of her physicians, and to wear away the faster if she could, the feeble remains of life. * * * What passed in that dreadful imprisonment, cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history; but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment was short, it was only terminated by death.'*

Such is a brief review of the more romantic and unhappy portion of the lady Arabella's life. Of her character nothing is certified except that she was warm and constant in her affections, and firm and heroic in her purposes. It is supposed from some remaining evidences, that she excelled in intellectual accomplishments,—that she was a poetess—and that she was beautiful.—Whether these suppositions be true or false, is there not enough in her melancholy destiny to awaken the sympathies of every compassionate heart? Her long and lonely captivity—her separation from the husband of her love—her ignorance of his fate—her doubts of his constancy—the unkindness and injustice of her royal kinsman,—were not these enough to give eternal consecration to her memory? And might she not with reason have exclaimed, in the mournful language of her most eloquent biographer:

'Now never more, oh! never, in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly—never more!—'

* * * * * *

'Oh love and freedom! ye are lovely things!
With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
And by the streams; but I—the blood of kings,
A proud, unmingling river, through my veins
Flows in lone brightness,—and its gifts are chains!
Kings!—I had silent visions of deep bliss,
Leaving their thrones far distant; and for this
I am cast under their triumphal car,
An insect to be crushed. Oh! Heaven 's far,—
Earth pitiless!'

* Curiosities of Literature.

Written for the Repository.

The Sea.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

THERE's a majesty and glory in the surrounding sea;
Vast emblem of unbounded power,—type of eternity:
Its lofty rolling organ-peal speaks in a voice sublime,
Of Him who sways its beating pulse, and rings its billowy chime.

How solemnly its thunder-tones swell upward to the sky,
Like the deep anthem-notes around the throne of the Most High;

Where thrill the silvery cadences, from thousand living strings,
And flaming cherubs fan the air with bright, and burnish'd wings.

How glorious in the blushing dawn its crystal mirror smiles,
Like waves of liquid rubies, circling round the green-clad isles;
The foam-wreaths dance to merry chimes along the glistening plain,
And the gorgeous-tinted canopy rings back the inspiring strain.

In wild and thrilling ecstasy our awe-struck spirits bend,
To list the moan of wind and wave within thy caverns blend;
And hear the stirring chorus float on echo's pinions back,
Ere yet the wild sea-minstrel sounds the tempest's fierce attack.

But when across the sleeping wave the storm-king's banners sweep,
And sadly wailing notes arise from out the troubled deep;
How quail the spirit lyre-strings! as the rattling thunders boom!
And livid lightnings trace their path athwart the deepening gloom.

How terrible, the hoary sea! when heaven is black with storm,
When the tempest and wing'd whirlwind meet, its beauty to deform;
When the triumphant billows fling their white foam crests on high,
And the ill-starr'd ship with streamers rent, sweeps like a phantom by.

'Tis fitting for the humbled soul to listen to thy voice,
When the mad demons of the storm in wild career rejoice;
When ruin's fearful angel fiercely flaps his mighty wing,
And wailing thro' the burden'd air the cavern'd echos ring.

For in the darkest hours of strife our souls must proudly soar,
And on hope's eagle-pinions rise above the tempest's roar;
We oversweep the dazzling blue of the ethereal seas,
And rest on verdant mounds beneath life's ever flowering trees.

'Tis fitting we should hear thy tones of majesty and power,
Lest we deny thy holy name in fortune's prosperous hour;
Lest we forget th' Almighty hand that spann'd the azure arch,
And mark'd the varying orbits where the shining armies march.

The sailor on the toppling mast, when wild winds round him rave,
Lifts up his heart and voice to God who rules the stormy wave;
In meek submission owns the power that guides the reeling earth,
And gave the glorious testament of man's immortal birth.

But when the sunlight gilds his path, when the soft breezes blow,
His soul almost forgets the hand that wreathes the signet-bow—
Checks the fierce coursers of the storm—folds the red lightning's wing—
And bids again the lyre of peace its silvery numbers ring.

Malone, N. Y.

Honesty is a phrase, which some men use to cover dishonesty; as, such an one is unfortunate, but cannot at present meet his engagements—he is perfectly honest, only favor him a little, for the times are very hard—richer men than he are in like trouble! People must be patient!

Written for the Repository.

Sketches from Real Life. No. 2.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

'A daughter, beautiful and good,
On the fair brink of womanhood—
* * * * * *
What links, which time nor death can part,
Have bound her to a parent's heart!'

It was in the month of August 1834, that one of those dreadful hurricanes to which the West Indies are subject, swept with unbounded fury over Barbadoes, carrying death and devastation in its train. Although I received an account of it from several eye witnesses of the sad scene, yet I fear my pen will but feebly describe the horrors of that fearful night. Barbadoes is one of the largest and most important of the islands belonging to England; and it contains ten thousand of the troops, who are stationed in every place where waves the British flag—and it is the head quarters of the lee-ward islands. It is said there is no part of the world more densely inhabited, excepting some parts of China. Barbadoes presents a different appearance from the other islands, being comparatively low and level, yet the land is here and there undulating, and in some places almost hilly. It is extremely fertile, and on approaching it we are struck by the marks of cultivation which it exhibits. There are no fences used, and the successive patches of cane fields and provision grounds, diversified as they are with every hue and shade of green, present a pleasing prospect. The handsome houses of the planters, and the clusters of negro huts, with the buildings used in the manufacture of sugar, appear at short distances over the island, giving it the appearance of a large village interspersed with beautiful gardens. It contains, however, a town (in which there are over thirty thousand inhabitants) which looks like a city. The houses are nearly all built of brick or stone, or wood plastered on the outside. They are generally but two stories high, with flat roofs, and immense window shutters and doors, (which are designed to serve as some protection from hurricanes) and a glazed window is here an uncommon sight. All the streets are very narrow and very crooked. They are formed of white marle, which reflects the burning sun with a brilliancy which is painfully dazzling to the eyes. The buildings are usually occupied as stores below, and dwellings above, with piazzas from the upper story, which form a welcome shade to the side walks below.

Here, hurricanes are generally preceded by

certain signs which give notice of their approach, but on the present occasion it was unexpected to all, save to one old sea captain, who late in the evening perceiving that his barometer indicated a storm—hastily put out to sea, and his vessel thus having sufficient room, weathered it out in safety. The day had been as usual at that season—hot, dry, and oppressive, but the setting sun seemed robed in more than ordinary splendor, and his last rays of living gold, lingered long on earth, sea and sky, as if loth to give place to the spirit of the storm, which was so soon to mar the face of that beautiful island, and carry desolation and horror into the hearts of its inhabitants. The brief twilight of tropic climes soon gave way to the shades of night, and the evening breeze, with its delicious and soft coolness, was wafted from the sea, bathing the tired brow of the slave, as well as that of his luxurious master. The hour of repose came, each retired to his resting place, and nearly all were asleep, when a hollow rumbling sound was heard, resembling the noise of numberless carriages at a distance—nearer and nearer it seemed to come, and then thunder—but such thunder! it seemed as if the clouds of heaven had descended to earth ere they discharged their fury! Peal after peal followed almost without intermission—and then came the rushing of the mighty blast, and the noise of many waters. The waves of the sea were dashed with frightful violence over the land, and the spirits of the deep seemed leagued with those of air, against the earth. The stately mansion of the planter, and the frail cane cottage, were alike scattered, so that scarce a vestige of them remained. Lofty trees, that had for years fastened their strong roots round the rocks of this sea-girt isle, were in an instant wrenched away, and driven to a great distance; and the waving fields of the tall cane were levelled with the earth.—The groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying—the bellowing and bleating of cattle, were now added to the deafening noise produced by the war of the elements, and the scene became dreadful beyond conception! Morning at last came, and the hurricane was over. Three thousand and five hundred were numbered with the dead, and about twice as many were injured, but ultimately recovered. The survivors had a melancholy task to perform in searching for the bodies of the slain, many of whom were buried under the ruins of houses, some crushed by the falling of trees, and a number were drowned by being carried into the sea. As usual the harbor was thronged with vessels from different countries, and most of them with their crews were destroyed. A volume might be filled by the heart-rending details given to me by many whose family circle had thus been broken up, but I will confine my pen to a brief sketch of 'The Widow and her Child.'

Mrs. Vincent had been the wife of a distinguished physician in Barbadoes, but was early in life bereft of her husband, who had fallen a victim to the fever so prevalent during the warmest seasons. She was left with one child, in whom all her hopes of earthly happiness seemed now to centre, for she had no other relative, save her aged mother, who resided with her. Mrs. Vincent mourned her husband deeply and sincerely, but she was a christian, not only in name but in heart; and she had faith given her to say, 'I know O Lord that thy judgments are right, thy will be done.' She was thankful too, that God had yet spared her many blessings; that he had given her that little daughter, (who though so dear before, now became doubly so) and that it was in her power to smooth the last days of her only parent; which task she most faithfully and tenderly performed. She was left also in such comfortable circumstances that she could enjoy the happiness of doing good, which kind and benevolent as she was, became a source of increased pleasure to her. Afflictions, when they are received in a right spirit, have a tendency to soften the heart and affections. And however we may naturally be led to sympathize in the distresses of others, yet we cannot really feel another's wo, until we ourselves have been called to mourn. So thought Mrs. Vincent, when she said, 'I think I have never felt for the poor and the suffering until now—let me hasten to do them all the good I can.' And she was indeed untiring in her efforts to do good, and truly was it said of her, 'The poor rise up and call her blessed.'

Soon after her husband's death, she left her handsome house in the town, and purchased a pretty villa at a part of the island called 'the Crane,' some miles distant, rightly judging that a residence in the country, would most conduce to the health of her child, and assist her in some measure to regain that tranquillity of mind, which the pure free air of heaven, and a constant contemplation, and communion of the soul with the great book of nature, can so well tend to promote in those who are gifted with an eye to see, and

an ear to hear what is written in that glorious volume.

The place she had chosen was singularly wild and picturesque. The spot on which the house stood, was an angle jutting out into the sea. The land was here higher than usual, and the shore was formed of immense piles of rock, whose irregular and dark outlines would have preserved a gloomy appearance, were it not for the groups of palm, cocoas, bread-fruit, and other trees, whose waving branches in the rear, gave a soft and pleasant effect to the scene. Here the eye might wander at pleasure over the mighty ocean, until in the vast distance, the heavens and the waters seemed to unite. The view was often agreeably diversified by vessels from many a distant country, bringing its productions in exchange for sugar and spices.

Mrs. Vincent resided here at the time of the hurricane, when her daughter was about fourteen years of age. She had almost wholly devoted herself since her husband's death to the care and education of her child. Jane had been feeble from her birth, and as frequently happens, to great delicacy of constitution, she united more than ordinary talents, which her fond mother delighted to cultivate.

Many excellent parents, who would shrink from the bare idea of overtasking the physical strength of their children, through utter ignorance of its probable consequences, and from the best of motives, are guilty of doing them a great and sometimes irreparable injury, in urging them on in the pursuit of studies, that overcharge the young mind, which thus stimulated, continues for a time to progress at the expense of the body. The too common result of which is, either a premature death, or after a certain period the mental faculties by losing much of their power and tone, seem almost to retrograde, and the precocious youth becomes an adult of scarce ordinary talents.

Few can understand, unless they have experienced it, the deep strong love of a widowed mother for an only child. Mrs. Vincent was tenderly attached to her husband, and when death severed this tie, the affection that seemed divided between the father and the child, seemed now wholly transferred to the latter, who if possible became dearer still for the sake of him who was gone—and no child ever better rewarded a mother's tender care than Jane. She was a very lovely child—lovely in disposition and in appearance; but her fair and almost translucent skin, her clear, full blue eyes, and the fine texture of her auburn hair, added to her slight and fragile form, indicated a predisposition to pulmonary disease. She was thoughtful and serious beyond her years, and unlike most other young people of her age, she always preferred the society of those older than herself, and when this was once remarked by her mother, who asked her why she did so, she answered, because I can thus learn more. Her mother had early taught her the great truths of religion, which the child received with avidity, and she imbibed an ardent love for the study of the scriptures, to which she daily devoted a large portion of her time. Mrs. Vincent who possessed a well cultivated mind, superintended and assisted her in her other studies so successfully, that at the age of ten, little Jane was thought almost a prodigy; and to use her mother's own words, 'she now became even more than a child to me—she was my companion, friend and comforter—my all'—for soon after her husband's death, she had buried her mother.

Mrs. Vincent and her daughter owed the preservation of their lives during the hurricane, to the devoted attachment of an old slave named Sandy, who had been with Mrs. Vincent from her infancy. A description of their place of refuge may not be uninteresting to the reader, as it forms one of the greatest curiosities in Barbadoes, and is generally visited as such by strangers. It is called 'the horse,' I know not why, as there is certainly nothing appropriate in the name. It is on the sea-shore, which as I have said, is here formed of a high and precipitous ledge of rocks overhanging the sea. 'The horse' consists of several stupendous rocks riven asunder. In one place an immensely large piece (weighing it is said some thousands of tons,) has been separated from the rest, and fallen into the sea; and some other large portions appear also to have been broken off from the main body of solid rock. In the midst of these a long flight of steps has been cut for the purpose of descending to the sea; (I think I counted seventy-five,) and at the bottom of these is a platform, also formed of rock, where one may stand and hear the hoarse waves breaking around him like the roar of heavy thunder. Through the openings here and there, we may see the foam of the ocean mingling with the bright blue waters, and flashing like a myriad of diamonds in the brilliant sunshine. Between the largest rock and the shore, there is a cavern about

twelve feet wide and twenty long—the piece which forms one of its sides, leans towards the main body of rock, and meeting it at the top, forms a lofty roof, with an occasional fissure through which the light enters. At the bottom of the cave, is a clear and beautiful bed of water, which communicates with the sea by several apertures under the rocks. This is always calm, and even at the highest tide is not more than five feet deep, and it is used as a bathing place. But it is really an awful spot to a stranger—shut out from a view of the outward world, and the sea without intermission, dashing its mighty waves on every side, with a deafening echo that drowns the human voice.

On my first descent to this spot, I was so awe-struck, that uttering an exclamation of surprise and terror, I rushed back, intending never to venture there again—but I afterwards succeeded in overcoming my dread, and frequently took a melancholy pleasure in resorting there—for my heart was heavy—and the wild solemnity of the scene seemed to harmonize better with my feelings, than the blue sky, and the sunny earth, and the cheerful sounds in the homes of men.

From an inscription on a slab which is inserted in a rock in this natural bathing-house, it would seem that it had retained its present appearance for a number of years, the date being 1769.

It was to this spot that Sandy bore his mistress and her child, on the first intimation of the approaching storm. Mrs. Vincent at first hesitated in adopting this as a place of refuge, but the faithful creature overruled her objections, saying, 'do come dear Missus, no place so good, so safe, I see hurricanes before, and they never moved those strong rocks—I know God will take care of us there.' And Sandy was right, God did 'take care of them there,' and they were saved from the fury of the storm. But the agitation and excitement, added to the exposure she had suffered, (for they had remained all night cold and wet in the cave,) were too much for the feeble frame of the child—from that time she drooped away, like a fair young flower. Her fond mother watched the progress of her sure but slow decay, with an almost breaking heart. But now and then her darling would seem to revive, and appear better, and a gleam of hope that she might yet recover, would brighten the sad countenance of her mother—it was however but transient, and she would relapse into her usual wasting and languid state.

She had been ill for some time, during which they had continued daily to read the scriptures, and to pray together, but Mrs. Vincent had carefully avoided alluding to her too well-grounded fears of their separation being at hand. She shrank from the mention of the subject on her own account, as well as from consideration to her child, thinking it would agitate her, and perhaps be only the means of hastening her dissolution. And who that has lost friends, does not know the bitter pain it gives, and the strong effort it requires, to assume a cheerful countenance, and to restrain the gushing tear, when bending over the sick bed of a dear friend—fearing that the expression of the deep feelings that agitate them, would disturb and distress the beloved object of their anxious solicitude.

One day Jane put her arm round her mother's neck, with more than her usual fondness, and said, 'dear mother, I want to talk with you so much about something, but—I am afraid it will distress you, and I cannot bear to see you weep.' 'Well my love,' said her mother, 'I will try and be composed, but you must not say much, you are very weak, and I fear it will bring on your cough.' 'I think it will not hurt me,' continued she, 'and I want to talk to you now, while I can—you know, mother, I have been a long time sick, and I feel that I shall never be any better here, and I know you think so too dearest mother, though you are afraid to let me know it; but since it is God's will that we should part, let us speak of it, I think it will be better. I have thought much of death since I have been laying here, and at first I felt unwilling to go—unwilling to leave you, mother; but I have prayed again and again, that God would reconcile us both to our approaching separation, and give you grace and strength from above, to bear up under it, when I am gone —*and I believe he will.*' Poor Mrs. Vincent, who was almost overcome by this unexpected and touching speech, replied, 'I thank God, my child, that he has thus been pleased to exercise your mind, and to prepare you for what I so much dread—you are indeed going to a happier world, where sin and sorrow never come—'Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' How much worse would it be to part never to meet again, but we are blessed in the hope—in the assurance of meeting where we shall never more be separated. Your dear father is already there to welcome you, and when my pilgrimage is over I shall rejoice to join you. I

bless God that he has so long spared you to be the comfort and solace of my heart, and now that he sees fit to resume his precious gift, I will strive *again* to say '*his will be done.*'

The resignation manifested by Mrs. Vincent was very satisfactory to the child, who would often express her gratitude that it had pleased God that she should die by sickness, rather than have been suddenly called away in the fearful hurricane. Every day they now conversed calmly of death—heaven, and eternity, and it was beautiful to see the cheerful piety of the child, and how she would strive by every means in her power to nerve her mother's mind, in view of her end, which was now rapidly approaching. And it was strange to see that the prospect of death, which nature shrinks from, and which has often made the strong man to quail, should be borne with so much composure by one so young.

There are pleasing, as well as touching reflections connected with the death of the young—who are taken away ere they have been called to mourn the loss of friends—disappointed hopes, and experienced 'the thousand ills that flesh is heir to.' The world to them has been a sunny landscape, decked with flowers—with a bright and cloudless sky; and when we consider, that had a few more years been added to their brief span, how changed would have been the scene, we are tempted to exclaim, '*Mourn for the living, not for the dead.*'

I have not much more to say of Jane Vincent, only her faith, patience, and meekness seemed to increase, until at length she fell asleep, to awake no more on earth.

I was at Barbadoes a few years afterwards, when I became acquainted with Mrs. Vincent. She had heard of me as a stranger, laboring under affliction, (which peculiar circumstances rendered doubly trying,) and she sent me a message by a mutual friend, saying, if I 'would not consider the presence of a stranger intrusive, or painful, she would be happy to visit me, for though personally unknown, her heart yearned towards me as a sister in affliction, and she longed to see me.' I need scarcely say that she came—and we mingled our tears—our prayers, and our sympathies—and when we parted, (probably to meet no more on earth,) it seemed as if a tender tie had again been broken.

S. M.

East Randolph, Vt.

Written for the Repository.

Records of the Old Year.

MAIDEN.

ANOTHER year of life is gone;
How swiftly have its hours flown!
Then let me now, reflective, cast
A lingering look upon the past.
And what hast thou, old year, to tell?
Do pleasant tales thy records swell—
Have scenes of pleasure met thy sight,
And mirthful hours mocked thy flight—
Or sadder visions dost thou bring,
To close thy reign, old frost-bound king?—

OLD YEAR.

'Alas! fair querist, thou art smiling now,
And there is not a cloud on thy young brow;
But when I began my short-lived race,
There was many a form of airy grace,
And many an eye as bright as thine,
That now has ceased on the earth to shine;
And many a cheek, with as bright a bloom,
That now lies withering in the tomb!

'I've seen the maiden with swelling heart,
From her childhood's home and its joys depart;
From the tender mother, whose loving arm,
Shielded her darling from every harm;
From the father, whose watchful care had been
A talisman, to preserve from sin;
The brothers and sisters, who with her played,
And the home of her youth, so joyous made;
She leaves them all, for a stranger's side,—
Resigns *such* love, for a love untried!

'I've seen the bride at the altar stand,
And plight the heart, with the willing hand;
And in the freshness and bloom of youth,
Entrust her all to *his* love and truth;—
I've seen the young mother, with glistening eyes,
Bend o'er the infant, that slumbering lies,
Enfolded in arms, that long to press
It closer still, in a fond caress;
Yet scarcely daring to breathe or stir,
Lest it should waken the slumberer!

'And I have looked on the merry dance,
Where red lips smile, and bright eyes glance;
Where the sylph-like footsteps you scarcely hear,
And the laugh of the jocund meets the ear;
But think not my course has been all so bright,
For scenes of sorrow have marked my flight;—

'And she, on whose bridal, my birth day shone,
To the silent grave in her youth has gone;
She bowed to the stern decree of fate,
Her husband's hearth is desolate!
I've seen the mother compelled to part
With the cherished idol of her heart;
I've seen the strong and the proud laid low,
And happy dwellings filled with wo!

'To night, there's many a circle met
My passing away to celebrate;
But oh! in their mirth let them not forget,
That on some fair brows death's seal may be set!
And that many a voice, which last year gave
Its gladsome greetings, is stilled in the grave!

'My tale is ended—my work is done—
My mission accomplished—my race is run;'—
And as the Old Year closed his tale,
His last rustling sigh was borne on the gale,
And from many a group pealed the joyous din,
'The Old Year's out, and the New Year's in'!

Boston, Mass. Dec. 1841. CHARLOTTE.

Written for the Repository.

A Familiar Letter to a Friend.

My dear Mrs. ——: I wish I were at Rome, or Florence, or Naples, that I might write to you of skies and sunsets; or within the shadow of St. Marks, at Venice, where the gondoliers sing the lays of Tasso by moonlight; or any where within the possible region of romance and beauty; for then I might draw upon outward sources of interest, and avail myself of your historical and classical acquirements to supply the deficiences of my description. But alas! the pen of genius has never yet hallowed this humble spot; history has found here no records of ancient glory, and art no crumbling monuments of olden luxury. Never has troubadour harped his lays beside our streams, nor knight at tourney won the prize from the hands of his 'ladye-love.' All is dull, tame prose. There is not even a legend, nor the image of a saint, much less the altar of a Druid, or the tomb of a Capulet, to give interest, or even antiquity to the place. An old grave-stone would have some value—but even that is wanting; and the very fences are new and regular, looking like troops of stupid boys, called out to their first militia training.

In this sad state of affairs, why should I attempt to write to you at all? *Pour amuser me*, must be the selfish excuse, since I cannot hope to afford *you* any interest. And yet, I am half-seduced into my old credulity—half-persuaded to believe that whatever interests me, interests those that love me. If this be a foolish faith, it is also a happy one, and the last, I suspect, that I shall find myself ready to relinquish. Human sympathies may be the cheapest, but they are certainly the most valuable of earthly blessings. Do you not think so? Or are you of that school of moralists who have shaken off allegiance to the affections, and rely wholly upon native individual resources for the best boons of human life?

I began my letter with a half-petulant regret at being so far removed from scenes of interest and notoriety. How absurd! As though the mind, itself, could not invest the most barren locality with a degree of romance and beauty. Why cannot we make our own consecrations, and deify our own heroes? The old oak of Dodona was but an oak, after all; and doubtless our own forests furnish hundreds of equal magnificence that might be made to speak in language as instructive, if not as oracular. This superstitious reverence for obsolete divinities is as foolish as it is pedantic; for I fancy half our excessive admiration of classic localities, and antique deities is but the masked display of our erudition. We moderns spend so much time in studying the poetry and mythology of the olden world, that we leave ourselves little opportunity to make a poetry or mythology of our own,—and future generations will seek in vain for little else than allusions and references to the works of those who have gone before us.

The consecrations and apotheoses that *we* make, must necessarily be of a very different, if not of a far more elevated character than those of classic origin. Our woods, and streams, and fountains, are not presided over by distinct and individual deities, but the spirit of one God pervades and sanctifies them all. We may not resolve our heroes and heroines into gods and goddesses, but we can give them an elevation as immortal beings which even Jupiter Amnon could not attain. And our temples and shrines —does not faith make them beautiful to our eyes, though modelled not with graven pillars, nor adorned with sculptured architraves? *Home*, though guarded not by the Lares and Penates that presided over the Roman hearth-stones, has the vigilant angels of household love forever hovering around it. And what a *deifier* is this same love! How many idols it creates for itself, endowing them with more than the ideal loveliness of ancient nymphs and Apollos! Talk not of the deities of Egypt and of Greece, while the deities of our own hearts are with us! Into the *Penetralia* of *our* homes, no idols shall enter but the dear objects of domestic love; and may God grant that the worship we bestow on them, be tempered by a superior reverence for his most holy name.

* * * * *

Saturday Morn. Aladdin's lamp could not have wrought a greater miracle than the sleet-storm of last night has wrought upon the faded face of nature. The red rays of the morning sun are reflected from ten thousand icicles, suspended from every twig, and bough, and roof, for miles and miles around, and lying like heaps of scattered jewels upon the glazed surface of the earth, or jutting from the rails of the fences like so many prism-hued chandeliers, lighted by the beams of the rising sun.

A scene like this is made for admiration—not for love. It is warmth, and softness, and sim-

plicity, that steal upon the affections; but it is splendor, and strength, and gorgeous magnificence, that command the homage of the eye and of the mind. I admire the surly grandeur of winter—its brilliant Auroras, its fields of ice and snow, its delicate frost-work, and even its rude and awful storms, that career so proudly through the heavens; but I *love* the gentle and balmy spring; when the flowers awaken on the bosoms of the hills, and the glad voices of the streams are heard, breaking through the silence of the vales.

Perhaps, as I have nothing of great interest to tell you, the following rhymes suggested by the scene to which I have alluded above, may furnish you a momentary amusement. They are shockingly *mediocré*, but I am sure you will not be surprised at that, knowing the source from whence they come. I have called them

THE CONQUESTS OF KING FROST.

LIKE the warlike Goth, from the frozen North,
Came down the ravaging King;
And the young flowers died in their autumn pride,
By the beautiful woodland spring.

And the musical rill grew silent and still,
At the sound of the conqueror's tread,
For with giant-like bound he hath shaken the ground,
Like the coming forth of the dead!

In the stricken dell the red leaf fell,
And the nuts from the wind-tost tree;
And the shrubs stood bare in the shivering air,
At the conqueror's fell decree.

Not a sound is heard from the summer bird,
Not a hum from the frugal bee;
The brook is mute with its liquid lute,
And its voice of innocent glee.

But the desolate scene where the scourge hath been,
Suits not with his gorgeous taste;
He hath over-run, like the warlike Hun,
Yet abhorreth the terrible waste.

No longer the trees in the northern breeze
Their desolate branches swing;
There are glittering gems on their giant stems,
Surpassing the glory of Spring.

Not a shrub so small by the lowliest wall,
Not a twig upon ground or tree,
That wears not a prize of more gorgeous dyes
Than the crown of the Papal See.

And the whole vast scene in this glorious sheen
Lies spread to the gaze of the sun;
Oh! a dazzling sight in the eye of light,
Is the work King Frost hath done!

Then hail to the King, to the valiant King
That rules o'er the land and sea!
Let a shout go forth for the King of the North,—
For a valorous King is he!

But with rhyming and other nonsense, my letter is growing long; so in the good old style of other days, I subscribe myself your very humble servant,

S. C. E.

Written for the Repository.

A Right Conversion.

THE 'Trumpet' for December 11th and the succeeding 18th, contained a well written and highly interesting account of the mental process by which Br. Edward C. Rogers was led to yield the principles of 'Orthodoxy,' so called, and gradually, thought after thought, to receive the facts of Universalism. I have been very highly gratified with the account, because of the correctness of the course pursued, affording an excellent example to all who would have their hearts 'established with grace'—fully confirmed in the essentials of christianity. We have altogether too many surface Universalists—those who profess to be of us, but who have never given patient and studious attention to clearly discern the principles of our faith and their harmonies and relations; they hear the word, and anon with joy receive it, yet not having root in themselves, they endure for awhile; but when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by they are offended and turn away from us. These do much harm to the cause of truth, by the manner in which they often attempt to discuss Universalism, appearing as much gratified when they have answered, or rather replied to, an opponent with a jest, as with a correct exposition of a fact. The subject is of such solemn interest and immense importance, that it forbids all child's play—all jesting, and demands the most considerate attention of the mind—the full concentration of the intellectual powers and the moral feelings. He that comes to the study of Universalism with this conviction, finds that not a small task is before him; that he has not a matter to discuss which can be despatched in a few hours; but that he must proceed philosophically in order to proceed understandingly. Some, I know, are ready to start with horror when we speak of 'proceeding philosophically' in reference to theology, and a shadowy figure immediately arises before them with a stern and cold aspect. But shadows are not realities; and I have yet to learn that we cannot study philosophically with the warmth of strong and earnest feelings infused into every intellectual faculty. It is thus the devout Astronomer looks upon the stars with a fervent eye that never dreams; and the devoted Naturalist has an earnest spirit and a heart full of poetry, while he seeks for, and stores up, only facts. By proceeding *philosophically*, I mean precisely what Br.

Rogers tells us he did, and thus he has written :— 'During the last six months of my studies' (i. e. his preparatory studies—preparatory to his becoming a preacher) 'the most of my time was spent in preparing an essay on the grand principle of God's moral government. In investigating this subject, I took for my premises a number of first truths, or self-evident principles; and without the least suspicion of the conclusions to which I should at last come, I exerted every reasoning energy to get at something which would stand all test, and which I could rely upon as truth, but which I secretly hoped might demonstrate "orthodoxy." Though I thought, if I only obtained truth—however new it might be, I would "hold it fast." Indeed I felt myself bound, at the time, to follow Paul's command, "Prove or examine all things; hold fast that which is good or true." By following this course, I was unexpectedly led to conclusions, which were entirely new to me; but which, at the time, I thought to be demonstrative evidence of "orthodoxy." '

Here we see that *he took for his premises a number of first truths, or self evident principles*, and he followed out the relations of these—the facts which they suggested, or to which they led, and deduced the consequences, or drew his conclusions. This is the right, and the only right method of investigation for the student of a flower, or rolling worlds, or the doctrines of revealed truth. This is God's highway to knowledge, and happy he who patiently treads it, not hearkening to the ever varying voices of the mystics hid in the trees and caverns on either side.

I shall refer to this principle again in a future number, and therefore rest satisfied with offering as an illustration an extract from an article by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood of this city. This accomplished scholar is a Unitarian, but it will be seen that he avows his faith in universal restoration with *exemplary* clearness. He says :

'We all believe that God is perfectly good, and perfectly wise, and infinitely powerful. Such ideas of the Deity do in themselves contradict the notion of endless misery; and I cannot see how any person can hold them all consistently with each other. If God is perfectly good, if he is the very essence of benevolence and goodness, he must have designed the happiness of all his intelligent creatures—he must have designed to make existence on the whole a blessing to all on whom he has bestowed it. If he is perfectly wise, he must have adopted the best method for securing such a result. If he is infinitely powerful, he must be able to guard against every circumstance which might defeat his purposes, and he must finally and inevitably accomplish them. These deductions appear to me to be drawn directly from the unquestioned premises, and to be as sure and sublime as the holy attributes which furnish them. How can a Being who is goodness itself, form a creature who shall be even liable to everlasting wretchedness, and curse it with a life, which, with the exception of a mere point or two of time on this earth, may be to it an agonizing and intolerable burthen forever? It is impossible. And if he intends the happiness of every creature, and yet that happiness is not at last effected, he must be deficient in wisdom and power; deficient in wisdom to plan the means, and in power to produce the end. Should it be asked, why there is any pain or suffering whatever in the world; why all men are not formed to be always and entirely happy without any liability to sin or misery; the answer is, that the scheme of Providence is evidently progressive, and we are bound to believe it the best which could have been adopted; that we see it followed in many instances by the most beneficial consequences, and should conclude that under the administration of Omniscience this will be its final and invariable result; and that so long as there is a great and ever increasing preponderance of happiness, in the existence of every individual, the gift of existence must be to every one an inestimable blessing. Should it be said, on the other hand, that the very principle that a certain proportion of evil is conducive to the greatest degree of happiness, may demand the eternal misery of some in order to secure the greatest general good—it is answered, that it is impossible to conceive how the infinite misery of the majority is to bring about the greatest sum of felicity; and further, that if the system of Providence does not tend to the ultimate good of all, it is not a perfect or a merciful system; and if there is a single person whose existence is on the whole miserable, the Creator is to that person a partial and malignant Being; for, what is it to him that the rest of creation are happy so long as he can never share their happiness? Happiness cannot be of this transferable nature. That God may be infinitely good, he must be good to every creature whom he has made; and he cannot be good to every creature if he even places one of them in danger of everlasting misery.

From the acknowledged attributes of God, therefore, I draw the conclusion that the doctrine of everlasting punishment must be false.'

I am convinced I should do wrong did I not place confidence in the stability of Br. Rogers, late Baptist preacher in Southington, Ct. He will not be like some others who have looked in upon us and left us; and we pray that he 'may be filled with the knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding;' and that he with us and we with him, 'may walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness; giving thanks unto the Father who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.' Amen!

I must add here the close of Br. Rogers' record of his theological experience, because of the heartiness and devotional fervor of its language, and the truthfulness of its import. He says:

'I am now a Universalist. And I glory in my faith, and in proclaiming it; though in coming to it I have passed through rather a fiery ordeal, and I hope that the hay, wood and stubble of my former faith are consumed. The fetters and chains, bars and bolts that made my soul a poor, wretched slave, have somewhat vanished. And those thick walls of dubious error, and night, which cut my vision short of the boundless perspective of heavenly truth, and heavenly love, have crumbled away, leaving no obstruction, but the *want* of INFINITE CAPACITY and INFINITE VISION.

'O! kind reader, if you have not gone out into this great field of the Universe; if you are enclosed within the circumscribed walls of human partialism, just take a peep through some crevice in those walls, or, if you cannot find one, make one. And you will see, as far as you can ken, the language of *universal love, universal truth, universal good.* Why be trammeled, why enslaved, why circumscribed? O, let thy vision burst forth. Go with thy Father in his love, and in his goodness, and in his salvation, and you will be a Universalist. The reading of his truth will make you more consistent. The reading of his goodness will make you better. The reading of his love will make you more lovely. The reading of his salvation will make you employ his truth, his love, and his goodness in saving sinners from their sins.

'In conclusion, I would simply remark, that the idea which is entertained by some, that Universalism leads those who embrace it, to give up all anxiety about saving sinners from their sins, is a great mistake. I once entertained this opinion myself; but I find it quite different. I never had a more earnest desire to save sinners, since I became a professor of religion, than I now feel. The feeling, it is true, arises from a different source. None of it, I confess, arises from fear and terror, but purely and solely from benevolence. I see that God loves the sinner, and I cannot but love him too. I see that God has thrown around him means for his reformation, and has committed unto christians the ministry of reconciliation; and for one, I feel urged by this spirit of love—of heaven, and of reconciliation, to influence and draw the sinner from his unhallowed course. I would now point him to his heavenly Father's love instead of vindictive wrath, vengeance and frowns. I would tell him that 'God so LOVED the world,' (the sinful creation) that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it.

'No, kind reader, I have not lost all sympathy for the poor degraded sinner. I love him yet; and I love him as I never loved him before. I love him because he is my brother—because we are the children of the same kind, heavenly Parent. Yes, and because we are destined to the same happy home, where shall be no temptation, no sin; and where each will progress according to his capacity in holiness and endless joy. As I believe that the sinner is now lost, lost to present holiness and happiness, I believe it is our present duty to restore him simply to present holiness and happiness. In this I find enough for me to do. Nay, enough for every christian and philanthropist, without imagining, fearing, preaching, and contending about future torment, which it must be acknowledged, never radically saved or reformed one sinner. Love alone can save the sinner from the error of his ways. It is 'the goodness of God that leadeth men to repentance,' or reformation, according to holy writ. Let us all, then, look to this. Let all, who love the sentiment of Universal Grace, feel it in their warm hearts. Let their faith be that which worketh by love and purifieth the heart; which overcometh the world, and which is productive of good fruits.' B.

IDLENESS and industry are not acquaintances.

Written for the Repository.

The Speeding Bark.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

Go, SPEED thee o'er the glorious sea,
The loyal breeze awaits thy sails to swell;
Morn o'er the waters smiles exultingly,
Farewell, proud bark, farewell!

Go, since thou must, while still the breeze is fair,
While sunshine trembles o'er the festal deep;
Who of the morrow's fitness can declare,
Or stay the wild winds sweep?

Proudly thou movest on thy lone career,
Clearing the billows with thy gallant prow;
Glad ocean smiles thy onward course to cheer,—
Who recks of tempests now?

Who, now that watches thy triumphant flight,
Thy snowy pinions flashing back the day,
Forgets not in the grand, majestic sight,
The perils of thy way?

But with thy fading form the rapture dies;
Again those fearful—sad misgivings start;
No more, perchance, on our glad sight may rise,
All who with thee depart.

Oh, 'tis not death alone which makes us fear
To trust the treasures of the heart to thee;
For God's protecting arm is ever near,
Alike on land and sea.

It is the mournful fear their lot may be
To die in distant lands, unwept, alone;
No voice to soothe the heart's deep agony,
For mother, sisters, home.

Farewell, a long farewell, thou ocean queen!
Oft on our visions, shall thy proud form swell,
Thy glorious streamers oft, as now—be seen,
Revealing—'All is well.'

Thou leav'st no track upon the billows' foam,
The waters part—then mingle as before;
Oh! none the path may find, which thou shalt roam,
To India's coral shore.

Oh! is it not an emblem of the hearts
Which death or destiny on earth has riven?
Oh! shall they not—tho' now a current parts,
Mingle again in Heaven?

Go—we will trust thee' tho' the deep is strong,
His love, who formed the deep, is stronger still:
Tho' dark presentiments our bosoms throng,
We yield to Heaven our will. C. W. H.

Boston, Nov. 30, 1841.

Written for the Repository.

Blendings.

BY MISS. L. M. BARKER.

NATURE has written no law more beautiful in itself, or more beneficent in its operations, than the law of transition. That there should be no sudden contrasts in the coloring of life; that what was, should fade imperceptibly, into what is to be; making the present, no more than the blending of the hues of memory and hope. The day-god throws upon the clouds that curtain his evening exit, whole floods of radiance, to mingle with, and to soften the gloom of approaching night; and he lingers on his return, till Aurora has shaded the grey dawn, through the pale purple, and rose, and saffron, to the bright gold of the sunbeam. Flora appears not at first in her most dazzling beauty; nor does she fail to relieve the rich dyes of the later spring-time, with the delicate tints of the flowret that springs up at the side of the snow-wreath. So fades the greenness of the summer, into the brown, ere it brightens to the yellow; so when the yellow and the crimson, have passed into the russet; there are still some green spots in the valley, some echoings of harvest songs, mingled with the babbling of brooks, and the lowing of the yet unsheltered herds. These are the landscape's sunny places, on which the eye loves to rest, and to such sounds the ear inclines, with more delight than to the note of preparation, that winter is sending at intervals through the woods. It is not that summer is richer in sights and sounds, and we regret that its enchantments, and its melodies, should give place to drearier scenes, and harsher notes. The minstrel of the Scottish Border, spoke the same feeling in remarking upon the sudden appearance of spring. 'I thought the loch should have its blue frozen surface, with the russet about it, instead of an unnatural gaiety of green.' It is ever thus; and not in the visible world alone. Nature shades the season that is departing, into that which approaches, and the heart in like manner, carries forward into the coming future, the lights and shades, of the past. If the yesterday of our existence, went by in darkness, there will be shadows, dimming the brightness of the joys of to-day, and the hopes of to-morrow. And if ever the summer-tide, and the summer song of happiness, have been rudely interrupted, how has the first chilling contrast been tempered by our habit of being blest. The desert lay uncheered before us, but we carried thither the lingering presence of greener scenes, and though the voice of gladness was *a remembered* thing,

> 'Its music in our hearts we bore,
> Long after it was heard no more,'

even till grief itself had assumed a gentler, and a kindlier tone.

The beauties of life are among its unstudied things. We are impatient of suffering, and we enquire eagerly as to the cause of our pain. We

are satisfied to enjoy, and we look not for the secret hand that scatters blessings around our steps. What note have we taken of that simple yet most magical charm, by which we are compelled, with all our thirst for novelty, to blend with the brilliancy of the new, the softness of the familiar; thus giving to each successive view, in the extended landscape of life, its beauty and its repose. We live through endless variety of scene, and perpetual changes of feeling, succeeding each other, always rapidly, and often with the most startling abruptness. Yet it is the poor maniac alone, who breaks off his wildly joyous laugh, with a shriek of despair; and sinks from that, into a happiness apparently so serene, that nothing can disturb it; only to be whirled another instant, into the ungovernable rage, of some fiercer passion. Thought of our ability to resist sudden influences, must indeed awake, when we witness the appalling spectacle of ruined reason. We judge from the frightful disorder of the wreck, how perfect the skill of the mechanism, and how powerful the government of a sane mind. But thought, when thus awakened is too closely allied to wonder, and we lose ourselves in metaphysical mysteries. We are occupied with speculations, upon the mutual control exercised over each other, by our ideas, and sentiments, and passions, and do not perceive that the secret cause of our self-possession, lies almost wholly in the single, healthy, and vigorous action of each. The machinery of mental life has been too skillfully constructed, to lose the action imparted to it, by the moving impulse, as readily as it receives it. Impressions remain upon the vision, and sound lingers upon the ear. Ideas thus elicited, partaking of the same durability dwell upon the mind; and the mood of feeling induced by the thought, though intruded upon, by the results of new impressions, mingles with, and modifies the mood that succeeds. The scene upon which we are gazing, is always lighted up, in part, by reflected rays; and the present note of the strain to which we listen, is blended with the echo of the last.

What profit has not art derived, from this simple operation of nature; for how else has it learned to blend in harmony, such striking contrasts. How have the poets sung their sweetest numbers, inspired by the *mingled* emotion, of thoughtful cheerfulness, or pleasing melancholy, or chastened joy; and how frequently ought philosophy, and religion, to remind us in their exhortations, to be careful for the influences of the present hour; for the mood of mind which they create, must in some degree, extend to the next, and we know not to how many, successive periods, to torture or to bless.

Would you know, my dear friend, (for I am relieving the contrast to my late enjoyment of your presence, by thinking to you, and fancying your replies.) Would you know wherefore this train of thought? I have been looking from my window, upon a scene sufficiently interesting to concentrate upon itself, for the time, all mental effort; were it not, that much of this interest, is derived from a very vivid recollection of scenes as unlike it, as possible. But this leads to the beginning.

One morning not very long since, I awoke after some weeks absence, in a familiar room, and looked out upon a landscape, which I still admire as I did in childhood. What a change from the massy green of mature summer, in which I left it. The gorgeousness of mid-autumn had faded; the late dim aisles of the green wood were fast losing their look of mysterious seclusion, and 'the muse' was almost ready to

> ——'lead into the leaf strown walks,
> And give the season in its latest view.'

The first feeling was, naturally enough, a painful sense of perpetual and irresistible change. The next, a most pleasant satisfaction, that memory is half the conqueror of time; for back from the oblivion into which a few weeks of rambling in other walks had thrown it, came the summer scene, with its life and music, like an interrupted stanza, which the voice of the singer resumes. The dark old woods 'that crown the upland,' the white clover fields, the green pastures, the intervals of yellow grain, now stirred by the passing breeze, now sleeping quietly in the still sunlight, and now crossed by the flitting shadows of the clouds. Or in that beautiful hour, when the sun goes down, and the shadows creep out of the woods, and the birds sing livelier notes from the thickets, and thickets, at last, hide the stream, which keeps up its tuneful babbling, when all other sounds are hushed. There could be no more disquietude in looking at the brown hill-side, and the leafless trees; they were the necessary filling up of what was wanting, in the unreal presence of the past. They were the features that would grow familiar, and become pleasing, and relieve by their lingering charms, the next change in the aspect of nature. I had

not known before, how great the influence which departed hours hold over those through which we are now passing. The shorter periods, and slighter changes of common life, had taught the lesson; but not so impressively, as when memory made blank a whole season, to throw over the unpleasing present, the happier imagery of the past; and eye and heart grew satisfied alike. Nor were passages wanting of the inner, and the social life, connected with those summer scenes: passages that may not otherwise than in memory be renewed. The unwonted stillness of the morning hour; no sound breaking rudely upon the half awakened ear. Then the delicious consciousness of release, from cares that had lost the character of 'comforts;' a breathing of the purer atmosphere of freedom and hope. And the echoes of voices; and the forms that are here no more. One there was who walked with a staff, through the fields, and by the side of the streams; or sat in the shade of our sheltering trees. And ever by his side, was the light form of early girlhood, and a face full of love for the dear, silver-haired old man. How we loved when evening had come, to gather around him at the open door, and shape our converse, till we had led him once more into the stirring scenes that were acted during the revolution, upon the banks of his native Hudson. Feeling as we listened, that in his graphic descriptions, lay bright evidence that his young heart had beat high in the struggle with the invader, and witnessing to the truth of his eloquence with our tears. Peace, for his sake, to the far-away home, that shelters his declining years; and distant be the day, when in our land, shall be heard no more the thrilling tales of the fathers of our freedom.

Another season is here. November's rainy days have been all numbered, and the snow is 'falling, falling.' The ice-king has hushed the voice of the streams, the dwellings have no open doors, and the distant road like another unfrequented path, has but 'here and there a traveler.' The landscape is beautifully still, yet is there nothing desolate or chilling in its aspect, for even as I look upon it, my thoughts are in the busy cities whose pavements I walked so lately. I am again upon thronged thorough fares; visiting scenes beyond my former wanderings, and finding every where the same restless life. I am in the crowd, or rambling in quiet and picturesque places, with companions who make all places the same. I hear again the pleasant greeting, and the kind farewell, of long loved friends; and of strangers whose first tones were 'welcome as if loved for years.'

And thus, when my path shall lead into the busier scenes of life, I shall carry with me the calm of this quiet landscape, and its influence shall be as happy, as is now the memory of social joy. Thus, through all time, shall what has been, be blended with what is now.

'Shade unperceived, so softening into shade.
And all so forming one harmonious whole.'

Clinton, N. Y.

Written for the Repository.

The Pleasures of Memory and Hope.

BY T. B. READ.

Fond Memory holds to our view a bright mirror
That gives on its surface each pleasure that's gone;
And still as we look we behold them grow clearer,
Till we mix once again amid scenes that have flown.

Oh, Memory, dearest of all *earthly* treasures,
How sweet are the draughts that we joyously sup,
Though bitter is sometimes mix'd in with our pleasures,
It makes by the contrast the sweeter the cup.

We have parted with friends, aye perhaps a fond mother
Has left this dark world for a brighter above;
But oh, she has left that which time cannot smother,
The dear recollection, a fond mother's love.

How sweet was our youth when we clung to that mother,
And thought her so dear that we never could part—
But one disappointment crowds close on another,
Till griefs overwhelming do deluge the heart.

But Hope, oh the pleasures of Hope, how they lighten
The load of our grief through this dark solitude:
Oh pleasures of Hope, how divinely they brighten
Our path to the world where no ills can intrude.

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Prayer—Its Nature.

'True prayer,' says Wayland, 'is the offering up of our desires in entire subjection to the will of God, i. e. desiring that he will do what we ask, if he, in his infinite wisdom and goodness sees that it will be best.' So generally is the fact admitted, that it has almost passed into a proverb, that man is a religious being. There are no feelings of his mind which exercise such a powerful sway over him, as the religious principles of his nature—there is no power capable of making him more happy when rightly directed, or more wretched when it is perverted, than that of which we speak. He looks around him, and he beholds the marks of ruin written upon

all the visible works of creation—he sees the beauty of nature fade away—his friends and kindred fall by the resistless arm of death, and he feels that he is a dependant being. There is nothing around him upon which he can rely with confidence, and his feelings and affections, like the tendril of the vine, are constantly reaching out for some object around which they may cling, and lift him above the things of earth. When he finds that power which can sustain him in times of affliction, and when he most sensibly feels his dependance; that Being with whom he can commune and to whom he can flee for help at all times, the sentiment of reverence is kindled in his soul, and he bows in worship. The more sensibly he feels his dependance, the more fervent will be his feelings and the more eloquent will be his devotions. And so deep is this religious principle fixed in the mind, and so powerful are his feelings, that they manifest themselves in outward acts, and where God is unknown, they soon create some object to which he pays homage. In all nations and in all ages of the world, have these feelings been indulged, and manifested themselves in some acts of devotion. In fact, there is no intuitive sentiment, nor any truth which enters and reigns in the mind, but what will work itself out and be seen in external performances. And hence we must look to the silent and secret operations of the mind, for the cause of all the religious worship paid 'by saint, by savage, and by sage.' There have been a diversity of objects worshiped, and the forms have been almost infinitely diversified, but however varied in their character, or whatever being they have been designed to honor, they must have originated in the deep feeling of dependance.

The untutored Indian, who fancies that he sees God in the terror of the storm, and hears him in the winds that howl about him, actuated by this feeling offers up his prayer to the Great Spirit upon whom he depends. Far in the depths of the western wilderness, where none but the savage foot hath trod, he kneels by his wigwam door, and communes in his humble way with the divine Being. The child of nature on the fartherest corner of the earth feels the same impulse in the soul, and to its influence he yields a willing obedience. He may worship a god that his own hands have made, and the loaded altar may smoke with the most costly sacrifice; but this only shows the strength of his religious nature, and proves him to be more of a religious than a reasoning being.

To the Hebrew nation was given the law of God. The Lord descended in a blaze of glory upon Mount Sinai, a cloud of darkness was under his feet, and he gave the oracles of truth to the pilgrim travelers. And in all the history of that peculiar nation, we find that prayer constituted an important part of their worship. The most solemn of their prayers were those called the eighteen. To these, Ezra Rabbi, Gamaliel added another against the christians. These nineteen prayers were repeated three times in a day by all who were of age, and on Monday, Thursday and Saturday, which were synagogue days, they were offered up with great pomp and solemnity. So exact were they in the performance of this rite, that when the hour of prayer arrived, they left their business, dropped whatever they happened to have in their hands, and commenced praying in the streets or wherever they happened to be. Thus thousands were praying at a time and in the most public manner. The streets of the great city of Jerusalem, thronged with people immersed in business, were all of a sudden filled with worshipers—thus presenting a most singular spectacle to view.

It matters not to what portion of the world we turn our attention, we find the feelings of the soul have wrought out some kind of outward worship. The forms differ according to the character of the being worshiped, and according to the degree of light enjoyed, but the spirit is the same in all. And this is the spirit of prayer. Prayer is the first impulse we feel, the first breathing we utter, and it ceases only with the pulsation of the heart. Prayer is not the solemn form of words uttered at set times and in a given way, but it is the hidden emotion of the soul, a communion with God.

> 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
> Unutter'd or express'd;
> The motion of a hidden fire,
> That glows within the breast.'

Whoever feels this spirit burning in his soul and sends up his thoughts and desires on high, will find a holy joy pervading his whole moral nature. And it matters not whether he be a Jew, a Mahommedan, a Pagan or a Christian, if the heart is prepared for God's spirit to dwell in it, he will find a sacred pleasure in prayer. When he unburdens his mind and lets his feelings flow out, heaven is kindled within, and every moral faculty seems to be in perfect ecstacy. This is the nature and power of prayer. S. P. L.

Worcester, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Hymn of the Nativity.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

'Twas night; on Bethlehem's plains
The watchful shepherds lay,
Guarding their peaceful flocks,
Lest from the fold they stray;
When lo! the palms and mountains o'er,
A *Star* arose; 'twas night no more!

With mingled awe and fear,
The shepherds gazed on high;
But hark!—a voice is heard!
God's messenger is nigh;
'Good tidings of great joy I bring,'
A Savior's born! sing! shepherds, sing!

Behold, far in the East,
Yon Star resplendent rise!
A holy guide to Him,
Whose birth it typifies;
This night is born to you a King,
Peace, peace on earth! sing! shepherds, sing!

Not to the monarch's throne,
Or mighty ones of earth,
Was the glad herald sent
With tidings of His birth;
No! Syria's meek and humble swains,
First heard the sweet—the glorious strains.

No lofty minster's height
Echo'd the joyful sound,
No golden censers flung
The fragrant incense round;
But rock, and hills, and heaven's high dome,
Gave back the sound—Messiah's come!

No trumpets rent the air,
No banners floated wide,
No beacon-fires were lit
On hill or mountain side;
Ill would that solemn hour agree
With earth's unhallowed pageantry.

On rolled the Star, nor paused
To dim one holy ray,
Until it reached the spot
Where the Redeemer lay;
There—o'er the infant's lowly bed,
Its purest, steadfast rays were shed.

Oh lovely guiding Star!
Which led to Him who gave
His life to ransom us
From darkness and the grave!
Shine on! a beacon-light of faith,
Of hope and joy, through life and death. C. W. H.

Dec. 16, 1841.

Written for the Repository.

Christian Greatness is Goodness.

'This is the season for kind deeds
That make the summer of the heart.'

It is a distinguishing characteristic of christianity, that it makes human greatness and glory to consist in doing good. It is this which stamps it with unimpeachable divinity. It is this which makes it the regulator of ambition, and the director of all emulation. It is this which marks it as the grand agent in the work of social progress. And it is this which we have only to bring home to the mind in order to christianize philosophy, and give to all learning a heart of great spiritual power, that shall animate intelligence with new impulses to promote human happiness.

We cannot fear for christianity while such is the truth; while the essential feature, without which her countenance has no loveliness, has such divine charms to attract the admiration of man's better feelings and the love of his best affections. And it is a fact of great worth to the christian, that theological controversy and scholastic disputation, have not cloven off, or fritted away this prominent feature. Christ, as embodied christianity, is more lovely than the christianity of creeds and systems; and while numerous are the views taken of his religion, all agree in rendering him homage as the one altogether lovely.

It is therefore, a beautiful thing that Jesus is the Truth and the Way—that to know our duty we have only to study him; and to understand his glory, is to have a true test of human greatness. And this glory we have declared to us in a few emphatic and impressive words—impressive as thought and feeling ponder on them—'he went about doing good.'

What a glorious image or reflection of God, was thus given to our world! What a magnificent truth resides in the thought that as Jesus went about, in the sphere assigned him, doing good; so the spirit of Jehovah goeth abroad throughout immensity, rejoicing to do us and our race good! Under the shadow of such a God, the interests of humanity are safe!

Let us apply these ideas to give force and impression to a *seasonable* exhortation;—'To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices, God is well pleased.' To *do* good, is a duty, a pleasure, and a glory. To feel that good *may* be done, is well; and so is it to *desire* to do it; but we honor our nature—the dictations of our social relations, and the calls of the christian religion, only when we put forth *effort* to do—to act—to accomplish something which will tell and tell eloquently, that we do not rest satisfied with feeling and desire, or with contributing to the treasury of benevolent effort only good intentions and motives. *They* are good in their place—in their place as springs of effort—as impelling forces—as inward prompters to outward

manifestations of proper respect for suffering or betrayed humanity. We should not rest too much on the worth of unproductive good intentions and desires, but remember that *doing* good is the satisfaction of the christian. To *do good* is the element of our moral being, and man is honorable according as he makes all else subjective to this. *He* is the greatest among the disciples, who, according to his means and opportunities, is the most useful. And had this but ever been the ruling idea—the central truth in all souls, giving life, light, and glory, to all thought, what an elevation would our race have arisen to, and what dark pages of history would have been unwritten! And how would the world now be changed, were this working spirit to have free course and be glorified! Almost as suddenly as garden, field, hill, and streamlet, assume new robes of beauty and gladness, when the dark cloud of a summer day passes away, and gives free power to the flooding light, would the aspect of the moral world be changed. We can see it, by taking one department of literature and asking ourselves how much greater would have been the benefit to society—past and present—had the spirit of doing good been the ruling genius there! Or we might take one author, prominent in the literature of a language, and ask the same question. Take Shakspeare—one of the master geniuses of our race, and a stupendous example of triumph over the obstacles which lie in the way of the unpatronised and unaided who seek the heights of eminence. Had his whole being been pervaded by the desire to do good, and all his brilliant powers sanctified to produce good, what an energy he would have sent forth, which he did not, to promote true progress! What different impressions might have been made upon the millions who have read and studied his works, and who have witnessed the representations of his characters upon the stage! We can easily conceive how thus a glory might have been given to his genius, which now it can never have, and we are forced to speak with many qualifications, when we discourse of his greatness. And the moral comes home to each and all—that to do good is our glory; for *when its spirit is enthroned in sovereignty within, it will productively engage all the powers in harmony with God, and impel the man to 'walk in love,' even as his Maker walks.* To *do* good is the best way to *get* good. Our power to do good is the most productive of all treasure, for in doing good there is an engagedness in the use of the means which God has sanctified as productive of purest happiness. There is pleasure in conceiving or proposing a good act; there is pleasure in performing it; and there is pleasure in the memory of its performance.

We should think of these different kinds of pleasure, and weigh them well in the balance of the sanctuary. And consideration will, first, teach us to honor the province of imagination, in calling up the ideal, so that its attractions may compel us to change it to reality—or to work out the beautiful thought-picture. Here sits the meditative. The sound of the fierce wind, or the driving hail, turns his thoughts upon some of the impoverished children of humanity. He can spare somewhat to lessen their woe. He feels that he can, and he ponders upon it. He sees a poor family before him, and seems to be at their door as a spirit-form. He reads the feelings of the struggling mother—the wants of the children, and sees how they shrink from the cold that comes too near and powerful. He sees there what great good may be done by a little treasure, and the change as it comes before him in the same picturing-thought, gladdens him—gratifies his social feelings, and he is filled with pleasurable sensations. Here are the first fruits of the spirit of goodness. But let not imagination's office be restricted to the simple calling up of the pictures, but a persuasive to action; else it will be but day-dreaming, the weeping and rejoicing over a well drawn fiction, the romance of benevolence. Let the somewhat that can be spared, be given—let the feeling produce a good act, and then the *real* will bless us, as we shall have the consciousness of having promoted the comfort of others. And a pleasant memory will also bless the heart, causing it to rejoice that it did not stifle the prompting 'to do good and to communicate.' And deeds of goodness are the sacrifices of the new dispensation. Christ erected no altar for the bleeding lamb, or smoking offering. No clouds of incense are demanded, and no weary pilgrimages are required. Mercy is more acceptable than sacrifice, and deeds of kindness than incense. And wherever there is an eye melting with compassion, a countenance beaming with pity, a heart glowing with kindness, and hands stretched forth to relieve,—there is a worshiper of God, and with his sacrifices, God is well pleased. To offer the sacrifices of good done and aid communicated, we are all

priests—and happy are we if we honor aright our office. If to do good be our duty, best happiness, and glory, what remains for us to dwell on, but the ways and means of doing good? But here opens a vast field, and deep and strong thought must long continue to explore it, ere the whole will be examined. It is not for me to attempt this in this article; but let each one look around him, and he will soon discover, better than I can tell him, where and how he may do good. And as you look around with cautious wisdom, you will see the necessity for associated as well as individual action. For associations of active benevolence I cannot but plead, and will give some reasons.

First, because of the evils of indiscriminate and hasty charity. We all know these evils—how vice, imposture and indolence, have been thereby encouraged. And an association pledged to search out the reality of the cases of applicants for charity, or objects seemingly deserving, to go into the home of poverty, and with the charity give kind council, words which will do good, and cheer not only by outward aid, but by a watchful interest over their moral welfare; such an association must be of great value.

Again, I plead for such, because of the need of associated individuals to seek out retiring distress, for the most deserving are oftentime those who conceal their wo, and never bring it to human sight. How true have many devoted sisters of charity found this remark! How many have been like her who obeyed a voice that whispered of sickness being in the home where industrious poverty was known to dwell. She entered there—and there met the mother weeping tears for the dead, made most bitter by the thought that she had not wherewith to robe the dead darling for the grave! She had long known of penury—not as we who have known it only by representations and sight, but by bitter experience. Yet strength to labor in a degree and to small profit, and a dear child to comfort her, were spared her! But what were her struggles while that dear one sported around her, in its joyous innocence! She could labor and spare from supplying her own wants, while she had that sunbeam to cheer the darkness of her home! She could thank God that she was happy. The child sickened—and all the mother's time and labor were required by the little invalid. Her little all was soon spent for necessities—she could not ask for aid, but hoped and prayed for the child's recovery, that she might again strive for the scanty rewards of industry. But alas! the child died, and she was poor indeed! Yet in the religion that had sustained her, she could find comfort, were it not that her thoughts were distracted by the wo every mother can sympathize with, that she could not robe her darling neatly for its last repose! If pride it was—it was a mother's pride, the pride of affection—a pride that we must reverence! What a picture doth it present! Look, look in reverently upon the scene! See the dead darling, lying in the calmness of sleep, while the mother bends over it in the agony of grief. Were that thy darling, would it not be a melancholy pleasure to robe it in the little garments you fondly wrought for it, or to fashion for it others? What would be your feelings had you nothing with which to accomplish your wish! In that hour of wo, would not poverty be grievous indeed! would not its iron eat into the soul! Angel of charity, how beautiful thou art, as now I see thee assisting that mother to robe her darling for the grave, and speaking to her of a world where poverty comes not, and where there are no garments for the dead—for the immortals are there. Who would not be heartfelt pleased to think, that it was his contribution that bought that robe and the little coffin for the poor childless mother! Who will not engage with, encourage and strengthen devoted woman in seeking out retiring wo, and comforting the truly necessitous! I plead for these associations, because a little is often made much of in their hands. They transform it into shapes the most fitting and proper, and see to it carefully that it is made as productive of good as possible. And those who give themselves as associates to the work of charity, soon learn to know better what to do and how to do with a little, or with much, than those who have not devoted time, effort, and thought, to look and examine beyond the externals of conditions. They will have more *tact*—they must be able to make the most productive the bounty of benevolence. I plead for these associations because, if of Universalists, their religion is a pledge to me that *the manner of giving*, will enhance greatly the value of the bounty they may bear to the poor. And O, my readers, how much does the moral effect of charity bestowed, depend on the manner of bestowment! We know it and feel it every day, in the little acts of kindness which are essential to daily comfort;

and how careful should we be in this respect in reference to our charities to the poor! A kind hand should be sought out to give; a pitying eye to look; and a tongue to speak, on which ever rests the law of kindness. And all this should always be found in an association of Universalists, for theirs is the religion of love—of sympathy with the whole race—of trust that there is good in every human heart. And love is ever kind—it should go with them wherever they go; and if it does thus go, it will make them pitiful and sympathizing. I plead for such associations, because I wish to awaken an especial interest for children of the poor, and ours is a peculiar religion to draw the heart out towards childhood. There are some of the poor whom it does *seem* to do no good to assist, though we cannot tell how much worse in morals they might have been had they not been assisted; and though there may be some who are regarded as those who should be left to struggle alone, yet mercy must, will, and doth plead for their children! How many children are there who might be redeemed from sinks of vice and moral pollution, by charity that could clothe and lead them to school! Many a wretched father has been reclaimed by such charity, and the annals of benevolence contain some noble names, of individuals drawn thus from debasement. There are many whose feelings or sensibilities can be reached in no way so successfully as by kindness to their children. They will resist every other manner of appeal, but by this are won; and hand and hand with the child we are admitted to their affections—can sit down there and reason with them.

And what a blessed work is that of doing good to children! Of clothing them that they may enter the common and Sabbath schools, and be benefited by that intellectual and religious training which will fix in them a resisting force that shall lessen the effects of surrounding evil.

But I must close this article, regretting that its length will not permit me to set forth the great beauty I think I see in the idea of regarding gifts of benevolence as taking the place of the sacrifices under the law, and that with these offerings, GOD is WELL *pleased*. Ponder, reader, ponder on the representation, and may strong impulses of charity send you forth *to do good*. B.

HONOR. Men in business should be very careful of their honor—it sinks the man into the knave, when he breaks his promise of good faith.

From the Trumpet.

Murray's Mission.

BY JOHN G. ADAMS.

DARK was old error's night;
The church had sought repose;
When, as too faintly burned her light,
A trumpet-sound arose!

Distant—it draweth near;
Another—and again
The stirring notes ring loud and clear;
Hear it, ye sons of men!

Hear it, and live,—for joy
Is in the rapturous sound—
And endless life! Your powers employ
To bear the tidings round!

The harbinger of day—
SALVATION'S DAY appears!
Pilgrim—take courage on thy way!
Captive—dismiss thy fears!

A servant of his race,—
MURRAY, the true and free,
Comes to proclaim the reign of grace
O'er man's apostacy;—

Comes to revive the word
Of old to prophets given,
That men, the offspring of one God,
Are, jointly, heirs of heaven.

Glad messenger! his theme
Still burns with glory bright,—
And through long ages, yet shall beam
With an increasing light!

Our hearts its influence feel;
And for its spread we pray;
Till all in tribute gladly kneel,
And its whole law obey;—

Till, in united love,
Our heaven and earth are one,—
And MAN'S COMPLETE REDEMPTION prove
God's power in Christ the Son!

Written for the Repository.

The Essentials to Progress.

UNFORTUNATELY for us, in the present state of human existence, it requires a great portion of our short life to learn how to occupy the remainder. The experience of past ages does us but little good. Instead of availing ourselves of the labors of others, we are obliged to go through, each for ourselves, the laborious process of experiment in the science of human life. When, after years of incessant toil, we arrive, by a circuitous and tedious way, to some desired point, we discover a way to the same point, much more accessible and easy than the one we have traveled, and we regret and wonder that we did not discover it before. Happy is he, who has had the good fortune to learn wisdom from the experience of others, rather than from his own.

If you would acquire an elevated influence and standing in society, you must aim at high attainments. You must fix your standard of moral and intellectual excellence even higher than the actors of the present age have attained. If in your attainments you fall below the spirit of the present age, it will be fatal to your usefulness. If you only come up to the present standard, your consequence and influence will soon be lost amidst the multitudes, who, during the next age, will come on the stage of active life. Your views and attainments must be in advance of the age, or your light will be invisible as that of the moon, or the dim stars, when the sun appears. The education, which answered for your fathers, will by no means answer for you. That which enables the man in the present age, to succeed in acquiring influence and rank, will be found totally deficient for the times in which you are to act. For the confirmation of these positions, we have only to appeal to our own observation. In the department of professional life, many men, who in their youth, were at the head of their profession, have now fallen below mediocrity. Many physicians, who were among the first of the age, have now become old-fashioned, and of but little note. Medical science has been on the advance, great discoveries and improvements have been made. The field has been enlarged. The old physician, although in youth, he received what was then considered a first rate education, finds himself far behind the improvements of modern times. With all the advantages of practical knowledge, he has to step aside, and let the younger members of the profession go by him.

The teacher, who, twenty years ago, was considered a prodigy of learning, and a successful instructor, not having been awake to the changes and improvements in the science of education, finds his day of success and usefulness past. Still more to be deplored is many ministers of the gospel, once distinguished for learning, talents and usefulness. In their youth, their education was sufficient for that generation. Their attainments were in advance of the people. Their discourses were instructive and useful to the men of that age. But great changes have since taken place.

While the simple truths of revelation and the practical doctrines of religion have remained unchanged, rapid advances and improvements have been made in sacred, as well as in general science and literature. The science of benevolence also has been more developed, in its principles and operations within a few years past, than it had been for many ages. These facts teach a great lesson.

How many, after becoming sensible of the defects of their education, have regretted, when it was too late, that they entered the business of active life so soon, so unprepared. The young man, who now enters his profession, without a thorough training and discipline of mind, enlarged and noble views, and an inexhaustible treasure of knowledge, will find himself through life cramped in his movements, and embarrassed in his operations. He who does not in youth exceed the spirit of the age, will find, in after life, that spirit advancing on him, passing him, and leaving him far behind. Instead, therefore, of inquiring what attainments were sufficient for your fathers, or what may answer for you at present, inquire what may be necessary the next half century by the general diffusion of knowledge, and by improvements in the arts, society must advance, and the rank and influence you now possess, can only be retained by constantly aiming at an elevated degree of excellence. Ascending some knoll in your own neighborhood, you must not suppose yourself elevated above every body, but you must keep rising as long as 'hills peep o'er hills and alps on alps arise,' till you mount those towering summits, from whence you may view the world at your feet. J. J. A.

Boston, Mass.

Our Book and Memoranda Table.

Notices, &c. It sometimes happens that our notices are written hastily, and the proof is read by another who does not, perhaps, feel free to alter the copy where deficient through haste. Hence some blunders which otherwise would probably be altered; but as our subscribers are persons of good sense, we always rest satisfied that such blunders are easily corrected by them in the reading. For instance, in our last, in the second notice, we meant to say—'The offering of a book is a better tribute to mental and moral worth, than a mere personal ornament,' &c.; but the introduction of the *definite* article *the* before "mental and moral worth," made the period quite *indefinite*.

New Year Gifts. We are hardly into the new year, and therefore the season of New Year gifts is by no means over. We think we take no prophet's place in saying that there are yet many of our readers who have expected that some of their friends would manifest their friendship and good taste by the gift to them of the *Rose of Sharon*, and we trust that all of them will not have to yield their hopes to disappointment. It may be, ye expectants, that those to whom ye are looking, know not, or do not venture to decide, that *that* is the volume desired, and a half-glancing or laughing hint will not be too bold. Try it—if you like; for there is no danger in a lady's asking for a Rose, as the language is so various.

We again commend the work to attention, and hope that its circulation will be speedily increased. The whole edition should be exhausted, that the publisher may be encour-

aged to issue one for 1843, and the editress be cheered in her labors. To all who desire the elevation or refinement of our denominational literature, this should be a matter of great importance. Give it personal attention. Price, $2, elegant print and binding, with four steel engravings, besides an ornamental frontispiece. A. Tompkins, publisher.

'*The Rose of Sharon for* 1842. Edited by Miss S. C. Edgarton. On the last New Year we spoke of this souvenir, which had then just blossomed into being, as a flower of peculiar beauty and fragrance—not the beauty of mere external appearance, or the fragrance which exhales and evaporates, but the intrinsic beauty and lasting perfume of pure thought and elevating sentiment. We rejoice now in its second blossoming, and bear witness, also, to its increasing beauty as it has expanded carefully under its gentle fosterage. The editor has been happy in her own efforts towards its sustenance, and peculiarly fortunate in the aid which her literary friends have rendered—so much so that each leaf of the "Rose of Sharon" for the present year, is imprinted with something valuable. We particularly notice, amongst the prose contributions, an article on "The Poet Burns," by A. B. Grosh; "Therida, a Tale of the Northmen;" "The Knitting Society;" "Rosalie," by Miss Edgarton, and "Our Metropolis," by J. G. Adams—the latter a most excellent sketch of the good city of Boston, viewed as the seat of intellect, enterprize, learning and religion—the resting place of the illustrious dead, and the residence of the high-minded and holy living. The poetry is generally good—especially the pieces entitled "Night Duties of the Artist," and "Filial Love," both by the editor.—We take pleasure in recommending this beautiful annual as a suitable present for the New Year, and in the words of its simple dedication, we trust that, "as a lowly minister of spiritual christianity, it will be received with kindness by the young, and with affection by the old; to the former a gentle counsellor, to the latter a simple token of respect, and an earnest desire for their happiness."' *Even'g Transcript.*

'*The Rose of Sharon: a Religious Souvenir for* 1842. Edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgarton. 12mo. pp. 302. Boston: A. Tompkins. This beautiful annual is, we presume, designed to represent the religious literature of the Universalists, as we notice the names of some of the most distinguished preachers of that denomination of christians among the contributors, besides laymen and ladies attached to the same communion. It is not, however, sectarian in its character, but breathes throughout the spirit of our holy religion, inciting to virtue and virtuous deeds, which will endure when sects and sectarianism are lost in the pure catholicism of "the spirit land." The pieces will, on the whole, compare with those to be found in similar works, and where all are so respectable, it would, perhaps, be invidious to particularize. The pictorial embellishments are vastly superior to those contained in the former volumes of the same annual.'—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

☞Our Own Affairs—New Volume. Four numbers more will complete the *tenth* volume of this periodical and the *sixth* of our editorial care; and we wish, in good time, to speak in calm earnestness of *the very great importance* of exertions on the part of the friends of the work to increase its patronage. We have no intention of groaning, or uttering premonitions of despair. We see no reason for doing either, as our trust is great and our hope fervent. But ere we say more, we wish our own position to be understood, as our exhortations may otherwise be deemed selfish, as perhaps they have been. We have no pecuniary interest in the work, farther than a sum which is not so large as to be very attractive when compared with the anxiety and labor consequent upon our editorial duty. We have no part in the proprietorship of the work, and never expect to have. It is solely the property of A. Tompkins. And so far as we are able to scrutinize our motives and impulses, we feel free to disclaim anything like *selfishness* in advocating the stronger support of the Repository. We will step aside when a better is pointed out to take charge of the work, who will accept the office; but the work itself we hope will ever find adequate patronage. It cannot be spared from our periodicals. It has done great good. It has won over many a prejudiced heart, and softened down many harsh feelings. It has received commendations where none would expect to hear a Universalist publication approved. This we do not say simply from the testimony of our own experience, but from the generous witnesses of others; and we ask if we are not right in pressing the claims of the Repository for the patronage of Universalists?

We have during the last two or three years lost a large number of subscribers; the great majority of these freely expressed their satisfaction with the work and their hope for its continuance, and that only the necessity of curtailing their expenses made them give up their subscription. We want the places of these supplied with others, and we think we might have our want satisfied by a little extra exertion on the part of those who really desire the Repository sustained and improved. We remember now a good female agent of our work, who never rested till she found some one to take the place of a discontinuing subscriber, though she thought at the first that all took it in the village who probably could be inclined to. Would that we had in every village such an active friend of the work, for had we, prosperity such as we never dreamed of, would dawn upon us. We shall issue a Prospectus for Volume Eleven early, in the hope that many copies will fall into the hands of zealous friends and return to us with good proof of active and persevering effort in our behalf. And gladly would we receive any suggestions in reference to the work, which our friends may feel inclined to make. We want to impress it—tell us *how* to do it.

The Christian World. We have received the Prospectus of a new volume of a monthly publication with the above title. We have never seen a copy of the work, and cannot decide in reference to its excellence, or state what to us might appear to be its characteristics. We have met with high commendations of the candor and equity of the editorial management, and a judicious observance of the 'Plan' must make the work one of great interest and value. Published in Philadelphia; T. H. Stockton, editor; eight large quarto pages, covered; embellished with engravings as the patronage will warrant; one copy $1,25; five copies, $5, *always* in advance. Year commences January 1842.

We should be glad to exchange with the '*Christian World*,' and shall be ready at all times to heartily commend any effort to attract attention to the essentials of christianity and incite humanity to the cultivation of the 'unity of the Spirit.'

Murray's Centennial Birth-Day. Appropriate services were held in the Meeting House of the First Universalist Society in this city, on Friday evening, Dec. 10th. A meeting at home prevented our attendance, which we regretted, as we had no doubt the occasion would be, as it was, one of great interest. We like this social remembrance of times and seasons connected with important personages and events; for while the spiritual law of association holds its sovereignty over our mental being, these commemorative times will be powerful awakeners of the mind and heart, and a spirit will be moving amid the graves of the past, like 'Old Mortality,' re-sculpturing the inscriptions which renew our acquaintance with the buried—perhaps, the forgotten. We read with concentration of mind the events that tell us of God and his providence.

Addresses on the above occasion were made by Brs. Chapin, Sadler, Thos. Whittemore, Cobb, Spear, Adams and Streeter. Dea. Frothingham, one of Murray's friends and one of the faithful, made some remarks, as did also a stranger. The meeting was closed by the hymn, 'Lo! what a glorious sight appears,' sung to the good old tune of Northfield. If the echos of that enthusiastic flow of song rose to heaven, it met a response from one who loved its notes and loved Murray too. A hymn was prepared for the occasion, which we have inserted in the Repository.

In Dover, N. H. the occasion was celebrated, and the credit of suggesting the meeting belongs to the friends there.

Little Stories from the German; translated by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer. Mr. Tompkins has collected together in a very neat little book, the useful and brief little stories which were published in the Sabbath School Contributor,

from the pen of Mrs. Sawyer, being translations from the German. The volume is a good gift book for young children, each story teaching a useful and important lesson. Pp. 68, with three engravings, price 25 cts.

THE POETRY OF THE SEASONS. This is the volume we have twice spoken of, and it meets our expectations, being a very pleasant book. It takes up the several months, and gives appropriate thoughts for each, awakened by events or associations connected therewith. It will be found quite interesting, and is published in excellent taste. Price 38 cts.

MEMOIR OF MRS. HEMANS. By her sister, Mrs. Hughes. We recommend this as by far the most interesting work, save her own poems, relating to Mrs. Hemans. It is full of the wisest lessons to woman, and exalts our conceptions of the might of the human heart. We cannot read it without melancholy feelings, but the melancholy is not of the world—is not weakening, but purifies the soul for a better appreciation of the gifts of God. The revelations of this volume are necessary to a clear understanding of many of Mrs. Hemans' poems, and these poems become doubly dear and more full of heart-eloquence by these associations. We see the *mother* beautifully portrayed, and see how a spirit of the loftiest soaring can be true to the minutia of maternal duty. We know of no work more full of matters of intense interest to any one who sympathizes at all with the writings of the poetess of the affections. The work is a duodecimo of 317 pages.

ESSEX COUNTY QUARTERLY CONFERENCE. The next meeting of this body takes place in Danvers, in Br. Austin's church, on the third Wednesday of the present month, Jan. 19th. A very interesting meeting may be expected, and we trust that a large congregation will enjoy and improve the services. Let there be a good representation from all parts of the County.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION (composed of the officers and teachers of Sabbath Schools and others interested who choose to meet together for debate, conversation, &c.) had a very pleasant meeting in Medford, Dec. 1. The time was spent in animated discussion, and the meeting adjourned to assemble in Charlestown, the first Wednesday in March. Remember that time, friends of Sabbath Schools in this vicinity.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM—ENLARGED, &c. We learn from the *Star* of Dec. 18th, that Eliphalet Case, Esq. late Post Master of Lowell, will take the proprietorship of that paper at the close of the first volume, which ends with the year. The paper will be enlarged to a folio size—'more than twice its present size'—at $2 per year, in advance. Those who have subscribed and paid, will receive their papers as heretofore. The present editors—Brs. Thomas and Thayer, will continue as contributors; and Brs. O. A. Skinner and Chapin, are also announced as 'constant writers for its columns.' We hope there will be some meaning to this word *constant*, as there has been but very little when used in a similar manner by many of our editors, to the shame of those whose names have been thus paraded.

We have no doubt of the excellence of the paper Br. Case will get out. The 'Star' has been conducted with ability, and has proved an interesting visitor to its patrons. We wish Br. Case and his associates, all desirable success.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. For the benefit of friends at a distance we would state that when a folio sheet *weighs an ounce or more*, a letter is charged by Post Masters at the rate of *fifty cents* per ounce. A correspondent in East Randolph sent us lately a letter on a folio sheet of very stout paper, paying the postage of a usual letter, 12½ cts; but at the Boston office it was weighed and marked '1¼ ounces, unpaid 50 cents,' which the publisher paid. If the sheet had been of the right kind, weighing *less than one ounce*, the postage would have been but 12½ cents.—We mention this matter because of the great postage bills we are required to pay.

We are sorry to find that we have so many friends with short memories, for they must have much difficulty in the management of their affairs, and we must still fear that communications long expected will be a long while getting here. We will give the earliest intelligence of their arrival.

We thank *Charlotte* for the continuation of her favors, and we earnestly hope she will give us more of her natural, lively and very acceptable sketches of scenes and characters.

The beautiful '*Hymn of the Nativity*,' will be welcomed by every reader of true poetry, and we give it to our friends with feelings of great delight. We hope for a continuation of our friend's esteemed favors.

The authoress of '*Sketches from Life*,' will receive our grateful acknowledgments for her favors, and be assured that they are very welcome. We are gratified that Vermont gives some of her good treasure to the Repository.

We were happy to receive M. A. D.'s communication, though its sad spirit stole in our heart of hearts, and we would have wept away our sister's sorrow, if we could. '*The Sad Festival*' will be precious to many, and mourning hearts will ardently desire the writer's trust that they may look up in hope and move steadily on in duty's paths. We trust that one whose writings are so prized as M. A. D.'s, will not let us so long be without hearing from her.

We know of nothing that would yield us greater pleasure than to hear from our much esteemed sister in the faith—*Mrs. Julia H. Scott*. We lately heard that her health was better than it had been, and we know we should be very thankful to have such evidence as a communication would give us. We always deemed that No. of our work to be peculiarly valuable which went forth with one of her articles amid its variety, for her thoughts were always very precious to us, having a hallowing power to deeply impress the purest truths of life and duty and happiness. She may be assured that hers are the sympathies of many hearts around us here, who would be glad to meet occasion to rejoice with her in the approach of better health, or to mingle their thoughts and feelings with hers. May the balm of our holy religion be abundantly distilled upon her spirit, and her heart be strong in hope and trust in God and Christ.

Will one of the sweetest and most finished writers that ever honored our work with her favors, *Mrs. L. J. B. Case*, grant us more tributes of her goodness? We meant to have written at length, by post, ere this, but circumstances have prevented, but we hope that nothing will be in the way of her permitting us to hear from her soon. We had the expectation, very fondly cherished, that S. C. E. would succeed with her 'prevailing love' to win what we earnestly ask for. Hope may yet end in sight, and indeed we hear an inward voice saying, 'The vision is yet for an appointed time; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come.'

We hope *Julia* will continue her always acceptable favors.

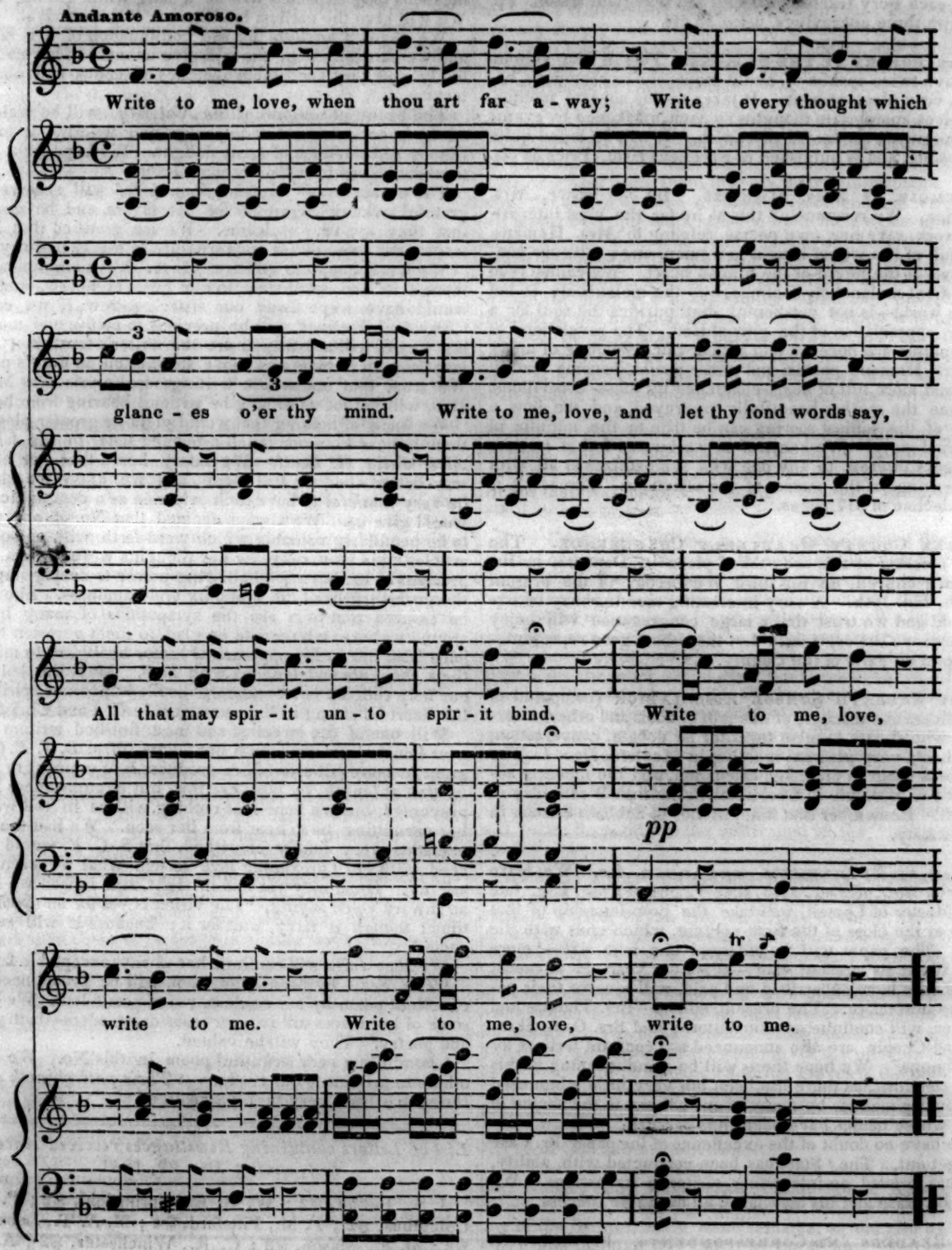
'*The Sea*,' by Mrs. Broughton, will be pronounced an excellent poem by our readers, we are confident. We have some of her favors still in reserve for our readers—both prose and poetry. They will be valued.

'*Ione*' has a very beautiful poem in this No. We have others to present to our readers. '*Their path shineth after them*,' has been very highly spoken of.

List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Dec. 29, 1841.

J. S., Fulton, $2; W. S. E., Springfield, $2; P. M., Columbus, $2; P. M., Pittsford, $4; M. A. T., Lebanon, $2; M. S., Mason, $2; C. R., Winchester, $2; A. S., Thomaston, $2; E. C. T., Thomaston, $2; J. H., Hope, $2; G. W., Bridgton, $2; N. W., Delaware, $2; J. H., Springfield, $2; S. C. W., Cheshire, $2; J. C., Southbridge, $2,25; C. W., Claremont, $2; J. G., East Dunbarton, $2; A. L. E., Three Mile Bay, $2; J. M. O., Whiting, $2; C. E. W., Geneseo, $3; E. C. W., East Pembroke, $2; S. W. H., Gloucester C. H., (25 cents postage) $1,75; T. G., Fredonia, $2; J. T. P., Belmont, (for Rose) $2; B. S., Buffalo, $2; M. J. B., Phœnix, $2; P. M., Risingsun, (for B. J. H. & N. H. S.) $4; P. M., Iowa City, $10; J. C. B., Millville, $2.

Write me, Love, when thou'rt far away.



2

Write to me, love, and let each glowing line
Teem with the vows we have so often ta'en;
Write to me, love, when the treasure's mine,
Resume your task, and write to me again;
Write to me, love, write to me!
Write to me, love, write to me!

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For February 1842. No. 9.

Written for the Repository.

The Beatitudes;

Or the Elements of Christian Happiness.

Chapter VIII. Peace.

'Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.'

When the great Teacher declared, Happy are the peace-makers! he did not touch a responsive chord in the breasts of many amid the multitude he addressed; for in the Jewish heart there was but little admiration of pacific principles. The whole nation anticipated the advent of a Messiah whose grand traits of character were to be—Military valor and successful and glorious conquest. Jesus came not as such, but as 'the Prince of Peace,' preaching 'the gospel of peace,' with the sanction of 'the God of peace,' and prompted in all his labors by the true spirit of a Pacificator, to reconcile man to his God, to his lot in life, to his fellow man, and give that mental peace for which the soul had been pining, though it knew not the true nature of its want. It is what the creation groaneth and travaileth for now; and the new and better existence of the soul commences when the mind and heart are made to know the nature of this restlessness of spirit and how to obtain its perfect cure.

Peace, was an eloquent word when it came from the lips of Christ, being used to denote the blessings of his Gospel. It was a well chosen term, as so far as the principles of his Gospel are obeyed according to their true spirit, peace will ensue—peace to the individual, community, or nation, thus obedient. Peace is the opposite of war; and by the terrific scenery of war, its conflicts, miseries, desolation, and tears, we see how needful and beautiful is its opposite. The one excites the passions to a fierce and vengeful mood, and then unchains them for the work of devastation and ruin; the other soothes and quiets. The one disarranges all the happy relations of quiet industry, and brings disorder amid the social elements; the other gives full and free scope to every branch of activity and laborious effort. The one has no still and solemn hours of preparation to live out the teachings of our religion in the cultivation of the tender charities and sweet sympathies, nor times of noble and generous action to obtain those qualities of character which are essential to true and permanent moral greatness; while the other is favorible to them all, like a benignant queen, smiling upon every thing that can advance her subjects' happiness and progress. Of which, should we be disciples?

We may teach our spirits in the school of prophecy where the glories of the Redeemer are illustrated fully. In the sublime strain which Isaiah (ix. 6, 7,) poured forth with Oriental magnificence, the Messiah is declared as the 'Prince of peace;' and 'of the increase of his government *and peace*,' he said, 'there shall be no end.' His conquests shall continually multiply, and his kingdom shall swallow up all other kingdoms; but the red brand of vengeance shall not gleam in the night of insecurity to lay waste homes of happiness; nor shall thousands of hearts be opened to bid the vital stream pour forth to write all over a land his name in blood. With the increase of his government, peace increases; and it is this that causes us to ascribe to him the highest moral glory, and to rejoice with the loftiest enthusiasm as we read of his unlimited sway.

But what *is* Christ's peace? To answer this, is to lay open the duty, the happiness, and the glory of the christian. It is not inactivity, for activity is the element of the disciple; nor is it a retreating from the noise and bustle of the contending world and the clashing interests of men, for the christian is to influence society and breathe out quietness from his own spirit upon the troubled elements. It is not a mere nega-

tive, but a positive state, wherein the whole man is active and strong. 'There is,' says an eloquent writer, 'a two fold *peace.* The first is negative. It is relief from disquiet and corroding care. It is repose after conflict and storms. But there is another and higher peace, to which this is but the prelude, "a peace of God which passeth all understanding," and properly called "the kingdom of heaven within us." This is any thing but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul, but an entirely harmonious action, in which all our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain and perfect one another.'

The pictures of times of outward war, and outward peace, are strong illustrations of the spiritual. When the clang of arms and noise of war, are heard in our borders, how does everything connected with man's real progress suffer! what a pause is made in the working of the social machinery, and what a free course is given to the vilest and most brutal passions! Vice seems legalized, and every man permitted to prey upon his neighbor. Society is put back by every war, and her best interests demand an age of peace.

And when peace reigns, how different is the aspect of things. Industry finds the best incentives, and all the arts flourish, and the sciences are advanced. Virtue meets with the most aids, and vice the fewer encouragements; the laws increase in strictness and moral power, justice is dispensed with more discrimination, and intellectual culture is everywhere advanced.

It is so with spiritual war and peace. While the heart is a stranger to the true Gospel and leagued with sin, war must reign. From the very nature given us—the requisitions made upon us, war must be the state of such a mind. It is at war with every thing that really contributes to good, and is often sick and wounded from its struggles and conflicts. A soul in sin can have no peace; we glory that it cannot; we rejoice in the proof thus given, that holiness—the true service of God, is man's proper element, and that he can find no rest till he yields himself to the law of life and liberty in Christ Jesus. When he has yielded to that law, he knows what peace is. The passions and affections all busily employ themselves in harmony with each other and aid each other. He knows nothing of stagnation—mere negative peace, but the eye that could scan his whole being—look down into the secret depths and penetrate to the fartherest retreats of the timid feelings, would find activity everywhere, and that true christian peace is the fartherest possible remove from a stagnation of the streams of most productive life.

We have been out upon the hills of a summer's day, and sat or lain upon the soft grass, enjoying a season of rich sensations. Not a sound disturbed the hush of nature, and a perfect quiet seemed to reign over all things. Yet what activity was there, on every side—above and below. Silently all vegetable nature was progressing—buds and blossoms unfolding, the rich grain starting forth, and the thousand varieties of fruit mellowing for the taste; the streams were gliding silently along, and the mists rising from them to form the clouds or prepare the nightly dew; and in innumerable ways and forms, a quickening life was abroad, exerting mightiest energies, achieving the most important ends, gathering forces for the future, and yet all accomplished in quietness. And how still is the change of day into evening made—how silently the stars take their places and perform their sentinel watch. How still the wheeling orbs roll in their spheres, and though countless in their number and inconceivably swift in their motions, yet not one sound travels down to our ears, and though we listen never so deeply, all is silent, yet how active.

Such is the peace of the christian. The law of harmony rules over his inward being, and he is most at rest when he is most active. This is the peace that Christ came to give—that follows the establishment of his government, and which shall be shared at last by all. Peace among the passions; peace to religious doubt; and peace in the prospects of eternity. And in what prospect but that of our religion, can the soul find peace? None—none! None other is illumined by love—none other satisfies love—none other draws out the depth of the heart's adoration.

The grand law of activity must be honored and obeyed, or there will be no peace; for when we are permitted the full and free exercise of all our powers, according to the perfect law of liberty, and are active in promoting good, are we not most at peace—with God, ourselves, man, and our lot? How peaceful is heaven—what activity is there! What a lesson do these illustrations speak to us, to be peace-makers—peace promoters!

The Beatitude now opened to our attention, embraces three particulars for our consideration:

The spring of a duty, the performance, and the reward. To be a peace-maker, we must be a lover of peace—true peace; not apathy, indifference, or sluggishness, but a true reverence for right, blended with a deep and fervent love of harmony. He that is indifferent to the Right, cannot be a true lover of peace, for there is no true peace from the throne of God to the lowest depths of his footstool, that is not associated with right—yea, that is not the product of the action of right. To be a peace-maker, does not require the yielding of christian principle; else the precepts of christianity are not consistent and harmonious, and man has no fixed rule of duty; but the attainment of this character, requires us to have our very souls imbued with that desire for harmony and union in the world, which results from a deep and fondly cherished love for the happiness and progress of our race;—a desire that causes us to mourn and weep over those dark records in history that show how man has retarded his progress by war and disunion, that have rolled back the tide of civilization and improvement, and often in one short period made vain all the philanthropic labors of a preceding age. When we ask, What an advance would our race have made thus far, had all been peace-makers? We find the thoughts that rush into the mind too powerful to be cherished, and are forced to tame the soul for a less ambitious flight. Take one age, and imagine the absence of all warlike movements and passions, and how would society advance, how would every principle of goodness gain strength, and what an influence would be exerted on the succeeding age. We might easily imagine the hastening of the millennium, and rejoice in the speedy coming of the angel of the Nativity, once more using his companions' chorus, changed from prophecy to reality—'On earth peace, good will toward men!'

'When God all fears to cease,
Sends down the meek eyed *Peace*.
She, crowned with olive green, comes softly gliding,
Down through the turning sphere,
—His ready harbinger,—
With turtle wing the stormy cloud dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.'

Each can do something to advance on this glorious era. The mass is composed of individuals, and each has his influence. Let that influence be in favor of pacific principles, and a change must soon be wrought, grateful to man and approved by the divine Being. Is not such a spirit a blessed one? It is the *spirit* of the peace-maker that we are to seek—to fix it within us as an ever acting influence upon our passions. Otherwise, though we admire social harmony and order, we shall not do much to promote it; our course will not be consistent, and amid the war of strange elements we also may give to strong feeling the ascendancy, and our conduct be far from becoming a peace-maker. It was because our Master's soul was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of peace, that he was so eminently uniform in his course of life, and obedient to the law of love.

What a reward—what an honor, has he connected with the character of peace-makers—'*They shall be called the children of God!*' This is an honor not connected with any of the previous beatitudes, and is one that is worthy of the ambition of every soul.—Among the Jews the term child, or children, was used in many ways, not having reference to any natural relation, but to the prominent trait of character. This is not peculiar to the Jews, but is common in our day and with us; for it is frequent for us to speak of a child of honesty, a child of deceit, a child of prudence, a child of folly, and so on through many personifications; and by them all we mean, that the prominent characteristic of the person spoken of is described by the associated term—honest, deceitful, prudent, foolish, or as the case may be We are all the offspring of God—the creatures of his care and love, and this truth the Apostle Paul shrank not from declaring even to the idolatrous Athenians. But there is a higher sense in which men are the children of God; it is when they have subjected passion, appetite, and desire, to the sovereignty of enlightened conscience, and by the illumination of truth and profound reverence of goodness, are awakened to the worth of their better nature, exalt it to the throne of inward dominion, and make all else, connected with our being, subject unto it. Then do they become characteristically the children of God, for the spiritual is made dominant, and in them is revealed the goodness and love which resurrection grace will give to the souls of all more perfectly, that may be fulfilled the saying, 'children of God, being children of the resurrection.' It is our glory to seek on earth this exaltation of character, to feel here the spirit of Christ's resurrection, that he may be in us the purifying, strengthening, and vivifying hope of glory.

'Blessed are the peace-makers'—here is the

character—'for they shall be called the children of God.' Sweet thought! teaching that the glory of our Governor and Deity is his reconciling love—that energy which he puts forth to melt the stubborn heart, and reconcile the world to himself. Nothing less than the reconciliation of the world, is ever in the christian scriptures associated with the final ends of the moral government of God over men—nothing less is proposed as the mediatorial work of Christ—for nothing less did he die, rise again, and ascend to heaven—for nothing less is he our Intercessor beside the throne of the Father! Hence the christian ministry—how little is the thought considered!—is eminently 'the ministry of reconciliation!' because it is summed up in the few words—'God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.' No other end were worthy the character ascribed to the Deity in the gospel; a less glorious consummation would imply the imperfection of some attribute of the Divine nature, and make less joyous the song of the hosts of the redeemed. But who will deny this end—the reconciliation of all—being the purpose of God—the design to accomplish which, the Godhead is pledged? Let him answer how otherwise, God can ever be all in all? or his dominion proved perfect?

We see then what is needed to make us the children of God. It is no less than this—To make the purpose of our being—our highest aim, to contribute to the advance of society by promoting peace—by keeping the spirit of reconciliation always warm and active in our breasts, so that distinctly upon our character may be marked—*peace-maker*. This is a lofty purpose, we know; and we know also that we have a lofty nature, that is too often degraded by passion. We are called to this character, noble as it is. It is a glorious thought that we have within us the capacities and powers that justify such a call being made; and according as we obey it—according as we bring out to, and develope in, its service those capabilities, will be our glory—our excellence of character—our affinity to Christ—our nearness to God.

We thus have laid open to us the spring of duty, how we are to act, and the high honor which is ready as our reward; and if we would know the true happiness of the virtue or disposition enjoined, we should study out, understand, and remember, the wide application of this duty, and how many of life's relations it affects.

Inward Peace, is to be our first effort, for on our success in this department of duty depends our success in all others. By inward peace, we mean the due subjection of the passions, appetites, and desires; the bringing them all under the control of reason enlightened by religion, and having perfect self-command. This can alone be given or secured by the sovereignty of religious principle. No other king upon the throne can keep peace amid the subjects of the inner kingdom and prevent rebellion. Without this, man may as well attempt, like Canute, to stand on the sea shore and bid in-rushing waves roll back, as to expect to keep within bounds his passions. This only will give him rule over his own spirit. With it, he is like the Savior standing amid the sea and bidding successfully its waters to be hushed to repose; but without it, he is like that same sea, exposed to the action of surrounding elements, slumbering now, or in peaceful motion, but anon roused to fury, robbed of its beauty, and fearful to behold.

Domestic Peace, requires our attention. Many homes are far less peaceful than they might be, and consequently far less happy. And why is this? Simply because the value of domestic peace is not enough considered, and each member does not remember how much depends on him or her to promote the desirable object; consequently they are far less cautious what feelings are awakened, what looks are cast upon others, or speeches made, than when abroad; they throw away too much of that commendable restraint which prudence dictates and benevolence commends. Half our troubles arise from absence of consideration; we think too little of the consequences of our conduct; we study too little our own speech, looks, and actions; and peace at home is thus too often sacrificed.

Social Peace, demands also our attention; the peace of neighborhoods and towns. Rumor has too many wings lent her, scandal too many voices, suspicion too many echos, and jealousy too many confidants. Often in social life has Solomon's maxim proved true—'He that winketh with his eye, causeth sorrow.' As slight a thing has kindled a fire that has consumed all the cherished good feelings of years, and made desolate much social joy. Bear ye one another's infirmities, and so fulfil the law of Christ—the law of love.

Religious Peace, requires our consideration. A disregard of this has caused all the persecution and intolerance that has so disgraced the relig-

ious world—impeding the cause of truth and holiness, and making man under the banner of religion, the worst foe of his fellow man. It is disregard of this that causes men to break all bonds of christian alliance because of a minor difference of opinion, and forget the great truths of christianity and union in them, in their devotion to some project of outward reform. Mismanagement of differences is the great error. Christian peace and union are too much sacrificed to opinion and self-will, too much forgotten in the pursuit of some favorite scheme, and too much made a minor, rather than a grand object. A neglect of religious peace is what gives life to all ultraism, and in the sense of the wise man, makes a man overmuch righteous and overmuch wise, whose characteristic language is—'I am right and you are wrong!' Religious peace among the disciples of him who made the distinguishing badge of his followers to be—their loving one another, and is too precious a thing to be trifled with. It is the great good, and deserves all the aid we can render to preserve it.

National peace, within and without, should receive our full and free suffrage. He knows not what he does who fans the sparks of internal divisions, sporting with the bonds that bind our land in all its parts as one, and scornfully treats the patriot's fears and warnings. And peace with foreign powers is no less precious. The angel of Peace as she looks from her court on high upon our nation, hopes much; and he who sports with those hopes is false to his nation, christianity, the world, and God. The horrors of war—its miseries, desolation, and blight, increase in exact ratio to the advance of civilization and its accompanying blessings; and according as we exult in the advance of society, we must dread and aim to prevent war. At what times have been the most terrific Volcanic irruptions? They have been, when after a long series of years the base of Vesuvius had become covered with the dwellings of peace and plenty; when during the repose of the monster, industry and the arts had flourished, villages had risen as by magic, and happiness was flowing in upon the inhabitants from successful art and labor. Then awoke the fiend and swept before its breath of smoke and fire the prosperity and joy around. It is so with nations and war. Blessed, then, in all these relations is the peace-maker. May we aim to know it by being thus the children of God.

B.

Written for the Repository.

A Summer Ramble.

'It is not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.'

The summer's day was nearly o'er,
And balmy was the air,
But my heart was throbbing wearily,
My soul was faint with care.

I knew it was not well that grief
Should thus my thoughts employ,
So all amid my forest flowers,
I sought the flower of joy.

I crossed the verdant meadow,
And sought the woody dell,
For well I deemed amid its shades
No lingering wo might dwell.

I could not muse in sadness there,
For everything was gay,
Right merrily the tiny rill
Was dancing on its way.

A music voice seemed whispering
'Amid our frolic glee,
It is not meet that mortal one,
Of spirit sad should be.'

I passed the merry haymakers,
And heard their tones of mirth;
It seemed as though the light of joy
Was over all the earth.

Then all along the wayside
I culled the wild-rose fair,
And paused to mark how gracefully
Its blossoms clustered there.

I plucked the much scorned thistle,
Which in my pathway stood,
And welcomed to my rustic wreath
The wild-flower of the wood.

But longest lingered I within
The village of the dead,
So lovingly about each stone
The clinging moss was spread.

And all around each quiet grave,
The mourning yarrow stood,
Keeping its watch above their rest,
The beautiful and good.

And then I thought how wrong it was,
Each little earthly care
Should fill a heart which soon would be
In quiet resting there.

The grave-yard with its gentle tones
Hath had a spell of power,
To school my spirit's darkest moods
From childhood's earliest hour.

It hath a power from worldly cares
The erring heart to win,
And leadeth it to muse upon
Its own calm rest therein.

Unto that peaceful burial place
A care veiled brow I wore,
And mused amid its flower-wreathed graves,
Till I was sad no more.

I sought again my cottage home
No more with brow of care,
But with a spirit nerved once more,
Life's weariness to bear.

Philadelphia. JULIA.

Written for the Repository.

Should Love ever Tire?

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

I WILL not speak of the eagle proud,
Whose flight is above the thunder-cloud,
Who basks amid the burning blaze
Where weaker visions quail to gaze,
And calmly sails o'er the high, blue sea,
Emblem of God's eternity;
Or of the merry lark that springs
From his dewy nest on exulting wings,
And soars to meet the radiant morn
When her orient plumes the East adorn;
Nor yet of the pensive nightingale,
Who pours her plaint to the moon-lit dale,
When pearl-drops dim the flowret's eye,
And radiant star-lamps deck the sky,
And the wild rose weeps by the chiming rill,
As the moonbeams sleep on the distant hill,
And dreamy tones in the air are heard,
As if 'twere by spirit-pinions stirr'd.

But the robin may trill a cheering lay
When he freely sings on the bending spray,
Ere the fowler's fatal snare is sprung,
And the coil o'er his quivering pinions flung;
But when in his prison-bound he grieves,
And sighs for his nest-home 'mid the leaves,
Can he pour his soul in the tide of song,
As when with the breeze he flits along,
And blends his notes with the low-voiced rill,
Or chants in the shade of the leaf-clad hill,
Where Zephyrus breathes o'er the wind-harp's wires,
And seraphs are sweeping invisible lyres.

'So my pretty Cleora, I have caught you in the act of perpetrating rhyme,' said a gay-hearted young girl, as she burst into Mr. Manning's summer house, one pleasant afternoon.

'Indeed you are mistaken, Ella, I was but reading the answer of my friend Laura, to my request that she would write a poem for me before I departed for my brother's.'

'I have heard she possessed talents, but I supposed they must be of a low order, or she must have emerged from her obscurity before this time. By the way, I should think the quiet, spiritless manner in which she bears the conduct of her husband, indicated little force of character.'

'And yet, my dear Ella, you have wholly misapprehended her, as many others have done. She knows the mistaken opinion which people entertain of her, and it is not the least of her troubles.'

'Well, I have thought, and I have often heard it remarked by others as singular, that she never appears downcast, never complains of trouble; and always appears as if she would have you believe she had none. Surely she cannot suppose people are blind to her situation.'

'Of course not, but what good could it do for her to complain? Would it make her trials lighter?'

'Why, I should think so. It would gain her friends and sympathy; and our sorrows are lessened when shared with another. Why, do you know, it is the general opinion that she is none opposed to intemperance; and that is almost the same thing as being addicted to it herself.'

'How prone are all mankind to think evil of others. Could you hear her moan and weep as I have done, when she supposed every one asleep in the house, you would be ashamed of ever having entertained such a sentiment, much more to have uttered it. Could you but once look upon her pale, sad countenance in the morning, after listening to her heart breaking anguish in the dead hours of night; and mark her efforts at appearing cheerful, while you could not but perceive that every nerve was tasked to the utmost, would you not almost despise yourself for thinking ill of so gentle a one? She was united to the one of her choice, and I believe few can understand the depth of her affection. She is blamed for not openly reproving his failings, and joining in the condemnatory remarks that are dealt out so unsparingly to the poor miserable inebriate. Alas! he has strayed from the paths of peace; he has lost his own esteem; he is hurling the brands of ruin and desolation in his path; yet her affection seems destined to outlive it all. She once remarked to me, when I had advanced somewhat similar ideas to those you entertain, that if kind and affectionate treatment would not reclaim the erring, no course upon earth would.* She feels that whatever disgrace he brings upon himself, attaches itself to her likewise; that their fortunes and reputations are alike inseparable. She is crushed and humbled in the dust; she does not even wish to shine as she knows her-

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* This is the utterance of the true spirit of love's heroism, and we would that it might live as an everlasting echo in the deepest retreats of the soul. It is the product of unfaltering faith in the moral omnipotence of love—love kindred to *His* whose mercies never fail, but are new every morning; and the spirit that exercises this faithfulness must have sweet memories and holy assurances, which are never known to the faltering heart. O the glory of woman has shown bright amid love's martyrdoms; and her voice is never so sweet as when her eye is eloquent with affection while she says—'While there is life, there is hope.' Hope on, hope ever! be the motto; and let us be *faithful* unto death, leaving events with God. ED.

self capable of doing, for the voice of praise, and the sweet tones of sympathy cannot bring joy to the heart which has bled so often. When the life-strings are cruelly lacerated in the iron grasp of affliction, they will not vibrate to the cadence of joy. If the one she has chosen from all the world could appreciate her abilities, then the world's praise would be sweet. But while the spell of darkness rests upon his spirit, applause for her would sound in vain.'

'She cannot esteem the gift of poesy very highly, or she would not seek to hide it. She would, if she had strength of mind, and appreciated her talents, endeavor to seek her proper sphere and shine in it. Surely, if she has genius, it is lost, for it benefits no one.'

'I must disagree with you again. I think the pure and holy gift of mental fire that burns with unwavering brightness upon the spirit-shrine, shedding its clear mellow beams upon the darkness of the world without, and the heart within, is not lost, though the trumpet-voice of fame never rings its bewildering shout in the weary ear. Poetry is not the art of writing numbers. It is a holier, purer gift. In woman, it is the fulfillment of her angel-mission upon earth; the beautiful pencilings of truth and love upon the dark, sin-blotted scroll of humanity. It is faith, and hope, and love. Faith, that rests not for a moment amid the gloomy shades of despair, but with tireless pinion is ever bearing the soul upward and onward to the bowers whose verdure cannot fade; that unlocks the frowning portals of the grave, and bids the drooping spirit look beyond the dark abyss to the glorious clime of light, where love shall perform its work of renovation; and the loved ones of earth, redeemed from the thraldom of sin and death, shall shine in the brightness of that excellence, which is mirrored forth in the dreams of our sinless, untutored fancy. Hope, that stands smiling by the grief worn heart, waving her rose-wreathed sceptre, and whispering in syren tones that brighter days will dawn; bidding the soul trust on, trust on a little longer, and the darkness shall clear away, and affection meet its reward. Love too, that weaves the silken fibres of woman's heart around its cherished object, and then bids defiance to all the wrecking storms of fate to undo the twining clasp.'

'For mercy's sake, Cleora, do pause for breath. What a picture you have drawn; surely you do not mean to have me look upon earth for its original! Where could I find it?'

'Even in the one of whom we have been speaking. She whom the world abuses because they do not understand her.'

'But why need she shun society as I am told she does? I should think she would need the sympathy and companionship of kindred spirits, since she is deprived of that of her husband.'

'I cannot pretend to explain the sentiments that govern her conduct. But make the case your own, as far as you can. Suppose a beloved brother, or parent, whose heart was rich in all the noble, kindly sympathies of our nature; whose mind like a finely tuned harp, gave forth the gladdening strains of melody to those whom love had linked in its charmed circle; suppose such an one to become degraded to the lowest depths of self abasement, a miserable, deluded votary at the Moloch's shrine of intemperance; feeling himself lost to love, to honor, and respectability, yet madly plunging onward in his fearful career; bearing upon his bewildered brain the terrible, burning curse, that sears and withers every finer feeling, every nobler capacity, like the Simoom's scorching blast, yet rushing wildly on in his downward path, though soft dove-voices are calling him back, and wooing him to rest in the bowers of love, and taste the healing streams of purity and peace. What would be your feelings in such a case?'

'May heaven, in its mercy shield me from the trial.'

'Amen, my dear Ella, to that. And may we both pray to Him who watcheth over the sparrows, that he will preserve us from such bitter trials as that suffering one is called to endure; or if sorrow must darken our lot, may we be blessed with the humble spirit of resignation, that shall teach us to bear patiently with the infirmities of humanity; ever striving to lead the erring by the silken cords of love and kindly forbearance, back to the peaceful paths from whence they have strayed.'

'Well, Cleora, pray let us walk to the woodlands, that nature's melodies may charm away this depression of spirits that is stealing over me. I really fear I have wronged your friend, but it was unintentional. I took my cue from the opinions of the popular world.'

'A very unsafe criterion by which to abide. Remember, that by judging too charitably of a person, we are in no danger of injuring them; whereas by imbibing unfavorable opinions of others without good foundation, we are liable to do them great injustice.'

Written for the Repository.

'Their angels do always behold the face of my Father.'

BY IONE.

And are there angel visitants on earth,
Watching thy couch, my child?
Is't true, that beings of celestial birth,
With beauty undefiled,
Forsake the bowers of Paradise, to tread,
With unheard footsteps, round thy sheltered head?

And have they messages from that bright clime—
The land of love and flowers,
To win thee back before the breath of time
Shall blast thy golden hours?
Are their sweet voices never to be heard
In the worn breast by many passions stirred?

Can innocence alone the full-strung lyre
And heavenly harpings hear?
Canst thou be told without a keen desire,
Of streams so bright and clear,
That he who bathes therein forgets the past,
Or, all of sin that o'er it shadows cast?

Bear they the immortal amarant to thee,*
Lifting its gorgeous head?
See'st thou their crowns, resplendent though they be,
With love unmixed with dread?
My precious child, such questions all are vain!
My path is long to innocence again.

It were not well for mortal man to know—
Hemmed in by weeds of care,—
Now of immortal flowers, once nursed below,
With others scarce less fair!
We, with the eye of faith, must scan the shore,
Which lies beyond the stream we hasten o'er!

Angels depart from thee to seek the throne—
Sublimely awful seat
Of him who sits pre-eminent—alone,
For rapt devotion meet!
Their glittering wings conceal their drooping eyes,—
Dazzled, overwhelmed, with ever new surprise!

Joyful yet solemn trust, to clasp thee still
Heir of an endless heaven!—
To feel thy smile my fluttering bosom fill
With bliss so lately given!
Next to an angel thou must surely be,
For do not angels now converse with thee?

Boston, Mass.

* Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed where first it grew.
MILTON.

Written for the Repository.

Winter Privileges.

MANY of the winter days and hours may be made more productive than those of the more outwardly congenial seasons. Warm and comfortably housed, we can make the season most productive of valuable thought, by reading, conversation, and study. This is the peculiar season for social gatherings—for the communion of mind and heart, whereby the summer of the soul is preserved, as flower after flower blooms under the genial sunshine of love, and the rich fruits of mental culture are brought forth all mellowed to our taste, and voices of sweet melody are heard from the birds of the affections, of mirth and gladness. It may be so with us, that we shall feel promptings to say of Winter with the poet—

'I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness.'

And this last thought suggests one more duty which is, to learn in winter more of the value of home—of the labors and cares and anxieties of those who preside over the comforts of that retreat, to go with us through the year—to make us faithful to home and its inmates when the outer world has more charms to seduce from faithfulness. These are the days for man to learn the worth of woman—of the household affections—and to feel the strong reasons for scrupulous fidelity. These are the days to feel and realize what *home* is—to fix to the name a sanctity and a power over the heart, that will make us as active in rendering home the better-place of earth, as the spirit of the great God is in rendering each season a time of happiness to man. It is indeed true, and we should remember and act upon the truth, that as saith some writer, 'the affections are as charities in the life of man—they master passions, confer dignity on our nature, and take hatred from the heart; they give freshness and vigor to sociality, and guard us and guide us from wandering. They bless us with numberless kind offices, console us in affliction, make joyful in adversity, superadd pleasantness to our pleasures, and throw roses in our path if it is gloomy.'

So let us reflect and feel, and it will be ours to say,—

'O Winter! ruler of the inverted year!
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art!

B.

Written for the Repository.

Sunshine and Storm.

WHEN Solomon said, 'The light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun,' he alluded to the natural love of day and pleasant weather. And we cannot have given very diligent attention to the meaning of his language, if thought has not led us to consider the revelations of our Creator's love by which the light is made

sweet and grateful to the sight. A being of goodness could alone have thus constituted man —made the most familiar things contribute to his creature's enjoyment, so that continually they should be surrounded with his eloquent ministers.

I want no better proofs of the Deity's goodness —that he has made man for happiness and that he rejoices over us to do us good, than are afforded me in the adaptations of the outer world to man; and I rejoice in the devotional tendencies of all truths that show the harmony of love in the order of nature.

And is it not a cause for continual gratitude that we are so constituted that the light is sweet? What an amount of enjoyment would be taken from us by reversing this arrangement! No more would the spirits of joy arouse to their merry dance as the light of morning breaks in upon us, calling us to look out on a bright world; but all that is now beautiful in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, would lose its charms; the glory of the ever varying clouds—the gorgeous hues and delicate pencillings of sunrise and sunset—the beautiful flowers, with their infinite combinations of color and tint—the richness of golden and rosy fruit—the sparkle of the waters, the glitter of the dew, the brilliancy of the hoarfrost, the charms of the snow, and the beauty of the dazzling icicles, would be no more, and the poetry of nature extinct! But a God of Love made the world and created man. We feel this every moment of our lives while the presence of light and beauty give elasticity to our spirits, and cause us to exclaim, as we gaze on some part of nature's loveliness, How beautiful! And while this is so, in vain will man try to give the harsher theology of the times entire ascendency over the heart. The effects of the workings of God's primal laws will prevent the result; and though from gloomy thought, the mind may be tempted to believe in the terrific doctrines of men, yet the cheerful light of day, the vast variety of surrounding loveliness, and the magnificence and solemn beauty of the stars, will shake the deepest feelings with doubt, and the heart will learn then to think better of the great God.

The light is sweet because the darkness hides the beauties of earth and skies—enclosing us, as it were, in a tomb—forbidding us to greet the presence of the dear objects of affection and friendship, and causing us for the time to know what it is to be blind; but the entrance of light changes all, and the world comes forth to our vision as it was first revealed to the heavenly spirits who looked out from their home on high at the morning of creation, and sang together in joy.

But there may be light without the sun being seen, and though it is sweet to even thus greet the light, yet pleasanter to the eyes is the sight of the sun—the dispersing of the dark clouds, that withheld all but glimmerings of light, and the free course of the flooding glory of the fount of light, throwing with kingly munificence welcome riches over an impoverished world.

The wise man would, therefore, have us dwell on the pleasures of the sight of the sun after a storm, that we might foster religious feelings that would quiet murmurings in the seasons of storm, and give us light within that may be reflected out upon the gloom and darkness of those times, so that melancholy and sadness may be kept away from the heart.

This is the season when God giveth snow like wool, and therefore it is the season when heavy and dense clouds must be expected to hide the pleasant sun. We should prepare for these times. The economy of nature will not permit us to expect continuous pleasant weather, and rain and snow must come down from the veiling clouds. And when we see the snow coming down, let us feel to utter the language of the text; and that we may do so, let us meditate on the goodness and wisdom of God in the gift of the snow, so that we may understand how to enjoy ourselves the better in dull and stormy weather.

B.

Written for the Repository.

'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

'I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!' and when this weary frame
Shall quietly return to earth, from whose embrace it came,
O then with spirit purified, and by his own free grace,
I hope to look undazzled, on my Savior, face to face!

'I know that my Redeemer lives!' and O I long to lie
In the bright sunshine of his smile, the heaven of his eye,
And to drink of that pure fountain, whose living waters burst
From out God's throne, to slake with immortality my thirst.

'I know that my Redeemer lives!' I have a holy trust
That he will raise and renovate my feeble, mouldering dust;
Why should I care, though worms destroy this shroud-like form of mine,
While my soul in robes celestial, before her God may shine!

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

LANGUAGE is a potent power of communicating ideas and plans—without it, what rude signs would represent it, and how slow man's progress.

Written for the Repository.

How Error lessens Truth's Power.

Every reader of the Scriptures must have been impressed, in perusing those records, with the importanee the sacred writers attach to right knowledge of God and Christ, and *the retaining of this knowledge in its own simplicity*, uncorrupted by the association of error. True knowledge is the great and grand requisite; it is the mean of conversion, the purifier of the imagination, the refiner of the passions, inspiring the highest reaches of thought, the purest poetry, and the sublimest visions of grandeur and glory. When, therefore, the apostle Paul would sum up in a few words the causes of the sinfulness of man—the rejection of the blessings of a newness of life, he says—they are blinded by the ignorance that is in them. Hence, we see the necessity of the preaching of doctrines, of the thorough sifting of opinions, of strict and fearless investigation, and why the apostle Paul was so strenuous in exhorting his fellow workers unto the kingdom of God to preach *sound doctrine.*

But every reader will, after due reflection, acknowledge all this. We all feel the importance, the necessity, and worth, of knowledge as referring to Revelation, and none are disposed to lower the estimate of acquaintance with the oracles of truth. Still we think there is one important consideration which does not receive the attention it deserves. We refer to the fact, that cherished errors weaken the legitimate influence of truths that are fostered in the same mind; and hence the simple reason why the generally received truths of revelation do not exert a greater power upon man, is because of the association of some errors that neutralize the legitimate effects of those truths, by preventing their unimpeded operation. This fact in respect to science and literature is readily recognized. We all know that a man may possess many of the principles of a certain science—that he may understand them correctly and thoroughly, and yet be in error concerning other principles of the same science; and these errors will neutralize the amount of aid for progress which the knowledge of the other principles is calculated to afford, because *these errors lead to a wrong application of those truths.* A man may misunderstand one position or proposition of a speaker or writer in a discourse, and though he understand all the rest, we can easily perceive how the misconception of the one particular may affect the influence or impression of every other part; and we all doubtless have known instances where the simple misunderstanding of a definition of a single word, or term, has made a strong and sound argument appear weak and fallacious. It is so with reference to religious knowledge. The same intellect is to be engaged; the same caution used to guard against misconception of ideas; and the same endeavor to grasp the whole subject, as in any other branch of study. Men do not act upon this rule always, and hence many believe truths in vain—making the power of those truths of none effect by associated errors.

Let us take an illustration of this proposition given in the Epistle to the Corinthians. In the Corinthian church there were many errorists, i. e. those who received the evidences of the christian religion, and believed Christ to be the Messiah of God, but gave such a direction to, or made such an application of, the grandest truth as to make their belief in that vain. This truth was, the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. This they believed. They believed also in a resurrection to man. But they also believed that the resurrection was past to them—that it was but a moral or spiritual resurrection—the newness of life into which the soul was brought by regeneration. They did not look on the resurrection of Christ as a type and pledge of man's resurrection to an immortal and glorious life; but limited their belief to a resurrection in this life from the death of sin. Thus the apostle wrote to Timothy concerning some of these false teachers: 'Who, concerning the truth have erred, saying that the resurrection is past already; and overthrow the faith of some.' Against these errorists the Apostle strenuously contended; and introduces one of his powerful arguments in an emphatic manner, 'Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, *unless ye have believed in vain.*' 1. He asserts that he is about to declare, what he had before preached, viz. 'the Gospel;' 2. What the sum and substance of the gospel is we learn from his declaration—his testimony concerning Christ and the Resurrection; 3. This gospel they had professedly received, in its truths they stood or continued, and its saving power was felt by them, unless they had from other sources received other teachings that made their

belief vain—of none effect, compared with its legitimate power. Some had and some had not believed thus in vain. The former were those who received among the truths believed the erroneous doctrine of the resurrection; the latter were those who held fast the truth that the resurrection was future—to an immortal state of purity and bliss. To convince the one, and strengthen the other, the Apostle proceeded to give them an elaborate and fine argument, full of illustrations, exhibiting in the most clear manner, that the true idea of the resurrection as taught by our Lord, was—an exaltation from a weak, corrupt, and mortal state, to one immortal, pure, and of spiritual power. He uses the similitude of the seed—declaring the truth, that the vegetative germ is not quickened so that a new manifestation of its life is made, except it die, or be literally decomposed; implying, that death must take place to the mortal body of man before the spirit can be clothed upon with the heavenly body. This settled, he proceeds to show the essential difference between the present and future existence; that here man is in corruption, dishonor, weakness, and possessed of an animal body, that there he shall be in incorruption, glory, power, and possessed of a spiritual body; and from these premises he draws the evident conclusion—that as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly, and that as sure as there is a natural, animal, perishable body, so there is a spiritual, imperishable body. This is the true doctrine of the Resurrection; and according as men depart from it, they believe in vain the resurrection of the dead.

We do not assert that all erroneous conceptions of the resurrection are worse than no belief in a future life; but that according as men err from the true idea, they must be deprived of the joy, elevation of thought and feeling, consequent on a belief disconnected from the neutralizing errors they associate with their belief in the fact or reality of a resurrection; the power of their faith is comparatively vain—is but weakness in contrast with the strength of truth.

What an application has our subject to prevalent opinions or doctrines. To believe that this life is a miniature of the future—that as we leave this life we enter upon the next—that the future is but a continuation of this existence, is a belief far better than none; is grateful to the soul compared with the idea of annihilation, but it is vanity compared with the glory of the true doctrine. We see the worm clinging to the earth, crawling amid the dust, an abject thing; again we see it enfranchised from its prison house, soaring a beautiful and sportive thing in the free air and sunshine of heaven. Better is it—O infinitely better—to trace in that spectacle a type of man's destiny, than to fear lest he be an everlasting worm crawling amid corruption, or have a half-hope that he will be part earth and part heaven, as we see him in his better state here. There is an elevation of thought and feeling in the clear and distinct vision of the resurrection as preached by Jesus and his Apostles, that can never be reached by any other ideas of the future existence. There is a grandeur, a joy, a sublimity, in the redemption from slavery of a whole nation that cannot be felt in view of the liberation of a part, or a half liberation of the whole; for the one draws out into stronger and more full exercise our best feelings and affections and sympathies as the others cannot. Divine truth is more powerful than human speculations or philosophy. Alone—in its naked grandeur—its majesty is best seen and felt. Man cannot improve it—it is unalterable because divine; and our soul's desire and prayer to God should be for an intimate, full, and every way correct knowledge, unassociated with errors that make void the legitimate power or influence of true knowledge.

The idea, thus illustrated, we hope is felt by the reader to be important; and according as its importance is felt we shall be ready to acknowledge, that to have the fullness of joy and peace in believing christianity, we must believe it aright—we must have correct knowledge of all its elements and their unity. Small errors may lead to great evil results, and may make our belief in great truths vain—weaken their power, and deprive us of the satisfaction they yield to others.

Perhaps as forcible an illustration may be drawn from one view of the Trinity which we shall mention, as can be presented; though in every view of the Trinity there can be discerned the operation of the neutralizing effect of error upon truth. It sufficeth for the present to consider the example and human nature of Christ. Nothing can be clearer than the declared truth—that Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are, implying that he was subject to the common infirmities of our nature and knew our weaknesses. Feeling this truth—doubting it not—what a power is there to us in his example! We think of

what he was exposed to—what he had to contend with, and his triumph assumes a moral grandeur the most sublime. We see revealed man's spiritual powers and capacities, and a voice thrills in the ear of the soul bidding us like him to be victors. But how must this effect be weakened when the mind looks on him as the very God—not a perfect man—not a true representative of humanity! The weakness, the infirmities, with which he was clothed were only apparently such—his temptations could only have been trials in appearance, for God cannot be tempted. The example of Jesus thus becomes as a beautiful exhibition of divine virtues and graces, not as the experience of a true man—a man with the trials of our common nature to contend with. The practicableness of his example is doubted as it cannot be by him who believes in the perfect human nature of Christ—his strict unity. Thus does the error of the Trinity affect and neutralize the power of the truth of the proper humanity of Jesus. So also the error of the Trinity affects the power of the truth of Christ's death and resurrection; it produces confusion in the mind when it would offer proper worship; it makes the Son more lovely than the Father.

Let us then be impressed with the importance of clinging to the simplicity which is in Christ, and guarding against the intrusion of all speculations, conjectures, and errors, that make void the truth by undermining it, remembering how the Pharisees in our Savior's time made void the law by their traditions, lest we believe in vain.

One other way there is of believing vain, and to show this we need to do scarcely more than to quote the Apostle's words,—'Holding faith and a good conscience; which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck'—as does the mariner when he loses his compass, or pays no attention to it. A good conscience feels and applies belief. B.

Sept. 23, 1839.

Written for the Repository.

Are we slumbering Now?

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'THE night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.' ROM. xiii. 12.

ARE we slumbering now when a watch we should keep?
Let us banish the spell and awake from our sleep!
On the watch-towers of Zion the trumpet we hear,
'It is time to rejoice, for salvation is near.'

Yes, the night is far spent and the day is at hand;
Free from terror and gloom in the brightness we stand;
The gray mist away from our pathway has rolled,
And the beams of the morning around we behold.

Let us leave the soft couch at this earliest hour,
While the dew is yet fresh on each leaflet and flower;
Let us put off the garments of sin from our sight,
And go forth to the day clothed in armor of light.

The film is removed which has darkened our eyes,
That truth like the sun on our vision may rise,
And the chains from the mind are fast falling away,
As the mist is dispersed by the dawning of day.

In the sunlight of hope unmolested we stand,
With plenty and health smiling over our land:
Here no tyrant can take what was given by God,
And no priest holds a key to interpret His word.

Thy promises Father, are given to all;
O, how sweet from the lips of the Savior they fall;
And no craft or device can the record efface,
For man may not measure or limit thy grace.

On our green sunny hills the white cottage is seen,
And the spire rises up in the valleys between:
From the church in the vale prayer and praises are heard,
And the cottager sings of the goodness of God.

From the lowly, fair science is hidden no more,
For the hard hands of labor are opening her store,
And the poor, with the wealthy and great, may unfold
The treasures of knowledge more precious than gold.

In the streets of the city fair virtue is seen;
How spotless her robes and how heavenly her mien!
With her ranks filling fast she moves on in the light,
While vice shrouds her form in the darkness of night.

Strong manhood comes forth, and, forsaking the bowl,
From the spirit of evil redeemeth his soul;
For the board and the feast are with temperance crowned,
And pure water is drank where the wine-cup went round.

O, glad should our hearts be, while thus going on
All around us we see the great work of reform;
We may surely rejoice when the servants of sin,
To the kingdom of virtue and peace enter in.

To the Father should praise and thanksgiving arise,
When a morning so glorious blesses our eyes:
May he grant that the sunlight so bright in its dawn,
Go not out ere the noonday in darkness and storm.

Let us watch and be sober as onward we move;
Let us put on the breastplate of faith and of love;
From the sword of the Spirit the wicked will flee;
And the hope of salvation our helmet shall be.

With hearts firm and true we will walk in the day;
For the night and the darkness are passing away;
And strong in the Lord and the power of his might,
We will fearless go forth in our own armor of light.

Hartford, Jan. 1, 1842. M. A. D.

Written for the Repository.

Attractions of Heaven.

BY REV. W. H. GRISWOLD.

MAN, at best, is here but a pilgrim, journeying to a better land. He sojourns here as a stranger desiring a better country,—that is a heavenly. Earth has few attractions, at best, and especially to one

schooled in adversity's severest trials. Such an one, if he be a christian, becomes weaned from earth, in a measure, and nothing seems to promise rest but heaven. As earth loses its attractions, heaven becomes more attractive and inviting; hence he loses sight of earth in his contemplation of heaven; and lives *looking* for a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God.

I have been drawn into this train of reflection by the following incident: During the past week, a ministering brother called on me and spent the night with me. I had never seen him before, nevertheless, I was not wholly ignorant of his personal history. I knew him to be one of adversity's sons; and I soon learned that he was then in a very feeble state of health. I had heard much of his goodness of heart, and of his deep religious feelings; and I knew that he was an earnest spirit, and had a mind gifted with heavenly wisdom. I was therefore deeply interested in his welfare.

The evening having passed, I left him to his meditations for the night. He arose early in the morning and departed; after which, on entering the room where I had left him for the night, I found lying upon the table the following imperfect notes* headed

'ATTRACTIONS OF HEAVEN.'

'1st. Not say *where*, but *what* it *is*.

Place of freedom.

What it is *not*.

No night, no darkness, no dreariness:

No *moral* night—No ignorance—no error—no misery—no sin.

No more death:

No sorrowing—Mother! thy child is in heaven. Our Father is there—Jesus—angels. We have not *seen* God.'

'*Attractions of heaven!*' Beautiful theme this, thought I, for evening meditation:—and for a son of adversity too. Verily, thou must be a partaker of that faith which caused one of old to feel that here he had no continuing, abiding place; that he was but a pilgrim bound for a better land: and to look for a city having foundations, whose maker and builder is God. Verily, thou dost possess his spirit, or art moved by the same spirit by which he was moved; governed by the same rules by which he was governed; and dost mind the same things that he minded.

* NOTE. I give them in their imperfect state, without any alteration. They were probably never intended for the light; and I hope my brother will pardon me for the liberty I have taken, should this ever meet his eye.

But let us follow this earnest spirit in his meditations upon this beautiful theme. And while we do so, let us not forget the personal history of him who selected such a theme for his evening meditations.

In the first place, then, we are not to inquire *where*, but *what* Heaven *is*. And what matter is it to us where heaven is? None at all. It is a subject that we need not inquire into,—one that cannot interest us; and one that cannot be discussed to any profit. Passing over this, then, as a matter that does not concern us, let us inquire into one more vital; not *where* but *what* heaven *is*. 'It is a place of Freedom,' says the gifted spirit, by whom we are being led. A place of freedom;—of intellectual, moral and religious freedom. Nor is this all, for it is a place of progress;—of intellectual, moral and religious progress. It is a place where spirits roam 'free as air;' where they travel on and *on*, but never turn back: a place where souls experience and uninterruptedly enjoy the blessings of universal peace; of universal freedom; of universal emancipation.

Again: We are not only to inquire *what* it *is*, but we are also to note what it is *not*. And we need not go far in search of an answer to this inquiry; it is even nigh at hand. Heaven is *not* a place of bondage. This idea, indeed, has already been indirectly stated, and grows out of the former answer. If heaven is a place of freedom, of course it cannot be a place of slavery;—of bondage of any kind. No bonds are there; no chaining down of the free-born mind; no groaning in thraldom. No: the distinction bond and free, will not there exist, for *all* will be free. No baron and serf distinctions shall be there; no master and slave; no rich and poor. No intellectual bondage shall be there; and no religious oppression. Every soul will there be soaring upward and onward; will be travelling on in its everlasting and unending career of knowledge and virtue.

But there are yet other items to be noticed. There is no *night*, no *darkness*, and no *dreariness* there. And what has night to charm us? What attraction hath darkness? And is dreariness inviting to the soul? If, then, no night is there, because day and night do not alternate in the better country; if no darkness is there, because the sun of that world does not go down; and if no dreariness is there, because the seasons never change and the elements never war, has heaven less attractions on this account? Nay, it has not.

But if night is *not* there; if darkness enters not that land of *light*, then no dreariness can be there. There is in that better land, none of the dreariness that is now overshadowing surrounding nature. The cold rains, the bleak winds, the dark gloom and the melancholy moan of autumn, are not there. The faded leaf, the withered flower, and the blighted bud, are not there. Eternal spring there reigns; eternal youth there blooms; and an unfading life mantles that world. And *if* there *is* night there, there is no *moral* night,—no ignorance, no error, no misery and no sin. No *moral night*,—no moral darkness; because the glory of God will there reign, and life, light and love will be above and around. God will be in the midst of that world, and it will blaze with glory. The heathen mind will there be lighted up; it will have come out of its prison of darkness, and beholding the mighty world spread out before it, its march will henceforth be on, *on* in a never ending progress. Nor is there any *ignorance* there. No ignorance of God, for they see God there. No ignorance of themselves, for there they know themselves; know their capacities for eternal progress; and know the import of those deep yearnings after a holier and higher being than here is given. That is a world of knowledge, not of ignorance. No ignorance is in that world. Nor is there any *error*. Error leads men astray; men are not led astray in heaven. Error is the offspring of ignorance and moral night; and there is no ignorance nor moral night in that land of light and knowledge. Truth reigns in heaven. She is sometimes 'crushed' here, but she is never crushed there; she is often despised here, but she is never despised there; she is sometimes neglected here, but she is never neglected there. So error is often honored and highly esteemed on earth; but she can never enter heaven; and if she could, there are none there to do her homage. Nor is there any *misery* in heaven. O there *is* misery in the earth. Many a heart is wrung, and crushed even, by the cruelty of a false hearted friend. Many an earnest spirit has been made to bleed by the heartless ingratitude of an unstable and an ungodly brother. None there are but that have suffered; none there are but can bear testimony to the truth, there is misery in the earth. But there is no misery in heaven; no crushed hopes, nor bleeding bosoms there. All is happiness. Neither is there any *sin* in heaven. Here there is sin. Falsehood here stalks abroad and disturbs the peace of families. Slander, foul slander keeps whole neighborhoods in a constant jar and broil. Deceit, deceit is stamped in living characters upon many a brow. False hearts are encountered almost everywhere. Ingratitude, deep and dark ingratitude is a common crime. But there is no sin in heaven. Falsehood is not there, nor slander, nor deceit, nor iniquity of any kind. Holiness, 'holiness to the Lord!' is the theme of every tongue; goodness, goodness of heart is seen to light up every countenance; virtue is there found in all her dignity rising, and still *rising* higher and more high in the scale of an unending series.

And there is no more *death* there; and if no more death, then no more sickness; no more sorrowing, no more pain. O soothing must such reflections be to him who is both a child of sorrow and of affliction. He is wasting away even now,—nay, dying he is by piecemeal; and though it is thus with him, yet his soul feeds upon the thought that there is no more sickness there; no more death in the better land. Surely this must be a faith that staggers not; that only strengthens as death approaches. Let me live and die by such a faith. There is no more death there: no death in that distant land to wring the heart of a father, mother, sister, brother. No sickness! hear ye that, ye sick and languishing. There is no sickness in heaven: let not your soul languish then; but feed it upon heavenly nutriment. And there shall be no more sorrowing there: mourning mother, sister, brother, dry up your tears, and learn to kiss the hand that has wounded. Draw near unto God, and confide in him though he slay *thee*.

But heaven hath other charms than these; other attractions than those already named. Our *Father* is there. That blessed Being, whose we are by creation, preservation and redemption. That Being, who is endeared to us by all the ties that cluster around the endearing name of Father. Whose children we are, and who, when all others forsake us will take us up. That Father, who loveth us, and sent his own Son to die for us. He, *He* is there. *Jesus* is there. That Jesus, who, when on earth was the sinner's friend: who went about doing good; who loved his enemies; who returned good for evil; who wept at the grave of a friend; and whose compassions yearned towards all men. That Jesus, at whose command the dead rose up, and the elements ceased to rage; who was a prophet, yea, a more than a prophet, who knew what

was in man and what man wanted. That Jesus, whom the Jews crucified; and whose entombed body they guarded; but who came forth from the tomb, led captivity captive, and gave gifts, rich gifts unto men,—*He* is there. *Angels* are there. They who sang, 'Glory to God in the highest!' when the Bethlehem babe was born. He who 'rolled back the stone,' when Jesus burst the bands of death and triumphant ascended to the crystal gates of light and glory. They who greeted the King of glory, as the Lord, the Lord of hosts, when the words were verified, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors!' All the holy angels of God, who wait upon him, and carry the tidings of his love into every part of his universal dominion, *they* are there. Saints are there; and all the spirits which having been released from their earthly tabernacle have soared away, away, —they are there. 'Mother! thy child is there. His soul illumed with heavenly wisdom; his eye lit up with heavenly joy; on his cheek blooms immortal youth; he is in his Father's presence. Sister! thy brother is there. Weep not; he lives in glory; in his Father's house he now sojourns; no more will he suffer death; pain never again will visit him; he is beyond the reach of sickness now. Mourn not for him; his is a happier state than here. Brother! thy sister is in heaven. She has been faithful here on earth; she lives among the faithful now. Were her spirit hovering near thee, methinks she would say in milder and sweeter tones than ever sister breathed to brother, 'Come to Jesus; come to Jesus.' And will you not come? Will you not listen to a sister's voice, and, to-day, embrace a Savior? Mother! thy daughter is there; thy son; thy sister; thy brother;—all, all are there.

'Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
Those you love with love so dear.'

They are all, all *there!* O heaven *has* attractions. It has that which ought to wean us from earth and cause us all to feel that we are pilgrims journeying to the *better land.* We have no continuing abiding place here; heaven is our home, —our all. Emphatically, it is a city having foundations, whose maker and builder is God.

O then let us look to it. Let us feel it has attractions. Let it be our meditation morning and evening. Let us love to think of it as a *better* land. Then shall we feel that it is beautiful to die. Then shall we feel that heaven *is* our home. And then shall we die, *like one going home.*

Happy, that soul which chooses such a theme for meditation. Surely, it must be illumined with heaven's own light; directed by heaven's own wisdom; and led by heaven's own spirit. Adversity only strengthens its trust in God and makes it feel more and more the need of an Almighty arm. It is in the death of such an one, that the ideal of the poet becomes a beautiful reality:

'Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away;
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears;
Heaven opens to mine eyes, mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death where is thy sting?'

Andover, Mass. W. H. G.

Written for the Repository.

The Lonely Burial.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

None came to mourn. Through the crowded street
The lone hearse passed, and with hurrying feet
The crowd pressed close by the silent dead;
But no one paused o'er the bier to shed
One kindly tear, unmarked and alone,
The stranger passed to his last long home!

None came to mourn. In a far off land,
At the sunset hour, met a household band,
Both young and old. The father, whose days
Were passing away like the sunset rays;
The glad, the joyous, the happy boy,
With a spirit of hope and a heart of joy;
And a younger, a fairer, a frailer one,
With an eye of light, and a voice of song;
And the mother with calm and holy brow,
Where a shade of sadness is gathering now.
These all are there, but there is *one* away,
And for him, doth the mother's fond heart pray;
And a tear dims the father's aged eye,
For the son who roams 'neath a foreign sky.

He had wandered far, and the mother now
Could she gaze on his pale and altered brow,
Would she know the boy she had lulled to rest
In his infant days on her loving breast?
Could she see in the cold and silent face
Of her first-born son, a remembered trace?
Could she see in the closed and sunken eye
Of the stranger who laid him down to die,
One single vestige of him who had gone
With a merry heart from his childhood's home?

They prayed for him there in that household band,
Nor knew he lay dead in a foreign land.
And the father looked for his first born son,
Till his eyes grew dim and his race was run;

And the mother prayed when no eye might see,
For strength to bear with the stern decree;
And the sister looked, but in vain, in vain,
Till her heart grew weary with grief and pain;
And the brother, he gave at times a tear
To the mem'ry of one they all held dear!

Charlestown, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Lucy Murray.

'A GENTLE Ruth,—in good or ill,
To follow, whereso'er we roam,
And hang thy precious garlands, still,
Amid the breath of home.'

'*Blessed are the meek! for they shall inherit the earth.*'

I CRAVE thy patience, reader, for a tale of humble life; a simple record of the virtues of one whom I dearly love and reverence; who is yet neither rich, beautiful, nor accomplished, and who is fast verging towards that *dreadful* era—Old Maidism! Dear, gentle Lucy Murray! would that I could do justice in this simple sketch to thy blameless life,—to thy purity of heart and speech—to thy patience, forbearance, and untiring benevolence! and show thee forth as thou art—the devoted christian—the humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus!

Do you see the little red house yonder, standing back from the road, with its little grass-plat, and neatly swept gravel walk,—and the old apple-tree with the rustic bench before it—and the pretty bow-window, filled with pots of flowers—pinks and lavender, marigolds and southern-wood, and other simple plants, which seem the peculiar property of the poor? *That* is the residence of Lucy Murray, our village dress-maker; those who remember her in her younger days, say she was never pretty; but when I look at her small, slight, and trimly arrayed figure; her soft, brown hair, parted smoothly on her low, fair forehead; her mild, blue eyes, and the quiet, gentle smile that always illumes her face,—I cannot help thinking their judgment wrong. Lucy was the only child of poor, but pious parents, who dying when she was but seven years old, bequeathed their orphan to the parental care of the good minister and his wife.

They accepted the bequest, and well fulfilled the trust. Lucy was faithfully instructed in every branch of a good, plain education, and in all the minutiæ of household economy; and what was of far more importance, her mind was fully and deeply imbued with high moral and religious principles. When she was eighteen years of age, she was apprenticed to a respectable dress-maker in the next town. At the close of her apprenticeship, she returned to the village, and was soon established in her new vocation; and her neat and skilful workmanship, good taste, and above all, her gentle and winning manners, soon made her a favorite in every family where she was employed.

Not far from Lucy's dwelling, standing on a little elevation, and seeming to keep aloof from its neighbors, is a large, stately, but rather gloomy looking, red brick house, the only one of the kind, our little village can boast. It was built some twenty years ago, by a gentleman named Spencer, the younger son of an ancient but decayed English family, whose wealth proving insufficient to maintain their dignity, the younger took his small portion, and embarked for America—having first contrived to fall in love, and finally to run away, with the beautiful daughter of one of Scotland's proudest and poorest Lairds. He settled in one of our principal cities, and devoted himself to commerce; and after many years of constant application, he was enabled to build the dwelling we have spoken of, whither he removed his wife and their only child—a boy named Walter, then about twelve years old. Great anxiety was manifested in the village, for the completion of Spencer Grange—for so the place was called by its owner, in remembrance of his ancestral home, in far-away England—and also for the arrival of its future inmates. It was finished at last, and with its splendid drawing and dining rooms, library and conservatory, stood amid the neat cottages of the poor, and the pretty white houses of the wealthier inhabitants, like a prince amid his retainers. There were two or three families, such as are to be found in almost every village, who looked forward to Mrs. Spencer's arrival, as a great and important event, fondly expecting that she would make entertainments, and change the usual monotony of a country life. The great lady came at last; a stately and beautiful woman, with all the pride of her ancient race stamped on her lofty brow. As soon as she was settled in her new home, the principal members of the families, who were so ambitious to make her acquaintance, called on her, and were completely chilled by the measured dignity, and cold, formal politeness with which she received them. *Their* disappointment was fully reciprocated by Mrs. Spencer; when her husband spoke of purchasing a country seat, and descanted upon

the beauty of the situation, she expected, as a matter of course, to find some few families of wealth and distinction, with whom she might form an acquaintance; when, therefore, she found that the highest caste in our village, consisted of the families of the doctor, minister and lawyer, and the four tall daughters of Nabob Macomb, who having amassed a large property in India, had brought his yellow guineas, and yellower visage to his native village; when she found these were to be her future society, the proud blood of the Maxwells revolted, and having formally returned their calls, she settled herself in the library to see to the education of her son. It had been a grievous thing to her, to feel herself the wife of a merchant, but she had become reconciled to her husband's commercial pursuits, that he might amass wealth to give their son a liberal education, and send him forth into the world as became one of his high lineage. But though Mrs. Spencer thus secluded herself, there was one whose modest, unobtrusive virtues and gentle manners, had, spite of her pride, won their way imperceptibly to her heart; and the pastor's wife was soon on a friendly footing with the proud mistress of the Grange. In the meantime, Mr. Spencer remained in the city, deeply immersed in business, and rumor said, fast increasing his hoards; only making flying visits to the village, on Saturdays, and returning the ensuing Monday.

About four years after the Spencers first came among us, some commercial affair required Mr. Spencer's presence in the Western States, and as he was to be absent some length of time, it was decided that his wife should accompany him. The climate, however, was thought too unhealthy to allow of taking Walter, as his health had always been delicate, and though much improved by country air, he was still far from being strong. His parents, therefore, concluded to leave him with their friends at the Parsonage, where he could receive such instructions as would fit him for the University, as well as the motherly care of the minister's wife.

But to return to Lucy, who while all these events were passing, had been progressing in all womanly virtues and attainments; and who, having been, by turns, the pet and playmate of Walter, though scarce two years his junior, now heard with unfeigned delight, that he was to leave the great, gloomy Grange, and become an inmate of their own pleasant home. She could not help feeling joyful, (though she checked the expression of it, for fear of giving pain) at the departure of his mother; for though Mrs. Spencer had always been kind to her, yet her haughty bearing and stately manners, had always impressed Lucy with awe, and she feared, rather than loved her. But now Walter was to be one of their own family, and when her domestic duties were performed, and her lessons learnt, she could take her sewing till his tasks were done, and then they would walk together; and in the long winter evenings they would all gather round the cheerful fire, and Walter would read while they worked. At the time Walter went to reside at the Parsonage, he was a tall, pale, serious looking youth of sixteen, with dark, shadowy eyes, and a mild, expressive face. He inherited neither his mother's beauty, pride, nor prejudices, but was ready and willing to receive all useful knowledge. Thus four years of unclouded happiness passed by, and then Walter and Lucy separated for the first time since their acquaintance, and set out for their different destinations; Walter for the University, and Lucy to commence her apprenticeship. Lonely, indeed, seemed the Parsonage, when they were gone; the dreary autumn days seemed even more cheerless than usual; and when the long winter evenings came on, and the pastor and his wife took their accustomed seats at the fireside, they missed the cheerful voices and pleasant smiles that were wont to greet them; and when the evening hymn was sung, Walter's rich bass, and Lucy's bird-like carol were wanting. But Winter, be it ever so long and dreary, *must* pass away; and at length sweet, balmy Spring came with spicy breath, and wherever she trod, verdure sprang up, and the trees put forth their tender shoots, and the birds filled the air with melody.

'From the streams and founts, she loosed the chain;'

and all nature owned her vivifying influence. She was followed in turn, by glowing Summer, laden with wealth of roses, and other Floral treasures, and filling the poor man's garden with beauty, and his heart with delight; but nowhere was the beauty of the season more deeply felt than at the Parsonage; for the midsummer vacation brought Walter home, and Lucy having finished her trade, was again established there.

During the day, Lucy's employment called her from home, but at its close she returned, and was always ready for the long twilight ramble, or to sit with Walter in the little vine-clad arbor he

had made for her, and alternately relate or listen to all that had happened during their separation. Ah! those six weeks were destined to give a deeper and different coloring to the future lives of both Walter and Lucy. Almost imperceptibly, a deep and fervent attachment had been growing up between them, and now a change was coming over those sentiments of affection; it was no longer the calm brother-and-sisterly affection of past years, but that holy, yet passionate tenderness, which only young, pure hearts can feel or know; that love which blossoms but once, and though others, perhaps as fervent and more enduring, may spring up in its place, yet the passion that made

> 'Our pulses beat and bosoms burn,
> In youth's bright morn, can ne'er return!'

and such was the love that was daily gaining strength in the hearts of Walter and Lucy. The vacation drew to a close, Walter returned to the University, and Lucy continued to pursue her usual routine of duty and business. Not a syllable of the deep engrossing love, which now made, as it were, a part of their very lives, had past their lips; yet as by intuition, each had read alike the feelings of the other, and were satisfied and happy in the consciousness of their mutual attachment.

Thus far, Lucy's life had been almost cloudless; and had it continued so, perhaps she might never have been the ministering angel she is, the pride and blessing of our village; for dress-making is not her only vocation—she is nurse, physician and watcher, to all who require her services; and though she never leaves her employment for her own pleasure or amusement, she is ever ready to attend the suffering, and to appropriate her earnings to their relief.

About a fortnight after Walter's return to the University, the family at the Parsonage were one morning startled by his sudden re-appearance. He had been summoned to join his parents, as his father was very ill, and it was thought could survive but a short time; and after taking a hasty but affectionate farewell, he departed with the promise of sending them immediate intelligence of his father's state. In less than a week, a letter arrived, and a glance at the black seal told the tidings it brought. Walter had arrived only in time to receive his father's blessing, and to close his eyes; and as soon as the funeral was over, Mrs. Spencer proposed returning to the Grange. Deeply did their friends sympathize with the mourners, and the day after the reception of the letter, the minister's wife and Lucy went over to the Grange, and saw that the house was well aired, and put in order for the arrival of its widowed mistress; they remained till a short time before the travelers were expected, and then with true delicacy returned home, that no eyes might witness the emotions of the mourners on their entrance to the happy dwelling of former days. Lucy had looked forward to Mrs. Spencer's return with mingled feelings; and a sort of presentiment of evil, *would* find its way, spite of herself, to her heart. She had perfect confidence in Walter's love, but his proud and stately mother, what would *she* say to her son's alliance with the humble village dress-maker! But hope is ever a tenant of young hearts, and when Lucy met the kindly smile and greeting of Walter's mother, she allowed herself to hope, that now he was all she had left to lean upon, she would sacrifice much to promote his happiness; poor Lucy! she knew not half the aristocratic pride and prejudices that lay deep hid in the breast of that haughty woman!

It was not long after Mrs. Spencer's return, ere she heard vague rumors in the village, of her son's attachment to Lucy Murray, to which at first she gave no credit; she knew he was often, very often at the Parsonage, but then it had been his home, during the four years of her absence; they had all shown him every attention and kindness, and to Lucy he had seemed almost like a brother; was it not natural, that he should also think of the favorite of his friends with kindly feelings, and more than ordinary sympathy, as an orphan, who having no natural ties, clung with double affection to those with whom a kind Providence had placed her? Thus did Mrs. Spencer reason with herself, and thus she tried to believe; but the unpleasant conviction would force itself upon her, that it might be all true, and after vainly endeavoring to persuade her reason against her judgment, she at length determined to sound her son upon the subject, and if an attachment really existed, to do all in her power to crush it.

'Where have you been, Walter?' she inquired, one evening, as he entered the parlor, where she sat awaiting his return.

'At the Parsonage,' was the reply.

'As usual, you might have added; I have been wishing to speak to you, Walter, concerning your frequent visits there; for since my return, my ears have been often offended by vague hints and

insinuations of an attachment between you and the orphan *protégé* of our friends, Lucy Murray; and though of course I gave them no credit,'—she continued, without appearing to notice Walter's kindling eye and flushed cheek, as he rose from his chair, and began pacing the room,—'yet it is not impossible that your attentions to her may lead her to entertain hopes, which could never be realized, and would therefore bring *her* only misery, and might cause *you* self reproach.'

'Mother,' replied Walter, stopping in his walk —'did it never occur to you, that I might sue for the love, which you seem to think it would degrade me to receive?'

'Impossible, Walter! *you*, in whose veins flows the blood of two of the oldest families in Britain, to wed with the low born daughter of an American mechanic.'

'Nay mother,—with the good, the gentle, the pure-hearted, excellent daughter of good and pious though poor parents—one whose daily life is a pattern of virtue and propriety, and who would not disgrace the proudest name in the world; and shall *she* be put in competition with rank and wealth? I have sued for her love, as one whose "price is far above rubies;" this very night I gained her promise to be mine; and mother, though I would not willingly pain or offend you, you *must* look upon Lucy Murray as the future wife of your son!'

'Never, Walter! you are my only son, and I have garnered up all my hopes of happiness in you; but sooner would I see you a corpse at my feet, than the husband of Lucy Murray! and mark me, Walter, on the day that she becomes mistress of the Grange, your mother will be as a stranger, and an alien from your roof!'

That night Walter and his mother parted in anger for the first time in their lives; but on this subject he remained immoveable, and it was not resumed again. 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,' said the wise man of old, and so must it ever be. A few days after the above conversation, as Mrs. Spencer and her son sat at their silent breakfast, letters were brought in; Walter opened the first, but ere he had finished, uttered an exclamation, which brought his mother instantly to his side. The bank in which Mr. Spencer's whole property was invested had failed, and all was lost. It were impossible to describe the consternation of Mrs. Spencer, at the intelligence, and even Walter was at first stunned by the blow; but he knew that something must be done immediately. The Grange was all that remained, and as there were still some debts of his father's unsettled, there was no alternative but to sell the mansion; Mrs. Spencer was too completely stupified by the shock to offer any opposition; preparations were made speedily, and the sale took place. When all was settled, but a small sum remained; Walter purchased a small house, whither he removed his mother, and the kindness of Lucy arranged every thing in it for her comfort and convenience; while Walter procured a situation as clerk in a mercantile house where his father had been known. Mrs. Spencer seemed to have grown old before her time; she had never entirely recovered from the effects of an attack of fever and ague, from which she had suffered during her sojourn in the West; her dark hair was thickly sprinkled with silver, and she seemed completely debilitated.

But her greatest trial was yet to come. The close confinement of a counting room had made rapid inroads on a naturally slender constitution, and Walter's appeared to be rapidly sinking beneath it; till at length his kind employers bade him leave his occupation for a while, and seek a little relaxation in a visit to his mother. He returned home, and his friends fondly fancied him better; but consumption is a deceitful syren, and her flatteries long succeeded, till at last he was forced to take to his bed. There was one, who, when all others hoped, felt that there was *no* hope; whose *heart* told her that its idol was perishing; *she* knew that the brightened eye, and the flushed cheek, were but the precursors of the icy hues, and the cold sweat of death! *Lucy* felt that Walter must die, and from the hour of his return, she began to prepare herself for the severing of the cherished tie. Day after day, she was at the couch of the invalid, smoothing his pillow, moistening his parched lips, reading to him from the Book of Life, and ministering to his every want; and through the still, silent watches of the night, she sat by his bedside, watching with unwearied devotion his disturbed slumbers, and whispering words of consolation to the bowed and broken-spirited woman, who had 'reviled and persecuted her,' and whom her pure and blessed example had taught to weep bitter tears of shame and contrition.

But the time came, when those who had hoped most, could hope no longer. Walter Spencer was dying! but none had courage to tell him of his

doom, save her who loved him fondest and best —*she* nerved her woman heart, and took his cold, clammy hand in hers, and wiped the moisture from his livid brow, and told him that his spirit was fast winging its way to an eternal home! There was a deep struggle in his heart—it was hard to leave those whom he loved so well, but there was a better land of re-union beyond the grave; the conflict was severe, but it was soon over—the immortal spirit triumphed, and with a look of love, that the icy hand of death had no power to chill,—with radiant hope and faith for a lamp to his feet, Walter Spencer entered 'the valley of the shadow of death!'

Much curiosity was expressed by the villagers respecting Lucy's future conduct; and some ventured to prophecy, that now Walter was gone, she would take no farther interest in his mother; 'and who,' they said, 'could blame her? when Mrs. Spencer was rich, she had despised the humble dress-maker, and now *she* was poor, she must expect similar treatment.' But they were mistaken. When the simple funeral rites were over, Lucy, with the consent and blessing of the minister and his wife, took up her abode with Mrs. Spencer, and performed to her all the duties of a daughter. Mrs. Spencer was lost in admiration and gratitude; she had learnt by experience to appreciate the meekness and forgiveness of Lucy's temper, but she had not dared to hope so much as this.

'I am unworthy of your kindness,' she exclaimed, when Lucy made known her intentions; 'I have spoken hardly of you, and tried to injure you.'

'Jesus said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, pray for them that hate you, and do good to them that despitefully use you,"' was Lucy's reply.

She became an inmate of the red cottage, and led by her example, Mrs. Spencer too, became an humble christian. Many wondered at Lucy's conduct, but they were those who could not comprehend the whole extent of her self-devotion.

'She is Walter's mother,' was her reply to all their comments, 'and it is a duty I owe to his memory, and a satisfaction to my own heart, to be enabled to render good for evil.'

Reader! my sketch is finished, and if I have failed to make *you* too, love Lucy Murray, then is my '*labor of love*' lost indeed. She is no creation of fancy, no being of romance; but she lives amid the sober realities of life—lives, not for herself alone, or a particular circle, but dispenses her charities and her love to all; her smiles illumine the dwellings of the poor, her soft voice breathes consolations to the mourner, her hands minister to their temporal necessities. Hope sits enshrined on her brow; Faith looks out from her calm, holy eyes; and charity, the chiefest of these three, Charity, that 'suffereth long, and is kind,' Charity that 'never faileth,' lives, breathes, and moves in every look, tone, and action. Her post is at the bed of sickness, at the couch of the dying; her rule of life is the word of God. With the blessing of the pure in heart to brighten her way, she glides calmly and smoothly down the stream of life; and when at length her bark shall reach its destined haven, and be moored in safety in the port of peace, hath she not good cause to hope that 'henceforth there is laid up for her a crown of Righteousness,'* and 'an everlasting inheritance that shall not fade away?'

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

* This phrase of the Apostle Paul is often quoted, by the press and pulpit, 'a crown of *glory*.' He spake of a crown of *Righteousness*, or *right-doing*. He wrought not for fame or glory, but for the approbation of God; and the christian church and the great Head of the church, have crowned him as faithful, and he will ever wear that honorable crown. We once heard a Baptist clergyman, when ridiculing Universalists and their faith, make an attempt to quote this passage. 'Here is a murderer,' said he, 'whose hands are reeking with the blood of his fellow man. He lifts them with the dagger clenched in his grasp and shouts, '*I have kept the* FAITH! *henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory!*' We need not remark on his deeming *murder* a sufficient proof of one's having kept, or having been faithful, to the faith of Universalism, but we must ask the reader to consider how much more absurd would have been the quotation, had he cited it correctly! It would have rebuked the introduction of the figure of the murderer. Universalism prompts to no acts which would dim a crown of Righteousness. B.

Written for the Repository.

Song of the Sea Nymph.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

COME, mariner, down in the deep with me,
Where the coral banks are growing;
And glorious wonders I'll show to thee,
Far beneath where the tide is flowing.

Thou gazest with pride on the works of man,
Where the columned temple towers;
Come with me, and greater marvels scan
In the depths of the sea-green bowers.

Come down to the giant mountain's base,
To the nereid's mystic chamber;
Where sleep the loved of the human race,
On beds of choicest amber.

No lamp in those fret-work halls is seen,
No radiant lustres gleaming;
But rubies and pearls in their starry sheen,
O'er the couch of the dead are beaming.

There ocean-nymphs to soothe their rest,
Weave the symphonious numbers,
And delicate sea-weeds wave o'er their breast,
To curtain those peaceful slumbers.

There the wild tocsin never rings,
To wake their dreamless sleeping,
But myriad throngs of silvery wings,
Bright watch o'er the dead are keeping.

There, the deafening thunder's dreaded crash,
That bows heaven's mystic arches,
Is never heard; and the lightning's flash
O'er our pearl-gemm'd towers ne'er marches.

The song of the wildly moaning wave
In our bowers rings soft and holy;
And sweetly in many a ruby-lit cave
The echos are sighing lowly.

In our reedy saloons the anthem-tone
From many hued shells is ringing;
Glad strains to the upper realms unknown,
The bright sea-maids are singing.

There the wanderer rests in his sad career,
And the golden sands are his pillow;
And the requiem sounding above his bier,
Is the dirge of the roaring billow.

Come, for our bowers are bright with gems,
Though the waves roll chill and darkling;
And pearls that would grace earth's diadems,
In the dim sea-caves are sparkling.

Malone, N. Y.

Written for the Repository.

Sublimity of Thought.

I HAVE many times recalled a speech made by an eccentric clergyman in one of our conference meetings, in which he took occasion to remark with great enthusiasm, 'When I was a Calvinist, I could sing 'glory to God *high!*' and when I became an Arminian, I could exclaim, 'glory to God *higher!*' but when I became a Universalist, I could shout, 'glory to God in the *highest!*' — Since that time the speaker has became an Arminian or Calvinist, and as oft as I have recalled his speech, I have been made to feel that his mind has fallen from the loftiest height of sublimity of thought, and the grandest conceptions of the Deity are no more his. The terms high, higher, highest, as here used, do not imply degrees of distance in space, but sublimity of thought; as when we read, 'As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways *higher* than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.' Here ideas of space are used to illustrate sublimity of mind—loftiness of thought and comprehension. And well were the terms applied in the remark quoted, for it seems impossible that any mind should decide that sublime thoughts of God should be enjoyed by the mind that limits salvation, than are enjoyed by him who adores its universality. The *Calvinist* sees the Deity in the elevation of *Sovereignty*, scanning the universe of beings, electing and reprobating. According as the believer finds persuasives that incline him to increase the extent of the elected portion, the enthusiasm of his tone in exclaiming 'Glory to God *high!*' will increase. But his spirit is not satisfied—his heart yearns for a better vision, a more extended glory, and a lovelier amiability in the divine government. Thought bears him on, and he soars into a different atmosphere. The elements mould him till he is fashioned into an *Arminian;* he finds himself above what before was a wondrous height, and he sees God as a *Savior.* The clearer and clearer this vision dawns upon him, as cloud after cloud passes away, the more and more earnestly he ascribes 'Glory to God *higher!* There is a wonderful remove between the conceptions of the Deity he once deemed sublime, and those which now awake and direct his adoring powers. But still the progress of the spirit is not finished—the wings of thought have not developed their full strength, and the soul struggles as if bound. And bound it is. It looks out from its eyrie, and there are Alps above it, whose base throws broad shadows out far and wide. The soul is still restless, and pants and pants for freedom and strength to try another flight—to get out beyond the overhanging crags and soar to the highest peak visible. It pines not, but prays; it yields not to sloth, but labors; and lo! the wings move with a strange might! Out soars the bird of light, and up and on is its course, till, behold! it stands on the loftiest point, far above all that can intercept the vision in its glorious range. The heart expands as the mind enlarges, and God is seen as a *Universal Father!* As there the soul drinks in the breath of a higher life, every faculty is engrossed in the sublimity of the scenes revealed, and the shout rises louder and clearer, 'Glory to God in the *highest!*' It can go no further, for it is dwelling amid the sublimities—the moral grandeur of Universalism, and soon it is forced to add:

'Come then, expressive Silence!
Muse his praise.'

Is there any of the 'sophistry of zeal' in this exalting of our faith? I cannot discern it; but must still regard as one great excellence of our view of christianity, that it feeds man's love of

the grand and sublime, lifting the spirit up as nothing else can. When the advocates of a less extended and complete salvation, draw pictures of the future—of the glory of Christ and his conquests, to gratify this same love, it is like the frost work on our windows—beautiful indeed, but no true order, and the whole vanishing at a breath. They deny too soon the certainty of what they picture; and that which seemed to the people a beautiful vision of eternity, is removed away as a garnished door of a sepulchre. I recall this moment a testimony from my own experience. I listened one evening to a discourse from a minister of the Methodist order, which displayed considerable talent. He gave a glowing description of the love of God in the mission of his holy Son, and expatiated long and enthusiastically on the glorious effects of the 'unspeakable gift.' I wondered at the temerity of the preacher in advancing such clear Universalism, and marvelled what would the end thereof be. The congregation enjoyed it. Perfect silence pervaded the assembly, and the strictest attention was paid. The people seemed to be listening to 'good tidings of great joy,' and they felt, undoubtedly, a deep, personal interest in them. But there was a pause; the eagerness of the assembly continued, and they wanted the theme renewed. The preacher again broke the silence; and it seemed to me that a dark cloud had mysteriously entered the hall and spread the sudden gloom over the people, when the preacher uttered the words—'And *thus* the curse of Adam was rolled off, and mankind was placed in a salvable state!' O what a fall was there! all this eloquence had been spent in simply describing *an imaginary past*, not a certain and glorious future! What we had thought to be the breathings of a glad prophetical spirit, rejoicing in the mighty workings of Jehovah's grace, and the grand conquests of Redeeming Love, were but the shadows of the past gilded by human fancy. Did ever pictures on clouds—airy vapor, so deceive, or vanish so speedily! and whereas the exulting soul was ready to shout—'Glory to God in the highest!' it was suddenly let down from mount Pisgah, and plunged into one of the dark caverns of Jordan, fearful of the swelling floods and mighty winds. And there it must have dark thoughts, as there it thinks—God has not always loved man, for man was once *out* of a salvable state; and now that he is *in*, there is no certainty of benefit therefrom—there is no sure salvation!

We turn with joy to the great facts of God, and rejoice that it is written—'*God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.*' The love of God was the moving spring of the Redemption, and not an infinite sacrifice to a justice that could be *satisfied* with the sufferings and death of the innocent as fully, as by the punishment of the guilty. That love was tabernacled in Jesus, and he was 'full of grace and truth.' The infinitely varied operations of that 'grace and truth' were and are 'the ministry of reconciliation.' The field for that ministry is the world—all are its subjects for whom Christ died, and he 'tasted death for every man,' and God '*will* have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.' The effect thereof will be the reconciliation of all to God—no trespasses imputed to them, but all enjoying the freedom of pardoning and sanctifying grace, and progressing in the light and knowledge of a diviner life with angels and seraphim. Here is the sublimity of truth—the grandeur of the Gospel. Here is a consummation the glory of which transcends all other glory. Yea, nought is glorious that does not reflect some portion of this glory, as the dew-drop, the streamlet, the brook, the river, the sea, the ocean, borrow beauty in reflecting the light of the sun. As we gaze on the end, God is seen to have a purpose and life has a purpose; He would have a grateful creation, and we should serve him with gratitude. To *think* of Universal Salvation, is the first approach to true christian elevation; to *feel it*, is the next; but we must give it expression continuously in our lives, we must perpetually *act it*, in order to cultivate fully its spirit, appreciate its evidences, and enjoy its pleasures and consolations; and thus only can we in the truest manner ascribe 'glory to God in the highest!' B.

Written for the Repository.

The Conquest of Love.

'Ah, see that smile,—'tis like a dazzling beam
Of the bright sun upon a placid lake;
It gives to those expressive, dark gray eyes
A richer sparkle, and to that fine form
A more bewitching grace. But trust it not;
It covers dark designs, as flowers conceal
The fatal pit, and by their beauty oft
Allure to its dark entrance. Trust it not.'

So spake the faithful friend of Isabel
As Henry went, with slow and lingering step,
Forth from their presence. Gladdened was his heart
And light its beatings; the fond, gentle girl

Had given him the richness of her smiles,
Affection's tones, to lift its boundings up,
And all the treasures of her love,—sole wealth
Of woman's heart. But friendship's eye beheld
That she had been inclosed in serpent folds,
As if to her warm bosom she had pressed
The 'venomed snake, and joyed to feel its fangs.
As friendship ever pleads, so did the friend
Of that fair, trusting girl. She spoke of vows
Light-made and broken, and of winning smiles
Which while the gazer looked would turn to frowns,
Or with their treacherous beauty ruin her
On whom their well-feigned lustre fell. She spoke
Of follies that were wakened in his breast
By fortune's blinding beam, and intertwined
With filaments of pride, well rooted there,
Had bound it to the grossness of the earth.
Then of the sparkling goblet, filled to song,
And mirth and revelry, or quaffed by stealth
In private hours, where curious eyes were not.
She spoke with tears, and prayed that Isabel
On such unstable basis would not build
The costly structure of her happiness
And towering hopes, a temple for her heart,
And paint it o'er with fancy's favorite hues,
Lest its own weight should shake its narrow base,
And, like the castles dreamers build in air,
Its fall should crush the bold, rash architect.
'The ardent, deep devotion of thy soul
He values not; he holds thy trusting heart
That when he wearies of it he may toss,
With rude and careless hand, the gift away.
O, do not lay thy heart's rich offering
At a polluted shrine; on barren sands
Pour not the choice libation out, to sink
And run to waste in its unfruitful depths.'

Then proud, and lofty were the answering tones
That trembled on the lip of Isabel.
'If any but thyself, dear girl, had said
Detractive words of him, my tongue would deign
No answer to the charge, so foul and false;
And I would spurn the pressure of the arm
That feels my heart's quick beatings. None but thee
Should utter words like these, and yet repose
Her moistened cheek where thine rests now. To me
E'en now, dear friend, the moisture of thy lip
Seems like the traitor's, poisonous as warm.
But we will hush these cold, distrusting words,
Lest friendship's vigorous growth be rudely checked,
And all its beauty lost.'
With much less ease,
Indignant flashes from her restless eye
Did Isabel restrain. Alas! the pride
Of woman's heart, if friendship's finger throw
A shadow o'er the name engraven there;
On her one idol if a stain be placed.
Ah! woe for woman's trust!—how can she think
The fragrant softness of the breeze will rob
The glowing cheek it fans, of its fresh bloom?
When Henry spake of love so tenderly,
And lauded virtue's charms, a zealot warm,
And when his breath came on her lip, as pure
As the untainted infant's, could she dream
Of ill? What could she do but trust, and love,
And blindly worship? Nought could Isabel;
She could not force her heart to do ought else,
Or, with the proudest scorn, she would have cast,
As a foul, worthless thing, though loved and dear,
The tainted being from her path, with all
His soft, bewildering looks, and low-breathed tones,
That held her fettered soul a prisoner
In their resistless charm. She would have owned
The nameless fascinations that had bound
Her heart to his till they were one,—one thought,
One life, one joy, one hope of future bliss,
No more; she would have thrown them off, as chains
That wear the limbs of those in bondage held.
But woman trusts a smile; ay, and she will
Though death be in its beam. She trusts the eye
That looks in mute, unuttered fondness down
Into the holiest place within her heart,
And reads long hidden tales of sympathy.
So Isabel did trust; and vows were made,
Vows ne'er to be recalled.

Time passed away,
As oft he does, on light progressive wing;
And habits grew and strengthened, as they will
When we neglect to root them out; like weeds
Whose wild luxuriance robs a valued plant
Of proper nutriment. Then Henry held
O'er midnight wine and song, degrading watch;
He gathered thence disrelish for his home,
And unkind thoughts bestowed on Isabel,—
Thoughts in their very stealthiness that gave
Reality to his imaginings,
And turned to frost the solar ray of June.
Oh, death had been more welcome far to her,
Proud, humbled Isabel. Then burned her cheek,
As Clara's disregarded warning rung
Its trumpet notes in memory's startled ear,
Not disregarded now. Oh, how she loathed!
But 'twas in secret done; for, if the scales
Had fallen from her eyes, and she beheld,
Too late, her shame, she saw a path marked out
Through all her misery, of duty high;
She heard a voice: 'Walk here, and trust in me.'
When grief or anger swelled her breast, she turned
Unto its quiet soothings, and found peace,—
Peace that absolved the erring one, and changed
Her quick resentment into pitying,
Forbearing love. She studied pleasant looks,
And saved her smiles, and soft, persuasive words
For him whose wayward steps she would recall
From rough, unequal paths, that lead astray.
Oh! 'twas a holy sight to look upon
These silent, unobtrusive acts of love,
The noiseless brooding of its influence
Above the wanderer's way. Sin was abashed,
And dared not meet the clear, kind glance which fell,
From mercy's eye, into its lowest depths
Of hidden vileness. Better feelings came,
And, day by day, grew strong, as herbage grows,
With progress imperceptible, beneath
Soft dews, and gentle air, and constant sun.
Oh, these are heaven's agents,—so is love;
And love upon the human mind still works
Unceasing miracles; resistless power,
Omnipotent in its own potency.
It works unseen, unheard, unnoticed, too,
In mute, pathetic secrecy. Its choice
Is quiet conquest, and its gifts around
It sheds in still benevolence, like all
God's blessing ministers. Its strength is shown
By all its noiseless work, betokened well
In all its silent movings; and it bends,
Ay, by the force of its own mildness, bends
The haughty to its sway We gaze, and bow;
We feel but cannot see its power, and yield
The heart all sheathed in pride, and dark with hate.

Yes, 'ye shall reap, if ne'er your souls do faint,
A rich reward for all your trusting toil.'
And Isabel did not;—she did not faint.
What her reward?—ask thy own heart, thou wife,
Left to thy lonely vigils; it will tell,
Will tell thee how she felt when Henry sat
And wiped her tears once more, and hushed her fears,
And led her out upon earth's lovely spots,
And wooed the banished rose back to her cheek,
And saw her smile, again, her confidence
Into his face, and her eye speak the joy,
Unspoken else, that she had won him back
To friendship, duty, love and happiness.

Augusta, Me. MIMOSA.

A SMILE may break an angry man's frown.

Written for the Repository.

Day Dreaming.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

We are dreamers all! from the grey-haired old man, with his feet hastening to the grave, to the little child, with mimic sword and drum; from the bold and daring, the proud and haughty man, to the fair young maiden, around whose path but eighteen summers have scattered their flowers. We dream amid the slumbers of the night; we roam through fancy's domains; we leave the world behind us, and we awake and know 'twas but a dream,' an illusion, and it vanishes from our minds. And we dream too, amid the glare and bustle of day, and these dreams are oft as illusive and as visionary as our midnight ones; and yet, how we do cherish them, how we do let them take hold upon our hearts, and thus cheat ourselves with our own wild and high-wrought conceptions, and leave the *realities* of life, sweet though they may be, all neglected, and still dream on!

It is pleasant we know, at times to give wings to the imagination, to form fairy pictures of life, and to revel in the delights of a world of our own creation, bright, dazzling, and blissful. Yes, it is pleasant to indulge in these day-dreams, but yet it is hurtful to our capabilities of usefulness, and destructive at length to our real happiness, to give too much of our time to this employment.

Many there are at the present time, who are much given to day-dreaming. The politician dreams of party triumphs and high offices in state. The speculator has his golden dreams of riches, splendid houses and broad lands; the scholar has his dreams of fame; the maiden hers of love and happiness; and childhood, poring over its dull task, dreams of its play-grounds and its pleasant spots. And all this might be well enough, did we dream of nought but what was within the power of man; it would be well enough, *did these dreams but incite us on to necessary action;* but how often do we dream of what is not possible, or at least, not useful; and how often too, do we leave it to others of a less dreamy cast, to act and gain the wished for prize! We can all *theorize*, concerning great and good things, but we do not all practice.* We spend our strength in dreams.

But we need not resort to fancy, we need not seek in day-dreams alone for the bright, the glorious and the beautiful. If we but open our eyes and look around upon all the works of God, and his dealings with man, we shall see, in colors brighter than those of fancy, realities which far outshine the brightest dream of the poet, and manifestations of purer feeling than ever glowed in the fanciful brain of the novelist. Is there a brighter picture than the home of affection, where friend meets friend around the social hearth; or where the prayer ascends from grateful hearts, gathered around the family altar, to the God of all love? Is there a purer feeling than the love of a mother for her child, the father for his daughter, or the husband for his wife? Is there a deeper fount of happiness than that which gushes within the mother's heart, as she sees the child of her affections, the boy whom she has borne within her arm in infancy, going on in the strength of his manhood, in the path of usefulness and happiness? or the fond feelings of the father, as his daughter gently smooths his pathway to the tomb?

And yet, these are what we may see and feel every where around us, in the daily routine of life. They are not dreams nor fanciful sketches, but strong realities. There are bright pictures in life, blissful realities, though the loveliness of many a holy scene is veiled from the casual gazer and the impure. There are hours of happiness to be enjoyed, though they may be broken in upon by the fierce passions of men; and the heart may find in its own depths rich resources, when the outward is unattractive; and that this might be, there is mingled and interwoven with our earthly nature, some feelings of a heavenly character, and they shine forth amid the darkness that surrounds them, like bright stars amid the clouds of a midnight sky.

But to return to day-dreams. We are not placed upon the earth to dream, but to act. It was not dreaming that aided the progress of civilization amid the wild haunts of the Indian. It was not dreaming that felled the mighty forests, and formed the ships to plough the great deep, and carry the commerce of a world. It was

* Coleridge once called this day-dreaming 'mental robbery,' as it was the desire to possess without deserving—wishing the end and overleaping the means. 'Shouldn't you like to go to England in the Acadia?' asked a gentleman in my hearing, of a lady. 'I should like *to get there*, but I shouldn't like *the getting there*,' was the reply. Much envy and covetousness results from this—the desire to possess and enjoy, without a willingness to submit to the discipline necessary to attain to the desired good. We often apologize to ourselves for our want of energetic action and perseverance by attributing to 'good luck' in others what was purchased by these qualities. B.

not dreaming that aided the sons of liberty and raised the flag of freedom upon our own American shores. Neither was it dreaming that propelled the steam-car on its iron way, or the steam-ship across the broad Atlantic wave, and brought, as it were, the two hemispheres in communion. These were the results of disciplined thought—of the activity of mind, busy and wise with facts.

But all things have their uses, and among these are day-dreams. As the visions of the night in the course of things may come to pass, so may day-dreams. The poet has his day-dreams, and he may clothe them in their beautiful garb, and send them forth into the world, and they may perform their mission, and soothe many a sad heart and weary hour; and they may incite to virtue and usefulness. They may reach the heart which could not be softened by advice. With their sweet influence, they may touch some secret spring, or stir up some long-forgotten association, and the stubborn one may become a very child, and go forth into the world holier and better. But it was not dreaming alone that did this. Action must be employed, even as it was requisite that the healing waters of Bethesda should be moved, ere the sick could find benefit from the descent—the bath. Then let us remember that dreams alone are of no avail; they may be beneficial, if used aright, even as every other faculty which a good God hath given us. But let us not waste our time therein, nor dream all the day, but act while we have the power. Let no one give his time to this, when he should be employed upon the realities of life.

Let the minister, when he finds he is dreaming too long, arise and go forth among his flock, and enter into the realities of life. Let the statesman, when he dreams of party conquest, go on with an active heart and hand for the good of *the country*, not party. And when the mother dreams of beautiful beings and fairy lands, let her look into her own child's soft, starry eyes, and ask herself what is more beautiful? and plead of God for wisdom to preserve the loveliness of innocence.

N. T. M.

Charlestown, Mass.

Intercourse with mankind reveals true light.

Obey the calls of humanity, and move forward in the path of duty; look around you, and see if there are no sons of want, or daughters in distress, that need thy helping hand. O, 'tis a blessed act to minister to the needy!

Written for the Repository.

The Romance of Woman. No. 5.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

ABBASSA.

The name of Haroun Al Raschid is one of the most illustrious in the history of the ninth century. A pretty correct idea of his private habits can be gathered from the famous 'Arabian Night's Entertainments' in which he figures largely, either in person, or through the instrumentality of his grand vizier, Giafar the Barmecide. This same Giafar was distinguished for his bravery, his personal beauty, and his loyal adherence to the house of Abbas. With the caliph he was deservedly a great favorite; but this very partiality led to his subsequent misfortunes. Haroun had a sister, named Abbassa—'one of the loveliest of Arabian women, skilled in all the learning of her age.' A caprice entered his head with reference to her and Giafar, which he was determined to gratify. He wished to see together the two most beautiful beings he had ever met—the two who were dearest to him in all the world; but as Arabian customs forbade the unveiling of woman save to her husband's eyes, he could bring about his design only through their marriage. They were, however, expressly forbidden to meet except in his presence, under pain of his severest displeasure; for Giafar, though of illustrious birth, could never presume to unite the race of Barmec with the proud and royal house of Abbas. In Haroun's presence, therefore, they met; and at their first meeting, loved. The peculiarity of their situation increased their attachment, till at length they dared all hazards for the sake of love. Their meetings were discovered—Giafar was slain, his race exterminated, and the innocent and beautiful Abbassa sent into exile, where she soon after died in poverty and neglect.

Haroun Alraschid sat at meat
Within his palace hall;
And young Abbassa to his side
Had hastened at his call.
Her veil was lifted from her brow,
She came, a blushing bride,
To meet her husband's first fond glance—
The valiant Barmecide.

A timid smile was on her lips,
Soft beamed her hazel eye,
And, trembling, from her gentle heart
Escaped a tell-tale sigh;
But far more beautiful than love,
Which *every* heart can feel,
Was the placid meekness of her brow
Where *thought* had set its seal.

And thus to meet, and *only* thus,
'Neath Haroun's jealous gaze;
Ah Giafar! 'tis a fearful thing
To meet her eyes' soft rays;
Fearful indeed for thee to feel
The influence of her mind,
And worship loveliness and grace
To which thou shouldst be blind!

And thou, Abbassa! what to thee
Are love's deluding dreams?
Thy Giafar may not walk with thee
By Bagdad's ancient streams.
Forbidden e'er to meet thy smile
Save 'neath the caliph's eye,
Twere better thou shouldst quell thy heart,
'And, conquering thus,—to die!

Nay, listen not to Hope's sweet voice—
She sings delusive songs;
The joy that she hath promised thee
To *happier* love belongs.
Go read the poet's thrilling page,
Or wake the lute's soft strains;
In these, alone, for thee, young bride,
The hope of peace remains.

And thou of Barmec's loyal race,
Thou young, and brave, and good,
Thou who at Haroun's own right hand
In valiant fight hast stood;
What now to thee are place and power,
Since at thy monarch's whim,
Thy heart must yield its gentle hopes,
And life and love grow dim?

Ye fated and ye beautiful,
Life's cup is not *all* bliss;
The sparkles round its gilded brim
Are dregged with bitterness;
And ye will learn, too sadly learn,
The anguish and the strife
That poison at their purest springs
The streams of human life.

Ay, ye will learn what all must learn,
Who dream of human bliss—
That the glory of the upper world
Can only *dawn* on this;
For clouds o'ershadow with their wings
The sunshine of the heart,
And hopes that seem all fraught with life,
Are earliest to depart.

'Tis well!—We thank thee, holy One!
For every broken tie;
For when our dearest hopes are fled,
'Tis easier, then, to die.
Scourged at the heart, and faint with grief,
We murmur for release;
Our woes have brought us to thy feet—
Oh Father! Give us peace!

Written for the Repository.

Dangers of Marriage.

I AM aware that my theme will be regarded as a very unattractive one, but though unattractive, it may be made useful; for among all the perils to which the young are exposed, there is none that demands our attention more than those of improper marriage. Strange indeed is it, that parents and friends show so little anxiety on this subject. Were I to say that force should be used to prevent a young person from keeping company with the object of his choice, I might well deserve to fall under the censure of all liberal minds: and were I to give to *all* parents, and all elderly friends, the credit of possessing more judgment than the young candidates for marriage, I should betray gross ignorance of the world. He whose chief love is for wealth, cannot be able to discern the cause of his daughter's preferment, when she gives her heart to a young man of real worth, who has his fortune to make, and rejects a wealthy suitor, whose claims may seem to him to be far greater. But it is the good fortune of some young persons to possess candid, liberal, and enlightened friends. These friends are chary of their advice, in proportion as they are qualified to advise discreetly. They are fearful of exhibiting a meddling or inquisitive spirit, on such occasions: and this arises from the fact that they have not sufficiently examined the subject of love and marriage. To a young person in love, the object appears altogether lovely; and hence arises a belief that no other individual could make him happy. Often as experience has exploded this notion, it is entertained, and will probably continue to be entertained, by those who have yielded to the engrossing influence of first love. Many a person who has seen one of the opposite sex but once or twice, and feels convinced that longer acquaintance would have ripened into love, becomes attached to another and a very different individual, and is soon heard to say that he or she is necessary to their happiness. Any person who could give credit to such an assertion, made under such circumstances, would believe anything. 'We were made for each other,' is the frequent declaration of individuals, who could have become quite as strongly attached to thousands of others, had they fallen in with them.

Young people of opposite sexes often form an attachment for each other on account of some similarity in their views and sentiments, and this they proudly term, *mental love*. After they have passed several years together, in the indissoluble bonds of wedlock, they discover that the *similarity* of mind which decided their fate, exists only on certain subjects: and that, in all other respects, they are as unlike as the statue of Minerva and the pedestal which supports it. But this they did not discover during courtship, because then the points of resemblance between them engaged their whole attention, and all their con-

versation turned upon those subjects in which they were mutually interested. It may be illustrated by two travelers who fall in with one another on the public road, when they soon discover that they are both acquainted with one man who resides in the city whither they are bound. This simple fact gives rise to conversation, and establishes a certain degree of intimacy between them. As this is a theme in which both feel equally interested, they converse principally about their mutual acquaintance, his family, his business, and his prospects: but, having arrived at their journey's end, they go, each one to his respective place; and although they may often meet each other in the street, yet there is no unity of pursuit or of sentiment to render a renewal of their acquaintance desirable.

It often happens that a young lady's friends express their surprise on seeing her united to some man, destitute both of personal and mental graces, and altogether unsuitable for her. A moment's reflection would convince them that the infatuation of love might easily account for her strange procedure. Some trifling peculiarity in the man attracted her fancy, and then all was lost. One grace or virtue sanctified all his deformities; even as a handful of bold men gaining access to a besieged city, may throw open its gates and let in the whole enemy. Had reason's voice been heard, this would not have happened. But the fire of love being kindled, though at but one corner of the mansion, will inevitably envelope the whole building, unless vigorous and prompt measures are taken to extinguish it. And where is the cure for love when it has fairly established itself in the heart? Nothing short of matrimony will heal the distemper, and that 'remedy is worse than the disease.'

Think not that I am endeavoring to decry marriage. The unwedded portion of my female readers would hardly thank me for doing so. It would be like putting an extinguisher on the brightest star of their morning. It would be a piece of cruelty worthy only of a Caligula. I am only trying to persuade the youth of both sexes, that great circumspection is necessary, in choosing a partner for life—that they should be satisfied with *all*, or the balance of the characteristics of the person whom they wed. Methinks I hear some lisping damsel say, "In that case, who would get married?' I have but one answer to make, Then remain single forever. Far better is it to continue alone and independent, than to unite your destiny with one whom you do not sincerely respect; and one ounce of *respect* is worth a ton of *love*. Rational respect is like the sea-coal, which neither snaps nor flashes, but keeps the room of a consistent temperature, until the hour for repose arrives; while love, without respect, is like the crackling thorns which blaze up brightly for a moment, and then crumble to ashes. The dread of remaining single has been fatal to the happiness of many a charming bud of loveliness. I candidly believe that a good old maid is one of the happiest creatures alive. I entertain great respect for worthy women who have had sufficient firmness to escape the snares of mercenary or vapid wife-hunters, and who fear not the sneers of thoughtless fashionables. Thankful may they be for their escape from a world of care, anxiety, and cruel bondage. They have had leisure to improve their minds; they have dared to form opinions without asking permission of a *master;* they are not afraid to say that their souls are their own. Often, when contemplating the serene and independent life led by these daughters of freedom, whose ministry is of the most amiable character, and who are welcome in every home, I have felt and mourned the injustice of much sneering and mockery vented against the old maid.

Written for the Repository.

On the Picture of a Child at Evening Prayer.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

Oh! fair are the golden sunset rays,
When they fall at eve o'er glassy bays;
And fair are the cots, and hedge-rows green,
That, mirrored far in the depths, are seen;
But oh! there's no sight so fair to see,
As sinless childhood's bended knee.

Sweet is the breath of the joyous Spring,
When it wakes the flowers, and streamlets sing;
And sweet are the turtle's mournful notes
As the lulling sound on the night air floats;
But oh! there's no voice on the viewless air,
So sweet as childhood's, raised in prayer.

Yet, wherefore pray—sweet, joyous child!
No sorrow is thine—no passions wild
Have swept o'er thy soul; no withering grief,
Has plucked from life's rose one festal leaf;
Thy sunny brow is unshadowed by care,
Oh! why is thy young head bowed in prayer?

Why! Oh! pray for strength,—for power to bear
Thy woman's lot; unyielding to wear
The mask of joy with a breaking heart,
And smile through all, tho' the life-cords part;
To mark each vision of youth decay,
As shadows flit o'er the hills away.

Yes, pray! for free as the wild bird's song
Are thy orisons now; no blighting wrong
Now fetters the breath of thy vespers, given
In undimmed purity unto Heaven;
Oh! blessed art thou in thy happy days,
To be taught to lisp thy Maker's praise.

Yes—kneel and pray! for no sound of earth,
No fairy scene to which spring gives birth,
In life's dark days shall possess such power
As the prayer of thy childhood's vesper hour;
Earth's brightness may fade, but this still will be,
Greenness and beauty, and song to thee. C. W. H.

Boston, Jan. 11, 1842.

Written for the Repository.

Zeal for Christ.

It is frequently urged against the doctrine of Universalism, by its opponents, that it affords no motives for zeal in the cause of religion. We are informed, that if all men are to be saved, we need give ourselves no trouble about virtue or vice, righteousness or unrighteousness; for that, do what we may, we can neither make anything better or worse—that all is fixed and decided, and we might as well sin on until death, enjoy the delights of wickedness, and then take our stand among the ranks of the beatified, in the day of resurrection. We know not what superiority the system professed by the believers in partial salvation may have, in this respect, over ours. We know not what greater motives for zeal in doing honor to God, they can render, than those which influence us. Will they pretend that the dread of an endless hell is calculated to inspire men with stronger devotion to the cause of Christ? Will they say that the prospective torments of the greater part of the human race are calculated to kindle our love for the Being who devotes them to destruction? Such appears to be the theory of our opponents.

But if there be anything in gratitude, if there be anything lovely in mercy and benevolence, if there be any reason for promulgating doctrines which are calculated to do God the highest honor, and to produce peace, good will, virtue, and happiness on earth, then indeed has the Universalist more cause than any other man that we know of, to go forth and proclaim that a Savior has risen, and that God is the Savior of all mankind. His zeal has its spring in love to God and man, and its object is the awakening of a kindred spirit in others, a spirit from which all goodness issues.

The best business to follow, is each one's own.

Written for the Repository.

Romance and Reason.

A dear sister friend, in one of her letters, writes: 'You say some good things about Romance and Reason, a very pretty alliteration, by the way. Perhaps you deem, that in the indulgence of the former, I throw the latter to the winds. It may be so, yet *if* it be, it is no longer properly *romance*, but idle folly; since romance, in the true acceptation of the term, is but the unsealing of the tenderest affections of the heart, by the acute touch of the very finest and most divine perceptions. It is the union of the most refined capacities of the mind and heart. Romance is to reason what the spirit is to its embodiment—giving it life, sensibility, and grace; and therefore, the stronger and more vigorous the reason, the healthier will be the action, and the more powerful will be the developments of the spirit that refines it.'

And now, reader, what do you think of that plea for Romance? To my mind it appeals with the force of justice, and I love Romance more than ever. It has always been the sun that spreads a roseate blush on the snowy hills, giving a smile of warmth to the glittering frost; and that tinges with the delicatest pencillings the infinite variety of flowers and fruit—each in its season. And yet it takes nothing from the strength of what should be strong, nor does it diminish the attributes of usefulness in that which should be useful. Romance is the eye for the beautiful, the heart for the affectionate, the spirit for the religious. It will not permit the soul it tenants to look on the outward, and be content with the visible, but breaks for it the spell of sense, and shows behind the rent veil the glories of the inner world. It is like Christ's power in the miracles. Men were betrayed by the steady uniformity of nature's laws, by the eternal silence of the infinity of stars. They forgot and forget the living Spirit, above the wheel within wheel vision, and his almightiness. But the miracles shew and show, that behind all these was and is a living and all-controlling Force; and as men saw and see these mighty works of Jesus, the wheels flash out light, the parted clouds let through the glory of the Unapproachable, and ten thousand voices break the awful silence, and speak and sing of God! Romance now works such miracles. It will not let the mind stop at 'the mount that may be touched,' but urges the soul on un-

scathed through the fire and tempest. It will not let the heart sleep, while Jesus is transfigured before it; nor turn away in terror when the vail of the temple is rent; nor despair at the largeness of the sealing stone at the door of the sepulchre. It is the angel of the resurrection; it is Christ meeting Mary in the garden; it is the heavenly messenger on Olivet, speaking of the ascended Lord. It leads captivity captive, and gives gifts unto men, revealing the powers of the world to come.

When the imagination greatly predominates over the judgment, when eccentricities of character prove the little sway which right reason has in the mental kingdom, use is made of the term Romantic to designate the character. When the young lady neglects the duties of a useful ministry at home, giving her time to gypsying, and her thoughts to Utopian schemes, conversing in a tongue fit only for fairies, and expressing wishes that become none but dreamers,—it is said of her, as sufficiently descriptive, 'she is romantic.' And so it is said of her who dwells by herself, in melancholy separation from her kindred, in their home, and whose one apology for the silence of her thoughts, and her aversion to any confidant, is, 'they cannot understand me.' Such are not, by our sister's definition, romantic, but *foolish*. The imagination runs riot, and there is no balance of character. They do not live among the really Beautiful and Spiritual; for they feel not, and do not appreciate the beautiful in humanity, affection, home; nor do they recognize the spiritual ties of devotion to human wants, of self-sacrifice, and communion of heart with heart, while sympathies are gushing and flowing, like the waters of a fountain whose streams call up verdant things to a happy existence, and mingle music with the melodies of bird and wind.

Romance and Reason are twin sister and brother. The smiles of each are made lovelier and warmer by the reflection of the other's. The one might become too volatile, were it not for the sedateness of the other; and reason might become too stern and frigid, were it not for his sister's winning sweetness and amiability. They teach each other. Together they look out on the visible works of God, and talk of the invisible. They believe earthly things, and Jesus tells them of heavenly. And as they listen and believe, earth reflects more of the light of its Maker, and they use and improve the good of the world, without abusing it, remembering that its fashion passeth away. They look for a better world, and for fashions of immortal loveliness and fitness, where the beautiful, the affectionate, and the spiritual will have sovereign and universal sway. B.

Written for the Repository.

A Lesson for the Sorrowing.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THERE is sadness in thy heart, Enrique; for the young flower of thy hope hath perished. The light hath gone out upon the altar, and the vestal that guarded it hath vanished. The smoke from the dying embers hath darkened the dome of the temple through which thou gazest upon heaven, and thou believest there are no stars there, and that even Orion, the glorious, hath veiled his face from mortal eyes. Come forth with me, young mourner, where the light is breaking upon the hill-tops. There is a sublime promise written upon the brow of the morning, which, if thou wilt read it aright, shall strengthen and sustain thee through a long and lonely pilgrimage.

Canst thou not read the handwriting of God? Where it is traced in the green valleys, and the blue streams, and the bright cascades, there canst thou discern and understand; knowest thou not also the language of that bleak old rock, and the voice of the thundering cataract?

Hush, Enrique—there is the low bleat of the poor ewe, whose lamb has been slaughtered for the food of man. What discerneth *she* of the goodness of God in the loss of the little innocent that gambolled at her side, and for whom she scented out the sweetest daisies, and the freshest of the white spring-clover? Thy heart is not the only one that has been bereft, my gentle friend. Even now, from the bosom of that magnificent old elm, saileth forth on the rosy air of morning a minstrel whose song was ever sweetest beside our streams, and earliest at our cottage door. Silently now she quenches her music in her heart, for the voice that rose in concert with hers to heaven is lost in the stillness of death. She feeds her young *alone;* and thinkest thou, dear Enrique, that her simple thought can comprehend the mystery of death? She finds that the green bough is a solitude, and that the bright wing that sheltered 'the nursing nest,' returneth no more from its long and weary flight; yet, verily, she understandeth not why *this* should

be the recompense of her morning praise, and the meed of her kind and faithful love.

Art thou like that bird, my friend? Hath never a hand unfolded to thee the veiled beauties of thy grief, or drawn aside the covering that envelopes the mysteries of the tomb? Too long hast thou dwelt in the shadow of thy desolated sanctuary. Thou hast not yet studied the universal heart of nature, on whose chords are continually vibrating the varied touches of God's own finger—its music now swelling forth in deep and solemn strains, or cleaving the vault of heaven with its piercing sweetness; and now lingering within its very fibres in tremblings of unappeasable anguish and despair.

The human soul has many a lesson to learn of other sorrows than its own, ere it can put on the armor of one who is resolute to conquer and to save. Hast thou never yet learned that the most beautiful results of Divine Providence are achieved through suffering? Did it never enter into the perceptions of thy philosophy that throughout all animated nature, both in times past and present, pain and grief have been blended in almost equal degrees with the principles of life and enjoyment? Everything suffers loss and privation. Everything is touched with infirmity. Annually the tree sheddeth its wealth of leaves, and annually the dumb brute bringeth forth its loved ones for the slaughter. Even the merry stream at our feet, that singeth songs of gladness through the cloudiest days and the darkest nights, perishes beneath the burning heats of our glorious mid-summer; and the sweet flowers that are fed upon its waters die idly upon its brink, unsanctified by the baptism that fell upon their infant heads, and called them into glad and beautiful being.

And what Enrique, is the true reading of these mysteries? Is not *the love of God* the only key to the ordainings of Divine Wisdom, be they administered in sorrow or in joy—in blessings or in privations? Shall we then turn back because there are clouds overspreading our pathway? Shall we shrink from the forked lightning that darts around our heads, or cower beneath the crash of the thunder that shakes the earth at our feet? No, Enrique, rather let us wrap the mantles of our faith closer around our hearts, and with calm brows and firm steps, go on steadfast alike to victory or to death!

But I have said that there is promise in the morning—a sublime promise which extends like a rainbow across the heavens, and spans the earth with sunbeams. At this hour, thou sorrowing child of God, rose thy Redeemer from the arms of death. The angels came down from heaven, and sat at the side of the empty tomb that they might proclaim to his mourning friends the sublime truth—'*He is risen!* He is not here!'

'The Grave, betrayed, with trembling hand,
Unlocks its iron door,
And lo, oh God! *Thy Son* comes forth,
And lives forevermore!'

If thou art sad, dear Enrique, with *this* at thy heart, what wouldst thou have been had the grave never restored one captive back to life; if all who have tasted death, had mouldered forever into dust; if from the tomb no voice had spoken, and given us the assurance that we shall all yet live again in a purer and happier being than this? Like the brute that moans for its dead—nay, a thousand fold *more* hopeless wert thou, Enrique, in thy memory of her who hath passed, so suddenly from the light and gladness of life to the silence and the coldness of the grave.

I do not bid thee fill up the place in thy heart which she has left vacant. It is a green spot in the desert of thy life, into which the wild beasts of passion have never entered, and where the burning winds become balmy and refreshing, that they may sweep over thine after life with a less oppressive power. But Oh Enrique! into this beautiful oasis not *all* thy thoughts should be gathered; here should they not *forever* linger, for the waste is before thee, which thou must make glad for others. There must thou plant the roses and unseal the fountains; thither woo the singing birds and sportive fawns; and thus people for those who follow thee, an isle of beauty in the place that hath been ever to thee a wilderness of sorrows and of trials. And shall not the rose that thou plantest for another yield its fragrance also to thee? and shall not the fountain thou unsealest for those who follow, gush forth also at THY feet; and wilt thou not thus in thy very labors be continually blest? Return not then to thy desolate sanctuary, but make the whole world a sanctuary, and the great heart of humanity an altar on which thou shalt lay thy daily offerings, that they may breathe eternal incense unto heaven.

S. C. E.

GIVE, sister! to the lonely orphan, a portion of thy abundance, and bless the needy stranger.

Written for the Repository.

Sonnet. Where shall we Pray?

Go FORTH and worship: but not where
The crowds assemble in their pomp and pride;
Go in the free and joyous air
To some lone glen, or on some mountain side.

Go kneel upon the sea-beat shore;
Go stand beneath some dark and solemn wood;
Go where the stars are bending o'er
The spot on which some ancient city stood.

Go in the dead and hush of night,
When all but winds and waves are still;
Go when the first pure morning light
Comes flowing down o'er plain and hill.
These are the places and the times for prayer,
And all we ask for will be granted there. D. B. H.

Written for the Repository.

Prayer, its Times and Subjects. No. 2.

OUR Savior should be the pattern for us to follow in all the duties of a christian life. And from what is recorded of him, it seems that he had no set times for prayer, but that he unburdened his thoughts to his God and Father, whenever and wherever his mind was thus disposed. He prayed when night's sable pall had mantled the earth in her darkness, when there was no human eye to see or ear to hear. He prayed at the morning dawn, and when the evening shades gathered around, when contemplating God as manifest in his Providence, when in silent and lonely meditation upon his condition, and the great work he came to perform. He prayed when with his disciples and for them, when his mind was burdened and weighed down with heaviness, as on the night before his betrayal, in the garden of Gethsemane.

He prayed when in deep distress and anguish of soul, as upon the cross, when he breathed forth his last breath in a fervent petition for his persecuting enemies, saying, "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*"

In all places, and at all times, when his soul was filled with emotion, he prayed and poured forth his thoughts in mighty accents of gratitude to God, expressing entire confidence in him.

And so we ought to pursue the same course with regard to our private and social devotions. It is proper for us, yea, it is our duty to commune with God in secret, and there, in the silence and solemnity of the place, to ask for the forgiveness of our sins, and for wisdom to carry out every noble purpose we have formed. Prayer is proper, and a duty at the family altar, when the little circle are gathered to offer up their evening or morning sacrifice to their benevolent Creator for the rich blessings of life.

Prayer is proper, and it gives us relief when in trouble, when we are oppressed in feeling, and desponding in spirits. Prayer should be offered at the bed-side of the sick and dying, when dissolving nature is about yielding up its spirit to the being who gave it, and then to point the eye of faith far beyond the gloomy vale of death, to that bright spirit land, where kindred never part nor grieve, for death and sorrow find no place there.

The humble and believing christian often feels like pouring out before his God that praise which is due to him alone, when he sees this beautiful world in its glory fitted up for his habitation—when he contemplates him as revealed in his providence and in his word. Such reflections call upon his soul to praise him, and he involuntarily obeys. And such is the nature of the mind, that it would be extremely unhappy were it debarred the privilege of thus expressing its thoughts to our great benefactor.

And it is such a prayer and none other, that is acceptable to God, or that does us any good. He who feels this spirit of prayer burning in his bosom and sends up his thoughts and desires on high, will find a holy joy and a sacred fire kindled up in the soul. It matters not whether he be a Jew, a Mahommedan, a Pagan, or a Christian, if the heart is prepared for God's spirit to dwell in it, he will find a sacred pleasure in prayer.

But we will pass to consider *the most proper subjects of prayer*, or in other words, *for what had we ought to pray?*

The answer to this question may be found in our Lord's prayer, in which we find the principal subjects upon which we should dwell, and for which we should ask in our petitions.

We suppose that he did not design it to be repeated word for word at all times and on all occasions, as the prayers of liturgies are, but rather that it should be the pattern for his disciples to follow. The subjects of this prayer are so familiar to all, and so generally understood, that they need not here be repeated. All, however, who have given the Lord's prayer much consideration, must have discovered, that its simplicity and sublimity, its conciseness and yet its comprehensiveness—the spirit of devotion and reconciliation which it breathes, at once show, that it is not only the best form of prayer, but that

it was conceived by a mind truly filled with divine love and heavenly light. There is nothing in it dictatorial, nothing but pure benevolence and divine illumination. Bishop Proteus says, 'this prayer stands unrivalled, in every circumstance that constitutes the perfection of prayer, and the excellency of that species of composition. It is concise, it is perspicuous, it is solemn, it is comprehensive, it is adapted to all ranks, conditions, and classes of men, it fixes our thoughts on a few great and important points, and impresses on our minds a deep sense of the goodness and the greatness of that Almighty Being to whom it is addressed.' S. P. L.

Worcester, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Benefits of Christianity and the Study of the Bible.

The book, which contains the revelation of the principles of religion, is of such a character, as not only to encourage an acquaintance with the liberal sciences, but to render it absolutely necessary. Nearly every people, in whatever age, or whatever may have been their religion,—if they have had any knowledge of letters,—have had these sacred books. These books have been deemed worthy of perusal, and a diligent examination. They have exerted an influence corresponding to their character, not only on the moral, but the intellectual condition of the people. To christians, the Bible is the sacred repository of religious truth. It is more generally circulated than any other book. Its deep recesses of wisdom and knowledge are explored, with an ardor and perseverance unknown in any other department of literature. But the Bible is not a dry detail of speculative theories, and didactic precepts. It embraces a great variety of most interesting facts. We find, on almost every page, references to the history, language, manners and customs of the nations celebrated in classic story. The student of the Bible finds his path winding along over the fertile fields of Judea, the plains of Chaldea, and the land of the Nile. He sees, rising in splendid magnificence before him, Jerusalem, Babylon, Ninevah and Tyre. The empires of Sesostris, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander, and Cæsar, pass in review before him. He is introduced to an acquaintance with the Jews and the Samaritans; the Egyptians and Assyrians; the Medes and the Persians; the Greeks and the Romans. The most important facts of biblical history are intimately connected with the history of these ancient people; and the most essential doctrines of revelation are illustrated by numerous allusions to their laws, manners and customs. It thence becomes matter, not merely of curiosity, but of necessity, that those who would thoroughly understand the Bible should become acquainted with the history of the ancient world.

And how much has this department of knowledge been extended by its connection with the Bible. What fountains of information, concealed under the accumulated rubbish of ages, have been discovered by the researches of biblical students, and opened, and purified, and made to flow in innumerable channels, accessible to all ranks of society. In this way, an incredible amount of knowledge, deeply interesting, and well calculated to enlarge the conceptions, and promote the improvement of the mind, is brought within the reach, not only of the learned, but of all orders of society where the Bible is read. Had it not been for the influence of christianity, what should we have known respecting the East? What vestiges of her ancient kingdoms; her splendid cities; her millions of inhabitants, and their curiously interesting customs, could now be traced? Did not christianity throw an enchanting interest around Palestine, and the adjacent countries, who of the moderns would have gone there to explore her desolate coasts, and to unlock her hidden stores of long forgotten legends? The inspired writers in illustrating their doctrines, have brought in requisition every science, and every art, known in their age of the world. The physical sciences,—so far as they were understood;—the science of morals and law; the usages of commerce; the implements of agriculture; the science of architecture, from the rude tent to the splendid temple; all the variety of mechanic arts; with many of the fine arts, are brought to view. We meet music and poetry on almost every page;—poetry full of passion and sublimity;—poetry abounding in the most brilliant imagery;—poetry that touches the deep feelings of the soul,—that sets vibrating every string of the human heart,—that kindles up in the human mind a fire, quickening every faculty with electric energy. How rich a treasure of literature is contained in this book of books. Here are mines inexhaustible, and open to all. Here grows the tree of knowledge, bringing life

to those who taste its fruits. Here is, for the inquiring mind, a paradise of knowledge, guarded by no flaming sword, but opening its gates alike to all who approach; inviting them to come in; and presenting before them an entrance into every department of inquiry, which can please and interest intelligent minds. Strike from the memory of man the knowledge which can be legitimately traced to the influence of the Bible, and you would inflict, on the cause of literature, a calamity far greater than it suffered by the burning of the Alexandrian Library.

That christianity does exert these influences, will be evident to any one who will examine facts. Where do we find the most general diffusion of knowledge, and the highest degree of intellectual improvement? Is it not where christianity the most triumphantly prevails? What do heathen countries exhibit, but a barren waste, an intellectual desert? No ray of light penetrates the thick clouds of darkness which hang fearfully over the land. In vain may genius spread her wings, and attempt to rise. Superstition palsies her nerves. In vain may mind struggle for freedom; superstition binds her in chains. Go, survey the world, look at those countries on which falls no ray of light from the sun of righteousness. Look at Persia, Arabia, and Turkey, countries on which the *waning crescent* of Mahomet sheds her feeble rays. And as you cast your eye over these desolate regions, you may be reminded, that they were once in natural advantages the fairest portions of the earth. Here are splendid cities famous in ancient records. Here are centres of intellectual light, sending rays in every direction. Here the primitive apostles of Jesus first preached the doctrines of christianity and established churches. But Mahomedanism, like the pestiferous wind from Arabia's desert, has swept over the whole land, carrying intellectual death, wherever her poisonous principles are inhaled. Science has departed; literature is no more; the arts have perished; and the human mind has become the scene of devastation. Pass on to India, a country distinguished for natural resources; here too the intellectual prospect is cheerless and gloomy—the inhabitants are slaves to a most cruel and degrading superstition. In their intellectual character, they are scarcely elevated above the standard of the brute, into which they expect to be transformed after death. Visit Africa, survey the whole extent of that quarter of the globe; with Bruce, follow the Nile to its source; with Lander, visit the numerous and populous kingdoms on the banks of the Niger. See the embodied personification of mental degradation and superstitious ignorance. Go to the islands of the Indian and Southern Oceans; penetrate the North American forests; see the ferocity of disposition, and the dwarfishness of intellect. Every where, beyond the influence of christianity, the intellect is prostrated. The fabric of mind, in better days so splendid, lies all in ruins. Around you is a scene of dreariness and gloom; a desert, to which Sahara is a paradise. Not even a withered leaf from the tree of knowledge, can be discovered. Look again at christian countries—especially at England and America, where the purest forms of christianity prevail; look at our own New England; a land settled by christians, for the express purpose of carrying into full and unrestrained effect the principles of their religion. Here you may see the beauty, the grandeur, the power, the glory of *mind*.

To the brilliant age of the apostles and fathers of the christian church, there succeeded one of darkness. The morning rendered glorious by the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, was interrupted by an unnatural night, a long and cheerless night of a thousand years. Yet a few bright stars of the first magnitude occasionally broke the gloom, and sent a cheering ray across the horizon. If, like the wise men of the East, on the auspicious eve of the Savior's birth, we follow these stars, they will lead us to the bosom of the christian church. The world was then a barren desert, like the sandy wastes of Arabia. Yet now and then might be found a little oasis, watered by the tears of Christian piety, and embellished with beauty and verdure.

We now come to the period when the clouds and darkness suddenly gave way, and the Sun of righteousness burst in meridian splendor on an astonished world. Aided by Luther and his coadjutors, christianity burst the iron tomb of superstition and error, rose in her might, clothed herself in primeval beauty, and came forth the admiration of the world. The mind, simultaneously awakened from its long sleep of a thousand years, received a stimulus which urged it on through every department of knowledge. The fruits of intellectual enterprize soon appeared, in the discovery of the circulation of the blood, by which the science of human life was wonderfully improved,—of the making of paper, and of the art of printing, by which the means

of knowledge were indefinitely extended, of the mariner's compass, by which a new world was raised from the wastes of the western ocean,—and of the telescope, by which were brought to the view of mortals whole systems of worlds, of which the imagination of man had never dreamed. Urged on by its newly acquired impulse, and aided by its preliminary discoveries, the mind seized in its powerful grasp, and reduced to the obedience of established laws, the most wild and ungovernable phenomena of nature. It subdued the elements and took the lightning from the clouds. But it stopt not here. It aspired to a higher sphere. Leaving the borders of its native earth, it visited the moon, measured her mountains, gave her laws, and called her to account for the slightest irregularity. Onward it goes. Jupiter, buried beneath a shoreless ocean, and accompanied by moons, yields to its authority. Saturn, the exiled monarch, is brought under law. Uranus, on the very suburbs of the system, pursuing his way alone through the fields of space, was not permitted to make his journey unmolested, but is compelled to yield. The wandering comet, making its eccentric path through the illimitable ocean of space, to the more distant frontiers of the universe, is sought out in its obscure hiding-place, and ordered back in a specified time. The complete subjugation of the whole solar system was not enough. The dominion of mind extended farther. It asserted its authority over other systems. Its piercing eye detected the most distant star. It arranged the countless systems of worlds in regular order; reduced them all to uniform laws; and secured perfect harmony and implicit obedience. To these worlds, circle after circle, in concentric order, to infinity, the mind gave atmospheres, and seas, and skies, refreshing showers, and reviving sun-shine, seasons, flowers, and fruits, and peopled them with happy inhabitants.

The light which burst at that period upon the world, has never been obscured. Luminary after luminary has arisen. As one after another, shining brighter and brighter to the last, has gone down in glory behind the curtains of eternity, hosts of others have arisen, until the whole firmament is in a blaze. Sons of the church, votaries of science, benefactors of mankind! your names are enrolled in the annals of fame, in blazing letters of eternal light, for the admiration of the human race. L. J. A.

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Bow Brook.

[Inscribed to my friend S. C. E. of Shirley Village.]

THERE's a lovely dell where a graceful stream
Is gliding as bright as a poet's dream;
Now tranquil and still among leaves and flowers
It sleeps through the long, soft summer hours;
Then up, and away, till the calm, blue sky
Looks down where its cradled pebbles lie,
And the sunbeam touches its tiny sand,
Till it gleams like a gem from the fairy land.

There the delicate sweet-briar leans to lave
Her fair, meek face in the silvery wave;
And the wild-vine is weaving her starry crown;
And the celandine throws her gold-drops down;
There the cardinal-flower lifts her head in pride,
As her bright cheek glows in the mirror-tide;
And the beautiful things of the woodland lone
Still follow the path of their roaming one.

But there!—They have given an artist's hand
To the free glad stream of the forest land,
And chained to the noise of the busy loom,
It toils in the factory's dinning gloom;
But its thraldom is o'er; away! away!
Where the sunbeams smile, and the soft winds play,
Again it is singing its wild-wood song,
As it flashes in leaping joy along!

List! list! for those waves to the musing ear
Have spirit-like voices distinct and clear;
There's one speaks of hope, and one tells the tale
Of the young heart's dismay when its gay dreams fail,
And one from the past bids its phantoms appear,
Bringing life's *last*, and its *beautiful* near,
And one with a solemn, yet lifting moan,
Is breathing of faith in each trustful tone.

And many an earthlier minstrel there
Flings soft, sweet sounds on the summer air,
And 'tis well that its fragrant hush be stirred
By the gentle voices of bee and bird,
And the insect, whose low, monotonous sound
Accords with the harmonies floating round,
For the pure in soul, and the rich in mind,
A home by those radiant waters find.

Beautiful stream! We are hastening like thee
To an unknown home in a stranger sea;
Like thee may we gather around our way,
The gladdening things of our transient day,
Sweet spirit-voices, and bright spirit-flowers,
With beauty, and balm for the gliding hours,
And, the smile from above on each wavelet's crest,
Serenely pass on to our destined rest. L. J. B. C.

Lowell, Aug. 20, 1841.

Written for the Repository.

Not Fancy Sketches. No. 1.

JOHNNY JUMBLE.

'FULL well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.'

GOLDSMITH.

JOHNNY Jumble was a school-master, a principal in one of the writing schools in the city of B. He was a sprightly old man, but *how* old nobody exactly knew. He was called old Johnny forty

years ago; and those who knew him then, say that he does not look a day older now.

In person he was short and chubby. His face was as round as the moon, and as white as an egg-shell; and every feature and wrinkle spake good humor in the most unequivocal language. There was something too, really jovial about his round and profusely powdered head, which looked somewhat like a plump peach that had been rolled in flour.

Johnny Jumble was a genuine Yorick, full of jests, and jibes, and jokes. He was seldom angry, and when he was, his anger would be soon over, for he would brush it all away by some funny expression, or laughable witticism. In a word, he had too much humor for a schoolmaster. Its frequent manifestation produced a familiarity between himself and his pupils, which was subversive of all discipline and good order.

Another prominent trait in Johnny's character was avarice; at least, this failing in the old man appeared to great disadvantage in his transactions in the school, although it was said he was quite extravagant in his style of living. But this we know nothing about. And as we profess to sketch only what we have seen and what we know, we let this latter charge pass as mere scandal. That Johnny was tight, as well as good humored, will appear from the facts stated in the sequel.

While in the school-room, he generally sat in an old yellow arm-chair, which arm-chair stood upon the top of an old hair trunk, which trunk stood at the head of the broad isle. This chair and trunk composed what Johnny facetiously called his 'throne.'

'What boy has overthrown the throne?' said he one day as he entered the room, and saw the chair lying on the floor, beside the trunk.—'What boy has overthrown the throne?' he repeated, with emphasis, half in earnest and half in good humor with himself at his successful play upon the word *throne*.

'Kone done it, sir,' 'Thomas Kone done it,' bawled a dozen voices at once.

'Thomas Kone! stand upon the trunk,' said Johnny, taking off his coat, and slipping on his calico gown, and let me make a truncated cone of you.'

The boy laughed, and took his station on the aforesaid trunk, and Johnny laughed, and took his old red cow-skin, which he had used time out of mind, and which by the way, was called 'the old doctor,' and, giving Thomas two or three smart blows, very near the boy's neck, so as to take off, as he said, 'the head of the cone,' told him to go, and be content with sitting upon the *bench*, and never to aspire after the business of meddling with thrones; if he did, he (Johnny Jumble) would make an inverted cone of Thomas.

Johnny had a great many humorous things to say about 'the old doctor;' he generally called it Dr. Cowskin, but he declared that if he had to employ it so often in skinning calves, he should be obliged, for the sake of appropriateness, to call it Dr. Calfskin. 'This doctor,' said he one day, as he stood up on the throne, and flourished above his head the worn and battered remnant of what was in its day a very neat and graceful cow-hide, 'this doctor is no fool, boys; he knows a thing or two. He has had a deal of practice in his day, which is much better than all the theories that ever were broached, or all the diplomas that ever were printed or written. This doctor is a genuine practitioner. He is doctor of medicine, doctor of divinity, and last and best of all, he is doctor of laws. He knows when you are out of order, without you're telling him, and will call on you without being sent for.'

A few moments after this speech from the throne, the venerable doctor was seen whizzing through the air, turning over and over, and speeding straight on towards three boys, who were intently engaged in playing push-pin in a remote part of the room. It was a rare thing for Johnny to miss his aim; but he came rather near doing so in this instance. The cow-skin struck one of the offending boys upon the top of his sleek head, but in consequence of nobody knows what, it glanced from the head to a pane of glass in the window, which was close at hand, and shivered it to atoms. When the glass rattled, Johnny Jumble rose from his chair, put his hands in his pantaloons' pockets, stood still four or five seconds, and then gave one long soft whistle with the rising inflexion. This done, he stepped from his trunk, and whistling softly no particular tune, walked slowly up to the place where the mischief was done.

'William Goodwin,' said Johnny, addressing the boy whose head had been hit, and at the same time rubbing the head hard enough to have taken all the hair off, 'have you any pain in this part of your system?' 'No sir.' 'Well, William, there's a *pane* gone from this window, and I am sure the doctor did not intend to remove it. He intended

to produce a pain in the heads of you three boys. And it is *painful* for me to know, that he has made such a mistake, after taking so much *pains* to render you a service. Boys,' said he, still speaking to the three delinquents, 'do you bring me five cents each to-morrow, to pay for getting this window mended, and then think yourselves well used to get off so easily.'

With this consolatory peroration, Johnny Jumble walked away, and climbed upon his throne. The next day, the three boys gave Johnny five cents apiece; and the day after that, the cover of an old writing book was found wafered over the broken glass, where it remained till the school-room was repaired by order of the committee, about six weeks after Johnny's painful catastrophe.

That Johnny was a real skin-flint, will be made to appear, when we notice, as we shall do now, his little schemes of financiering. A week seldom passed, without his levying a contribution for some purpose or other. Some new floor brushes were needed, or a new water-pail, or a new watering-pot, or some new drinking cups. There was always something wanting. All Johnny would say, whenever he wanted a contribution, would be, 'Boys, I want you to bring two cents to-morrow, to buy a new pail. Boys that bring two cents, will go half an hour before school is done.' These two brief sentences were sufficient to raise about twice as much money as was needed. What became of the overplus the boys very well knew; but they cared not, since they obtained in their estimation, an equivalent for their money, in the shape of half an hour's play.

But among all these little money-getting schemes of Johnny Jumble, none was more talked about, or laughed about, either *in* school or *out*, than the *plummet scheme*, so called. Plummets were small pieces of lead, made in the shape of a chisel, and used instead of pencils for ruling writing books. Boys were notified, day after day, for nearly nine months, that plummets were wanted. And the usual inducement in such case made and provided, was officially announced in the daily proclamation from the throne.

What became of the pounds and pounds of lead put into Johnny's possession, in the shape of plummets, was a great wonder among all the boys in school, many of whom had exhausted their resources of old scraps of lead and bullets. At last the mystery was explained; the base uses to which these contributions of metal had been applied, were discovered by Thomas Kone. Thomas was one of some twenty boys who were accustomed to go of Johnny's errands, those that were needed at his house, as well as those that were required at the school. One forenoon, in the summer of 18—, Johnny bade Thomas Kone go to neighbor N's and borrow a wheel-barrow, and then carry a bucket of coffee up to the house. Thomas went off with the wheel-barrow and the bucket in it. But what kind of coffee could that be in the bucket, which was so very heavy. The unusual and unexpected weight of this bucket of coffee, excited Thomas Kone's curiosity. He must, he *would* see it, for he knew, he said, it was *bad* coffee. With these thoughts in his head, Thomas applied his hand to the cover of the bucket. But it would not come off; 'twas nailed down tight. He could'nt start it the breadth of a hair. 'Ah,' said Thomas, as he told us the story after school, 'ah, then I *thought* it must be the plummets; but when I shook the bucket, then I *knew* it was them.' That Thomas Kone was right, we all agreed when some of the other boys, who had been sent to the house the day after, reported that two stone cutters were at work there, that they had been putting new stone sills into his cellar kitchen windows, and were then engaged in fastening the ends of a new iron grating to the same, by pouring melted lead into the holes where the ends of the bars were inserted.

In my rambles through the city, I sometimes pass Johnny Jumble's old residence. I always pause and look at the two stone sills, and the iron bars, and the little rings of lead that hold them like a vice.

DUN.

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Letters to Elizabeth. No. 2.

RONALDSON'S BURIAL GROUND.

I HAVE many things to say to thee, my friend, of this fair city of the dead, this beautiful cemetery where I so often spend a leisure hour. I would tell thee with what true Philadelphian elegance of taste it is adorned; how sadness and affection here have come to wreath the grave with cypress green, while hope and faith have added brighter flowers; and how many a touching history of surviving love is told in the sculptured marble, or the clustering rose. My first visit to this

garden of graves, was on a sunny autumn day, a day in which it is a joy to live. We had walked far, and were wearied, even as many a spirit that hath sought a resting place therein. The monument that first attracted my attention, was one which in its beautiful simplicity has dwelt in my memory since. A broken column of plain white marble surmounted by a wreath of thistles, told that a son of Scotland slumbered there. Was it not very, very beautiful?

Slowly we passed along, now pausing over the low stone that spoke departed worth, and anon admiring the lofty column that had been erected in no deeper love. Many a marble slab told that the glad smile of infancy had departed from the fireside group, and the music voice was hushed amid its frolic glee. At the end of the same walk we lingered by a spot where the hand of affection had been busy, but it was not seen in formal words of eulogy. A sculptured wreath encircled one word,—*Charles*. It was the inscription of a mourning heart, that required no other remembrance of the grief it would not bid the stranger know. No bud or blossom dwelt around the grave, the cedar only, whispered, '*think of me*.' Could the spirit of the loved one, hover near, would it not read the emblem?

A place has been set apart 'to Scottish strangers,' where the countrymen of Burns may find a resting place after life's weary work is done. There is a charm in the very name of Scotland unto me. Well do I remember the fascination with which even in early childhood, 'The Scottish Chiefs' was endowed, and the beautiful sadness of 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish life' has moved me to tears long ere I learned to weep for mine own sorrows. Thou wilt not marvel then, that I should linger long over this last earthly home of the wanderer.

A marble monument, entwined around by the graceful ivy which speaks so eloquently of 'Woman's love,' led us nearer to read the inscription, 'To the memory of Mrs. —— —— who died at Richmond, Virginia, aged nineteen.' It was surrounded with soft green moss that in the garden groweth, and a delicate cluster rose, half-unfolded in its gentle loveliness, seemed like a guardian spirit there.

> 'Ay, twine the rose and cypress wreath,
> To shadow forth her doom,
> To show how linked are life and death,
> The bridal and the tomb.'

We passed on to the spot where mine own friends repose. We bowed to inhale the perfumed breath of many a budding rose, and trained anew the honey suckle that had been thrown down by some rude wind, and was hiding its delicate blossoms amid the grass. Meet is it that they here are seen, for beautiful should be the home of peace.

The day was well-nigh done, and the shadows of evening rapidly gathering around ere we turned to depart. A funeral train intercepted our way, and turning, we sought the open grave, by a shorter path than that in which the mourning train advanced. It was that of a female in the early dawn of life. A short prayer was offered, a few words addressed to the bereaved friends, and earth knoweth her now no more forever. Thus do we pass away from our accustomed places, and save in some few hearts, we leave no cherished memory. There are tears in the eyes of love, a shade of sadness on some friendly face, another pang in some true, sorrowing heart, and we are numbered with the things that were, and are forgot. And were it not a selfish wish, to pray that it might not be thus? Shall we ask fresh tears from 'hearts that ache to bleeding,' lest haply our unworthy names and more unworthy deeds should pass from earth? How much of selfishness is in the heart. Thus musing I left this beautiful burial place, where come so many to yield up their cherished treasures at the bidding of the conqueror, whose name is Death.

Thou, who knowest so well my passion for visiting burial places, wilt not marvel that I returned again and again to visit this lovely spot. I would that every place of graves resembled this, in its quiet beauty, its classic monuments, its budding flowers, wooing the mind to turn from earthly cares, and banishing afar that fear that hath torment, the fear of death. I wished thee by my side, Elizabeth, for my thoughts dwelt upon the day we spent together, 'amid the place of thousand tombs,' our own Mount Auburn, so short a time ere last we said farewell. Here were no hills, nor woods, nor quiet dells, nor sunny isles like that beneath whose willow shade we then spent so blest an hour, but here were shrines on which affection's garlands hang unwitheringly, graves wherein full many a gentle heart hath laid its all of human hope, and fond attempts to save from time's rude hand the memory of the loved.

'Father, if I die, shall I be buried in *this* garden?' said a gentle child, on whom the hand of sickness had been laid. The simplicity of child-

hood had given unto the grave-yard a name more appropriate than man with his 'many inventions' has ever bestowed. Let us often walk in these gardens of love, and gather the flowers of peace, and hope, and heavenly trust. 'Shall I be buried in *this* garden?' I musingly ask, as I wander through its quiet paths. It were a sweet place wherein to rest after life's weary pilgrimage, but methinks I would sleep beneath

'The sky that bent above
My childhood like a dream of love.'

It is not weakness that bids us thus care for this tabernacle of clay, even after its spiritual tenant has departed. It is the impulse of nature, which, however weak, is never all weakness. The red men mourned to leave their fathers' graves, and the pale faces have consecrated many a beautiful cemetery to the memory of buried love. Amid the cities and villages of our land, the burial places are becoming, more and more, the objects of care. They are speaking unto us with a voice we may not forget of 'a time to live and a time to die.'

There *is* a time to live,—
'Tis while God wills our stay
Amid the sunshine and the shade,
That fall upon our way.
Our Father wills it—be it so,
And may faith nerve each heart,
To bear the suffering and the toil,
That must in life have part.

There *is* a time to die,—
'Tis when our task is done,
When sorrow borne unmurmuringly
The victor's crown hath won.
When we have trod the heavenward way,
And braved temptation's power,
With hope undimmed and spirits pure
'Mid suffering's darkest hour.

My reverie was interrupted by a joyous laugh from another part of the enclosure, jarring painfully upon my spirit, saddened as it was by the dreamy mood in which I had indulged. Very heartless, indeed, did that mirth seem, until memory recalled the scarce repressed joyousness of spirit with which I first visited Mount Auburn. Now that it hath passed away and may return no more, methinks I never valued aright that youthful gladness over which even the tomb had then no power. When we have given unto the quiet grave, those whom we held most dear, and in the weariness of earth-worn hearts sighed for a rest like them, then, and not till then, do we look upon it as our own home. For how many precious lessons are we indebted to that unprized teacher, grief. The flowers are withered by the wintry blast, and I may haply not be here to welcome the buds of spring, but Ronaldson's burial ground will long hold a place in my memory.

JULIA.

Philadelphia.

Written for the Repository.

O Look Not on Me.

O LOOK not on me! pass me coldly by;
I cannot bide the glance of that bright eye!
For I have soughtto nerve my soul to bear
Indifference from thee—and to strive to wear
A cheerful mien, to hide the swelling heart,
That sad and lonely, hath in thine no part.
But when thine eye, in kindness meets my own,
My strength of purpose, best resolves are flown;
And I am lured, as by some magic power,
To fondly deem, that at some future hour,
My patient love, will win me thine at last.
But ah! how soon the hopeless dream is past!
Then look not on me! pass me coldly by,
And though the heart be pierced, and filled the eye,
'Tis easier far to bear, than thus to be,
Alternate, wrecked and calmed upon love's sea. C. B.

Comfort in Affliction.

WHEN man is alone in the world, and all hearts which loved him have ceased to beat, and in the bustle of the crowd pressing on in their eager pursuits, there is no one who will remain by him; when his solitary groan arises from the hard couch, and no voice answers, but the heartless echo; his tearless eye seeks in vain for another, and his withered hand tries to no purpose to grasp the hand of another, and the coldness of man tortures him more keenly than the coldness of winter, which penetrates his gloomy chamber; in this chamber, in which so many mourn, there is still one who forgets not the forgotten; who breaks the thorns of pain. There is near the lone sufferer an eye which kindly beams upon him, and a hand which raises him from his bed of straw. Upon the compassionate heart of the Father of men he may repose, as a sick child on the bosom of its mother, and forget all his sorrows in that fountain of unceasing love.

Our Book and Memoranda Table.

☞NEW VOLUME. We are making arrangements to do something for the next volume that shall make our work unsurpassed in point of typographical beauty by any in the country, and to render the literary department a rival of any work of a similar character in the land. Look out for *the particulars in our next No.* We trust our friends and the friends of liberal christianity, will come up nobly to aid in the effort to give more influence to the *Repository.* We are in earnest.

THE LADY'S ANNUAL REGISTER, and Housewife's Almanac, for 1842. Wm. Crosby & Co. Boston.

We are right glad to see this useful and neat work continued, the present issue being the fifth of the series. It is full of interesting and valuable matter, and is published in a

very neat and convenient style. We commend it to the notice of our lady readers.

THE CHRISTIAN TEACHER. This is the title of a monthly work, published in Lafayette, Ia. Erastus Manford, editor. It is published in pamphlet form, 24 pages, and is devoted to the cause of Universalism. The Thomas and Lee discussion is to be inserted—it has been commenced. The editor is a busy man, for we perceive in the list of notices appointments for him to preach in thirteen different places between the 12th and the end of December last. Success to our brother—he is a *Man* to *ford* difficult passes.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. This periodical, mentioned in our last, has come forth enlarged and in beautiful style It is creditable to the Denomination, and we trust it will find a generous support. A. Tompkins is the Boston publisher; E. Case, Lowell, is the proprietor and publisher.

TALES FROM LIFE. By George Rogers. We recur to this neat volume again to say that we hear many expressions of pleasure in its perusal. It finds favor with a large class of readers, and many respond to Br. Waldo's opinion in our No. for August last. These tales are 'designed to illustrate certain religious doctrines and practices which prevail at the present day,' and effectually is this design carried out. Such illustrations as are here given are needed to make men think, and to realize the injurious effects of 'spasmodic religion'—of the wild schemes and worldly policies by which, in the name of religion, the duties of home are neglected and social order is destroyed. '*The Pleasant Rencontre*,' and '*Truman Troth's Experience*,' are very natural sketches, and we commend the volume to the notice of our friends and readers. We should judge that a large circulation might be given to this work at the South and West, and we trust that measures will be adopted by our brother, the author, to send it far and wide. Published by A. Tompkins, price 50 cts.

THE WASHINGTONIAN; Utica, N. Y. We have received the first No. of a very neatly printed and well filled sheet, to be issued every Friday and devoted to the cause of Temperance on 'Washingtonian principles.' 'Names,' surely, 'are things,' for it would be difficult to discern the right meaning of this name thus applied, without a knowledge of the thing itself—of the Reform it designates. The Washingtonians are right—as God moulded our being with the breath of kindness, they are right; and eternally, regeneration and the law of love will be united. The old reform was good, but not the best; it had too much of the spirit of the priest who passed by the betrayed and wounded, and too little of the Samaritan's fidelity to the promptings of kindness. The old phalanx strove to keep back the advancing hosts from the pit-falls of destruction, but deemed it useless to do anything for those already fallen. 'Keep the young, innocent of the great transgression, for there is no hope for the drunkard,' was the common cry. Hence they spake as those speak of what they despair of, and no faith in the recovery of the vile breathed in their speech. The spirit of the Reform is changed, thanks to God whose glory is his goodness! (Exod. xxxiii. 18, 19.) Man has confidence in the immortality of an improvable spirit—in a resurrection to the 'dead in sins,' and he goes forth beseeching, by 'the gentleness of Christ,' the degraded to arise and enter the army of Light. Our hope is great when we read as a motto for the press: '*There is a chord even in the most corrupt heart that vibrates to kindness.*' Here is the right spirit; and now all the study is, to make that spirit manifest in the clearest and most amiable manner, and bring it to bear and operate most effectually, that there may be the music of God in the heart—vibrations, the sensorium of which is heaven. A Washingtonian must *feel* kind, and to be successful he must be cautious and prudent to embody the kindness he feels in the actions he performs, and there will be a divine power dwelling with him. The Washingtonians have been true to this in reference to the poor inebriate, but have not some of them forgotten the right principle when treating of the producer and seller of ardent spirits? The producer and seller are foes of temperance, whose conversion should be anxiously sought for, and faith in kindness should not falter when they are to be dealt with; the Quaker should not be thrown off when the discussion is to be carried on amid the paraphernalia of ruin.

We perceive the initials of Br. A. B. Grosh appended to several excellent articles, and suppose that his earnest spirit will give aid to the paper in the future. We hope the paper will find good support; it is published by William Allen, Utica, Oneida Co., N. Y. at $1 per year, in advance.

'THE BALM OF GILEAD, and Practical Universalist. We have received the first No. of a very neatly printed monthly periodical of 16 octavo pages, published in Contoocookville, N. H., by J. F. Witherell, at 50 cts. per annum, in advance. The design of the paper is good, and the articles in the present No. are of a practical and devotional character. One by Br. J. G. Adams, on Earth's changes and Heaven's immutability, is very excellent.

A COMPANY. Since our last was made up, the '*Nazarene*,' Philadelphia; the '*Magazine & Advocate*,' Utica, N. Y.; and the '*Gospel Messenger*,' Providence, R. I., have commenced new volumes. The form of the first has been changed to quarto, and is well executed. The second is improved with new type, and is vigorously sustained. The last has been enlarged, and is published simultaneously in Providence, R. I., and Worcester, Mass., Br. Landers, of the latter place, having become co-editor with Br. Baker. Add to these the '*Gospel Banner*,' which is to be enlarged and altered by improvements, *if* the people come nobly 'to the raising.' We have no doubt that they will, for Br. Drew has divided the number of subscribers wanted among the counties of the State, and we suppose the people have a *true* Irishman's love for their 'own county,' and the county-men of each will let no other beat them. Br. Drew can successfully compete with any paper in the order, if the people will give him the means to provide for the *outward*, transcendentally speaking. We wish success to all—and that a pacific spirit may unite us in common aims and ends.

'THE BUILDING SERMON; a Discourse delivered at the dedication of the Universalist Meeting House in St. Stephens, New Brunswick, Sept. 28, 1841. By John Bovee Dods.' This is a discourse, like all the published discourses of the author, full of ingenious and strong thought, truthful remarks, and glowing imagery. The discourse is founded on 1 Kings vi. 2. In the prosecution of his purpose, the author first gives a concise history of the temple, and then speaks of it as being made a figure of the spiritual Temple of which Jesus Christ is the foundation—the corner stone. He then proposes the following particulars, the treatment of which forms the body of the discourse:

'1st. As Solomon executed the plan of the Temple, and prepared all the materials before he laid them in their final resting place, so God had laid the plan of salvation—the plan of the spiritual Temple before the foundation of the world, and moved the human family into existence as the living stones to compose it.

'2d. As Solomon employed all the necessary means to take those stones from the rubbish, and exerted a sufficiency of power to hew, cut, carve, and polish them; as he brought them to Mount Zion, and reared the temple exactly according to the original plan, so God has employed all the means to take the human race from the rubbish of sin and mortality, and has given to his Son a sufficiency of power to prepare them for the spiritual building on Mount Zion above, through a resurrection from the dead according to his original plan.

'3d. As every heart was filled with joy and gladness, and all nations at peace, and as the sound of a hammer, axe or iron tool was not heard upon the house, so in preaching the gospel of Christ there is to be joy, gladness and peace in every heart, and friendship among all denominations; and while this spiritual temple is rearing there is to be no noise, no terror, no dread and alarm; no excitement, slandering and hatred.'

'COUSIN LUCY AT PLAY;' 'COUSIN LUCY AT STUDY;' 'COUSIN LUCY'S CONVERSATIONS.' These are three more of the Abbot series of Juvenile Books, on the same

plan as the 'Rollo Books,' which have been so very popular. They are of an exceedingly interesting character, and will be ever great favorites with the young. The 'Rollo' series was for boys; the 'Cousin Lucy' series is for the other sex; and together they form a beautiful family collection for children. They are all well printed, and the plates are in neat style. B. B. Mussey, publisher.

THE BOY AND THE BIRDS. By Emily Taylor. Here is a little gem of a book, rich in interest, and beautifully illustrated. It is filled with descriptions and lively conversations concerning *birds*—birds which are ever objects of engrossing interest to children. The plates—quite a number, are colored, and the whole is executed in good taste. We received our copy from B. B. Mussey.

THE FLOWERET. A gift of Love. By Anna Maria Wells. New York; Samuel Colman, 1842.' Here is the very prettiest thing of the season, full of sweet rhymes, which make it the child's own book. The beauty of its binding, &c., will incite the owner to keep it with care, while the *dear* little poems will sound like bird music to cheer the home. We are obliged to Mr. Mussey for the copy sent.

THE COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL. This semi monthly publication, under the editorial care of Hon. Horace Mann, is one of the most useful of the day, and has commenced a new volume—the fourth. The editor's opening address is a fine specimen of good writing, and is full of earnest and profound thought. Teachers and parents should patronize this work. It solves for them many serious difficulties, and affords the best hints and suggestions in reference to the right discipline of scholars and children. William Barry is now the publisher, Boston. One dollar a year. Volume commences Jan. 1, 1842.

BABEL BUILDERS, Ancient and Modern; or two chances for Salvation. By Rev. Wm. Andrews. Utica: O. Hutchinson. 1842. This is a small pamphlet of twelve pages, just put into our hands, and we have had no time to peruse it. The *idea* will be very easily drawn from the title copied. We doubt not but that the discourse is a good one, for the subject. The mention of the idea of two chances of salvation against one, always recalls the conversation of an Universalist and Methodist. The latter declared he had two chances to the other's one, when the former answered, 'My *one* hope is in *the Mercy of God*,' and now what are yours?' The Methodist did but echo the declaration of his heretic brother, and could not find the supposed or imagined second, or other chance.

☞BR. GROSH: We tender thee grateful thanks for the generous plea in our behalf in your paper for Jan. 14. Will his 'esteemed correspondent' point out a specimen of what he objects to, as we are ready to show that no tale has been published since we have edited the work, worthy of such condemnation. There may be *indirect* moral teaching, as well as *direct*, and was it not thus with *all* the Savior's parables?

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. In our last was a most beautiful article which has attracted much attention and drawn forth much commendation, '*Blendings*,' by Miss L. M. Barker. Were she aware of the esteem in which we hold her favors, and the pleasure and instruction they give our readers, she would, we think, let us hear from her oftener. Shall we acknowledge a new favor soon?

We have found a poem by *Julia*, which we supposed had been published, but which has not, entitled, '*My little Bird*.' It is a very pretty thing, and shall have a seasonable abiding place soon.

We beg to be excused by S. C. E. if we call attention to the exceedingly beautiful and holy article in this No., entitled, '*A Lesson for the Sorrowing*.' It is one of enchanting sweetness, and will be dearer to many than cool dew to a parching flower.

A *dramatic* piece is required to carry out the idea of our correspondent A. G. L. His poems have merit, but not enough for their length. We thank him for his good opinion.

'*Written for the Repository*,' was by some mistake left off of the heading of '*The Sad Festival*.'

'*Lucy Murray*,' is a sweet sketch. We must value it for its holy ministry in speaking to us of the beauty of 'a meek and quiet spirit,' active in usefulness. This is the fourth of an excellent series of female characters. They will be continued.

Our readers will be glad to welcome our esteemed correspondent N. T. M. again to our pages. We were afraid that she had become addicted to '*Day-dreaming*,' but if so, the dream is broken, and we are made thankful. Her prose article will be found very useful to wake many dreamers. The plaintive strain—'*The Lonely Burial*,' is full of melancholy music.

'*Clara Belville*' has considerable merit, but not enough to justify a publication. The authoress should study out her ideal more perfectly, for though her language is good and her style neat, yet the *indistinctness* of the object aimed at, mars the whole. Her heroine *was* appreciated as a gentle and devoted being, and if her sorrows, &c. were not understood, the fault was her own—she made no heart her confident, and she is no character to admire.

'*The Conquest of Love*,' is a poem none should be deterred from reading by its length. It is an earnest plea in full sympathy with the very excellent sketch by Mrs. Broughton, '*Should Love ever Tire?*' and with the spirit of our affectionate faith. Shall we hear again soon from *Mimosa?* We should have given her name with the poem, but her signature hinted that it might not be agreeable. We respectfully decline the publication of the '*Two Mothers*.'

We waited patiently and *the vision* came, and lo! '*Bow Brook*' and the inmates of its happy home came all before us beautiful and dear as ever. Verily, 'Bow Brook' in this No. is the sweetest poem we have met with for a long time. Every word is a music note, and its harmony and melody are as exquisite as chiming silver bells heard over a moonlit sea. Many thanks to Mrs. Case for it. We shall wait hopefully for the coming of the *other vision*. It is sweet to look to the future when we wait for the melting away of distance in the full belief that the coming of the reality will be bright and lovely. There is music now for us, but the jar of the busy city prevents our hearing it; we wait—the notes are floating on the air, and on some of these clear starlit nights we shall hear them. O how eager we are to listen.

There is a most excellent sermon in the fine poem, '*Are we slumbering now?*' by Miss M. A. Dodd. We hope to receive many such estimable favors.

'*Johnny Jumble*,' may be one of those articles in which some readers can discern no moral. To us it is not only comic, but conveys an excellent moral; for how many persons are there—ministers even—who love a jest so much as to sacrifice real good to let it off! We have known a sermon spoiled, and a serious meeting ruined, in this way. Johnny Jumble tells us also of the *meanness* to which avarice inclines its votaries. We hope for the continuance of these sketches.

☞THE POST MASTER of Warren C. H., Pa., writes us that three copies of our paper sent to that office, are not taken out. S. Brazington owes $6; J. F. Osgood owes $9; and W. V. Follet owes $10,50. Mr. Brazington, the Post Master, writes, says he took the paper one year, and ordered it stopped. It is strange that the paper should be sent three years, and suffered to lie in the office two years! It would be very agreeable to us to have our dues of these individuals.

We give a very rich No. this month, we think—*over thirty articles*, besides notices—and can assure our readers that our treasury is not, nor like to be, exhausted. We have several good articles on hand.

List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Jan. 31, 1841.

L. A. B., Otto, $2; W. D., Nichols, $2; B. C. T., Topsham, $2; A. H., Dansville, $2; J. S., Caratunk, $2; A. L., Groton, $2; C. J. B., Portland, (2 on ac.) $12; J. A. F., So. Lansing, $2; H. C., Ludlowville, $2; Rev. A. C., (per Mr. Ames) $62,04.

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For March 1842. No. 10.

Written for the Repository.

The Beatitudes;

Or the Elements of Christian Happiness.

Chapter IX. Self-Sacrifice.

'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

Our Lord was an honest Reformer. He flattered none with great honors and bright results pleasing to worldly ambition. The path of Duty was open to his sight, and he saw the difficulties and trials he would be called to meet, and which must be shared in by his followers. He knew that the spirit of self-sacrifice was the essential requisite to fidelity to life's highest purposes; and that where this was not, there could be no true stability of character, no true heroism of soul. He, therefore, desired to wake a love of goodness and a willingness to suffer for its sake—to meet and bear and conquer all the antagonists of spiritual integrity, clothed in the imperial armor of Light.

As our Lord was about to utter the last Beatitude, he doubtless felt in earnestness of soul, that the virtue he was about to commend was that which alone could shield all others, and preserve their attributes in true perfection and harmony. He blessed the true Heroic. He commended the martyr spirit that knows no evil equal to yielding the sovereignty to error and sin. And, doubtless, at that moment there passed before the mental vision of the great Teacher, the prophets 'who have spoken in the name of the Lord,' and are 'an example of suffering affliction and of patience;' and he realized the fact of history, that human progress has been through paths of persecution. Error in power has alway tyranized over truth in weakness; and wherever a new truth has been uttered, it has touched self-interest or pride somewhere, and a brood of scorpions has been wakened. As hath been the past, so is the present, and such will be the earthly future; and therefore, the true soul must possess the power of carrying out into society, and preserving there, 'the independence of solitude'—acting out the firm convictions of duty formed when the spirit was undisturbed in its efforts to decide respecting the Right, the True, and the Good.

In the exercise of divine honesty, our Lord plainly made known the perils of discipleship, and how essential was the possession of that spirit of self-sacrifice which counts nought as worthy to be compared with the value, importance, and necessity of Truth. In the previous part of his discourse, he had dwelt on the virtues needed to be cultivated by men in order to prepare them to hear aright his doctrine, and understand the spirituality of his religion; and now he approached the virtue needed to impel them to love the truth for its worth's sake, and be willing to suffer and bear reproach in its behalf. Thus he declared it: 'Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

That there was happiness in being persecuted, was not the idea of Jesus. The meaning lies deeper than the surface. For to be the object of persecution, could not to a good mind be happiness; and cannot be such to any one save some desperate spirits whose element is a storm, and who are never exulting save when they hear, or fancy they hear, the cracking and splitting of huge fabrics. To the good, the simple fact of being persecuted, is very grievous—grievous because of the revelation thereby made of the unfriendliness of his fellow man—the tyranny over thought—the little estimation of the worth of mind—the weakness of the desire for truth—the pride of opinion, and the power over all the better feelings of our nature held by the spirit of

exclusiveness and dictation. To see these revealed, is no pleasant or happy sight to him who loves goodness, who desires truly and deeply the spread of truth; for he knows how these shut up the heart—lock, bolt, and guard it—against the entrance of all that is averse to its long cherished opinions; and if these opinions are connected with self interest, as well as intellectual pride, the Reformer well knows his fate with such an one. It is a trite reference, but ever emphatic to refer to what we are told in the stories of ancient history of a famous robber of Attica, named Procustes. This leader of a great class had a bed on which he placed all his guests, and if they chanced to be short, he would stretch them till they filled it; and if too tall, he would cut and clip them till they were rightly fitted to the bed. How many such beds as that are there now in our world in reference to truths or opinions! If the opinions of a fellow man are according to the fixed rule of the antagonist in power, all is well; but if not, they must be stretched or clipped till they are.

The idea of the Savior to our mind appears to be this: Happy are they who, with true love of goodness, pursue its duties in accordance with the rules I have given, and who meeting persecutions, are by these virtues able to triumph over them, by confidence in the superior worth of truth and goodness, and the Providence of God. He referred to the true spirit of self-sacrifice; that indwelling power that gives to the soul such a lofty idea of duty as to make it willing to meet all and bear all that should step in to deter it from the straight forwardness of Right. Whatever gives this to the soul, may be regarded as a means of its happiness, for this alone can make it triumphant over all the power of the enemy. We are told of a Roman wife who would have her husband die free from dishonor, by not yielding himself a captive to his enemies; and when she saw his faltering looks, she plunged the dagger into her own breast, and as she fell, exclaimed, 'It is not painful!' But how much nobler an heroic spirit does the true and fervent love of truth and goodness give! How often has it nerved the gentle heart of woman to meet the fiercest woes, unshrinkingly in the name of her Lord Jesus to bear the lash and feel the consuming fire, and with her last breath, through her desire to cheer others, sing, 'It is not painful.' And truth has given itself utterance when thus the persecuted sung:

'Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hopes and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue;
Go then, earthly fame and treasure,—
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor, loss is gain.

Soul! then know thy full salvation!
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear!
Think what spirit dwells within thee—
Think what heavenly bliss is thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee,—
Child of Heaven! canst thou repine?'

O in the presence of such a spirit, how mean appear all those distinctions among men which are bought by the sacrifice of christian principle! How weak do those appear who by fashion, popularity and outward interest, are led away from self respect, from devotion to their convictions of right and truth, and who give up inward and distant good, to the petty enjoyments of the hour! How utterly unworthy of our nature is every thing that comes in competition with what christianity demands and enlightened reason enjoins! When—when will the distinction be rightly made by men between the earthy and the heavenly—the sensual and the spiritual!

To be 'persecuted for righteousness' sake,' *implies* a devotion to Right as perceived by the mind; for the luke-warm, half-way, indifferent disciple, does not often meet persecutions, being like the class of which our Savior spoke when he said: 'He that received seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but endureth for a while; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth *because of the word*, by and by he is offended.' And of such, after the offence came and they fled, the Apostle John wrote, 'They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would, no doubt, have continued with us; but they went out, that they might be made manifest that were not all of us.' Endurance for the sake of truth and goodness, seems, then, to be the sentiment connected with the last Beatitude, and we are to show how it is connected with hnman happiness.

In doing this, we must regard as beyond controversy the fact, that truth and goodness constitute the proper element of the soul—throwing around it the only healthy atmosphere of its existence, and promoting, as it is breathed in, vigor, vivacity, and joy. This is the idea that pervades

all the Beatitudes—that is the spirit of unity to christianity, and to be recognized as living truth before man can understand the nobility of his nature, the worth of righteousness, the joy of a holy life, and feel within the energy commended and blessed by our Lord.

The cultivation of the spirit of endurance for righteousness' sake, contributes to human happiness, *because it gives man one of the best proofs he can have of his own sincerity and depth of principle.* When a man sacrifices self-interest to duty, policy to right, and withstands temptations to the sin that doth easily beset him, he has one of the best proofs of the sincerity of his desire to be good, such as nothing else can give him; better proof than mere daily prayer, sorrow for sin, and frequent lamentation over the follies of other men. When we read the biography of a good man placed during his life amid many incitements and temptations to swerve from duty, but who continued on true to righteousness and duty, we feel in our souls a deep reverence for his character, and earnestly desire the same energy of soul. But if we also can trace in his temptations a type of our own, and see in his devotion to goodness and conquests over evil our own adherence to right and victories over the enemy mirrored, do we not have a better evidence of our own desire being deep seated and sincere than can otherwise be given us? It is natural that it should be so. It is but the application of a common rule, that we can know what we can do and resist better by what we have done and resisted, than by any speculations or conjectures. The goldsmith can guess, but the refiner can best decide how much of the precious metal there is in lump of ore and its quality; and it is so with speculation and experience in reference to a man's own goodness. Experience is the Lord's furnace, and the records of the Analyzer's trial and scrutiny are written on the tablet of memory. Happy is that man who can read there encouragements to confidence for the future, for he may feel that the kingdom of heaven is his—the reign of goodness is set up in his heart, and swaying a sceptre over all the earthly and sensual.

Endurance for righteousness' sake gives to man a conscious *elevation of character* that is grateful to feel. The desire to be great—for exaltation—for dignity not now possessed, may be regarded as a general feeling, though various in its operations and course,—in one leading to the pursuit of the noblest objects of human attainment, while to another it is the spring of foul and infamous deeds. But what is greatness that does not bear the stamp of christian goodness? It is human littleness—a littleness that would have made David, had he possessed it, wear Saul's armor that he might appear somewhat bolder and mightier than reality; in short, it is Oliver Cromwell standing by the side of Jesus Christ. There is no true elevation of character, which is deep seated as consciousness itself, separate from christian goodness, and by no other means can the soul exult as when truth and goodness send to it the report—'We have met the enemy and they are ours.' When the voice of calumny was loud and fierce against Jesus, what calm and soul felt happiness was it for him to feel a conscious elevation of character such as the world could neither give, nor take away. And what must have been the unhappiness of thousands who have heard the most fulsome flattery and high toned praise, while in their souls they knew they deserved the execration of mankind. Mordecai sitting at the king's gate, with all the thoughts of the humbled state of his nation, was happier than Haman at the Queen's feast, with all the honors bestowed on him. One word of applause from conscious goodness, is worth volumes of praise upon actions that never sprang from real desire to do good:—

> 'More true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
> Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels.'

Devotion to truth and goodness brings happiness from the conviction of *the worth of Example.* Wealth is power, knowledge is power, and so is character—so is Example power. The great power of christianity on the moral affections lies in the blending of the character of Christ with his doctrine; these united are as apples of gold in pictures of silver, one borrowing from the other beauty and attraction. And is it not a real joy to feel that we are sending abroad an influence for good—that the social power we have is rightly directed—that we are escaping the degradation that must fasten on consciousness from an opposite course? To look around—to mark the subtile and many influences of one upon another, and how society is operated upon by sympathy, will make every one feel the power of character; and as we dwell on the character of a companion, or friend, which has received much of its form and fashion from our own example

and influence, will there not be a great difference of feeling if that character is a noble one, than if it is of a miserable caste? We must reverse the very constitution of our nature before we can take any satisfactory enjoyment in sending out into the world the influence of an evil example. When episcopacy, soon after the Restoration, was introduced into Scotland, Leighton was consecrated Bishop of Dumblane. At the time of his entrance into office, Sharp and other bishops intended to enter Edinburgh in an ostentatious manner, against which measure Leighton remonstrated. 'But,' says Sharp, 'how can these men expect moderation from us, when they themselves imposed their Covenant with so much zeal and tyranny on others?' This was said with his usual vehemence and bespoke the intolerance of his soul. Leighton mildly replied, 'For that very reason let us treat them with gentleness, and show them the difference between their principles and ours.' What a difference must there have been in the influence of the example of the two—what a difference of satisfaction; the thoughts of the one fed the wolf that knawed into the heart, but the other quieted the lamb that nestled closely to the heart, or slept sweetly in the bosom of the other.

The very consciousness of having the ability to bear trial for Righteousness' sake, imparts happiness to the true disciple. The enthusiastic artist who meets with difficulties on every side, finds an element of happiness in the thought that the love of his art gives him strength to bear all that comes upon him, and still preserve an elasticity of spirit that nothing can weaken. So it is with every good man engaged in a good work. Over his soul comes sorrow as he meets persecutions, but he is soon relieved and blessed as he gives God glory that he is able to meet them all, and by the love of goodness rejoice even amid tribulations. It is this that gives him true self-reliance. It is by this that he is made to feel secure in his virtue—that when trial comes it shall find him 'strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.'

We have thus considered the elements of christian ambition—Conviction of the depth of principle, elevation of character, goodness of example, and consciousness of ability to suffer manfully for Christ. These give a high aim and purpose to life, spreading out before the mind's vision good and great objects to be pursued, and giving a noble force of character, decision of mind, and expansiveness to the affections. Thus, and thus alone, is the heart wedded to the True and the Beautiful; thus and thus only is a far reaching power of thought granted to the mind; and thus and thus only is true self-approbation secured and enjoyed. This, and this alone, can give the assurance of heaven's high approval, of doing something for the progress of our race, and bringing humanity nearer the Divinity. This, and this alone, fixes the root of goodness down deep in our being, so that it may send its life through every portion of our nature, making us fruitful in the works which are to the praise and glory of God.

Without this spirit, no man could rightly follow Christ in the Regeneration—be his true disciple, and make his the joys of the spiritual kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. Without this, it is the same with man now. The externals are different, but the true spirit of discipleship is the same, as in the days of the Savior. A thousand temptations and evil influences are around us, persecuting the indwelling spirit of goodness; and we need the determination of soul to resist, that can alone give us triumph and make us true to ourselves, Christ, and God. '*Duty!*' must be our motto, and all the energies of our souls must be pledged to loyalty. Then shall we know how holy adherence to the right will keep the heart humble and meek, and give to the mind a calm and steady reliance on the Sovereign Good, who will give grace and glory to them that fear him. 'If any man suffer as a christian, let him not be ashamed, but let him glorify God on this behalf; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon him.'

We have now finished our meditations on the Beatitudes, and laid open to view the elements of christian happiness. Happiness has been well defined as the 'gratification of our desires within the limits assigned to them by our Creator.' 'Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment;' and the restraining virtues, which alone can preserve harmony, are those to which the name of Beatitudes has been given. Our happiness depends more upon what we are, than what we have or possess; and it must everlastingly be true, that our chief good is indissolubly connected with fidelity to the endowments of our nature according to the perfect rule of life in Christ and christianity.

'Tis not in books, 'tis not in lear,
To make us truly blest,
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.' B.

Written for the Repository.

Implora Pace.

Oh give me peace! The cloud is o'er my way—
Dimly the stars are burning in the sky;
The torch of hope hath lost its guiding ray—
The singing stream is mute, and joy's bright fountain dry.

Oh give me peace! The dove that left the ark,
And found no spot to rest her weary feet,
Returned less gladly to the sheltering bark
Than I would seek, Oh Peace! thy lowliest retreat.

Oh give me peace! And is it, Death, with thee
That I must find the refuge Life denies?
I murmur not—so let the mandate be—
No grief remains to him who on thy bosom lies.

C*****.

Written for the Repository.

Prayer—Its Object. No. 3.

It must be granted that man is perfectly dependent upon a higher Power than himself. His being is a gift, and it is preserved by an energy dealt out to him by the Almighty. The food he eats, the air he breathes, and the light he enjoys, are blessings coming from the 'Father of lights,' from whom comes every good and perfect gift which we enjoy.

Man is a pensioner upon God—he is 'a mendicant supported alone by the charity of the Giver of all things.' But it has been asked notwithstanding this entire dependence, what is the object in praying to God, since he is immutable in all his ways, and cannot be altered by our entreaties, or by any circumstance whatever? There are many who pray to him, as though he was a being filled with wrath, and that they expected to avert his displeasure by supplication. They seem to act as though he, 'in whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning,' could be wrought upon in the same way that frail man can be, and grant their requests, even though they might be contrary to his purposes, and contrary to their happiness. And there are those, who, instead of offering their petitions in a calm and serene manner, break forth in a fanatical eloquence, reminding one of the account given of the prophets of Baal, when they cried from 'morning till noon, saying, Oh Baal hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered.' Then Elijah said, 'Cry aloud; for he is a god, either he is a talking * * * * or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked.' The objects of prayer cannot be effected in this way and by such means. There should be nothing like fanaticism in our worship, and in all our devotions, reason should bear rule, instead of a feverish excitement. The sincere desire of the soul is just as acceptable to God, as though it was vociferated by ten thousand voices, and all the objects of prayer are accomplished, so far as the individual is concerned, if it is only felt in the heart, whether it be uttered or not.

Prayer is not designed to change the designs of God, or to affect him in any sense whatever, but to affect ourselves; not to alter his purposes, but to bring our minds in unison with them; not to bring him down to us, but to lift our souls up to him. Dr. Blair says 'The change which our devotions are intended to have is upon ourselves and not upon the Almighty. Their chief efficacy is derived from the good dispositions which they are calculated to raise and cherish in the human soul. By pouring out pious sentiments and desires before God, by adoring his perfections, by expressing our dependence upon his aid, our gratitude for his past favors, our submission to his will, our trust in his future mercy, we cultivate such affections as suit our place and situation in the universe, and are thereby prepared for becoming reconciled and happy.' The blessings or objects of prayer, like most other blessings we enjoy, are secured by certain means. When these means are employed in a right manner, the object for which they were made is effected, and this granting blessings when these means are thus used, and withholding them when they are not, does no more imply a change on the part of the Deity, than granting the husbandman a crop when he ploughs and sows his ground, and withholding it, when he does not, implies this change. He has promised 'seed time and harvest' only upon the condition that proper means are taken to produce a harvest; and so he has connected the benefits of prayer with the proper employment of the right means to effect such blessings.

'Prayer, like hope, may be compared to an *anchor*. Let the anchor of a vessel be cast upon the shore, it will not draw the shore to the vessel, but the vessel to the shore. Let the anchor be cast into the bottom of the harbor, it attaches the ship to the bottom, and not the bottom to the

ship. So prayer draws the soul to God, and fixes it there, instead of drawing the Deity down and fixing him to the soul. The anchor of prayer as well as that of hope, "entereth into that within the veil." ' The objects of prayer are very great, and properly considered, it is the food of the soul. It draws out the mind in all that is lovely, beautiful, and good, in all that is amiable in life and excellent in religion and virtue. It prepares us for good and great ends. In health and affluence it sweetens the cup of human happiness, in temptations it shields us from harm, in trials it supports and comforts us, in sickness it is a solace, and reconciles us to our lot, in the hour of death it calms the soul and prepares us to die in peace, and in every condition in which we are placed, prayer improves the heart and makes us happy.

Let us 'pray without ceasing,' pray for all men, 'without wrath and doubting,' and in all things give God our hearts, our affections, and our most humble thanks. S. P. L.

Written for the Repository.

The Parable of the Prodigal Son.

While there is a pulse of life left in the great heart of humanity, the sentiment of the parable of the 'Prodigal Son,' like the spirit of christianity, will be admired and loved. Its beautiful imagery and its vivid contrasts of life and character, and its wondrous condensation of thought, will ever give it power to please the imagination, to awaken deep feeling, and bid the purifying waters of holy emotion to well up in the soul and freshen the world of thought. It is like a beautiful landscape—'ever charming, ever new,' as it is looked upon in the various moods of mind and from different points of perspective. It has a marvellous facility of affording gratification and good to the members of each of the relations of life; and the prodigal in his departure from home, his wanderings, his betrayal, his abode in the strange land, his loneliness and miseries there, his yearnings for home, his remembrance of the plenty there, his resolving to return, his journeyings, his thoughts as he travelled, his meeting with his father, his penitence and the parent's love, his entrance to the home of his youth, and his gladness there,—in all these, the prodigal is an object of intense interest to thousands. The father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the betrothed, and the friend, each have their peculiar reflections as they look on each of the several incidents of the pathetic recital; and our common humanity triumphs in the strong interest each feels for the wanderer and the returned.

Who does not pity the foolish son as he leaves the home and country of his youth? Let us thus pity every wanderer from innocence—the spirit's home, and echo the pleasant voices of that home in the simple ear of the misled.

Do we lament that he knows but little the real use of the portion given him? Let us seek for more of practical wisdom, and own that the father's thrift, experience and acquaintance with the use of times and circumstances, cannot be portioned out to him who leaves him for strangers. Would that this could be given to the children, rather than estates, gold and silver!

Do we mourn that in wicked revelry and mirth he seems to find enjoyment, and do we weep that he is spending 'his substance,' the real, as well as artificial wealth? let us condemn ourselves that we do not discriminate better between the corruptible and incorruptible treasure—between the cultivation of that which will fill the mental chambers with all 'precious and pleasant riches,' and that which only makes us of those who are wise 'in their generation'—for the present and not in view of the future. We ask too often for a portion of outward wealth—for what we deem our share, and show thus that our affections are too closely wedded to glittering dust. We have too little faith in the fidelity and goodness of our Father—that he will meet out what we need, and give us what we can use for real good, and therefore we want to see our portion set aside and marked, deeded and delivered, and then we think we shall feel it is ours. Poor souls! we little know what we ask! Were God to answer all our prayers, ours would be far worse than the prodigal's fate; we should soon expend our portion, and *then* we should remember our Father. Better is it for us in contentment to love, serve and *trust* Him, than to be 'wise in our own conceits.'

But I cannot minutely follow the wanderer and record my reflections, as space forbids it. I pass over all till I behold the son wending his solemn way towards home; and from the height whereon, in thought, I stand, I behold the father coming forth from his mansion, again to ascend the hill to look out in hope to catch the sight of his son's form amid some of the winding paths

in the distance. O God! how many times has he ascended that hill and stood stretching his vision far abroad—one hand shading his tearful eyes from the scorching sunlight, and the other hand ready to beckon the traveller on. He had gone out there when the first light of the morning gilded the highest hills, and bared his reverend locks to the cool breeze, to fan the brow heated by the flush of hope, the fever of fear, and the toil of the ascent; and there he has stood, and looked and looked, and prayed and prayed, till the horn of the mansion sounded for the morning repast. As he replaced the turban on his head, its shadow was far less dark on his countenance, than the shade which passed over his soul, as he turned his steps homeward without his son—the wanderer, yet the loved! Even in the heat of noon, he has travelled up the steep height and sat under the broad-leaved palm, and looked out till his eyes ached and his brain grew hot; and then he would bow his head upon his palms and think of God and pray for patience. He would dwell on the long-suffering and gentleness of the Parent of all towards prodigal Israel, and his heart would gain new strength. Again he looked out, till the peasants had all returned, and the last rays of sunset were dying away on the mountains. Poor man! he must again return, and suffer another night 'the stern agony of thought.' O where is he—what roof is it that shelters his head to-night, and who are his companions? Often would he awake at night and leap from his couch, as some noise startled him, as though some one sought entrance, or from the vividness of a dream that too cruelly and successfully mocked his desire. The morn again comes, and once more he goes to the height; again he returns as before, and the food is only tasted to hide the sickness of the heart. He walks about his grounds in abstraction—he is lost amid the most familiar occupations, and his answers often betray the absentness of his mind from all around—that his spirit is searching after his youngest son. The noon is passed, and again he would toil up the mount of prospect. He is on the height, and again he gazes rapidly all over the various paths where human feet have trod. Again his heart dies within him, and with a vacant stare he faces the centre road. Now, he throws down his staff, and locks together his fingers as close bars to form a shade to his aged eyes, and lo! there is a man advancing—now he rises in full sight, and the father cannot be deceived—he runs, he leaps as when in his youth he hunted the deer, and now he clasps the neck of his son—he kisses him, and the full heart baptises the repentant with the sacred waters of love! O holy sight! the seraphim crowd in to the circle of the rejoicing angels that hover above—one, with rapt and uplifted face and clasped hands, adores the *Mercy* which has recovered the sinner—another fans the burning heart of the father lest it break in its excess of joy—another whispers to the son's spirit to confess all, and tell the whole story and the solemn lessons of his wanderings—another bids him to offer now his deep felt vow to resolve to tread with firm step the path of duty—another brings to his mind the image of an earthly, yet divine angel whom he may win to be his own, and all of them do a part to bring the 'heaven' that 'lay about him in his infancy,' again to circle him with a beautiful world. Happy Son! blessed Father! I gaze on ye with moistened eyes, and my heart beats quick in sympathy with yours. I will learn more of the divine lessons of parental anxiety and its deep springs, and I will ask for a more truly filial heart! Let me appreciate more the love of earth, that I may know more of heavenly grace; and when my Father looks out from 'the high and holy place,' may He see me in the valley of industry, or in the home of quiet happiness and repose, or in society to do good, or in the temple to praise his adorable perfections and pray for the everlasting benediction. Amen.

B.

Written for the Repository.

My little Bird.

Now, welcome back, my little bird,
Oh, welcome back to me,
And welcome to thy pleasant home
Upon the green-wood tree.

I fain would ask thee, what has kept
Thy truant wing so long,
While we have listened many an hour
All vainly for thy song.

Sure from a home so fair as thine,
Thou couldst not wish to rove,
For the summer in its loveliness,
Is over all the grove.

Its spirit dwells amid the flowers
Which all around us spring,
And echos in the tuneful notes,
Which through the forest ring.

It dwells amid the bending boughs
And in the sparkling stream,
Which dances on its pleasant way,
Beneath the sunny beam.

Why from a scene so beautiful
Shouldst thou desire to stay,
And leave the nest which thou hadst built
In thine own skilful way?

Some cruel cage must sure have kept
Thy wandering wing from me,
And thou hast come with gladsome note,
Now thou again art free.

My Father, at thy throne above,
Now may my prayer be heard,
And may my heart a lesson learn
E'en from this little bird.

Thus if within the paths of sin,
My spirit e'er should roam,
And fettered by guilt's chain should dwell
Far from its heavenly home:

May strength to break its prison bars,
By thy kind care be given,
And joyful may it seek again
The love of truth and heaven.

Lancaster, Mass. JULIA.

Written for the Repository.

Thoughts and Hints.

REAP and Winnow; Sow the Wheat and Joy in the Harvest.

I.

IN the preface of a certain work designed to create 'a movement' in the theological world, the author confesses his fear that some portions of his work would be misunderstood, because the reader would not know the qualifications which existed in his, the author's, mind, and which governed or limited the meaning of some expressions or positions. This is a very safe retreat, for if absurdity, or inconsistency was clearly discoverable in the production, the answer would come—It only seems so, and *if* you had the qualifications which exist in my mind, you would perceive the harmony of the whole. This is a foolish reserve, but it affords a useful lesson to all preachers, teachers, and indeed to all who ever attempt to unfold principles and justify any controverted position. They should be careful to qualify correctly all they set forth, that the limits or extent of an assertion may be properly understood. This would prevent many a serious and long continued war of words, in public controversies and private circles of conversationists or debaters. The sophist trusts much to the use of equivocal words and terms; the man of truth leans on correct ideas, and pleads for principles.

II.

The complacency with which some men consider the future life, while acknowledging perpetual evil as well as good, is sometimes a matter of astonishment. They seem to have never dreamed that they *may* be of those who they fancy are to be ever in abodes of wretchedness, and therefore they ask Death to strike and Eternity to open its portals for the freed spirit. If there is really the dark uncertainty hanging over the fate of man till a great day in the far future, as is commonly asserted, it surely becomes those who receive the idea, to be less bold in the exultations of the spirit imagining eternity. Humility should teach them not to clothe themselves too quickly in an angel's robes, as there *may* not be any for them.

III.

A certain theological writer, 'of the contrary part,' says: 'How often has God manifested that he can change the hearts of men by apparently feeble motives or means. How often has a word, a sentence, a perfectly familiar expression or thought, been set home upon the mind with such new interest and power, that conversion has been the speedy consequence. All such instances go to show that, in a world like this, God can never want *motives* with which to operate in turning the hearts of sinners to himself.' To this we would add, that in no world, or state of being can God want for means to turn sinners to himself; and who can declare with positiveness, that the new birth of the soul into an immortal life, will not afford motives enough to make it a child of God? 'Death is' *not* 'a *mere* physical change.' It is nowhere spoken of as such in the scriptures; and if it were a mere physical change, are we prepared to deny that moral changes attend important physical changes? We cannot; for we reflect too much on the moral benefits of sickness, of seasons of pain and distress, to declare that great physical changes are *merely* such, reaching not to the spirit. What changes has the breaking of a limb produced? Sir Walter Scott tells us in some of his letters, that his whole life, every current of his intellectual being, was changed by the accident that maimed him and confined him to the house—compelling him to seek in books, which he disliked before, relief from the tediousness of confinement. Will death be a mere physical change to the idiot, whose soul has been like a Mozart, confined to the use of an untuned and untunable instrument? It is presumptuous in any mortal to decide what is the extent of the agency of death. It is one

of God's *universal* agents; and as such we can believe it to be ordained in goodness—that by it his wisdom, as well as his power, will be manifested; and in the hope of glory 'wait till our change come.'

IV.

The Psalmist acknowledged himself once as envious of the *seeming* prosperity and rest of the wicked; but so ashamed was he afterward of his feelings at that time, that he declared he was 'as a beast,' so ignorant was he of the true relations of the Right. Yet many now echo his envious speech, and forget his after repentance. Many now proclaim much about the prosperity and ease of the wicked; but if they know anything of vital godliness and heartfelt piety, they know that what they say is all fiction—the breath of half-uttered truth. What more daring impiety is there, than to openly declare, with earnestness, as many do, that the wicked are happier in following the suggestions of licentiousness, than the righteous in the obedience of virtue. Let us look at some facts in reference to this declaration.

And, first, it is a fact that no parent is willing to teach his or her child so. It is a fact, that we honor the man of virtue as we cannot the vicious; we can and do depend on the one as we cannot on the other; and we readily admit that a general imitation of the one would perfect society, while a general imitation of the other would destroy the social fabric and pollute every altar of good. It is a fact that we are glad in nothing so much as in virtuous thoughts and deeds, when we review the past. It is a fact that only by the cultivation of virtuous feelings and affections, by pious thought and deed, can we nourish sympathy with divine things, and awaken in the soul the strength necessary to climb the Mount of Prospect and behold, with anointed eyes, the glories of the new Jerusalem.

Consider the Virtuous and Vicious as individuals—strive to penetrate to their secret feelings, or correctly suppose what they must be; consider them as members of society, and question the influence of their examples; consider them in sickness and when death is nearing, as life is reviewed with solemn thought and feeling; and then consider the memory left—the difference in the legacies they leave for the living;—gather the impressions of these varied reflections, and never more will thou forget 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin,' or the heavenly beauty of heart-dictated obedience of God's law of Right and Duty. B.

Written for the Repository.

To a Friend, on the Death of her Husband.

He has vanished from among us! and oh, why should we mourn,
When earth's frail ties, however fond, are thus asunder torn;
Why should we seek to hold him here, from mansions of the blest,
'Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

And yet it is a grievous thing, when cherished friends are torn
From our embrace, by death's cold grasp, and hurried to 'that bourne,
From whence no traveler yet returned,' to paint the glorious rest,
Of those who labored here for Christ, and now with him are blest!

He has left his earthly dwelling, and thine eyes are veiled in tears,
For him, in whom were garnered up the hopes of many years;
The husband of thine early love,—the kindest and the best,
He has past through many a weary scene, and now has gone to rest.

A brihter, happier home is his, and yet we wept for him,
When the golden bowl was broken, and the lamp of life grew dim;
But richest comforts soothed our hearts when to his side we crept,
And let the tears of friendship flow—we know that 'Jesus wept!'

And mourn not for the fatherless!—thou hast no cause for fear,
The widow's, and the orphan's God, will be thy helper here;
And when thy race at length is run, with him mayst thou be blest,
'Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

Written for the Repository.

Cunning is not Wisdom.

That worldly wisdom so often spoken of in the Holy Scriptures, may be denominated *low cunning*—a phrase which is generally understood pretty well, but which we are too apt to confine to paltry transactions in business; while, in truth, all worldly wisdom may be considered no better than low cunning.

I am sorry to be under the necessity of saying that even these paltry transactions in business, and crafty speculations of the most contemptible character, sometimes receive the applause of those who make professions of piety. As I wish to be fully understood, I will illustrate this by a few examples. The following is a fact, and I am

afraid that such occurrences are frequent. An orphan girl was brought up in the family of her uncle. This family professed to be pious—even the children were deeply imbued with a regard for the outward forms and ceremonials of religion; while the parents would as soon have thought of setting fire to their own house as to neglect their attendance at church on Sundays. Nevertheless, the orphan girl who was thrown upon their hands—notwithstanding that sufficient property was left for her support, all of which was in the hands of the uncle—yet she did not receive from them that attention which she merited; but her guardians were ever prone to institute invidious comparisons between her and their own children. She was a child of remarkable candor, and would, at any time, have suffered herself to be wronged, sooner than to deceive or take advantage of another. But, strange to say, these high professors of religion regarded this trait as an evidence of her want of intellect! They thought she was not so 'smart' as other children, because she would not take advantage of their ignorance, when she had an opportunity to do so. Reader, will you be kind enough to apply a searching examination to your own heart—to look over your own line of conduct, and see if you can discover anything of this disposition in yourself. If so, be assured that your professions of religion are worthless—totally worthless—for you are still in the gall of bitterness, and the bonds of iniquity.

But to proceed;—on one occasion, a lad much older than the orphan, and son to her guardians, offered to purchase some articles of her which she valued, but which she was willing to exchange for a book owned by her cousin. He produced the volume, and took the articles, and exulted immediately in his 'good bargain.' The book had been torn and soiled, so that it was of no value at all. The trustful little girl found, too late, that she had been duped, and she burst into tears—tears of disappointment and wounded sensibility; but the mother and sisters of the lad did not reprove him for his act of deceit—they rather smiled as though he had manifested a commendable tact and ingenuity, while at the same time they jested the little girl, as if she had been *guilty* of a want of *sagacity* in permitting herself to be deluded in this manner!

This may appear like a *very trifling* occurrence to some of my readers, but straws show the direction of the wind. Our Lord gave the clearest and strongest precepts against 'small sins,' and the Psalmist was wise in praying to be guarded from 'presumptuous sins'—those sins which people presumed to commit from deeming them of little consequence. And here is a folly to be guarded against, for indulgence is ruinous to the formation of a well balanced character. Who could wonder if the lad, thus unreproved for an act of consummate meanness, should, in riper age, become a swindler of his fellow men—a grinding and marble-hearted oppressor of the poor! But the people who thus encouraged him to persevere in so injurious a course, were very pious—in their own way. They would as soon listen to a speech from Satan incarnate, as to hear the doctrines of impartial grace promulgated by a preacher of the truth.

I was privy to another instance, in which a lad received great praise from his *pious* parents for working himself into a profitable situation, at the expense of the unsuspecting youth to whom it was first promised. This is a common sin of 'low cunning.'

But these cases are, by no means, rare; and it is only when they are enacted on a large scale, that they lose the name of 'low cunning,' and are regarded as the mark of great talents for diplomacy.

'There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding;'—but that understanding which comes from this high source, is not the knowledge of duplicity. That is the wisdom that cometh from beneath. The wisdom that comes from above, never taught one person to overreach his neighbor, or to take advantage of his simplicity—which simplicity, by the by, may be the result of candor too open and sincere even to suspect the intentions of others.

Much is said, in the christian Scriptures, about the wisdom of this world. We are told that 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation, than the children of light.' What are we to understand by the phrase, 'in their generation?' Simply that the knowledge which answers for present purposes is possessed by them, to a great degree. The short-sighted wisdom which leads one to take advantage of existing circumstances, in order to secure a present gain—but the end whereof is darkness and death—is possessed by the children of this world: while those who are embued with the spirit of Christ, are governed by those high and immutable princi-

ples, which, although they may seem, for the present, to promise little success in our selfish speculations, and even to be adverse to them—are the only means of obtaining that happiness which endeth not. Those who have tried this wisdom, and who have forsaken the supreme love of houses and lands, fathers, sisters, and mothers to obtain it—who have sold all to purchase this pearl of price, feel no disposition to return to the sensualism from which they have been delivered. They feel that they are saved already—and that the kind of happiness which proceeds from well-doing, is eternal in its nature.

Those who are willing to gain wisdom of God, do not ask in vain—yet wisdom will not be vouchsafed to them from above, any farther than they are willing to use it. Like the manna which fell in the wilderness for the children of Israel to eat, it will be sent no faster than it is made use of—and like that manna, it cannot be hoarded up for future use. Those who would learn of God, must obey his will. They must live upon the knowledge thus obtained, or their eye will be darkened.

If we do, in things convenient, walk by the law of the Lord; and in other matters, consult only that selfish wisdom which is from beneath, we shall make poor progress in the way of salvation. If any man have not the spirit which was in Christ, he is none of his; and if he have that spirit, it will be as a lamp to his feet, and as a chart by which he will direct *all* his ways. Being under the law of grace, he will no more commit sin; for the truth will be a continual spring of living water in his heart.

It will be impossible for an individual while under the influence of that wisdom which cometh from above, to be a diplomatist in great matters, any more than in small ones. It will be his aim to do right, fairly, candidly, and openly. He will have no secrets—no covert plans. He will be a stranger to intrigue, in all its forms. He will not use speech that only persons of a certain class can understand—but his will be 'the gift of tongues,' that his thoughts may be made known to all the different nations of the earth, irrespective of condition or character. True wisdom cannot exist in connection with disguise—while the wisdom of this world is dependent upon craft and private speculation. 'Thinking themselves wise men become fools;' but we must make ourselves 'fools for Christ's sake,' before we can have true wisdom.

Simplicity of heart and conduct is the trait of the true christian: and no man can enter the kingdom of heaven until he becomes even as a little child.

Written for the Repository.

Lake Erie.

BY T. B. READ.

I've wandered by the stormy lake
And heard the wild waves roar:
I've seen the white caps madly break
Along the rugged shore.

I've heard the sea bird's thrilling scream—
The thunders rolling by:—
I've seen the livid lightnings gleam
Along the angry sky.

I love the storm that wakes the sleep
Of Erie's sullen rest:
It sympathizes with the deep
Emotions of my breast.

Written for the Repository.

Brotherly Kindness.

If there is one virtue needed upon our earth, if there is one which shines brighter, and glows warmer, and more adorneth the heart of man, than any other, it is brotherly kindness; or that charity to our fellow man which suffereth long, and teaches us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. 'Be ye kind one to another with brotherly love,' saith the Apostle. We are all travelers on the same road, ought we not to mutually endeavor to make the way pleasant? We have all one Father, ought we not to love each other as children of the same great Parent? But how often do we forget these truths, how often do we let our anger kindle against our brother, and treat him harshly and unkindly. 'If thy brother offend thee forgive him, not until seven times, but until seventy times seven.' Deal gently with thy erring brother, thou knowest not how great hath been the temptation, nor how much, nor how long he strove with the tempter ere he fell. Deal gently with him, a word of kindness may bring him a penitent at thy feet, while a harsh rebuke will but harden him in the way of transgression. Judge not harshly, hadst thou stood in his place, surrounded by the same temptations, thou mightest have fallen even lower than he.

There is a spirit abroad in the world which is much at variance with the spirit of brotherly

kindness. We see it manifested but too often even by those who stand in high places, and who perhaps are unconscious of the feeling they are fostering in their bosoms. It hath its origin in envy. We have seen it in children; he who stands at the head of this class is envied by those below him, and to envy succeeds unkindness, taunting words, and at last hatred. The heart that will cherish these feelings, that will let indignation rise from such causes as these, has but little of the spirit of brotherly kindness and charity. What if our God hath given to another higher gifts than to ourselves, should we let our evil passions rise against him on that account? And upon how many warm, young hearts hath the unkind spirit manifested by its fellow man fallen like the blight and the mildew, till it was fain to say that the world was cold and unfeeling, and that its praise was so filled with hatred and envy, that it turned away in disgust and disappointment.

How many of the best and noblest emotions of the soul it hath chilled and stifled in their very birth! How many good feelings and glowing hopes and ardent aspirations it hath laid in the dust! How many a heart hath it turned from its pure and holy worship, to bow down to earthly idols and images of clay! Ay, this spirit of unkindness, this meeting the young warm heart with coldness and selfishness, this uncharitableness to our brother man, how much, how very much hath it to answer for. More fatal hath it been to the aspirations of genius and the love of the good and holy, than the cold hand of poverty, or even the dark spirit of persecution!

I have an instance—a sad one, within my mind even now. May it prove a warning to others. It is of one who came from the halls of learning with a heart glowing with a love of the holy gospel it was his to proclaim—a soul lit up with the fires of genius, a temper joyous and sunny, and a frame vigorous and spirit buoyant. He went forth into the world, it was to him bright as his own imagination. True there were frail, sinful beings within it, but his heart glowed with the love of God, and the good that he should do to those erring ones. He started in life with his heart and soul glowing with these noble feelings, and how did he succeed? Years passed on, and the young brow was furrowed with care, and the heart saddened by disappointment. His noble powers, and the use he made of those powers, had made him enemies—enemies where he had looked for friends, and unkindness where he had looked for love, and the spirit of bitterness and uncharitableness where he had looked for brotherly kindness and affection.

Those to whom he had looked as co-workers, had envied his great powers and talents; and first came the sly hint, the whispered fear, that though he was a beautiful orator and writer, yet his light would be brilliant and dazzling, but soon to sink in obscurity; and then it was whispered that he preached from motives of fame alone, that it was the world he worshipped, and not his God; and some said he was too theatrical for the pulpit, too high flown, common minds could not understand him; and thus they went on. He found his highest motives had been misunderstood, his noblest purposes treated with unkindness. He looked back to the time when he had entered upon life's stage with all his hopes of usefulness and greatness. He sighed to think how the followers of Christ had turned from their true path, how they had forgotten the plain precept, Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another. His was a sad story, a tale of hopes crushed, and noble powers but imperfectly brought forth. Had it not been for brotherly unkindness he might have shone far brighter, he might have stood far higher. But his heart was sensitive, he sunk beneath the spirit of unkindness, and the last time that I saw him, the brow was furrowed with care, the hair prematurely grey, and the heart saddened and humbled. Yet he was true to his God, and his life had been useful, and many a widow and orphan's heart had blessed him; and among the names of the blessed and the useful, his name will shine among the brightest.

Ministers and followers of Christ! ye who profess the gospel of love, ye who are followers of the Lamb, the meek and lowly Jesus! Be ye kind one towards another, with brotherly love. This spirit of unkindness and uncharitableness, cast it from you, as ye would aught that is evil; let it find no place in your hearts. Already we fear it hath found too much of a place there; but search your souls now, and if there remain aught of the bitter spirit, pray to your God for strength to resist it. It is more deleterious to the spread of the gospel you love, than the strong hand of persecution or oppression. And moreover, it is highly sinful. A minister of the meek and lowly Jesus cherishing a spirit of unkindness to his brother man, it is a contradiction in terms. Treat

your brother, just entering the business of life, with kindness, cover his faults with the mantle of charity, and love and encourage his virtues. Let your example incite him to action, and be to him a brother; and to him who has borne the heat of the day, look up with reverence. He has grown grey in the service of his Master, look kindly on his little foibles, if he has them, be kind to his infirmities, and love him as one who has borne with much tribulation for the gospel's sake.

As you hope that the gospel will have free course and be glorified, as you hope that your labors will be rewarded, and the world made the better for your having lived in it, as you hope that you will be beloved by your fellow man, cherish the spirit of charity, and let brotherly love continue. G. R. L.

Charlestown, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Good Old Man.

The following stanzas were suggested by Russell's beautiful and popular ballad of 'The Old Wife.'

Though time, alas! has changed thy locks, from glossy brown to grey,
And thy proud, and manly form is bent, with age and slow decay,—
Yet true and tender, is thy heart, as when we first began
To tread life's path together, my faithful, good old Man.

A bright and joyous day was that, when in the bloom of youth,
With love and hope unchecked and free, I plighted thee my truth;
Thine have I been for many a year, yet never in that span,
Has murmuring word escaped thy lips, my dear, my good old Man.

And happy is the life we've led, tho' like an April day,
Where clouds and sunshine, smiles and tears, have held alternate sway;
But sunny hours have triumphed still, and grief been under ban,
For tears were never welcome guests, with thee, my good old Man.

And through the ever-changing scenes, that chequer human life,
Most blessed have I deemed my lot, since I became thy wife;
What need of words?—thou knowest well, the love lang syne began,
And dearer than the bridegroom was, art thou, my good old Man! CHARLOTTE.

Boston, Mass.

A liberal mind is a giant in defence of right.

Beware of the tale-bearer when he goeth out among friends: his mask is hidden under guise, and he treacherously bears the sayings of the company with an evil report, and the fruit thereof is seen and felt by many an aching heart.

Written for the Repository.

The Minister's Wife.

Some considerable time since, we penned an article, intending to set forth what the Minister's Wife should be unto the people, or in her peculiar relations to the church. (Vol. viii. p. 201.) We carried out but a part of our plan, as we intended, as we now intend to reverse the theme, and treat of what the people should be unto her. We recur to the subject, impelled by the perusal of an earnest letter. This we deem of vital importance to the success of ministerial effort; and it is a matter to which but very little consideration is usually directed. We have heard addresses given to societies in reference to their duties to their minister, when we have known a great and pressing necessity for some pungent allusion to our theme; but not a word was dropped whereby we could draw evidence that any one save the installed brother was remembered. Our people are well enlightened on the subject of reciprocating pastoral duty and care, if we may judge from the number, frequency and length of addresses designed for this purpose. And it may be said that the minister's companion should not be made a public character, and also installed, and that she would not desire it. Neither should we, in the sense with which such language is generally used. We do not ask for her a place in the desk, but in the hearts of the people; we do not wish that she should be permitted to throw aside the retreating delicacy which is woman's peculiar ornament, but we do wish that the peculiarities of her lot might be understood, and her variety of griefs lessened. And while we speak of the minister's wife, we have in view the true character of such, and dwell only on such as sincerely and solemnly desire to be useful; who would put forth the utmost effort for the advancement of the truest interests of the church, and be a spiritual sister to the believers of her own sex. We think of such as received the blessing of Jesus, and who were commended by the Apostle Paul. Few who have not made it a special matter of investigation, can be aware how much is said in the Apostolic narratives and epistles respecting the healthful influence of woman in the church, how often she is commended, and how frequently affectionate regard is asked for her from the disciples. As in that age, so in the present, her influence should be acknowledged and respectfully valued. Thus would she be encouraged to cultivate greater fitness, and

her sisterly affection would breathe out a richness of fragrance that would fill the atmosphere of the church with the odors of paradise.

'But,' asks one, 'why is the minister's wife any different from any other disciple?' She has, we admit, no mystic charms given her—no special gifts are sent down to rest upon her head; and she may not be so beautiful as some, nor so graceful as others, nor so fascinating as many. Nature, the schools, and society, may not have imparted any characteristics or qualities to distinguish, or exalt her. And so it may be with her partner as a man separate from his office; but with the name *minister!* does there not arise a different, and a tender and affectionate class of associations? If not, the term has not yet been understood by the heart—the heart has not the interest it should have in the office. For though we claim not for the minister what is asked for the priest, and though we recognise no such being as a priest, properly speaking, yet we do say that the sanctities of his office make the minister a peculiar man. Who like him has an entrance granted to the sanctuary of thought? Who like him is admitted to the retreat of guilt, bereavement, or blighted hope? And to whom, as unto him, is the life made bare, with all its strange minglings of the bright and the dark—the joyous and the sad? He consecrates the innocent of a few days to the God of infancy, and his words stole down into the parent-heart with a divine power, and there live like echoes of the voice of Jesus. He stands by the cradle with the mother, when paleness rests on the cheeks of the darling, and the light of the eye is dim, and the smile has quite forsaken the pleasant lips. Her heart is burning with fevered fears, and his voice utters words of tenderness that take away some of the wildness of her gaze, and her spirit is less sad, while her babe seems more beautiful. He is with her, and his hand grasps the palm of a little one, as the dead lies in the awful stillness of the unwaking sleep; and the little hand does not tremble now, nor do the parent's tears flow so fast and searingly, as they did awhile since, for *he* has brought Jesus and his salvation near, and opened the portals of everlasting life and glory to young and old. He comes in to still the agony of the heart stricken with guilt, or overwhelmed by a sudden message of blasted expectations and desolated joys;—where the parents bled over the ruined son, or betrayed daughter; where age covers its face that life should be lengthened to meet such stern trials. O nothing is too sacred for him to know, and the most timid ask of him direction, while almost as low as the voice of growing things, are the whisperings of the doubtful and perplexed spirit in his ear. It is these holy things which are the sanctifying rites of his office—it is these that separate him as one *in*, but not *of* the world.

And is not the one-companion of such a being a peculiar woman? has she not, or should she not have, peculiar claims upon the consideration of the disciples? By her union, she becomes his private secretary, and may be made his spiritual almoner to bear needed advice and comfort to troubled souls and wounded spirits, under circumstances which would make them 'doubly blessed' thus bestowed. She is his confidant, and a peculiar range of knowledge opens peculiar avenues of usefulness; but whether she will use that knowledge, or enter those avenues, depends very much on other than the influences of home. Through her many can come to the minister for essential requisites to happiness, as they cannot without; and where intimacy and cordial affection does not exist, there are many troubles, many evils, which otherwise would have been prevented, or checked in the budding.

The first duty of the people, and that which sums up all others, then is,—to encourage in all suitable ways, the minister's wife to cultivate a fitness for a ministry of goodness. Here is a difficult work, in some respects, as some would have the pastor's companion always on the wing, and thus preventing her from giving an example of faithfulness to home duties. She is to be a pattern in this, as in any thing else; and the weight of her character will depend in a good degree upon her attributes as a housewife. 'Let them learn first to show piety at home,' is an exhortation she is to remember, and consequently hers is to be an example of *home piety*. Many of the people do not consider this with due attention; and, from want of this consideration, they say and do many things which serve to discourage the heart and palsy effort. Each head of a hundred families, may regard it as a slight thing for the pastor's lady to give them 'a call,' or 'spend an afternoon' with them, frequently; but a hundred calls are not so easily made, nor a hundred afternoons found to spend away from home. When, therefore, her task is computed, it should not be by the wishes of one, but by the aggre-

gate wishes of all. And then too, she is human, and her family are mortal beings, liable to sickness, and accidents, and perplexities, as much as others; and when necessity has confined her to home duties for a considerable time, it is not pleasant to be greeted with —'What a stranger you are!' or, 'I thought you had forgotten us—that you was never a-going to call again!' as soon as she enters a dwelling. Her apology is deemed sufficient when made; but did she need an apology? If she had been remembered, might not her duties at home have been known, and the voice of sympathy greeted her instead of complaining? And what if a long time has elapsed since the last visit, what pleasure is there, or can there be, in the first words being those of murmuring? Does it bring a smile the speediest to the features, or open a heart warming conversation? Does it make them feel at once that there are lively religious sympathies in whose strength all little inattentions are forgotten, and that the moments or the hours are too precious to be wasted in recitals of mutual privations? Does it prove that the heart draws from its own experience to excuse what may seem to wear a repulsive aspect in others, and to hope that the joy of the present may fill up the blank of the past? Trifling as this matter may seem, it is an important one—especially important for the attention of those whose *habitual* greetings are such as we have noticed, and many of whom never think of returning a visit.

Each of a hundred can far easier find and use the opportunity of making a call on the minister's wife, than she can visit the hundred; and it is only by this course that a real intimacy or friendship can spring up and grow between the sisters. For as she goes from household to household, she carries into each the feelings awakened by the others, and the mingling of emotions and thoughts prevents her from *individualizing* as she can when in her own home, with her home feelings in full play, she opens her heart to each, and each has a warm place to sit in converse with her affections.

It frequently occurs that rumor's hundred tongues spreads wide the report, that 'the pastor's lady is quite a reserved being, keeping herself at a distance from all but *a favored few!*' Now, here is a common evil, and one to be seriously examined. And first, is it not as natural and as reasonable for her to have her peculiar attachments, as for any other? May not circumstances, tastes, sympathies, and kindly charities of attention and advice of a domestic character, bring together the pastor's wife and a few of the sisters and intertwine the very pulses of their being, as others cannot be connected with her? She has her right to the circle of peculiar loves, and she is swayed in forming that circle as others are who have chords in the heart which do not respond to every touch. And it will generally be found that the members of this circle are those who came forth at the first to make her feel she was not amid strangers, but sisters, and whose generous frankness and open-hearted kindliness woke feelings 'too deep for tears.' These first impressions of affection were made when the heart was peculiarly susceptible, and it yearned for what it had left or parted from, and asked in sadness for some trustful beings to fill the places of the absent. Is it a marvel that she should have her 'favored few,' and is she worthy of any blame for it? It cannot be marvellous or blameworthy till the very texture of the heart is changed, and it be made the same to all, irrespective of tastes and sympathies. She needs and must have those to whom her soul is unveiled as it may not be to all, even though disciples of the same Lord, and her usefulness depends greatly on the discretion and prudence exercised in the selection.

But a different attitude may be assumed by the echoers of the rumor we have quoted. It may be said 'she is reserved more than the above should require, and is distant as a true christian should not be from the sisterhood.' She perhaps, would not be willing to claim the title of a 'true christian;' her life-long aim is, or should be, to develope more and more of the attributes of that character; she is far from wishing to make any other to be the test of excellence than her Lord; and if he call her by her name, it is joy enough for her to exclaim—'Master!' And then, again, it may be that the disciples are not a true 'sisterhood;' for what are the essentials of the character of a true spiritual sister? Let this be pondered. Is it one essential to be jealous or suspicious in a manner that will incline to the belief that the pastor's lady is distant and reserved, ere any attempt has really been made to approach her, or open the way for her advances? And yet many get the idea into their minds, that she is reserved and distant, and act accordingly; and she is as much at a loss how to act when they meet, as they confess they were.

They really act the reserved part, and a check is thereby given to the outflowing of her characteristic sympathies; and thus, they from imaginations, and she from ignorance that they are acting an assumed character, perpetuate a reserve that neither of them desire or enjoy. If there be in them a real wish to make her feel there is a sisterhood larger than the charmed circle for her to love and sympathize with, they will find means to let her see it—they will venture, even at a desperate risk, to show a little frankness—to wear one really amiable smile, and utter one tone that shall tell the sister-heart has spoken. Let this be done, and lo! the magic circle will expand, and whereas there were a few, there will soon be many mirrors to reflect the kindness of the central object. That any minister's wife can desire to limit her affections and sympathies to a narrow round, is impossible after she has known the true spirit of our blessed faith and its strong impulses to usefulness. Is there a heart bleeding over its crushed hopes and the withering of its brightest joys? She would be there as a sister, though the home be the lowliest cottage, as readily as though it were the mansion of wealth and splendor. What are wealth and splendor to her whose home is heaven—whose Lord passed by the mansions of luxury and affluence in Jerusalem, and pursued his twilight journey, after a weary day, to an humble dwelling in Bethany? If there be any whose spirits are lifted up by the pride of life, holding the relation we are speaking of, the disciples should, with earnest and solemn purpose and prayer, endeavor to throw around them influences to christianize their tempers, and introduce them to a knowledge of the beauty of humility and the exceeding loveliness of active goodness that recognizes no distinctions but such as Jesus recognized. There is guilt in heart-contracting pride in her who has given herself to the teacher of truth in its most sacred relations; and there is also, a want of christian firmness and sisterly interest towards her, amounting to guilt, in those whose course offers no check to the growth of this injurious passion. And surely it is unamiable, to say the least, to go about lamenting deficiences in the pastor's companion, ere effort has been made to know whether diffidence has not been mistaken for pride, and reserve on their part for distance in her. The force of our faith when active in the soul, will beget frankness and affection; but as the charge of 'forwardness' and 'importance' is so easily made against her, and when made furnishes so much matter for talk and gossip, that frankness can much better be exercised first by the disciples, and she will be led to enter where they thus lead.

Many a retiring spirit has dwelt long in doubt respecting the feelings cherished towards her by the sisterhood, till, suddenly to her, there came a clear expression of true love and esteem in a gift or token of friendship. Like to the warm and gentle rain to a flower pausing between blooming and fading, came the love-offering. She is no longer in doubt, and her spirit rejoices in a freedom the most ecstatic. Is it the abstract value or worth of the article bestowed that does this? No; for if this were only considered, the gift were but as so much money bestowed by charity. It has a value from the feelings which make the golden circles on the fourth finger dearer than a palace. That ring did not create any thing, nor was it given because the receiver was too poor to buy one. She could not buy such an one. The moment it was chosen and placed where the heart's pulses touched it, it was consecrated, and an array of jewelry could not purchase it—no art could fashion another. There are those who need gifts of the essentials of life because of their poverty, and we rejoice when christian charity supplies their need. But this touches not the principle of gifts bestowed, as outward tokens of inward love—as expressions of esteem. Yet some imagine it does, and would make us believe—it may be very honestly—that they can see nothing in gifts but charity! and that what is sometimes bestowed on the pastor's wife had better be given to the really poor! How do they know but that it is thus given? not indeed in kind, or precisely the same material, but otherwise. Is she not thus made able to do what she could otherwise only desire to do; and if they do not know that she gives any thing in charity, they should remember that they do not even know what drew the gifts from others to her, and that unpublished charities come nearest to the requirements of the great Teacher. Some of these cynics make serious Uncle Tim's jest. 'What town is this ere?' 'Its Farmington, sir.' 'Well, I want to know if you know any thing of a boy of mine that lives here.' 'A boy of yours—who?' 'Why, I've got a boy here, that's livin' *on the town*, and I tho't I'd just look him up.' 'I don't know any boy that's livin' on the town; what's his name?'

'Why,' said the old man, pushing his hat off from his forehead, 'I believe they call him James Benton.' 'James Benton! why that's our minister's name.' 'O wal, I believe he *is* the minister, come to think on't. He's a boy o' mine tho'. Where does he live?' Of course, Mrs. Benton lives upon the town, and if she be only comfortable, it is very foolish for any ladies of the parish to think of making her a present; if their husbands pay their taxes regularly, that ought to content every body!

Here is indeed a principle to be understood; for if doctrines which have been put forth concerning this matter are just, and '*charity*' is the term to apply alike to the voluntary gift of a circle of ladies to their pastor's companion, and to the essentials of life furnished to a perishing family,—we know of some whose health, strength, and activity, will cause them to reject unequivocally all benefactions. But good sense, with suitable reflection, is only necessary to institute the right distinction; and that it should be established, is essential to the real and full enjoyment of a friendly act by her on whom it has been bestowed. So long as we are creatures of association—so long as material things are made spiritual by the transformations of affection and gratitude, so long there will be deep-reaching power in a token of friendship—of religious esteem. What an influence to awaken thought and kindle feeling is exerted by such! In the silence of home it has many a voice given to it, and gratitude to God for the friendship she feels is hers, inspires her to seek wisdom and increasing fitness for usefulness, wherever her lot may be cast.

In every society there are peculiarities which prevent the prescribing of any universal rule in reference to a proper reciprocation of kindly interest towards the minister's wife. 'Where there's a will there's a way,' is the old and true adage, as applicable here as to any other matter. But there is one subject which we may discuss on general grounds, and that is *Female Societies*. We lately saw a terrible lamentation in a Calvinistic journal against making the clergyman's wife the chief in every project—president of this, secretary of that, and treasurer of another, society, crowding the duties of a dozen upon one. It would seem that the evils resulting from this inconsiderateness had increased to an alarming magnitude, to require such an outbreak as we met with; but with us there is not the multiplicity of associations as exist within one society in other denominations; yet with our few, many evils arise from giving the chief place or office to the pastor's wife. We venture the opinion that, as a general thing, she can be more useful without, than with an office; as there is always some one more thoroughly acquainted with the members of the sisterhood, and as able, if not abler, in many respects to take the lead, or direction of affairs. She can do many things for the association, if she have not an office, which she cannot do if she have one, as her official character will be always kept in mind and will be thought to bias her judgment. Her advice can be drawn out oftentimes to better purpose, while she is one *of* them, and not *over* them; and in cases of difficulty, a healing influence may be exerted, as it could not be under other circumstances. Many times the presiding office is conferred on her as a matter of compliment, without reference to fitness, ere she has had an opportunity to become even slightly acquainted with those over whom she is to preside; and ignorance of peculiarities of character, betrays her into acts, which, though springing from the best motives, produce difficulties.

We have thus written, not in behalf of any individual, but of *a class;* and we have done so unprompted by any personal considerations.* We have no complaints to make so far as individual feelings are concerned, *for our lines have always been cast in pleasant places, and ours has been a goodly heritage.* But we are social beings, we have earnest sympathies, and for a class we plead. We look to the future, and we would have the disciples of Truth—the everlasting and all-satisfying Truth of Love, to cultivate more of those social affections and sympathetic feelings which are the beauty of Religion, and which give a heavenly warmth to zeal—zeal that preserves 'the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.' B.

*The writer hopes this will be believed, for it is not a flourish of words, but fact.

Seneca, amongst many strained sentiments, and trivial points, has frequently a happy thought. As this on *anger:* 'I wish that the ferocity of this passion could be spent at its first appearance, so that it might injure but *once:* as in the case of the bees, whose string is destroyed forever at the first puncture it occasions.'

D'Israeli.

Written for the Repository.

To Willie.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'Is thy face like thy mother's?'

O PLEASANT are the places
Where childhood's voice is heard,
And joyous are the echoes
By childhood's laughter stirred.

O pleasant is the mansion
Where gay young hearts are found,
And joyful is the cottage
Where children frolic round.

Blessed are little children!
And ever where they move,
Around them is the fragrance
Of innocence and love.

We watch their fairy footsteps,
Their glances glad and bright,
And list their broken accents,
With feelings of delight.

And what on earth can equal
The pure and perfect bliss,
When the sweet 'todlin wee things'
Put up their mouths to kiss?

There are no children round me:
I sing my song to-day,
To a bright boy who dwelleth
An hundred miles away.

I ne'er have seen thee, Willie;
And fancy vainly tries
To paint thy form and features,
Or the color of thine eyes.

But O my heart is open,
Thine image there to take;
For thy sweet name I love thee,
And for thy mother's sake.

And art thou like thy mother?
Hast thou her sunny face?
Can those who fondly loved her,
In thine her features trace?

Dear child, thy fair young mother
Early to death did bow,
But from her place in heaven,
She watcheth o'er thee now.

Thou knowest not this sorrow,
And *we* will not repine,
But rather joy in thinking,
A charmed life is thine.

Charmed from all sin and evil
Thy path must ever be,
For a pure white-robed angel
Is always guarding thee.

Thou art not near me, Willie,
But I seem to see thee now,
With the likeness of thy mother
Stamped on thine open brow.

Thy father gazes on thee,
Through eyes with sadness dim,
Then to his heart he folds thee,
For thou art *all* to him.

He sighs for one departed;
Gone in her summer years;
The loved and happy hearted;
The mourned with many tears.

Through the long day he thinketh;
Though care upon him press;
How he shall come at evening,
And meet thy dear caress.

How he shall part thy tresses,
And list thy lisping tone,
And press thy lip of velvet
So softly to his own.

Thy toys are all deserted
When *his* quick step draws nigh,
He hears thee murmur 'father!'
Then to his proud arms fly.

O Willie! to thy father
How very dear thou art!
Long may God spare thee to him,
Thou treasure of his heart!

Farewell now, little Willie;
My kiss and blessing take;
For thy sweet name I love thee,
And for thy mother's sake. M. A. D.

Hartford, Ct.

Written for the Repository.

Woman's Influence.

[Inscribed in a young Lady's Album.]

'WOMAN! blest partner of our joys and woes!
E'en in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill.'

I AM no poet! Mount Parnassus I have never visited—the waters of Helicon I have never quaffed—not one of 'the sacred Nine,' in their airy flights, have ever yet alighted upon my poor pen. Whether I have not paid sufficient *court* to them in former years, or whether they have taken offence at some unfortunate neglect of their productions which I may have exhibited, I cannot determine; but certain it is, that whenever they have occasion to approach my presence, they invariably 'pass upon the other side of the way.' I must needs, therefore, plod along in sober prose, in recording the few thoughts which may be worthy of preservation. I might, perhaps, were the effort made, measure out a given quantity of parallel lines, and find for each a 'jingling' termination; but it would still be questionable, whether the production would be justly entitled to the appellation of *poetry*. If to be a poet, I must indite all the vapid sentiment, the arrant nonsense, the see-saw sillings, which is so often put forth to the world, by some who lay claim to this title, I beg to be excused from assuming the character. I trust, however, that the sentiments which I would trace upon these pages, will be none the less acceptable to the fair owner, because they are clothed in a plain and simple garb; instead of being arrayed in the tinsel finery which

the rhymster calls to the aid of his 'airy nothingness.'

The influence of woman! How great, how mighty, how enduring! Who can doubt its existence?—who can question its power? What mortal has not realized its strength—has not submitted to its sway? From the cradle to the grave, its magic wand is extended over 'the sterner sex,' leading them as by a silken thread, and giving shape and consistency to their moral sensibilities and habits. Who watches over the couch of helpless infancy?—who gives the first thoughts to the mind, the first words to the tongue of lisping childhood?—who curbs, and checks, and biases man in the vigor of life, and restrains him in his wild career in pursuit of wealth, or fame, or power?—who accompanies him with untiring fidelity, 'when life's poor play is over,' and he totters upon the brink of the grave?—who smooths the pillow on the bed of death, and receives his last sigh? It is Woman. How powerful, then, is the influence which she exercises, in the various stations and relationships which she sustains in life.

It is true, man does not in our age, make woman the idol, the goddess, to be adored and worshiped, as in the days of chivalry. No romantic Troubadour now wanders from place to place chanting the praises of her beauty—no valiant knight-errant now buckles on his polished armor and massive helmet, to go forth and do battle in the name of his 'lady-love.' But notwithstanding the lack of these outward manifestations of devotion, I think that in no age has woman been more highly respected and admired—in no age has her beauty, not of person only, but of mind and heart, been more generally admitted,—in no age have her worth and value, the purity of her heart, and the benevolence of her disposition, been more appreciated—than the present! And consequently, in no age has her influence been actually greater. The declaration of Cato will apply as well to the modern American Republic, as to the ancient Roman,—'The Romans govern the world, but it is the women that govern the Romans!'

Possessing this unquestioned influence, it becomes an important inquiry—especially to young ladies—how shall this influence be exercised? Shall it be wielded for good or for evil?—to promote virtue, morality and intelligence, or vice, licentiousness and ignorance? I trust that every lady whose eye scans these lines, will decide for the former. It is undoubtedly true, that woman gives tone and character to the morality of society. Let me know what is the character of the female portion of any family, town, or country, and I can have no difficulty in determining as to the state of morality in their midst. The influence of wives over husbands, of mothers over children, sisters over brothers, and young ladies over the gentlemen with whom they associate, is such, that they can mould them into whatever moral condition they may choose. The morality of community is hence, in a very important respect, placed in their keeping. To mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, must we look for the purification of the moral atmosphere from all those noxious exhalations which are destructive to human virtue and happiness. And if they are true to themselves and their sex,—if they are true to the modesty and purity, with which they have been endowed by the Creator,—they will discharge this duty in a manner calculated to benefit the world at large.

I have remarked that young ladies can exercise influence over the gentlemen with whom they associate. And should not this influence be turned to a good account? Ladies possess and exercise the privilege of selecting their associates of the opposite sex. They can determine who shall, and who shall not, mingle in their society and receive their smiles—they can decide what shall be the moral and intellectual characteristics of the young gentlemen, who seek the social circle to which they are attached. And let it be remembered by every young woman, that whatever reasonable exactions they may demand upon this subject, *will be implicitly complied with!* Young gentlemen will strive to possess such qualifications as they know will secure them a passport to the society of their female associates. If they are freely admitted to such society, when destitute of moral and religious principle, they will take no pains to secure these qualifications. But when they are given clearly to understand that they will be debarred the society and companionship of all virtuous females, unless they are themselves pure, honest and virtuous, they will unfailingly seek purity, honesty and virtue, to obtain the boon they value.

Young ladies having thus in possession a most important influence, I call upon them—yea, morality, religion, their own happiness, the welfare of society, all call upon them, to wield this influence as becomes them! Let them never receive

the addresses of a man who is given to *any* improper habit. His companionship will but bring disgrace upon them—it would be an evil example in community—and a connection for life with him, would be an exposure to poverty and wretchedness. Is a young man vicious in temper?—is he indolent and unenterprising?—is he a spendthrift, a Sabbath breaker, a profane swearer, a gamester?—is he in the habit of partaking of intoxicating drinks?—is he a scoffer at religion? Avoid him as you value your own happiness—receive none of his attentions—enter not his company—discountenance him in public and in private! To mingle in the same circle with him—to meet him upon a footing of familiarity—will bring a taint upon your character, and prove you recreant to the interest and welfare of your sex! Let all young ladies adopt this principle of action, and how salutary will be their influence! How many a youth will in this manner be induced to abandon the tavern, the gaming table, the haunts of vice, the society of the depraved and dissolute, and be led into the ways of virtue and religion!

But I cannot pursue this topic farther in these pages. Young ladies! will you think upon these things? Will you reflect upon the influence you possess—upon the necessity of exercising it in the aid of morality and religion, and the claims which your Creator, your sex, and your race, have upon you to promote modesty, virtue and piety upon the earth? If these lines possess any power to urge you to these reflections, they will not have been penned in vain.

That you, my youthful sister, to whom these remarks are dedicated, will exercise the influence which you possess, faithfully and successfully, in whatever relationship you now or may hereafter stand—whether of daughter, sister, wife, or mother—is the belief and prayer of

Your sincere friend,

********.

Written for the Repository.

Epistolaire.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Catekunemug, Feb. 15, 1842.

My dear ——: Every one likes to give celebrity to his own *locale;* and here I am, dating from an old retreat with a new name, all for the mere purpose of finding an excuse for writing to you about the Catekunemug, a stream never yet sung by bard, nor noted in the journal of a tourist, yet nevertheless, a pretty stream, winding through woodland, and glen, and meadow, and haunted by many of the sweetest wild-flowers that spring up in the soil of New England.

True, it is winter now, and the Frost King has laid our little valley under an interdict; so that the pleasant voice of the Catekunemug is no longer heard singing its hymns to the stars; but *I* have learned, and perhaps you have also, that we can always describe most beautifully from memory; for Time is like a light mist in the atmosphere, which softens, without obscuring, the scenes over which it is spread.

A brook, I do believe, is the most companionable object in nature. It talks to you like a sister, or, if you will, like a lover, in the lowest and gentlest tones. I read in '*Corinne,*' to-day, this beautiful expression; '*Le monde est l'ouvre d'une seule pensée, qui s'exprime sous mille formes differentes;*' the world is the work of a single thought, which expresses itself under a thousand different forms. Is it not indeed so? The serenity of a summer sky, the balminess of the air, the green beauty of the earth, the music of flowing water, are they not expressions all of one divine thought, varied indeed, yet perfectly harmonious?

A similar concord exists between the spirit of man and the great heart of the universe. Alike are they subject to clouds and to sunbursts; alike tuned to triumph and to grief. In the language of the Thanatopsis, (a poem that never wears out,)

> 'To him, who, in the love of nature, holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language. For his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings with a mild
> And gentle sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness ere he is aware.'

Precisely of this character is the Catekunemug. It has never a discord for even my strangest moods. If, like the joyous woodlark, my soul would soar above and beyond the clouds, and bathe its wings, (of course the soul *has* wings,) in the golden light of morning, then are heard from the bosom of this stream the clear and glorious rejoicings of a spirit which can understand and appreciate. If oppressed with grief and discouragement, my heart is yearning for the tomb, a low, plaintive murmur steals from the depths of the waters, and tells me that there are tones of sorrow elsewhere than in my own spirit, and that like this voiceful brook, my hymn of triumph should swell far above the dirge-like tones of

grief. The Catekunemug is the stream into which the little laughing Bow-Brook throws its sunny waters; and together they traverse a neighboring glen, which from its profusion of those little wildlings, I have sometimes called Glen-Viola. I do not know that there are any legends connected with this stream; doubtless it has its incidents, like every other spot of the habitable globe. It is certain, at least, that the Indian has had his residence here, for a fragment of his almost forgotten dialect clings still to the brook that furnished food for his simple repast. I should much like to know if ever the Indian maiden has trodden the same paths that I now tread along its wooded banks; if here the loud notes of the war-song have resounded; and if the bones of the warrior are still resting beneath these green mounds.

How many centuries will it be ere human feet trample as lightly over my dust as I now tread over the dust of those departed chieftains? And possibly they will be of another race too, to whom I shall be as strange as the sons of the forest are to me. *My* dust! How vain to imagine that what is now my own, will be spared in the great renovation which is constantly going on in the works of nature. Long ere centuries have passed, the wild-flowers will have been nourished by my ashes. No longer shall the coffin interpose its feeble barrier between its perishable contents and the sod that was heaped upon its lid; no longer shall the shroud cover the pulseless heart from the root that 'pierces its mould.' The dust that is now held together by the mysterious principle of life, shall be scattered abroad on the surface of the earth, or washed into the beds of the streams, or, may be, become a part of the noisy thoroughfare through which masses of human life are continually hurrying, as *we* hurry now, animated by similar projects, and pursuing the same glittering visions, that will end, as ours do, in vanity.

Are these melancholy reflections? No more melancholy to *me* than the scattering of the commonest dust of the street. I confess my heart has no clinging to the dust that perishes. The coffin lid once closed over the countenance of a friend; nay, even before that—the moment that the beating of the heart that loved me is stilled, I have not the slightest yearning toward its vacant shrine, not a single regret when it is consigned to the tomb. It is no longer *my friend*, whom I behold,—it is but a deserted tabernacle, the frame-work of a harp whose chords are forever broken.

I find a happiness, it is true, in standing by the graves of those who have been dear to me; but only because these places are consecrated to their memory, and because there is solemn joy in being thus brought to meditate on my own dissolution; not because I have any peculiar attachment to the poor clay that they have cast aside. No, thank God! faith lifts me above the tomb, even to His own hallowed presence. There is no dread in the dark and narrow house, no chill in the cold, damp earth; no distrust of the rigid and dreamless sleep. *These come not near my soul.* Life, *life*, LIFE, throbbing and burning in the unfathomed depths of the being, repels the miserable doubt that would affix itself to the silent and inanimate corpse.

'I feel my immortality o'er sweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth—"thou liv'st forever!"'

S. C. E.

Written for the Repository.

To an absent Brother on his Birth Day.

On this birth day morn of thine,
Absent brother—where art thou?
Does the light of gladness shine
On that glowing cheek and brow?
Art thou full of life and glee?
Let thy spirit answer me.

'Twas but yesterday, it seems—
Pillowed on a mother's breast,
In thy sleep of infant dreams,
I beheld thee sink to rest;—
How I loved thee then, sweet boy—
Angel of my childish joy.

Years of wondrous change have fled;
From thy early home away,
Where the tropic beams are shed,
Where the summer breezes play,
Thou hast gone, to dwell, to see
Ripening manhood's destiny.

But alone thou hast not gone,—
Love hath lingered in thy way,
And as other years come on,
From its light thou wilt not stray;—
Love that still, mysteriously
Binds a brother's heart to thee.

Dost thou not, fond brother, oft
In thy dreamy moods return
From that clime so bland and soft,
To the region cold and stern,
Where amid the north wind's roar,
Thou didst bless the homestead door?

And the fireside joys of home,
When the soul was young and free,
Do they not in brightness come,
Bearing their old words to thee,—
Words that—meet thee where they will,
Make thy deep heart-pulses thrill?

Yea belov'd, it must be so;
Hasten then thy glad return
To that home where thou dost know
Fires of love's devotion burn;
Swelling heart and beaming eye
Wait thy coming anxiously.

Mercy shield thee, absent one!
If a brother's soul and prayer
Can avail at heaven's throne,
Thou wilt find protection there;
And each birth day morn of thine
Shall with love's own radiance shine. J. G. A.

Malden, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Isadore De Vaux.

'How are they waned and faded from our hearts,
The old companions of our early days!
Of all the many loved, which name imparts
Regret, when blamed, or rapture at its praise?
What are their several fates by heaven decreed,
They of the jocund heart, and careless brow?
Alas! we scarcely know, and scarcely heed
Where, in this world of sighs, they wander now!'

HON. MRS. NORTON.

I HAVE been musing on the changes and vicissitudes of life, and thinking of the early friends who launched their barks with me on its stormy ocean. My class-mates! it seems but yesterday, since we stood together in that dear old school-room, with tearful eyes and quivering lips, to bid it, and each other, adieu! *but* yesterday, and yet long years have passed, and that youthful group is dispersed, gone, I scarce know whither. One is a governess in the sunny South; another is wedded, and has made her home among the prairies of the far West; one, a fair, gentle girl, with soft voice, and angel smile, went forth in the fullness of hope and boundless confidence, to bear the tidings of salvation to the heathen—*she* sleeps in peace beneath the burning sky of Ceylon; her grey-haired sire mourns for the darling of his old age, but the tears of ransomed souls hallow her resting-place. And thou, gifted child of song, sweet E. H—, with thy pure, fair brow, eloquent lip, and soft, deep, spiritual eyes—thou, too, hast passed away! The fairest of our circle have departed, yet I

'Weep not for them! they died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues;
When human bosoms seemed the home of truth,
And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant dews.
Their summer prime waned not to days that freeze,
Their wine of life has not run to the lees!'

No! I cannot find in my heart to mourn for those bright young beings; my tears are for those who remain—in whom the clear spring of warm and generous feelings has been choked by the rank weeds of worldly ambition, and who pass with hurried step, and averted face, the old companions and playmates, to whom fortune has been less lavish in her gifts—to those are my *tears* given, to the cold, the proud, the estranged, and not to the dear, departed ones. Yes, change and death have cast their shadows over the past, but the images of those fair girls, are still bright on memory's page, and my heart often yearns to greet them, as in by-gone days, ere communion with a hollow, heartless world, had chilled the warm fount of affection. But among them all, there is none to whom imagination clings so fondly, as to the memory of ISADORE DE VAUX. She came among us, a stranger and a foreigner, and though at first we were dazzled by her rare beauty, yet that feeling was soon forgotten in our compassion for her loneliness, and in the endearing manner with which she twined herself round our hearts; did I say forgotten? Nay, that were impossible—for hers was a face, which, once seen, was indelibly stamped on the mind of the beholder; and though years have passed, it haunts me still, and rises before me with such startling vividness, that I half expect to hear the cadences of that rich, mellow voice, and to meet the glance of those dark, loving eyes.

The father of Isadore De Vaux was a rich West Indian planter—her mother a beautiful Spanish girl, who had been induced to wed her wealthy suitor, to save an aged and beloved parent from poverty and privation; but in the second year of her marriage, she fell a victim to a prevailing epidemic, leaving an infant, the beautiful little Isadore, to the care of her father. Mr. De Vaux's grief was at first violent, but as usually happens in such cases, it soon wore off. He contracted no second union, however, but having placed his daughter under the care of his cousin, he gave himself up to the luxurious pursuits and pastimes of the wealthy planters. Isadore remained under the duennaship of her cousin, to whom she was fondly attached, till she was nearly fifteen, petted and fondled, and treated like a child, but possessing one of those admirable dispositions which no petting can spoil. Her acquirements, however, were of a very limited order; she was, like most West Indian girls, a beautiful dancer, and she had some knowledge of music, added to a voice which was melody itself; but beyond these, and the simplest rudiments of education, she was as ignorant as she well *could* be. About this time her father first began to think upon the subject, and after some delibera-

tion, he resolved to send her to New-England—the fame of our schools having reached him often. Mamma, as she always called the friend who had taken care of her, from her infancy, was to accompany her, and a lady, whose daughter had been a pupil at our school, having recommended it to Mr. De Vaux, thither Isadore and her nurse, came. Miss De Vaux was to board with the principal of the Academy, and Clari was soon settled in comfortable quarters near her, but her health was very much impaired, and she survived scarcely a year, after her arrival in New-England.

Beautiful Isadore! I have looked on many a fair face, but never saw I thy rival yet! I do not belong to that class of persons, who, because destitute of beauty themselves, will not allow the possession of it to others, or at best, do it grudgingly. On the contrary, I am its ardent and passionate admirer—I love to see the goodness and glory of God, displayed in the works of nature—I read it, alike in the foaming billows, and in the peaceful rivulet—in the glare of noonday and in the still moonlight—in the lofty oak and the humble violet—but most of all, do I love to see it in the 'human face divine.' Ay! beauty is a *most beautiful* and precious gift! it may be abused and deformed by the influence of evil passions—its purity may be sullied—its highest charm lost, but the signet of God remains there still. Chesterfield says, and I think truly, that a 'good face is the best letter of recommendation;' for however much we may love and value a friend, when we have become acquainted, yet there is no denying, that on a first introduction, we are far more apt to be attracted by beauty than by more sterling qualities. I would not convey the idea, that I set an undue value on personal appearance, or place it at all in competition with the graces of mind or heart; for well as I love to gaze on a beautiful face, or a graceful figure, yet dearer far do I prize intellectual loveliness, and the warm emotions of a generous heart.

Clearly defined as is the image of Isadore De Vaux in my mind, I can give you but a faint outline of her beauty. She was about the average height of women, and though but fifteen when I first saw her, her figure boasted a luxurious development, rarely attained by northern females at five-and-twenty; her complexion was of a clear, rich olive, save when the warm blood tinted her cheek with a soft crimson, and deepened into a ruddier hue on her voluptuous lips—her hair was black as night, and her large, dark, dreamy eyes, were full of the delicious languor which characterizes the women of those sunny climes. Her features were small and regular, and the general expression of her face rather pensive than gay; but when she *did* smile, the effect was perfectly dazzling:

> 'But where it most sparkled no eye could discover,
> On lip, cheek or brow, for she brightened all over.'

I feel that I have shadowed forth but faintly the charms of Isadore De Vaux, and with still less justice, can I delineate the generous qualities of her heart. Gifted with beauty, intelligence, and a warm and sunny temper, she came to the school, and when the first embarrassment of her new situation had worn off, soon won her way to our hearts. Her progress in her studies was rapid, and her ardent zeal for improvement, acted as a powerful stimulus to us. Those were the brightest days of Isadore's life, and I love better to think of her then, in the unclouded sunlight of her existence, than in those darker days, when disappointment and sorrow had cast their shadows over it. But I must leave these reminiscences, and pass on to another era in her life—that eventful season to every woman, when love first throws its silken chains around the free, glad spirit of youth, and the light and careless mirth of the girl is laid aside for the graver thoughts and deeper feelings of the woman.

It was in the summer of her seventeenth year, that Isadore became acquainted with one, whose destiny was thenceforth to be in some measure interwoven with her own. I have before stated that she boarded with the Principal of the school, Mr. Vere—a gentleman, who added to extensive and varied information and high intellectual acquirements, all the graces of refinement and an urbane dignity of manner, that won the respect and love of all who knew him. Mrs. Vere was all that the wife of such a man should be; they were not blessed with children, and from the day that Isadore first came to them, she had been tenderly cherished as a daughter. It was during the summer holidays of her second year at school, that Arthur Crawford, a young physician of some note in a neighboring city, became a guest at Vere Place. He was the son of an old and beloved friend of the Preceptor, and this circumstance alone would have made him welcome, even had his own merits been less than they were. But the young physician was one whose

presence was everywhere hailed with pleasure; handsome, and graceful in person, witty, and refined in manner, he could not fail to please. There was but one drawback to all these charms, —Arthur Crawford was *poor!* He inherited but little from his father, and though his patients were numerous, yet most of them belonged to the poorest class; for his kind heart forbade him alike to refuse his visits, or receive compensation. Such was the man to whom on the afternoon of his arrival, Isadore De Vaux was introduced by her kind friends, who smiled with gratified pride and affection, at the obvious admiration she excited. The consequences of this acquaintance may be easily foreseen; Arthur had at first intended to pass but a week with his friends, but long ere the week expired, he had lost alike the power and the inclination to depart; he was deeply in love with the beautiful West Indian, and Isadore returned it with all the warmth of her ardent and passionate nature. Day after day sped on, and still Arthur prolonged his stay; at length the holidays drew to a close—his business called imperatively for his return, and on the last night of his visit, he poured forth to Isadore the burning tale of his love, and received from the blushing girl the whispered assurance of its return. Ere they parted, it was settled that he should write to her father, and obtain his consent to their marriage, as soon as Arthur's circumstances would permit the event to take place. Arthur *did* write, frankly and eloquently; he spoke of their mutual attachment, and their hopes of his approval; he did not attempt to conceal his poverty, 'but with such a guerdon in view,' he wrote, 'what shall be too great for my ambition?' The letter was sent, and Arthur returned to the city, but every week now brought him to Vere Place, and the probable contents of the expected answer were fully and frequently discussed.

The important missive arrived at length, but it was to Isadore, *not* to Arthur; it was presented by a tall, thin, sinister-looking man, who announced himself as Mr. Rivers. Not a word was mentioned of Arthur's letter, but Isadore was commanded to return immediately with the bearer of the epistle; it was short and concise, and there was no alternative but to prepare with a heavy heart for the voyage. Meanwhile she tried to cheer Arthur and herself with the hope, that her father might not have received his letter, and that when she was once more with him, she was sure he would not refuse to ratify the happiness of his only child. But Arthur had dark presentiments of evil, which her words could not dispel; and both joined in expressing their dislike towards the man to whose care her father had entrusted her. The last evening she was to spend at Vere Place, Arthur and Isadore strolled forth together, and beneath an old elm tree where they had often sat, with the bright stars looking down on them 'like angel's eyes,' they plighted their faith, and at Arthur's request, Isadore severed one of the thick curls from his brow, and gave him in return, one of her own raven tresses. The day of her departure came; there was no school *that* day, for neither teacher nor scholars were capable of attending to their respective duties; but a little knot of her classmates was gathered in the hall, to say, 'good bye' to the dear girl, and many a group was scattered round the house and garden to catch a glimpse of her, we *all* felt for the *last time!* The lovers parted, with 'sighs and tears, and locked embrace,' and then with streaming eyes, Isadore bade the kind Preceptor and his weeping wife, adieu, and with a parting look of love, and a scarcely audible 'God bless you all,' as she passed through the hall, and down the steps lined with scholars, she entered the carriage, and —was gone! Two days after her departure, we saw her name among the passengers in a vessel bound for the West Indies, and in due time, we learned from the same source, that the vessel had reached her port in safety. Isadore had promised Arthur to write soon, and often; but days, weeks, and months went by, and still no tidings save the vague intelligence I have mentioned, ever reached the waiting ones. Arthur had despatched letter after letter, at first filled with anxious inquiries, and undoubting reliance on her truth; then as time past, and no answer came, he grew more painfully earnest, and besought her with all the fervor of devotion, to reply, if it were but a single line, to tell him that she lived and was happy, even though she had forgotten the past, and ceased to love him; but in vain;—not a line came to relieve the despair which was fast taking possession of his heart. His friends sought to draw his mind from the subject; they ventured to blame Isadore, and condemned her heartless conduct; but Arthur would not hear aught against her; and sought the Veres who alone sympathized with, and pitied him, and hoped for an explanation.

But we will leave them for a while and return to Isadore. During the ride to the city, she remained absorbed in grief and almost unconscious of all that was passing; and in this state on their arrival, she was shown to her room in the hotel. The next morning found her a little more composed, and after partaking of a slight refreshment, she accompanied Mr. Rivers to the vessel, which was ready to sail. During the voyage her companion left no means untried to render himself agreeable, but found all unavailing, for Isadore's heart and thoughts were with those she had left behind. Wind and weather were propitious, and after a short passage they arrived at home. Mr. De Vaux received his daughter with kindness, and welcomed with great cordiality her companion, whom Isadore now found had been almost domesticated with her father, ever since her departure. Mr. Rivers was an American by birth, and by profession a lawyer, but being poor, and withal of a mean and servile disposition, he had preferred quartering himself on the rich planter, to earning his subsistence in a more honorable way. But dame Nature, as if in contrition for her faulty work, had gifted Rivers with specious and insinuating manners, which he had most successfully used in gaining Mr. De Vaux's favor; and having heard much of the beauty of Isadore, and knowing her to be sole heiress of her father's vast property, he had determined, if possible, to secure both to himself. One evening while *tete-a-tete* with Mr. De Vaux, he threw out some vague intimations of his wishes, and meeting with no rebuff, he by degrees, artfully introduced the subject. His auditor was too highly prepossessed in his favor to demur long, and it was soon settled between them, that when Isadore returned from school, Rivers should be at liberty to address her. It was at this juncture, that Mr. De Vaux received Arthur Crawford's letter, which determined him to send instantly for his daughter, and Rivers was appointed to escort her thither, and thus gain an opportunity of rendering himself agreeable to his future bride. After her return, her father sedulously avoided every opportunity which Isadore eagerly sought, to tell him of her engagement, (of which she still supposed him ignorant,) and to gain his sanction. She wrote to Arthur, immediately after her arrival, but the letter was intercepted by her father or Rivers, as were all the subsequent ones, and also Arthur's. Thus, while he was mourning *her* inconstancy, *she* was suffering beneath his supposed neglect. Poor Isadore! the worm was fast gnawing at her heart—as by slow degrees, she awoke to the miseries of disappointed love and abused confidence, the bloom faded from her cheek, the light forsook her eye, and her step lost its elasticity;

'With the light feet of early youth,
What hopes and joys depart;
Ah! nothing like the heavy step
Betrays the heavy heart!'

Thus far, not a syllable of the contract, into which her father had entered, had reached Isadore's ears. Rivers, as a member of the family, paid her a thousand little attentions which she would not have received under other circumstances; but not till the last gleam of hope had faded from her heart, did he dare hazard a word of aught beyond friendship and common courtesy.

Month after month wore on, a year had passed since Isadore's return, and Rivers grew impatient for the fulfilment of the contract; her beauty had even surpassed his expectations, and had it been less, her *golden charms* would have more than supplied its place. He had flattered himself from her passive reception of his attentions, that he should find little difficulty in gaining her heart; when, therefore, he found himself as quietly and passively *rejected*, he was at first not a little surprised—then disappointed, and finally seriously offended. In this dilemma, he applied to Mr. De Vaux, and Isadore was soon after summoned to her father's presence, where to her utter consternation, she was made acquainted with the engagement between her father and Rivers. She besought him with prayers and tears to revoke it; she pleaded her engagement with Arthur Crawford, and her deep and unalterable love for him; but her avowal was met with bitter sneers at her lover's neglect and at the affection which had thus been slighted and thrown back upon her heart. From that day, Rivers renewed his attentions, and continued them, despite the withering coldness and repulsive scorn of her manners; till at length worried, and worn out with fruitless opposition, and goaded almost to desperation by Arthur's continued silence and neglect, in a moment of irritation she consented to the hateful union. It was seized with avidity by her suitor, and hasty preparations were made for the ill-omened nuptials; but from the day when the unwilling assent had been wrung from her, Isadore sank into a state of apathy which no effort on the part of her persecutors could dispel. The bridal eve came, and the mansion of the De

Vauxs was thronged with beauty and fashion. In the midst of the glittering assemblage stood Rivers with an exulting smile on his face, and at his side the Flower of the Isles, decked like a victim for the sacrifice. She had nerved herself for the trial, and called her woman's pride to her aid, to hide the ravages of slighted love; *her* marble cheek grew not a shade more deathly, *her* glazed and tearless eye quailed not, she neither trembled nor shrank; but many a fair cheek in that gay group blanched, and many an eye swam as it rested on her face, and even Rivers started, when he took per passive hand in his, for its icy coldness sent a shuddering chill to his heart. And when all was over, and the guests crowded round with congratulations, they checked their light words as they met the vacant smile that sat on her compressed and bloodless lips as if congealed there. But why should I dwell longer on that painful scene, why speak of that unconsecrated union, that mockery of God's holy ordinance where the hand is plighted without the heart! During the six months that succeeded her marriage, Isadore maintained the same statue-like composure of voice and manner; no murmur, no word of reproach ever broke from those lips, where the same fixed, unchanging smile still rested; no expression of the fearful agony that was withering her heart, ever marred the smooth, polished brow. But that terrible conflict could not long be sustained, and Isadore was gradually sinking beneath its intensity, when an event took place which roused into action every dormant feeling and passion. Mr. De Vaux left his house one morning, in perfect health, and in less than an hour was brought back insensible and dying; his daughter and her husband were summoned to his bedside, the slaves flocked around with mingled terror and surprise, and every means was tried to restore him, but all in vain; the disease was apoplexy, and ere noon Isadore was an orphan. Then for the first time since her marriage, nature asserted her sway, and she wept, for she felt that now she was indeed alone. Rivers was too much engaged in the settlement of the property to sympathize with her; and as soon as all was adjusted to his satisfaction, he announced to his wife his intention of returning immediately to his native land. She offered no opposition, for she felt that anything was preferable to her present situation, and a change of scene might produce a change of feeling.

The day before their departure, Isadore had been wandering listlessly over the house, and at length entered her father's chamber. How many scenes had that apartment witnessed! her own birth, and the death-bed of her young and beautiful mother, whose portrait still hung over the mantel-piece, and seemed to look down with pity and sympathy on her daughter;—in that room her father's lips had pronounced the doom which consigned his only child to a life of misery —and thither she had been summoned to look on that father's corpse! Overpowered by the recollections that came thronging on her mind, Isadore sat there for a while unconscious of the flight of time; at length she arose, and prepared to lock the drawers of the bureau; ere she did so, she opened each and cast a cursory glance over the contents; but as she was closing the last, her eye was caught by a carefully sealed packet in the corner, marked '*private*;' eurious to know its contents, she took it out, and seating herself, she broke the seal. There were several envelopes, each well secured with wax, and on removing the last she was a little disappointed to find it only a package of letters. But a single glance at the first sent the blood back to her heart; there were the letters she had written to Arthur Crawford after her arrival, and beneath them, directed to herself, were several with the seals unbroken! With a quaking heart, and trembling fingers, she opened and read them; no sound broke from her white, compressed lips, as her dilated eye wandered over the expressions of fervent and devoted love, of earnest entreaty, and passionate reproach; and when she had finished she replaced them in the covers, and sought her own room. Since her heart had been crushed by the supposed inconstancy of Arthur Crawford, life had seemed to Isadore an intolerable burthen; and when she stood by the coffin of her father, and felt her ûtter loneliness and desolation, she had murmured at the Providence which prolonged her life. But now, the mingled feelings of bitterness towards the parent who had so cruelly wronged and deceived her, and of scorn and hatred of the man who had wedded her for her gold, were almost forgotten in the new idea which now reigned paramount in her mind; every thought and feeling was concentrated in one object; to see Arthur once more, to ask his forgiveness for all the pain she had so unintentionally caused him, and to tell him how grossly they had both been betrayed; and knowing that he resided in the city whither they were going, she eagerly hastened

the preparations for their departure. Her husband and the slaves, who had grown accustomed to her unnatural calmness of manner, had now fresh cause for wonder and alarm in her flushed cheeks and nervously agitated demeanor; but at length all was ready, and Isadore once more bade adieu to the home of her childhood, and in due time reached the destined port. What a crowd of recollections came thronging to her mind, as she stood on the deck of the vessel, and looked forth on the beautiful city, which she had left under such different circumstances, and which was the home of the being she so longed, yet dreaded to behold.

In a few weeks after their arrival, Isadore found herself installed as mistress of a sumptuous establishment, and her society courted by the *elite* of the city, to whom her wealth and beauty rendered her a valuable acquisition. In her intercourse with this circle, Isadore gained the desired information of Arthur. She heard the name of Dr. Crawford mentioned with admiration by the young and fair, and with respect by the older and more worldly; he was then absent for a time, but was expected to return soon. With this information came back all the wild excitement, which had been gradually giving way to the heart sickness of *hope deferred;* and she joined eagerly in the fashionable circles, with the expectation of meeting him. In this hope, she accepted an invitation to a large and splendid party, the most brilliant affair of the season; she was the cynosure of all eyes, followed and admired; but at length disappointed in her object, and weary of adulation, she stole away from the revellers, and entering a little boudoir, she buried herself among the cushions of a *fauteuil* and was soon absorbed in thought. Her reverie was disturbed by the entrance of another person. She started from her seat, and the intruder then first becoming aware of her presence, hastily advanced to apologize; as he did so, their eyes met—the recognition was instantaneous—and they who had parted at the gate of Vere Place two years before, as affianced lovers, with the vow yet warm on their lips, now met with an impassable barrier between them. For a moment they stood spell-bound; Arthur with dilated form, and a countenance where pride, love, and reproach were struggling for the mastery; and Isadore, pale and trembling, with glazed eye and parted lips that vainly essayed to speak; but as he turned to leave her, with a mighty effort she mastered her emotion, and springing forward she laid her hand on his arm, and murmured—'*Arthur.*' At the sound of that voice, the past came rushing back, and with a faint groan, Arthur sank back on the sofa. Isadore seated herself beside him, and with the simple eloquence of despair, she recounted all that had passed during their separation; she spoke of the faith in his love which had sustained her under his apparent neglect,—of the trust that had been firm while a shadow of hope had remained,—she told how she had been worried, harassed, and taunted, till in despair, she gave her hand to the man she despised; she hurried on to her father's death, and the recovery of the letters; she dwelt on her anguish at the discovery of the base deception to which they had both been victims, of her sufferings since that day, and ended by imploring his forgiveness. As she turned to bid him farewell, another was added to the inmates of the boudoir. It was Rivers,—and the betrayer, and the betrayed stood together! Isadore looked the adieu she could not speak, and Arthur was alone. The next morning he received a package, containing his letters, accompanied by a note from Isadore, bidding him farewell: 'I have relieved my mind of that dreadful burthen,' she wrote, 'and I have your forgiveness—I have severed the last tie that bound me to earth, and now, at least, I may pray to die! We must never meet again in this life, but I shall see you in the land where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.' After that night Isadore never again appeared in public; physicians were called, but she had no apparent disorder, and they termed her complaint an *affection of the heart.* Ah! they little knew how the affections of *her* heart had been crushed and blighted! As a last resource, they recommended the air of her native clime, and thither they carried her. She lived to reach it; but on the fourth day after her arrival, she was borne to her last resting-place; not in the tomb of her fathers, but in a retired and pleasant spot, which she had herself chosen.

Six months from the day of Isadore's burial, there was a wedding in one of the churches of the fair metropolis of New England, and Rivers led to the altar a young and lovely bride. But though young in years she had lived long enough among the heartless and worldly, to learn to prize gems and gauds before the priceless affections of the heart. Isadore's princely fortune was lavished to surround them with luxury and splen-

dor; but their reign was of short duration. Mr. De Vaux's income was chiefly derived from his plantations, and his will bequeathed it to his daughter and her heirs; and as she left no child to inherit it, it passed to a cousin, then resident in the West Indies. Ere the year following Isadore's death had expired, the heir claimed his rights. Before Rivers had recovered from this shock, she who had wedded for gold, deserted him and returned to her father's house, and he was left almost penniless and alone to commence life anew. Thought he not then of her whom he had wronged and betrayed, for the sake of that wealth which was now taken from him, in just retribution?

Arthur Crawford heard the news of Isadore's death with mingled joy and grief; joy that she was at length released from that terrible thraldom, and sorrow for the beautiful flower so early blighted and destroyed. He left his home soon after, and none knew his destination, though some ventured to surmise that he made a pilgrimage to the grave of Isadore. But when he returned, all felt that a change had come over him; and though his manners and conversation were still as graceful and pleasant as before, yet there was a gentle gravity and dignity now pervading all he said and did, that effectually put a check to all inquiries concerning his absence.

In a sweet and lovely spot in the sunny isle of Madeira, where the sun shines brightest, and the grass looks greenest, is a lonely grave! It is surrounded by an iron railing, and within the enclosure bloom many rare and fragrant flowers, which show that a careful hand superintends their growth. Above the mound is a broken column of snowy marble, which tells plainly as words, that beneath it sleeps one cut down in the morning of life; on the side is sculptured a wreath of amaranth blossoms, and within the garland is engraved the name of—ISADORE!

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

BIOGRAPHY.—There is no part of history which seems capable of either more instruction or entertainment than that which offers to us the select lives of great and virtuous men, who have made an eminent figure on the public stage of the world. In these we see at one view what the annals of a whole age can afford that is worthy of notice, and in the wide field of universal history, skipping, as it were, over barren places, gather all its flowers, and possess ourselves at once of all that is good in it.—*Middleton's Life of Cicero.*

Written for the Repository.

Thou art not There.

I WANDER still, at sunset hour,
To view the scene to us so fair,
But it has lost its magic power—
Thou art not there!

I wind along the streamlet's side,
And pluck the flowers we thought so rare—
But faded seems their beauty's pride,
Thou art not there!

At night, I raise mine eyes on high,
When moon, and stars, their glory wear—
Vainly, I seek a cloudless sky—
Thou art not there!

I listen to the songs we love,
The notes fall harshly on mine ear—
They cannot now my spirit move,
Thou art not here! C. B.

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

'Pictorial Illustrations.' No. 1.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'How I DO love pictures!' said cousin Fanny, as she turned over the leaves of a new annual which was elegantly illustrated, 'how I do love pictures and poetry!'

'I love them as well as you do,' said I, laying aside my work, 'especially pictures, they have always been my delight from my youth up, and I retain to this day a childish fondness for "picture books" of every description. At table my attention is always attracted by the designs on the dinner or tea-sett; I never pass a print shop without pausing to gaze at the ornamented windows; and an annual, or one of the mammoth weeklies, or anything set off with "pictorial illustrations," affords me hours and hours of pleasure.'

'Ah!' said Fanny, looking off from her book, 'I find in you a "kindred spirit." I rejoice at the interest which is now awakened, and the opportunities that are opening for exercise and improvement in this art, and I think the present age will be a new era in the history of picture making. It shows the progress of intelligence and refinement among us when we begin to encourage some employments which have not the accumulation of wealth, as their *chief end*, in view; and I hope our young men of genius will renew their energies, believing that in time they may reap the fruit of their labors, if they faint not. O, how proud I am of our artists and sculptors, few though they be, and some of those few strug-

gling with the evils of poverty; I love to hear their names mentioned, and should rejoice to take them by the hand, and call them brothers. It somehow seems to me as though they were fashioned of different materials from other mortals; as though their minds were more pure, and more elevated above all low and trifling pursuits; and I even fancy that the air they breathe and the ground they tread, are hallowed.'

'Why, cousin Fanny, you are really eloquent and enthusiastic upon this theme.'

'Do you think so? Well I wish *we* could paint, and *you* can; for some one says, "poets are always painters, though painters are not always poets;" but come let us have some pictorial illustrations of our own; put by your work and paint, or pen my portrait.'

'Stop till I grind my colors and make ready the canvass. In what costume will you be taken?'

'O, in my every day rig, "for loveliness," &c. you know.'

'Well, then, here it is, full length, large as life, and not at all flattered.

"Seven Fannys I adore,
Seven Fannys and no more."

Thus sang the poet, and I do not blame him for adoring so many, if they all resembled the one whose picture we are about to behold. *Our* Fanny is neither tall nor short, but just about the right height for a woman. Her form is well proportioned and very slender, her hands are soft and delicate, and her foot is unexceptionable in shape and dimensions. Her features are not very regular or beautiful, but her blue love-beaming eyes, her mouth the home of smiles, her lips which drop sweet words like honey, and the bright, open expression which lights up her whole countenance, show that the charm which lingers around her, does not consist in the outside coloring of the lily or the rose, but rather in that beauty which the painter cannot convey to his canvass, and which time will not fade or destroy. The language is winning, her actions kind, and her manners graceful. She will share your joy, and charm away your sorrow, and happy are they who come within the sphere of her influence, for around her is an atmosphere of love. As I finish the task and lay aside my pencil, I imprint a kiss on cheek, and lip, and brow of the picture, for I love Fanny dearly.'

'Now Mary, you make me blush; for I cannot endure to be thought handsomer than I really am, but if that is truly my likeness, I am better looking than I ever supposed myself to be; and now you are about it, why not try your skill on "aunt Jane," and see if she will look as well painted.'

'There, don't stir, Jenny dear, you are sitting in just the right light to have your picture taken; the soft mellow light of an autumn afternoon; it sheds a sort of halo round you, and adds to the brightness of your brilliant face. There! let me catch that thoughtful expression of your deep blue, upturned eyes, as you gaze upon the golden sky and seem wishing for wings to soar away beyond it to the unexplored country which it hides. There, you see now what a serious, almost unearthly look you have with those eyes of yours, whenever I meet their glance I cannot help thinking of heaven. Gay and light hearted as you ever seem to be, those eyes, the mirrors of your mind, tell that your thoughts are often serious, and sometimes sad. They go down into the grave where the forms of the young and lovely are buried, and see the glazed eye, the marble brow, and pallid lip; they mount up to heaven and behold those forms changed from death unto life, crowned with glory and honor, and made immortal. Am I not giving the subject of your meditations, as well as the color and expression of your eyes? What a head and neck for a painter to copy! and what a handsome mouth! See, I have parted your dark brown hair away from your smooth, white forehead, and finished the long lashes that you may drop them over those earnest eyes. Now if that does not resemble our handsome young aunt, then I am no painter. Too sober is it, do you say? Oh no! for though she can make a stoic smile, and cheer the saddest heart with her gaiety, I have ever remarked that her countenance still retains that peculiarly serious expression. There Jenny, is your portrait, hang it up somewhere, and I dare say it will get copied into the papers.'

'Well Mary, you improve; and now do just give us a sketch of the person you see yonder leisurely crossing the street; I presume he is coming in here, and he will stay long enough to have his likeness taken if *you* wish him to.'

'O no, Fanny, do not ask me to paint *him*, for none but the hand of a master could do him justice. If I should try to copy that stern look of his, it would certainly frighten me away from my work; and his smile, I could never catch that fleeting smile.

Do you remember our excursion up the mountain? I wish I could put that down on paper as it is pictured in memory. What a lovely day it was, how pure the air, and how blue the sky, there was not a cloud so large as a man's hand visible in the whole etherial expanse. The forest was shorn of its beauty, and the dry leaves which had so lately danced in their greenness to the breeze of summer, were now fallen from their high estate, and rustled beneath our measured tread, making melancholy music. There was no other sound save the soft sighing of the autumn wind and the falling of beech nuts on the crisp leaves at our feet. Our path wound upward, steep and stony was the way, and yet not very wearisome; for sometimes we paused to look back upon the country beneath us, and once or twice we rested upon a seat of velvet moss. We talked and laughed with apparent gaiety, for the scene was bright, and yet it saddened us; we said not why, and we asked not wherefore; for such feelings are seldom expressed in words, though they ever come over the sensitive heart on a lovely autumn day which saddens while it smiles.

At last we reached the summit, and the path turning abruptly round, revealed the scene which we came to view. Below lay a vale hollowed out from the encircling mountains with but a single dwelling to break its seeming solitude, and miles away the white spire of a village church tapered above the trees; then, all around, rose peak above peak, and line succeeding line, till they were lost in the distance and curtained by the bending sky. What was it that we saw, far away across the vale of the Connecticut, which caused our hearts to beat, and our lips to murmur "glorious!" It was the snow-covered and still more lofty mountains of another state. Long did I gaze upon them, but I cannot describe their appearance. I thought of glittering sand piles in the desert; of the sun-tipped waves of ocean; and of the storm-clouds which have spent their fury, and lie calmly reposing on the edge of the horizon, spreading their burnished outlines to the sun. When I breathe the free air of the mountain tops, I seem to be nearer heaven, and adoration of the mighty Maker of all things fills and exalts my soul. I see the beneficence and love of God in the painted flower, the rippling river and silver streamlet of the vale; but his might and majesty are manifested in the formation of the mountains, and who can dwell among them without having their hearts filled with sublime conceptions of his power! But let us take a farewell look at the landscape, for the day is waning, and the sun sinking in the West, warns us to depart; perhaps we may come again when the earth and sky wear a different aspect.'

'Well, Mary, I must say you are quite an artist, but there is E. with his swift horse driving up to give you your daily ride, and I suppose you must go; but we will resort to this amusement at some other time, and while away a pleasant hour with our pictorial illustrations.' M. A. D.

Hartford, Ct.

Written for the Repository.

Lines on the Death of a Friend.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

Death has been here! His cold and iron grasp
Hath broke the social circle—and we mourn
Thine absence from our midst—our pleasant friend!
And tender sympathies gush freely forth,
And we are led 'to weep with those that weep,'
For thee, as daughter, sister—mother—wife—
And O in each relationship how dear!
Thrice blessed ties! and in thy heart so strong,
So deep, these fond affections grew, each day
Seemed but to add a threefold cord to life.
For thou didst have so much to make thee blest,
Thine seemed no common lot—'twas not thy fate
To see thine earthly idols fade and die—
And time's cold changes never wrung thy heart
With disappointment's chill, and hope deferred.
Yes! thine were sunny days—no storm-clouds cast
Their gloomy shadows o'er thy way. The rose for thee
Gave up her fragrance, but retained her thorn.
Mysterious dread of death is interwove
So closely with our natures, that howe'er
'The spirit' may be 'willing to depart
And be with Christ, which is far better'—still,
Her frail companion, trembling flesh, is 'weak,'
And shudders at the solemn pageantry
Of funeral pomp—the cold, dark grave—
And train of mourning friends, all strike the heart
With chill and sad emotion! Thus to thee!
Yet no unchristian fears or doubts had place,
To mar the peaceful tenor of thy soul;
For with a holy meekness thou didst wait
Thy spirit's summons, at the last sad hour.

Let us not mourn, dear friend, that thou hast changed
Earth's happiness for heaven's! Father, forgive
Our selfish tears—and grant us grace to feel
Through faith and hope, that she is happier now.
Great God! how wondrous are thy ways!
By eye of faith we know thou doest well—
Though why 'tis so, is hid from mortal ken.
And in my musings, I have marvelled much,
That this, our friend, with all her dear ones round her,
As a fair shrub, with blossoms rich and rare,
Is by the storm uprooted—yet the while
A blighted tree, shorn of its branches, stands
Untouched—alone—thus seemeth it to me,
Strange wonder, thou art taken, I am left!

East Randolph, Vt.

Honesty in trade, and fulfilling of its agreements, should be prized and adhered to by all.

Written for the Repository.

Letters to Elizabeth. No. 3.

WINTER RAMBLES.

Hast thou forgotten, dear Elizabeth, the rambling disposition of thy friend? Are our morning and evening walks through the beautiful *Highlands* all, all forgotten? If not, perhaps thou wilt listen to a brief sketch of a few very pleasant *winter* rambles. It is pleasant to feel the freedom from the chains of worldly care, which is found by the wayside and in the wild, and to read a chapter from the book of nature in that season in which we least expect to find such beauty on its pages. A lovely January morn was that which we chose for a ramble over the Schuylkill. The sky was bright above as that of May, and the breeze with softened tone spoke of the same fair month. We passed slowly from the busy city, even as the noisy world passeth slowly from the heart which hath dwelt long amid its spirit-wearying cares. We lingered long by the waters of the beautiful stream, as if to wash each stain of earthliness from our souls, ere we passed over its silvery waves to seek the vales beyond.

Never shall I forget the sensation of delight which thrilled my soul, as with clasped hands and tear dimmed eyes I listened to the words, 'We are now in the country.' I wished to be away from the presence of other eyes and the sound of other voices, that I might kneel down once more in the wild solitude of Nature and hold communion with its spirit-eyes and list the music of its spirit-tones. I wished again to bathe my fevered brow in the limpid wave, and still my throbbing heart with its wild melody. The past with its mysterious power came over me, and its dearest and brightest recollections were of the forest and the hill, the verdant field and the dancing stream. The future stood before me pointing with prophetic hand to hopes for which youth had striven, and mingling its dreamy visions with the cold realities of the present, rendering their hues even yet more cold and stern, like the light which falleth over winter's snow. There was a dim feeling of ignorance came over me, like one who has slept a long and troubled sleep, and hath scarcely yet awakened. Was it not so? Had it been but memory which had called up those cherished forms which had once been ever with me? Did I not hear again the voices whose least tones had been of love? But inquiring eyes were bent upon me marvelling at my dreamy mood, and I must bid these haunting memories to their prison-house once more.

We were standing upon the grassy bank which wore the verdure of the early days of spring, upon one side was a grove of evergreens, on the other the city we had just left appeared, sitting 'like a bride amid her sister cities.' There was an enchantment in the scene for the heart which for months had been absent from its native wilds. Almost unconsciously I found myself searching for violets along the mossy way, and seeking to twine a wreath for 'January's front severe.' Lingeringly we took our way back to the bustling streets, the walks of busy and care-worn men, but we bore thither the quiet spirit we had won from the valley and the stream, and long may it be ere it is all effaced.

What shall I tell thee of my first visit to Fairmount? It was a truant one, and little did we think when we donned our cloaks for a walk, that it would extend so far. We wandered on, finding theme for conversation in every thing that met our mirth-seeking eyes, and for joyous thought in every happy human face, from the gay smile of the light hearted maiden, to the dark-hued child singing its rude song, from the mirthful countenance of the school child, to the cheerfulness of some quiet quaker face. We knew that it was winter, but we believed it not, for *wisdom* falleth far short of *faith* in its influence. The spell which was around us, had fallen upon our hearts, and we could not turn our steps to a homeward course. We thought not of return, and Fairmount with its beautiful scenery was near us ere we were aware. Little we recked that dinner was waiting our return, and our friends marvelling where the truant ones had fled; *ideality* had subdued *alimentiveness*, and the absent were forgotten in the present.

It is idle to speak of Fairmount. Words can never describe its loveliness to one who has never visited it, and to thee, to whom it is a familiar place, it were useless to say aught save of my own impressions with regard to it. We passed from the muddy and unpaved streets near it, to a spot where art has finished what Nature had so nobly planned. As we ascended the flight of steps and looked down upon the grand and beautiful scenery which every where appeared to greet the eye, one thought alone filled my mind. It has been eloquently expressed by another:

'The whole glad earth is beautiful,
To minds attuned aright,

And wheresoe'er my steps have turned,
A smile hath met my sight.'

We clambered down the hill-side with rustic daring, to win a branch of cedar as a token of our visit, and said farewell with one heartfelt prayer, Father, I thank thee that thou hast given unto me the love of the beautiful!

Art thou not wearied, sweet friend, by this most uninteresting relation of hours happily spent? Thou wilt think, in truth, that amid all the scenes with which this goodly city could furnish me as themes for thought, one might have been chosen more replete with interest to thee; but pardon me, for I would thou shouldst know that which adds most to my happiness. 'Come leave thy dreams of Ossian awhile, and let us walk out to Girard College,' said a friend; 'Most willingly,' I exclaimed, dropping the book which had occupied my attention. February never smiled upon a more lovely day than this of which I speak, and the party consisting of six all blest with the happiness of youth, went forth with merry hearts to enjoy its balmy air and sunny sky. It was such a sky as we *must* look upon and love, however little we may be disposed to *dream of the clouds*. So much of religion, pure and unfettered religion dwells in its depths of blue, varied ever and anon by clouds white as the garments of angels, that the spirit must be bound with a triple chain of weariness that striveth not to break its prison-bars and soar again all fetterless and free from earthly creeds. Oh, would I were a star, that I might dwell forever amid that glorious sky, far, far above the petty cares and idle joys of life, the pleasures, and vanities, and vexations that breathe upon the stainless mirror of the soul. Yet this is a sinful wish for a believer in the gospel of love.

'Then hush my heart, be still awhile,
And thou shalt go *to rest*.'

We soon reached the destination of our walk, the unfinished edifice which is to unite so much of the beautiful and magnificent. I need only say that it is *Philadelphian*. Now thou must not be jealous of this same Philadelphia, for I do assure thee that my heart is still in New England, my own fair home. It is strange how all I see or hear reminds me of its distant hills and vales. I seated myself upon a decaying stump near this monument of taste and magnificence, and while my eye wandered over its marble columns, the work of feeble man, my thoughts were roaming back to the dark forests of my native clime, where statelier columns wrought by God's own hand, rise in their still and solemn grandeur, where arching boughs shut out the sun as well, and the green turf beneath is all more fair than these cold marble floors. It is well that man should erect such edifices, yea, and make them as stately and as beautiful as he may, but let him acknowledge them but as humble imitations of the all-surpassing works of God. Where found he models, save in the woodland temples which are around us on every side? The most beautiful sculptured monument I have ever seen, was a broken column surrounded with a wreath; but it might have found its model in a lofty tree broken by the whirlwind, and left with only a few green leaves to tell of desolation and hope.

My sheet is nearly filled, so I must say to thee adieu, my friend, and only whisper, forget not me. Soft skies have smiled upon my way, kind hands have been extended to greet me, true hearts have echoed back my every thought, and gentle tones have ever been my welcome, but my wayward spirit still returneth to the absent, and there is joy in the thought—I shall soon be with them.

JULIA.

Philadelphia.

Written for the Repository.

Sonnet to Kate.

And thou hast left us! well, adieu,
Since fate decrees that we must sever;
We all confess we never knew
A spell so deep as thine is—never.

The soul that lights thy dark keen eye,
Has chained our hearts to thee forever;
And years on years may hurry by,
But we cannot forget thee—never.

Thy voice can make the saddest, gay,
Thy smile can smooth the roughest features;
It is not strange then, thou shouldst stay
But little time amongst earth's creatures:
For angel's visits, since old time began,
Have been but few and far between, to man.

T. A. H. B. D.

Boston, Feb. 15, 1842.

'Woman. Nature has given woman an influence over man, more powerful than his over her; from birth to death, he takes help and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life: her bosom soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this, beginning at the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments, must diminish or increase his happiness, according to the moral and intellectual gradation of woman. Thus, upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general.'

Written for the Repository.

Mysteries of Heaven.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

'DARKLY we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not;
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom death has parted from our lot!
Fearfully, wonderously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed!'

MRS. HEMANS.

WHERE is heaven? Has it locality? Is it, as we have heard, a place where outward glories, beauties and splendors are seen; or is it only inward and spiritual?

That there is indeed a place; that there are many places or 'mansions' in the great universe of the Eternal, where wonders, glories and enjoyments unseen, unfelt by mortals, are realized, we hesitate not to believe. Reason and revelation distinctly intimate, if they do not specially describe them. We often seek them. Our own souls wing their way from these earth-born tenements into the clear skies of the Infinite, among the burning mysteries there spread abroad. We ask, not only for our own future resting places, but for the abodes of those who have gone from us,—the loved, the departed—whose earthly places will know them no more forever. And where in this vast expanse are they? What spot is gladdened with their presence? Do they

'Walk the earth
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake?'

Are they ministering spirits whispering to our souls holy words *of* the past and *for* the future? or do they dwell away, where we shall yet meet them in the 'house not made with hands eternal in the heavens,'—in 'a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God?' How shall these queries be answered? What is the full explanation of these scriptural illusions? How is the highest heaven of the soul described? What language shall make it known?

These questions we must answer as mortals. We have not yet angelic power. We walk the paths of earth; and have our conversation yet below. In reference to the things we have just spoken of, we are partly in the light—partly in darkness. 'Heaven is where virtue is.' It has its seat in the godlike soul—the soul in which pure happiness ever takes up her abode. Wherever goodness, mercy, humility, love, and true adoration exist, there is heaven—in this or in any other world. This we may safely say we know. The unvarying laws of God warrant such an assurance. But of *the place* where heaven is—apart from the earth;—the central court of the universe from whence Almightiness first sends out its mandate and its power;—where cherubim and seraphim adore, and Christ the Savior dwells, and angels waiting stand to do the perfect will of God,—of this we cannot now know. It is not revealed to us. It is a secret which belongs to God alone: and this is best. It would not greatly benefit us, if we knew its location. We should still be on the earth—the frail, sinful children of mortality. We should have the same blindness upon us, the same weaknesses to contend against, the same sense of our own imbecility, and of the immeasurable distance between us and the infinite source of all.

Again: similar questions arise in relation to the joys and employments of celestial beings;—how heaven is made happy—how it differs from earth? How many good minds have been busily occupied in endeavors to solve these questions, and how little advancement have they made. It is not right that we should know these things. 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be,' said the beloved apostle to his brethren; 'but we know that when he (Christ) shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.'

A revelation now of that which is in reserve for us hereafter, would be too much for us with our present constitution to endure. It would unfit us for earth, its employments and duties, take us from our sphere, and give us in answer to the present calls and responsibilities of this life, only transports and ecstacies concerning that which is to come. On this subject, the remarks of Dr. Blair are worthy the pen of a christian writer:—

'Were the celestial glory exposed to our admiring view; did the angelic harmony sound in our enraptured ears; what earthly concerns would have the power of engaging our attention for a single moment? All the studies and pursuits, the arts and labors which now employ the activity of man, which support the order, or promote the happiness of society, would be neglected and abandoned. Human life would present no objects sufficient to rouse the mind, to kindle the spirit of enterprise, or to urge the hand of industry. Impatient of his confinement within this tabernacle of dust, languishing for the happy day of his translation to those glorious regions which were displayed to the sight, he would sojourn on earth as a melancholy exile. Whatever Provi-

dence has prepared for the entertainment of man, would be viewed with contempt. Whatever is now attractive in society, would appear insipid. In a word, he would be no longer a fit inhabitant of this world, nor be qualified for those exertions which are alloted to him in his present sphere of being. But all his faculties, being sublimated above the measure of humanity, he would be in the condition of a being of superior order, who, obliged to reside among men, would regard their pursuits with scorn, as dreams, trifles, and puerile amusements of a day.'

If, then, we are not yet permitted to understand the secret things which belong to God, what shall we do? Murmur and be disquieted, and refuse to enjoy the present, and the revealed truth of heaven? Say,—let us learn that we are deeply concerned in that which is already so clearly made known. We have enough—amply enough to study—of the actually present, the tangible, the positive,—without undue anxiety for the unknown of the future—the shadowy, or mysterious. God will open to our understandings all the treasures of his wisdom designed for us, in his own appointed way,—at his own best time. Till then let us know that we have almost every thing yet to learn concerning the very being we now enjoy. How many of us know our own duties—our relationship to God—his relationship to us? How many of us understand our own weaknesses, and are profited by what we ought to have learned, long since, in the school of earthly experience? Yes—how many of us who would often be living in the next existence, are fitted to know and enjoy the present? How many know what life is, and how to render it most agreeable to themselves—most conducive to the happiness of others—and thus most acceptable to our Father in heaven?

Until these things are considered as they should be,—until we are made wiser and better from the things already revealed,—more truly enlightened—more zealously engaged in the work of righteousness—more humble, obedient, devotional and pure,—let us not be over anxious about the mysteries of heaven—the secret things which belong to God. He will perform all his gracious promises; he will see that all the purposes of his love are accomplished; he will never leave us nor forsake us. It is for us to imitate him,—to be faithful in our sphere—and work together for the good of humanity while the light of heaven shines upon us to cheer our path below.

I cannot, perhaps, more appropriately close this subject, than in the relation of a dream, from the German of Herder:—

'A pious visionary, too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the Uncreated, forgot thereby the duties of his calling—the necessary burden of a mortal upon the earth. Once when, in deep reflection, he sat by his midnight lamp; he slumbered, and, in a dream, the gates of heaven were opened to him and he saw, what he had so long wished to behold, the ever-living throne. It was encircled with fire and enveloped in clouds of seven-fold darkness, from which lightnings flashed and awful thunders echoed; and before him and behind him was night. Terrified, he awoke, but he had not yet received instruction. He longed to behold the form of the throne, and again he sank into his revealing slumber. Four living creatures bore the throne, and with their faces they looked, and with their wings they darted to the four quarters of the creation, fulfilling the commands of Jehovah. Fiery perspiration ran down from them in streams, and from their unceasing motion they were so confused, they knew not how near they stood to the Throne, or what might be the majesty which they bore. The manlike figure in the holy chariot was just about to approach him, when suddenly, the vision of his slumber vanished, and he awoke still more unquiet than he was before.

He wished to behold the revealing angel, and the prophetic sleep a third time came over him. The Seraphim stood there next to the flaming throne; but their countenances were veiled even to their feet, and to him their song was unintelligible, when one of them approached him and pityingly said: "And darest thou, mortal, wish to gaze upon what even we are not permitted to behold? It is enough for thee that the bearers of the throne have been given to thy sight; for thou also art in the midst among them." He ceased and the dreamer awoke. Just then a moth flew round his lamp—"it darted into the flame, its wings were burned, and it sank down." "Was not I a fool," said he to myself, "to require an angel to teach me that which this little burned moth has taught me?" He renounced henceforth the contemplation of the Seraphim, and became that for which man here below was created—a living laborer under the throne.'

The lesson we may draw from the vision is this:—Since we cannot pierce the clouds and darkness around the throne of Jehovah, let us be

content to know that justice and judgment are the habitation thereof; and that our chief duty now is to work beneath it in the fullness of our soul, might, mind and strength.

Malden, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Romance of Woman. No. 6.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

ALFHILDA.

THE romantic Sagas of the Northmen, are said to be filled with many striking incidents of the heroic bearing of the Skioldmeyar, or Virgins of the Shield, who were frequently women of high birth, and becoming inflamed with martial enthusiasm, went forth as pirates on the seas, or more commonly fought in land battles, as in the time of the Cimbri who invaded Italy and were so signally defeated by Marius. Among others, is the tale of 'Alfhilda, daughter of Sigurd, king of the Ostrogoths, who was chaste, brave, and fair, but always veiled from curiosity, and living in a secluded bower, guarded by two champions of prodigious strength and valor. These the suitor for her hand was required to vanquish, or forfeit his own life if he failed in the enterprise. Alf, a young Sea-king, encountered and slew them both; but the lady herself, not disposed to surrender tamely, put to sea with her female companions, all clothed in male attire, and completely armed for war. A fleet of Vikingr chose the intrepid princess for their leader, and with these she continued to rove the Baltic, until the fame of her exploits reached the ears of her lover, who pursued the squadron into the Gulf of Finland. The lady gave battle, and though her vessel was boarded by Alf in person, she made a most determined resistance, until her helmet, being cloven asunder, disclosed to the astonished youth the fair face and lovely locks of his coy mistress, who, being thus overcome, no longer refused him the hand he had so magnanimously won.'

Crichton's & Wheaton's Scandinavia.

THERE's the tramp of a warrior through the dell;
There's the flash of a shield where the sunbeam fell;
And helm, and halbert, and sword throw back
A gleam of light o'er the rugged track;
For the bold Sea-king, from his realm of wave,
Where the Bersaerker* guarded Alfhilda the brave,
Had come, in the might of his love and fame,
The beautiful Skioldmeyar's heart to claim.

But who might enter Alfhilda's bower?
What eye dared gaze on that Gothic flower?—
'Twas a bold emprise that the Sea-king sought,
But he in a thousand frays had fought,
And his strong right arm, with its valiant sword,
Had routed in battle the Vikingr† horde,
Had vanquished the bravest that swept the waves,
And dotted the earth with his victims' graves.

Yet neither on land, nor his own home sea,
Such valorous champions e'er met he,
As the terrible guard at that strong, old tower,
Where the Shield-Maiden dwelt in her royal bower.

The ramparts that spread round her barred domain,
Were the bones of men that her guard had slain,
And pickets of skeleton arms swept round,
Each with a skull of a Vikingr crowned.

But a message is speeding from Odin's Hall;—
The Bersaerker now at their gates shall fall;
For those Fatal Sisters, the Valkyries,
Who bear from Odin his death decrees,
Are waiting the issue of Alf's emprise,
To lead the slaughtered to Paradise.
For day shall not wane ere their grim heads tower
From the skeleton walls of Alfhilda's bower.

'Tis done! and Valhalla resounds with song,
For the valiant dead through its portals throng;
And chiefest of all in the ghostly crowd,
Are they who at Alf's high prowess bowed.
But vain to that warrior his bold success—
No princess awaited a lover's caress;
Like a bird through the dell had the Shield-Maiden flown,
And the Sea-rover stood in her palace—alone!

A vessel rides forth from a rock-bound cove,
Freighted and armed o'er the seas to rove;
And brave hearts beat 'mid her gleaming sails,
Though the boldest of these 'neath *one* eye quails;
For a lofty Spirit rules over the ship,
Though the beardless cheek and the ripe, red lip,
Are tokens that *woman*, the proud, the free,
Has marshalled her host on the stormy sea!

Each helm of brass, on those high-borne heads,
O'er locks of auburn its armor spreads;
Each glittering shield has its sacred part
To shield in the conflict a *woman's* heart.
For Alfhilda has rallied her shield-maid band—
They rove the seas at her proud command—
And thus by the fleet of the Vikingr seen,
She is followed, and hailed as their own Sea-Queen.

Bold are the deeds of this pirate horde—
Many their conflicts with arrow and sword;—
And blood is shed o'er the stormy waves,
Where thousands go down to their coral graves;
For the maiden once guarded by rampart and tower,
Is roving the Baltic—a queen in power!
Alfhilda of Gothland, the royal, the free,
Has marshalled a host on the stormy sea!

And Alf has heard of the valiant chief
Who pilots her squadron o'er rock and reef;
Who has stained the tide with her foemen's blood,
And battled the fury of fight and flood.
And his own proud heart with a jealous glow,
Has urged him forward to meet the foe;
But little he dreams 'tis the brave Shield-Maid,
In the Vikingr's armor and power arrayed.

They meet in the Gulf of the ancient Fin,
'Mid the roar of waves and the conflict's din;
For Alf has invaded the ship of his foe,
And they meet in combat, with clash and blow.
The Sea-king had fought in a thousand frays,
And spent in battle his youthful days,
Yet ne'er had he met, on the land or wave,
Such valorous thrusts as the Sea-Queen gave!

But idle the conflict beyond that stroke
Whose weight through the helm of the maiden broke;
On the startled gaze of the warrior fell
The power of a strong and a deathless spell;
And he who had fought in a thousand frays,
Who had spent in the conflict his youthful days,
His conquering sword to the Sea-Queen gave,
And knelt in his triumph—a willing slave!

GOOD deeds always get paid for in advance. So should newspapers be thus treated!

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* The Bersaerker were body-guards attached to the persons of kings and great chiefs. They were famed for their prowess.

† Vikingr were *pirates*.

Selected for the Repository.

Burial of a Child.

Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light, would fall upon her grave. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed around to look into the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told, how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stairs, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loophole in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on the tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thought teem with assurance of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God. Oh! it is hard to take to the heart the lessons that such deaths will teach; but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty, universal truth. When death strikes down the innocent and young; for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shape of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.—*Dickens.*

Written for the Repository.

'Comfort ye my People.'

BY IONE.

Mourn for the sinful dead,—
They who have walked the thorny paths of care,
Without the peace by calm repentance shed,
To win the spirit from a dread despair.

Mourn not the gentle flower,
Stricken at morning while the glittering dew—
Tear-drops of angels—night's unsullied dower—
Hung on its leaves their freshness to renew!

Mourn not the sinless soul,
At rest from all its wanderings, in the land
Whose plains are watered by the gentle roll
Of the bright river at our God's right hand!

When, in the gay parterre,
The sweetest flower is trampled in the dust,
Sighing, we miss its fragrance in the air,
And bathe in tears the ruins of our trust.

When from the heart's boquet,
Kind angels cull the flowers, we turn and weep!
They still shall flourish in immortal day,
And He who took them, shall his treasures keep.

Through him, the spotless one,
Who clasped earth's blossoms to his yearning breast,
We breathe the earnest prayer, 'God's will be done,'
His own are gathered to their promised rest!

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

A Fragment.

The punishment of sin—I use this phrase for want of a better—is sufficient for sin. It is bad enough to live without the vivifying presence of God in this world. It is so great a misfortune, that we should labor to preserve our fellow-men from its endurance. Those partialists who tell

us that many of the worst sinners are prosperous in this world, will, in the next breath, say that houses and lands, money and gilded carriages, do not constitute happiness; but that the humble cottager, if he have Christ for his possession, is happier than princes who have him not. 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.' The pain attendant on sin, is given in mercy to guard us against sin—to prevent us from departing from the light of God's gracious countenance. The tree of life, in Eden, was cut down, lest men should live forever without God, and death was pronounced in mercy lest we should wander forever.

Written for the Repository.

Obituary.

To oblige a subscriber, we make a record here of a death, the notice of which we received in January, but was overlooked in making up the February number.

Mrs. Julia M. Ferris, died in Hillsdale, Michigan, on the 28th of April, 1841, aged 24 years and 4 months. For several years she had professed faith in the great doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of a ransomed world, and with firm confidence in its truth, she departed this life. May her relatives have a like firmness of faith, that consolation may be abundant and hope fervent.

Importance of Intellectual Culture.

A cultivated mind, says Dr. Channing, may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Every thing may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons, in these hours, for want of innocent resources, are now impelled to coarse and brutal pleasure. How many young men can be found in this city, who unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven in a long dull evening of winter to haunts of intemperance, and depraving society. It is one of the good signs of the times, that lectures on literature and science are taking their place among other public amusements, and attract even more than theatres. This is one of the first fruits of our present intellectual culture. What a harvest may we hope for from its wider diffusion!

Our Book and Memoranda Table.

Removal to Providence, R. I. The Editor has removed to Providence, R. I., having commenced the pastoral relation with the first Universalist Society of that city. All personal or private correspondence must be directed there; communications for, or relating to this periodical, must be sent to the Publisher.

In leaving the place of our former residence, we sever many strong and precious ties, and part with earnest lovers of truth and devoted friends of religion, endeared to us by unquestionable tokens of affection and fidelity. We leave in full fellowship with all, and rejoice amid sadness that we have the good wishes, and shall have the kind remembrances, of every member of the society. Faithful brethren and devoted sisters have proved their worthiness and strong claims for esteem, and we are free to bear witness to their uniform kindness and christian consideration. We cannot but believe that their course will be onward, and that they will 'keep the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace.' God give them a faithful servant in holy things, and bless them with all spiritual good.

We part with them to assume greater responsibilities; but our trust in Him who has thus far made our strength equal to our day, is strong, and may his presence guide, strengthen, and prosper us.

Next Volume—Necessity for exertion on the part of the Friends of the Work. Arrangements are now in progress to present a far superior Magazine to our patrons than we have yet sent out, and we feel justified in asking of the real friends of the work, renewed and extra exertions to increase the subscription list. This we feel to be essential to the continuation of the work, with anything like an adequate return to the Publisher. This may seem to be a common remark for conductors of periodicals, but there is in this case, peculiar, emphatic, and deep reaching meaning in it, and we are honest and serious in asking our readers so to consider it. We have suffered by the establishment of new, local papers, by the extent to which our work is borrowed, and the necessity many have felt to lessen their expenditures; and add to these, the loss of a large sum due by treacherous subscribers. But we must not enumerate the whys and wherefores of the earnest call we make, trusting that we shall be believed when solemnly we say that there is a *necessity* for our friends to see what can be done to give more adequate support to the work.

The new volume will commence July first, instead of June 15th, as many objections have been made to the issuing of our work on the 15th, instead of the first, as is usual with monthly publications. *A new, neat, and smaller type than is now used*, will give a different aspect to the work, and admit of a greater amount and variety of matter; and we shall add, quarterly, *a fine steel engraving*, illustrated. In short, we hope to offer to our patrons a work of beauty and interest, combining valuable matter with exterior attraction, and worthy of a most generous support from liberal christians.

Our Title. We have received by letters and verbally many suggestions why our title should be altered and made to read simply 'Ladies' Repository.' By dropping the term 'Universalist,' it is said, we shall cease to awaken prejudices towards the work, and will find many more readers than now. But to carry out the spirit of such an alteration, we should have to banish that term entirely from our pages, lest what now startles on the cover, might frighten as soon as the book is opened. This we cannot do. We should rather humbly labor to bring the name into more esteem, than to hide it. We love every letter of it, and rejoice that it was not borrowed from any man, but is a name for the embodiment of the divinest principles, reminding of the completeness of the system of truth with which it is con-

nected. More than this, we wish to cling to the name that the reader may readily understand what doctrine we are advocating, or what views of christian truth we are unfolding and applying. We would ask no higher honor than to be endowed with talent and tact to make the work worthy of its name; and our heart's desire is to approach nearer and nearer to the beautiful Ideal. We thank those who have suggested what they deem would be an improvement, and doubt not but they meant kindly in offering the remarks which have been tendered. Still we must cling to our name, and labor to make it appreciated as synonymous with 'Perfect Man.'

It may not be out of place to remark in this place, that there is, or was lately, published in Cincinnati a Methodist monthly publication entitled '*The Ladies' Repository.*' We should not wish to have our work confounded with that, or mistaken for it.

THE PRO AND CON OF UNIVERSALISM. By George Rogers. A. Tompkins will soon publish a new and very neat edition of the above valuable work—a work which embodies a great variety and amount of matter, in relation to the questions in controversy between Universalists and all antagonists. It will be valued by all who may possess it. We refer to a Prospectus in this No. for a fuller description of the work.

THE WASHINGTONIAN POCKET COMPANION; containing a choice collection of Temperance Hymns, Songs, &c. Utica, N. Y., G. Tracy & O. Hutchinson. 1842. This is an excellent collection of Hymns and Songs for Temperance Meetings, adapted to many favorite airs. We are glad to greet such publications, for they do a great amount of good in a pleasant way. This neat, little work, contains 122 Hymns and Songs, together with some valuable hints and suggestions to Washingtonians.

MONEY WANTED—UNREASONABLE DELINQUENCES. We care little about words of 'learned length,' but we should like to command some of 'thundering sound,' if with them we could peal the thunders of the violated law of honesty and integrity into the ears of hundreds of unreasonable delinquents. Letters have been issued from this office during the past week to delinquent subscribers, the aggregate amount of whose dues is over $2000! Who will not say, 'That's too bad'? Let every delinquent who reads this, make a desperate effort to lessen the evil, and remove in some degree the heavy burden from the Publisher. The names of those who are still considered subscribers and from whom no answers are received, will be stricken from the list at the close of this volume.

Will our Agents oblige us by settling as many dues as possible, and by doing so immediately? We shall trust much to their interest in the publication and their friendly feeling towards us.

LETTERS TO REVS. B. STOWE, R. H. NEALE, and R. W. CUSHMAN, on the Knapp Excitement.

We learn that Mr. A. Tompkins will issue immediately a new work entitled as above, from the pen of Br. O. A. SKINNER, which, we presume, will thoroughly discuss the character and influence of such excitements as are created by itinerant revivalists, outraging all the decencies of life, and turning the church of God into a 'low priced theatre.' We are glad that this work is not a mere essay on the evils of the late scenes of confusion in our city, but is full of sober matter, directed to the responsible persons who have prepared the stage and made themselves servants to a rough, gross, and ignorant itinerant. Some of these, we know, have freely acknowledged, in private conversation, that they did not approve the chief actor's tricks and fooleries, but as the people countenanced him, and he was 'waking them up,' they consented to yield him the stage. A retribution will come upon them for their duplicity, and in after days men will wonder that such Expediency was mistaken for Right. We hope that a wide circulation will be given to this work, and that it will be kept as a manual to consult at the times of the periodical returns of spasmodic religion, when 'some are made mad and many melancholy.' It should be made a family book, to guard the unsuspecting against a too easy confidence in the tales and stories that are so abundant in every time of what is called a 'Revival;' for at no time are so many falsehoods circulated as during these seasons of moral calamity. And more than this, the work will have a good influence in showing the necessity of retaining the exercise of our reasoning faculties at all times, and of never deserting the true magnet for clouded stars when the sea of life is tempestuous and around us blow many 'winds of doctrine.'

We are confident that the *style* of the work will be what it should be—calm, serious, and dignified; and we trust the work will commend itself to the candid of every denomination of christians.

The work will be issued early in march, in a neat style of typography and binding, and will be afforded at 50 cents per copy. Will the friends of permanent religion and vital godliness, 'in all the region round about,' aid the circulation of this important work? We trust the issue will tell nobly in behalf of the interest of our friends in what pertains to true progress.

NEW WORK ON THE PARABLES, for Sabbath Schools, by J. M. Austin. We learn that Br. Austin is preparing a work for Sabbath School instruction on the Parables spoken by our Lord during his ministry on earth, and we must regard such a work, well arranged and developed, as promising to add much interest to Sabbath School instruction. We shall expect a good work, as Br. Austin is a man of patience and great care, and doubtless he will prepare something which will be highly valued. We hope it will not be hurried, as some of our Sabbath School Instruction Books are very deficient, it may be not so much from inability to make them thorough and what they should be, as from the haste with which they were sent forth. Whatever is designed as a permanent work, and to be placed in the hands of children, should be correct in its matter and style.

THE BETTER COVENANT. We have received No. III. of a new weekly paper published at Rockford and Saint Charles, Illinois, entitled as above, and conducted by the proprietors—Seth Barnes and Wm. Rounseville. It makes a good appearance, and we are highly pleased with its general tone. Its size is a small quarto, small and close type, giving a large quantity of matter for the size, and is published at $2 per annum.

WESTERN LUMINARY. Here is another new publication, hailing from Rochester, N. Y. It is a small quarto, large type, and very well printed. It has *four* editors—C. Hammond, J. Whitney, J. Chase, and J. M. Cook; and is published by J. M. Cook and W. Chase, at $1 per year.

PORTLAND, Me. Br. L. L. Sadler has received and accepted an invitation to become pastor of the Universalist Society in the above named city, and we trust, having every reason to believe, that the connection will be one that shall promote the highest interests of the cause we love in that place. Br. S. has our best wishes and prayers for his success.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. Our readers will please take a pencil and cross the word '*own*' in the last line of the poem in the February No., entitled, '*Are we slumbering now?*'

The present No. has been made up amid the hurry and bustle of *moving*, but we have no apologies to make, as we believe this No. is as good as any, and we have not slighted it at all.

Our thanks are due to our kind correspondents for their liberal and excellent favors. We cannot enumerate, as the confusion around us has diseased our organ of Order, and we are troubled.

We hope to receive many contributions from those whose promises yet remain to be fulfilled.

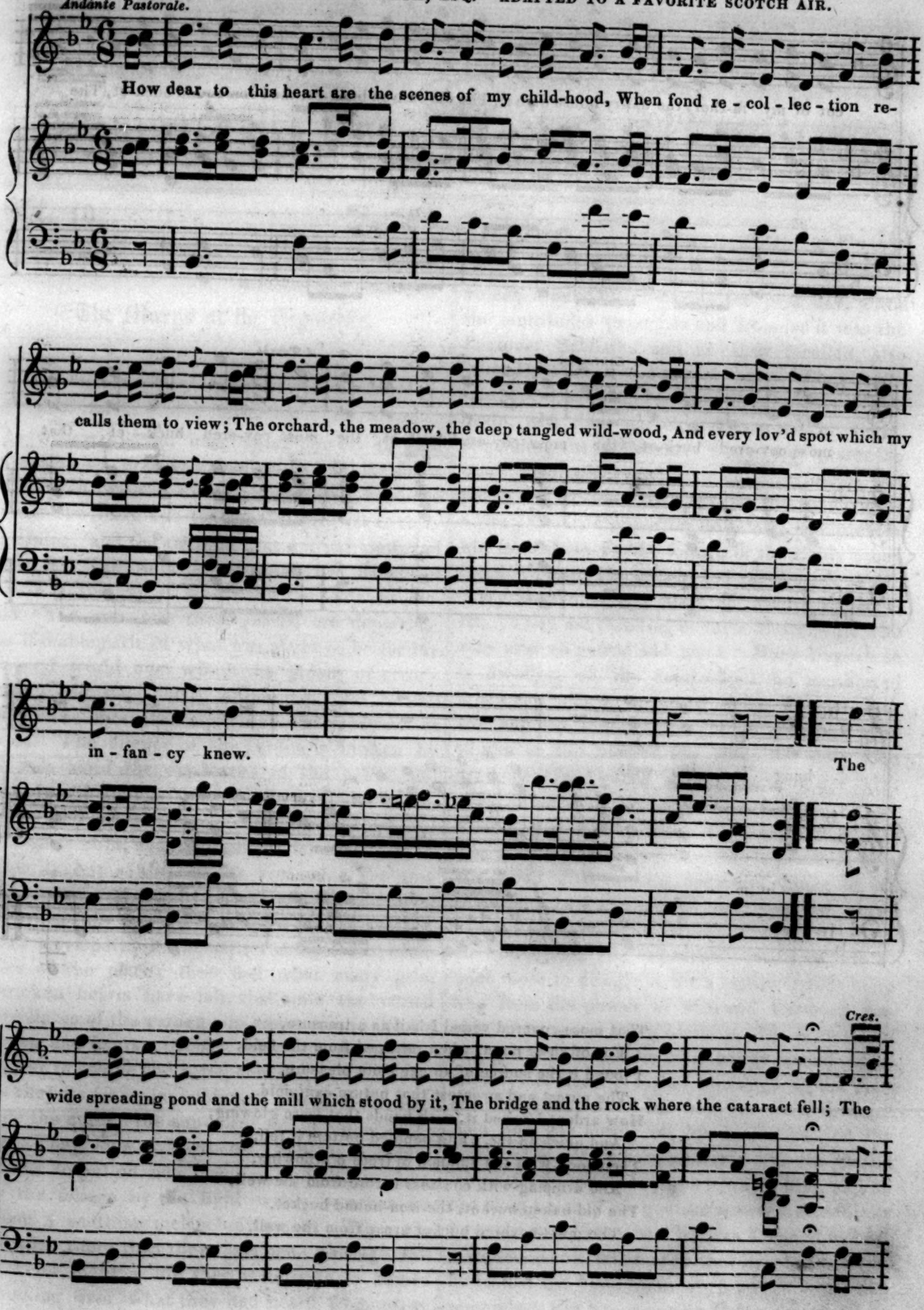
List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Feb. 28, 1841.

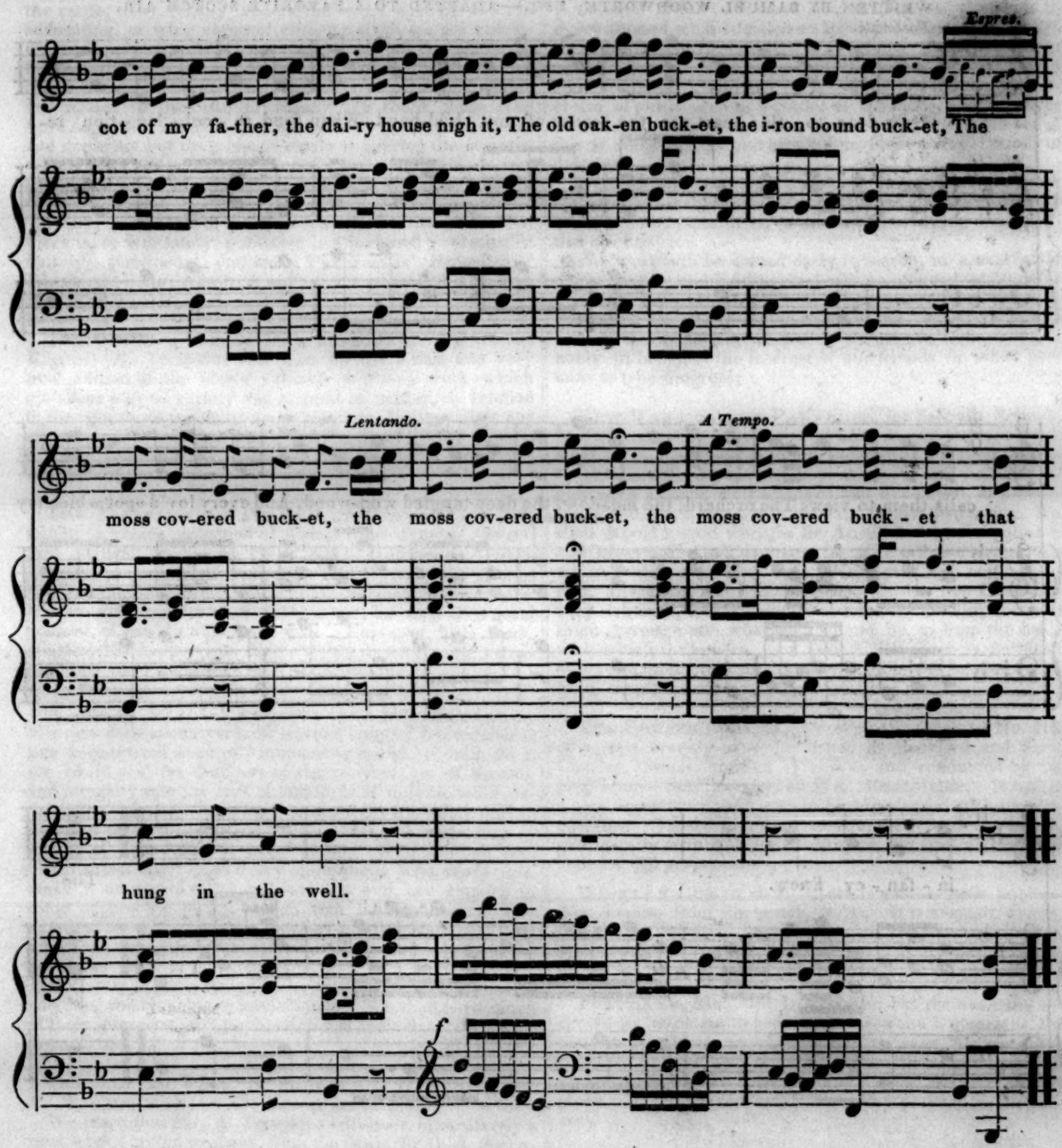
G. W. M., Auburn, $22; J. W., Ellisville, $2; R. S., Woodstock, $1.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH, ESQ.—ADAPTED TO A FAVORITE SCOTCH AIR.

Andante Pastorale.





2

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth o'erflowing,
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well,
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For April 1842. No. 11.

Written for the Repository.

The Marys at the Sepulchre.

BY HENRY BACON.

'And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre.'

As we awaken our imaginative powers to give a reality—a present existence to the incidents connected with the above record, we behold a scene of solemn and tender interest. It is early morning, and the twilight has not yet departed from the hills, and the shadows are dark and dense in the garden where the Lord lay entombed. Yet even now those shades are departing, as if emblematic of what was about to be for the mental world over which the gloom of error's night had long hung, shrouding from human sight the most beautiful of all the creations of God. The silence of the garden is broken by sounds amid the dry leaves in the paths, and slowly and timidly some female forms approach, with their robes wrapped close around them, for the air is chill, and its chillness is more than ordinarily felt as their hearts are sad. Yet now their countenances are not so dark and sorrowful as when they entered the sacred retreat, for they find a sympathy in the aspect and solemn beauties of the place; they feel what many grief stricken hearts have felt, that amid the vernal loveliness of the garden—in communion with its green and fragrant things, there is a mysterious power to soothe and bless, stealing into the heart to allay its fever, invisibly and softly as the dew into the cup of the sun-burnt and drooping flower. They love to be there. For them nature seems to put on new beauties, and the rustling of the foliage by the light wind, breathes for them a soothing melancholy music. They are happier there than they have been through the wakeful night, while they were in their homes thinking over what they had heard from many voices around them during the past day, while the multitudes passed to and fro—for it was the Passover Sabbath—and as they recalled also what He himself had taught them. They meditate now on his declarations that he should rise again, and they marvel, yet dare not to doubt, respecting the fulfilment. They come nearer the tomb with spices and sepulchral perfumes, but pause and sit down over against the sepulchre—a short distance opposite the tomb; the place is hid from them by the foliage of the richly robed trees. There, in solemn and affectionate mood, Mary Magdalene and Mary the wife of Zebedee, sit. They are thinking of their Master—he who was ever so gentle and good. Mary Magdalene is dwelling on the compassion he manifested when she was a wretched being, possessed, as she and her kindred thought, of demons. She thinks of the blessed day when the holy man drew near and gazed steadfastly upon her with eyes so holy, so heavenly, so full of divine authority, that she felt that even demons must confess and obey their power. She remembers how she knelt, glad to kiss even the fringe of his robe; and how she felt his hand upon her brow, cooling as the fountain in the desert to her heated brain; and how she rose, made 'whole'—once more to mingle in life's realities, once more free from the power of wild and torturing fancies, once more to be useful in the exercise of the gentle humanities of a happy social existence. Her heart is full of blessings on the merciful hand that woke her from her awful dreams! And now she muses on his teachings—on the works of mercy he has performed—on the hatred which the proud had shown towards him, and on the even tenor of his godlike course! She thinks how she saw him when he was doomed to bear his cross—how when they that loved him wept, he turned and bade them weep not for him! She remembers the late scene on Calvary with all its

horrors—for she was there! There she tarried till the last agony was over, and she beheld her Lord in death! And O as now she sits over against his sepulchre, she sees him as then she beheld him—immovable and dead! She is sitting at the sepulchre of her hopes, and her heart is sorrowful indeed! She could not but once hope that all would love him whom she loved—so good, so amiable, so everything that should wake human admiration and respect. She could not but once hope that his would be a noble kingdom, embracing the good of every name, and rescuing thousands from the paths of shame where the morally dead lie in corruption. She could not but hope that many a mourner's heart would be comforted by him, many a wounded spirit healed, many a soul rescued, as she had been, from a world of visions awful and terrific! But alas! where are now her hopes? All buried with her Lord, over against whose sepulchre she sits, mourning that there is a great stone rolled against its mouth, that feeble woman cannot move away.

And who is it sits by her side with full sympathy in her solemn musings? It is the mother who once was the most ambitious of all—who once fell prostrate at Jesus' feet in the act of worship, and asked of him a favor. He bade her speak her wants—and O how she did then make known the ambition of her soul! Yet there is beauty in it, for it shows how the mother's heart is in her children's advancement. It should be so—if the mind rightly knows what true advancement is. She remembers how the Lord looked upon her when he said, 'What wilt thou?' She remembers too the change that came over his countenance, and feels again the sorrowful rebuke she read there, as she asked, with her two sons beside her, that one might sit on his right hand and the other on his left, when his kingdom should be established—that to them might be given high stations of honor. She remembers how he glanced upon her sons and asked them, if they could bear the sufferings that must come to one worthy to have what was asked for each of them. She remembers his pitying look as they answered in their ignorance, 'We are able.' She remembers his answer, and recalls those solemn words he spake to her, earnestly, yet kindly, 'Ye know not what ye ask.' O since that hour she has studied to know her duty better, to become more spiritual, to throw aside an undue uplifting pride, and to teach her sons humility. She too followed Jesus to Calvary. She too saw the awful scenes of his death. She too thanked God that to her was given

> 'A strength which by its deep, o'ermastering power,
> Sustained her heart in that dread, solemn hour.'

And to her even Israel's sabbath has been a weary day, as it kept her from the tomb—the sepulchre of her hopes. She was glad when the first glimmerings of twilight came, when she knelt in prayer, and went forth to meet Mary Magdalene, with her to visit the sacred retreat—the garden of the sepulchre. There they sit, and while they pause, more of the faithful sisters approach, and as they there mingle melancholy thoughts, they say among themselves, 'Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?' for they would perform the holy office of anointing the revered and beloved dead. They feel nerved with new strength and advance, and lo! the stone is already removed and the body is gone! Their first thought was, that the enemies of Jesus had stolen the body away, and grief overwhelmed them that they should be denied the performance of the last office of affection. But lo! an angel appeareth to them and asketh Mary Magdalene why she weepeth? 'Because,' saith the mourner, 'they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.' He tells them he is risen as he prophesied he should, and they fly to tell the disciples the glad news. But Mary, as she turned, met as she supposed the gardener—a form clad in the gardener's robes—and was asked, 'Woman, why weepest thou?' In her bewilderment, she again thought of Jesus as dead, and said, 'Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away!' as though Joseph's love had cooled and the sepulchre was deemed too good for him. '*I will take him away*,' that he may trouble you no more—I will seek for him a tomb. It was enough—the last proof of deep and ardent affection was given, and, O God! what a bliss was given her! She had turned to hide her tears, and O what an electrifying power was in the sound of her own name *Mary!* as she knew the voice and turning exclaimed '*Rabboni!*' Master. She would have embraced him, but he forbade her, and gave her the mission to go and tell the disciples that she had seen him, and that he was to ascend to his and her Father and God! Her hopes were all given back to her, her grief departed, and she was happy indeed.

We leave the scenes of the past, sacred and blissful as they are, and ask: Why should woman, to whom the Gospel has come, have the same love the Marys had, and that has hallowed their name so that she is blessed indeed who is worthy to wear it? I answer, Because in two important respects, she is like them; and these are,—

1. Jesus hath done much for woman; and

2. Woman is often called to sit over against the sepulchre of her hopes, against the door of which there is a great stone rolled, too heavy for her to remove.

I have said that woman should love Jesus as the Marys did, because of what he hath done for her. And has he not done much? Has he not blessed her with the richest benefits? Has he not proved himself her truest friend? I trust the heart can answer these queries far better than words. It can, if reflection has been given to them aright—if ever in holy and sweet solitude woman has thought over the history of Jesus and what he was to her sex. How different is her condition from what it was before christianity was established—before the voice of that religion went forth to bid man release woman from degrading servitude and make her his true companion and equal. It is christianity that has breathed into woman a consciousness of her noble nature—that has taught her her rights and interests—that has instructed her how to cultivate her affections, feelings, and intellect—that has shown her what relations she holds, what important duties she has to perform, what glorious results she may produce. It is christianity that has sanctified her dearest union, as it was never sanctified before, and redeemed her from a thousand evils to which her sex is now subject, where that religion has never been established. It is christianity that has given her hopes most essential to the happiness of her being, giving her joy and gladness when the music of the viol and the poetry of the dance have no charms to her—when the freshness of youthful life is departed, and the records of the past are mourned over with deep sighs and hot tears. It sanctifies her marriage—it kneels with her as she learns her first born his earliest prayer—it speaks of heaven as she gazes on his cherub countenance as he lies in the beauty of sleep—it teaches her how to be faithful to her affections—it strengthens her when trials come—it makes her an angel at the sick bed—it gives her patience and submission when despair would claim her—it opens heaven as earth grows dark, and brings Jesus to her at the tomb. It is now abroad doing a great work for her improvement, to wake man to a deeper and fuller consciousness that his dignity is united with her exaltation. Ay, they should all be Marys—permitting nought to come between them and the clearest manifestations of unreserved and heartfelt devotion to Jesus. They should often visit the sepulchre of the entombed Lord, and earnestly meditate on what would have been their lot had he not risen. They should strive to sympathize with the watchers there, and wait for the angel of glorious hope—for the presence of the risen Jesus! That Jesus whose first protector, friend and teacher, was a woman. In whose history she is always mentioned in union with deeds of kindness and expressions of attachment. From whom she ever received the tenderest regard, and to whom she was steadfastly devoted, ay, even to the death. At whose sepulchre she was the first visitor—who first received the tidings of the resurrection, first rejoiced in them and spread them abroad. And O when the little company of the faithful waited on the day of Pentecost for the fulfillment of his promise, woman was there; and when the tongues of heavenly fire—of warm and thrilling eloquence were given, did not woman also receive of the gifts? They did, or Peter would not have quoted all the words of holy Joel where he uttered the words of God: 'I will pour out my spirit and your daughters shall prophesy. On my hand-maidens, I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy'—utter truths discerned by the inner vision enlightened of God. O woman, if she love Jesus—and indeed she should—may have as powerful an eloquence as ever was possessed—the eloquence of an amiable life, wherein examples and deeds are heart moving words. Home is her temple, and there she may be a christian preacher. Life will assume a worthier aspect. Her joy will be in her duties—not in the gaieties of fashion and the unsatisfying follies of unsanctified pleasure. She will cease to mourn the departure of 'the days of chivalry'—the days when man's homage was merely outward, not honorable to himself, or to be coveted by her—days when beauty was worth more than amiability, and the pure palm was clasped by a hand of blood. In those days, too frequently called the golden days of woman, she was but an object of sense—her value fast lessening as her beauty

faded and her youth departed; for love was not hallowed by those feelings of sympathy and imperishable esteem for mind and heart, which make affection in the christian lover and husband survive the departure of youth and beauty. It is christianity that makes mind valuable, by declaring its immortality; that makes love the ennobling passion, by giving it purity and sacred earnestness; and unites souls by sympathetic bonds strong and enduring as the unions of heaven. Christianity weans woman from slavish attachment to the artificials of life, and consecrates her whole being to noble duties and pure enjoyments.

I have said woman should love Jesus as the Marys did, because she is often called to sit over against the sepulchre of her hopes in sorrow. And is it not so? Disappointment, sickness and death, have not yet been ruled out of power. They are still around us—man and woman. They are near—they may be felt to-morrow; nay, even to-day their evils may be experienced. She that liveth to pleasure is indeed dead while she liveth—dead to what is advancing, to what she really needs, to what her best and highest interests require. But not only to her, but to the good and faithful evils come; and happy are they who mourn like the Marys, for like the Marys they shall be comforted.

Look in reverently upon that mother. She blessed God devoutly when he gave her her 'new name,' and she has blessed him many times since for the same. She hath rejoiced much in the beauty and gladness of her child, and the year was one sweet summer in her home. Time winged its flight, and while it flew with rapid speed, she taught her son to be wise and good—to be strong against evil, and devote himself to useful and honorable pursuits. A thousand hopes were garnered up in him—hopes of his gaining human love, of his being the benefactor of his race, of his living in the hearts of all who knew him. But the world has dealt sadly with him, and he is morally dead—and there his mother sits over against his sepulchre, but O how unlike the sepulchre of Jesus that was new and in a garden! A huge stone is in the way which she has not the strength to remove, and her heart is sad. But good angels draw near and give her sweet encouragement. She meets Jesus, and her heart is made strong. She thinks of what he has taught, and recalls the beautiful story of the prodigal son! It is so like her boy leaving home, that she weeps; and she weeps more bitterly when she follows him to the scenes of guilt and wretchedness. But her tears stop their flow as she sees him pausing to think of home—its plenty and all its dear attractions, and at last he resolves to return in penitence and love. She thinks it is her own beloved child, and she kneels in thanksgiving. The stone is rolled from the tomb—he is risen, saith the angel. Love is again all active, and hopes revive. She is still willing to live and labor, though awhile since she would have been glad to die. Filial affection in a sinful world cannot do without Jesus. Where he comes not, the heart must grow cold or break. O be thankful, mothers, that for ye Jesus lives.

Let us visit yon home where at midnight the lone wife sits beside the pale lamp, at her task. Why those tears that course down her cheeks? Alas! she too is sitting over against the sepulchre of her hopes. The light has shone upon the circlet of gold she has still preserved upon the heart-finger, and memory is now busy. O what hopes she once knew! what precious promises of happiness were hers! He to whom she gave herself, has forgotten his early love—his vows and resolves are unheeded, and he is indeed in the abodes of death. She sits and knows not what to think. She begins to ask herself if she has not suffered enough, and if she should not throw him from her? But her heart will not let her answer, for Jesus meets her—she sees him in the beauty of his unfaltering love, and learns to estimate the glory of love's martyrdom! She is at the cross with the Marys, and there learns with them to forgive. That sweet smile which just passed over her face, and gilded the tear as it rolled from her eye, was kindred with the smile of Jesus when he prayed. 'My Lord threw not from him his murderers, nor will I,' says the midnight watcher. Her patience returns, and her prayers have a new fervency and pathos in them. O to her there may soon come a resurrection morn, to give her a new sabbath and a new heart, when her hopes shall be untombed and come forth in more than their early beauty! O suffering and forsaken woman, hope on—never despair. It is the glory of thy sex that they have best imitated the unconquerable love of Jesus, and have sat over against the tomb with an unfaltering trust in better days—have looked beyond the grave for what this world would not give them. Let it ever be so, for if, as Paul saith, 'the woman is the glory of the

man,' love is the glory of the woman. Let them glory in each other.

Let us take another view of woman's need of the religion of Jesus, by gently entering into yon darkened room where a mourner sits. She has just returned from the discharge of a sad office—the entombing of as sweet a babe as ever made a worldly mother proud, or reminded the christian parent of heaven. The sabbath has not yet dawned in brightness upon her, and there she sits over against the sepulchre of brightest and most dear hopes. To her Jesus by his truth draws near. He is holding a little one in his arms and blessing it, and speaking of heaven. That infant is the image of her own, and she gazes on the fair vision till heaven's beauties gather around her, and she feels again united to the departed. Her hopes revive—they take hold on immortal things, and the heaven she would have made for her child in time, she rests assured God has given it in eternity. Thanks, adoring thanks be to thee, O Father! for the comfort Jesus gives to the mourning mother—that makes her realize that her babe was taken from her that it might be made what she often called it—*a blessed angel!*

I will not lead you to more illustrations in detail of my theme, but plead of you to think—to think of her who has sat in patient sorrow over against the sepulchre of her hopes—the sea! The white sail, like a dove in the blue air, comes not to bless her vision and make her heart glad. He has ceased to brave the winds, and wrestle with danger. The waters have become his winding sheet. The farewell will no more be said—the departing sailor no more cheered from shore—the meeting no more enjoyed on earth; but if she love Jesus, she will learn of a world where 'there is no more sea'—where such partings, sorrows and trials, as she and the dead have known, come not, and where love is fed by everlasting joy. I plead also of you, to think of the sister, and her for whom the bridal wreath was woven, who sit over against the sepulchres of hopes that made the beauty of life; and as you think of the many Marys that weep, own the worth of christianity, confess its divine virtues, and adore the beneficence of Him who bestowed the inestimable treasure.

Thine, O woman! is a noble mission. Life may have noble objects, and thine may be an estimable character. In your keeping are the means for contributing to the daily and hourly happiness of others, of influencing and moulding the general manners of society, of breathing a purer and nobler morality into the community, and of affecting the whole being of the rising generation by early impressions. Thou art called 'weak,' but it is only by those who do not know thy strength—for thy strength is great. Confess it to thy own heart, and use it as Jesus directs thee, in the fear of God and by the spirit of love. Thine then shall be noble conquests. In thy soul shall reign a power to make thee true, unfalteringly, to love! Thou wilt live for Jesus in living for the highest and best good of those around thee; and with a true faith thine eye will be ever open to see, what Jesus promised Martha she should behold—'the glory of God.'

Providence, R. I.

Written for the Repository.

Romance of Woman. No. 7.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THE GRAVE OF ISABELLA.

In the last will of Isabella of Castile, she expressed a wish to be buried in the Alhambra, 'in a low sepulchre, without any monument.'

Mrs. Jamieson's Female Sovereigns.

The Moor had passed from Granada's halls—
The cry of the Prophet had left her walls,—
For the silver clarions of Old Castile
Had swelled a longer and louder peal.

The Alhambra stood in its pride and power,
Surmounted with many a strong old tower;
But the Moorish Crescent had given place
To the glittering Cross of a stronger race.

* * * * * *

What do they there in that home of kings?—
The stroke of a spade through the palace rings—
In the marble court, where the lime-boughs wave,
They hollow the earth for a lowly grave.

She cometh to rest—that beautiful Star
Whose rays glanced over the waves afar,
And scattered a dim, but a startling light
On a new, rich world in the realms of night!

She cometh to rest; but no stately tomb
Shall mock her dust with its splendid gloom;
The fragrant flower from the bending tree,
The only mark on her grave shall be.

Yet over her bed shall the massive towers
Their shadows cast through the moonlight hours;
A gorgeous tomb to the vanished reign
Of the Moorish kings in the land of Spain.

Then build no pile o'er her lowly grave—
Her monument lies on the western wave;
All silently here, where her sorrows cease,
Leave the *dust*, alone, of the Queen of Peace.*

* Her people bestowed on her this beautiful designation, 'Isabella of peace and goodness.

Written for the Repository.

Rural Rambles. No. 4.

BY MISS L. A. PEABODY.

THE BLUSH ROSE.

'You have chosen a sad spot for our resting place, after such a fine ramble as we have had through the dark old woods; and such a pleasant morning too!' said my youthful companion, as we emerged from a narrow path which wound its way through an umbrageous forest. It was a haunt I loved, that lone, woodland path,—for I had been a frequenter of its solitudes from my very childhood; and I remember, as it were but yesterday, my accustomed wanderings to that shady retreat, from the time when the purple anemone and its paler sisters, with the lowly arbutus, one of the fairest and sweetest of spring's daughters,—the meek violet and modest innocence, and many others of those fair forest and brook-side fairies, who are the first to lift their modest heads to greet the approach of Spring; and almost daily were my visits repeated the long summer through, when the trees wore their fair, green robes, even till chilling blasts had stript them of their more gorgeous drapery, and the humble fall-flower had faded from the earth.

There was a small recess or natural arbor by that path-side, in my younger days, which the hand of the woodman has since destroyed, and which I then deemed the most beautiful spot on earth. It was formed by several trees, at almost the same distance from each other, in nearly a circle, their branches meeting and interlacing above, and young saplings and small shrubs growing round their trunks. A wild grape-vine had sprung up near the roots of one of the trees, and spreading its slender vines from one tree to another, clasped its delicate tendrils round their branches, and formed a screen almost impervious to the rays of the sun. The wild-wood rose and the honey-suckle, with a profusion of beautiful flowers, were grouped around in small clusters; and I remember how I used to gather them in my apron, and carry them into this little vine-covered retreat, then, seating myself upon the seat of rocks which I had raised, I talked to them as though they were animate and rational beings, calling them by such tender epithets as I was wont to bestow upon the favorites of my childish plays. It seemed a holy place,—that wild bower, and I sometimes thought that angels visited it; and I deemed the low sighing of the winds through the pines, the murmuring of the brook, and the sweet singing of birds, the music of their 'golden harps.'

Pardon this digression, gentle reader! I will not longer weary your patience with the details of my childish fancies; it is enough that those loved scenes of my childhood once existed, but with time have passed away. And let us now take a view of the spot to which we first directed our steps, after leaving the wood-path, and which my friend designated as a 'sad spot for our resting place.' It was a small tract of land enclosed by a neat and simple railing of triangular form—a place consecrated and set apart by our villagers a few years since, as a holy place wherein to lay their dead.

'You call this a sad place, my dear Sarah,' I said, 'but to me 'tis a loved retreat. Around it clusters the most holy and beautiful associations,—for here,' I added as we approached a low mound,—'rests one of the brightest ornaments of earth—the glorious temple of a meek and holy spirit.'

'She was about four years older than myself,' said Sarah, 'her age is inscribed sixteen, upon the marble.'

'Yes, she passed from earth with her young and trusting heart, even as the bursting rose-bud, which is culled because it is fairer and sweeter than the full-blown flower. And I deem it meet that the beautiful and good should thus be called away in the spring-time of their existence, ere they have learned the sin and selfishness of mankind.'

'Was she beautiful?'

'Yes, she was beautiful and *good;* and the very image of her mind's loveliness was painted on her fine countenance. Hers was a broad and intellectual forehead, and a neck of exquisite symmetry, white as the pure snow wreaths. Her fair brown hair fell in long wavy curls over her neck, and there was a slight tinge upon her cheek, which reminded us of one of the most beautiful of flowers—the blush-rose, by which name she was often called amongst the villagers, who almost idolized her.'

'Was she a playmate of yours? dear A.,' inquired my companion.

'Yes, we occupied seats beside each other at school, and as our homes were but a short distance apart, we were almost always sharers in each other's sports. Sweet Ellen Frances! I

can see her now, as she stood in the midst of her young companions, with a kind word and cheerful smile for all; and they were valued by all as angel favors.

'Memory is still busy, and I see her again,—but oh, how changed! She is lying upon her couch; the mild zephyrs of a June morning are bearing in to the fair invalid, through the open window, the sweet fragrance of the roses which are blossoming before it. The marble whiteness of her neck and face, is only rivalled by the snowy robe which envelopes her fragile form, while her clustering hair, which is parted on her brow, falls loosely over her shoulders. The soft lids gently unclose and reveal their beautiful treasures—large, deep blue eyes, gentle and expressive; a faint smile dimples around her mouth, and gentle murmurs come from her lips, like the thrilling music from a spirit-harp.

Father! I'll speak first to you, said the dying girl, for you have been a strong and faithful guide to me in my earthly pilgrimage, which, though short, has been one of happiness. I am conscious that my departure to 'the better land' draws near, and I would receive the forgiveness of my dear friends, for all waywardness and unkindness of which I have been guilty; for I know that my imperfections have been far too many for one who has had such kind advisers, as it has been my happiness to have. Do not distress yourselves, my dear parents, for I am happy, and feel willing to leave this world, for our Savior has given us the promise of a glorious immortality.

Mother! but a few words, for my life is fast ebbing away. Forgive me, dear mother, for all the grief I have occasioned you; kiss me, and bless me. And dear Julia, do not grieve so; your poor sister will soon be freed from all her pain and sickness. And I love the thought which long has cheered me, that I shall be a guardian angel to the dear friends whom I shall leave behind me. Weep not, my dear mother and gentle sister, for I am happy.

And you, my dear friend, (she added, addressing herself to me, as I stood sobbing as if my very heart would break) you, my dear friend, it may be, are destined to live many years after I shall be laid in the tomb. And oh, strive to live a holy and blameless life, and the high and holy One will be with you. Now farewell all. I shall soon cease to breathe, yet never forget a spirit's love is with you. And——'

The words died away upon her lips; and further than this, I have but little recollection, for the excess of my grief was so great, as almost to deprive me of the power of observing what afterwards transpired; yet this I know, that she passed away calmly, even as an infant falls to sleep upon its mother's breast.

The sun was getting high in the heavens, and when we rose to return homeward, my companion had ceased to think the burial place of my early friend, 'a sad spot,' so strangely does sympathy cause the shades and obscurities to disappear from a scene, and so quickly will she invest it in the most beautiful and fascinating coloring which it is in the power of the imagination to afford. We retraced our steps through the woodland path, and as we discoursed still further of the lovely Ellen Frances B., the prayer rose involuntarily to my lips, that my future life might be as pure and blameless as hers.

Worcester, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

The Sister Band.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

LOVE. . . . . LONG-SUFFERING. . FAITH.
JOY. . . . . GENTLENESS. . . . . MEEKNESS.
PEACE. . . . . GOODNESS. . . . . TEMPERANCE.

LOVE. I came the first of a radiant band,
Sent out on the earth by God's own hand;
I came, e'er the breath of life was given,
To him who was made i' the image of Heaven.
But darkness rose, and the serpent's breath
On the garden fell, with the scourge of death!
Our band was broken—and since that hour,
We've met no more as in Eden's bower.
Our meetings are short, and we find no home,
But apart o'er the world our spirits roam,
And the spirit of love is oft-times lone.

JOY. Not now alone—thy sister is here,
The next, who came to this mortal sphere.
We meet not oft—the last was where
Two hearts were pledged with vow and prayer;
I tarried not long, I might not stay,
When light and hope were passing away!
How long dost thou *thy* vigil keep,
With hearts that mourn, and eyes that weep?

LOVE. I stayed till the last, low prayer was said,
And the living stood by the silent dead;
And our sister Peace, who cometh now,
With her soft, bright eye and holy brow,
I left her there by the mourner's side,
To soothe the heart so sorely tried.
Sweet sister, O say hast thou found a home,
Has the world a spot, thou canst call thy own?

PEACE. Sisters, we met at the infant's bed,
O'er his rosy sleep my spirit I shed,
And left ye there—and to manhood turned,
His cheek was flushed and his forehead burned:
Too much of earthly passion was there,
And I turned where a maiden knelt in prayer,

And I dwelt with her till her spirit fled,
And the mortal frame lay still and dead.
But 'twas not my home, and sisters sweet,
I pined for a spot where we *all* might meet.

LOVE AND JOY. Long time we stood by that infant's bed,
O'er his rosy path our spirits shed,
And scattered flowers around his way,
And taught his little hands to play.
We watched him well, till manhood came,
And with it ardent hopes of fame,
Till his soul grew sick in his weary way,
Till his heart almost forgot to pray,
We left him then with his empty name,
For love and joy dwell not with fame!

LONG-SUFFERING. Hail sisters sweet, we meet once more,
Have ye found [illegible] are your wanderings o'er?
For I fain would [illegible] come from a scene,
Where, my [illegible]et, ye all *have* been.
A close, a d[illegible] stifled room,
Where sorrow and sickness have found a home,
There's an aching brow, there's a breaking heart,
There's a soul that longs from earth to part,
Still bearing on as it ever hast,
Through all the woes of the bitter past,
And murmuring not, but in deepest trust
Awaiting the mandate 'dust to dust!'
Twin sisters sweet, I left ye there,
Has he met his God with trustful prayer?

GENTLENESS AND GOODNESS. He waiteth the summons,
And calmly he lies,
As lieth the clouds,
In the sunset skies,
And calmly as sinketh
The sun to his rest,
So sinketh he now
On his Master's breast.
We have smoothed his pillow,
And cheered his heart,
And taken from death,
The bitterest smart.
We left him with Faith,
And she cometh now,
With her beaming eye
And her glorious brow.

FAITH. He has gone to his God,—triumphant he passed,
Undimmed is his glory,—high trust to the last;
I stood by his side, till the last look was given,
I stood by his side till his soul was in Heaven!
Why meet we here? Can we find no home,
Hath the earth no place we can call our own?
Hath the world no spot where we all may dwell,
And know not and fear not a sad farewell?
Say sister meek, what tale dost thou bring,
Through what scenes hast thou passed, with thy gentle wing?

MEEKNESS. The gentle of earth,
My spirit loves best,
With the young and pure,
I find sweet rest.
I soar not afar—
My flights are not high—
I dwell in a tone,
In the glance of an eye.
In the mother who gazes
With heartfelt joy,
And watches the sports
Of her infant boy.

FAITH. But sister, sweet sister, I've met thee oft,
Thy voice is so low, and thy tone so soft,
Thou art loved by all, and the glad and gay,
Both welcome thy coming, and urge thy stay.
But the last of our sister band is nigh,
With her glad, free step, and joyous eye,
As if she had brought whole realms at her feet,
Say what are thy tidings, sister sweet?

TEMPERANCE. Sisters all hail! and I am the last;
O'er all the world has my spirit passed,
The work has begun—the mighty, the strong,
And nations have blessed it, and loud is the song
Which swells o'er the earth. The wicked hath turned
From his wayward path, and the heart that spurned
At all that is good, is a suppliant now,
And low at the feet of a Savior must bow.
Do we meet to rejoice? O there is deep joy,
Where the mother weeps o'er her penitent boy.
Do we meet to mourn o'er the sins of earth?
Then gird on our armor, and go we forth,
To soften the hearts of mankind by our power,
For high is our gift, and glorious our dower;
But which of our band, O say can tell
Where again we shall meet and say not farewell?

FAITH. If we all meet again,
On the earth ne'er to part,
Sweet sisters 'twill be,
In the christian's heart.
But the *home* of our spirits,
On earth is not given,
It is with our God,
Mid the glories of Heaven.

Somerville, Mass.

Written for the Repository.

Orphan Asylums.

DISCOURSE BY REV. A. CASE.

AMONG the amiable proofs of the divine spirit and power of christianity, are the benevolent institutions which have sprung up under her fostering care, and by which christendom is distinguished in the annals of society. And these we deem to be the legitimate fruits of the gospel—the out-workings of the indwelling spirit of love and good will; and according as that spirit attains to the sovereignty, all antagonist institutions will cease to find support. It is beautiful to picture to the mind the home of Orphans, where christian benevolence labors to supply the place of the dead, and shield the unprotected from the evils of a stern world. This is like that beautiful feature in the Prussian government, presented in the fact that the children of criminals are educated at the public expense, that they may not be led in wrong paths and be brought to an abode of shame. Let the institution that shelters and blesses the Orphan, be richly endowed; its success builds up the true glory of a people; and the peculiar blessings of the God of Love will rest upon its benefactors. Within the walls of the Orphan's home let the Gospel be heard, for it hath a richer balm than human skill can compound, and opens a vista through which the eye of faith can look to everlasting life, bliss, and progress.

These remarks have been called forth by the reception of an unpublished discourse preached in the Orphan House Chapel, in the city of Charleston, S. C., before the inmates of the Or-

phan House, Sept. 13, 1840, by Rev. Albert Case, entitled, "*Children Admonished,*" which we now present to our readers.

'CHILDREN, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.' COL. iii. 20.

IN addressing you my young friends, upon the words just read to you, I am not unaware that the orphanage of the grave has forever forbid the ears of many of you from hearing the admonitions of a fond parent, and has alike shut from your earthly view one or both of the natural guardians of your early life, whose duty it would have been, to have guided you by a ceaseless watchfulness to a knowledge of the requirements of your Father in heaven, and to the practice of every commendable virtue. Notwithstanding this, the injunction of the Apostle is not the less imperative upon you. The laws of the land, and what are much stronger—the laws of nature and nature's God, made it a bounden duty of your earthly parents to watch over, provide for, and protect you in your state of infancy to manhood.

Your heavenly Father, with a providential care that never sleeps, has raised up for you guardians of your every want, who cheerfully discharge the sacred trust which would have devolved upon your natural guardians. Obedience to those who watch over this institution, is therefore a duty you have to perform, and the correct discharge of it, *will be well pleasing unto the Lord.* When your mother who rocked you to repose, was snatched from your cradle—when your father, whose daily toil provided for you food and raiment, was gathered to his fathers—when the deep blue vaulted arch above you, was your only shelter, the trustees of the noble institution in which you reside, fed you, clothed you and sheltered you in comfort. Nor did their care cease with the supplying of your animal wants. As your young and tender minds began to expand, they provided you with the best instructors to cultivate your mind and fit you for usefulness. Nay, this is not all, they provided for your moral culture, and on each returning sabbath they gather you in this holy temple, to learn from this desk, the high and paramount duties you owe to your God. How deep, how boundless, how fervent should be your gratitude to that Being, who has thus imbued your fellow-men with that charity which is so benignantly extended towards you, and which provides for your every want. When on your bended knees you bow before the throne of an all-merciful God, let solemn prayer for their temporal and eternal good, unite with the incense of your grateful hearts.

Children obey your parents in all things. Separate and apart from the apostolic injunction, young as you are, you cannot fail to see the reasonableness of this requirement. In the economy of the human family, parents are clothed with wisdom and experience, before the rich blessing of children is allowed them. They must have passed through the many ills and temptations which are calculated to overwhelm such as are seduced from the paths of virtue. In all the vicissitudes through which they may have passed, they will have learned the necessity of looking to their Redeemer for strength and support. Hence it will be their first great duty to teach you the obligations you owe to that all-bountiful Being who continually watches over you for good. They will also teach you never to lean upon the arm of flesh for support, but to put all your trust in your Father which is in Heaven, who is the only shield and buckler that can protect you from all harm.

Before the light of revelation dawned upon the world, the Roman matron taught her children that the first great duty they owed, was to the gods they worshipped. With this better and more cheering light to guide you, how much more diligent should you be, in learning the great duties required of you by your Maker. These are plainly set forth in the sacred volume, in language so clear, that the youngest of you may fully understand them. Mark how direct is the injunction of the Apostle: '*Children, obey your parents in all things.*' When God gave the law to Moses, which was to govern in all after time not only the Patriarchs and the holy Prophets, but the whole created universe, he made it imperative upon children to honor their fathers and their mothers, that their days might be long in the land which was their possession from him. Thus you will perceive, my young hearers, the injunction of the text is one which you never should infringe, for it proceeds from God. Obedience to it produces peace of mind and true happiness. It gives comfort to domestic enjoyment, and as the Apostle assures you, *is well pleasing to the Lord.* Considered, therefore, as the solace of your earthly guardians,—a grateful incense to the Lord, and the guarantee of a long and happy life, how implicitly should you yield a ready obedience to your parents, and the guardians of this institution. Such are some of the

positive good effects of honoring your parents. I will now advert to *some* of the evils (for there are many, and all of them cannot be foreseen) of a different course of conduct. One of the duties required of you here is the cultivation and improvement of your minds, by the aid of instruction. If from a perverse and froward disposition, or any other cause, you neglect your studies, and are ushered into the world with barren, uncultivated minds, unfitted for employment in any useful business, idleness, dissipation, with their attendant evils, and perhaps deeper crime, and an unnatural death, may be the result. In all large cities, the houses of correction and refuge are filled with children whose ignorance has driven them to crimes of every description. Their moral natures have never been cultivated —they have never been taught their high and solemn duties to God, whose name they blaspheme, and whose laws they violate. They have neglected the opportunities which you enjoy, if they were held out to them of enlightening their understandings, and improving their minds, and shame, disgrace and punishment, are the inevitable consequences. Look around among your own acquaintance, in the narrow circle in which you move, and say, whether those who obey their parents in all things, and reverence their Father in heaven, are not the best cultivated in mind, and happier far, than the idle and dissolute. If you know this to be the fact, of itself, it is incentive enough to animate you in the pursuit of a like course of conduct.

God, for wise purposes, no doubt, (for he is all-wise) has created us, and made us subject to vanity—imperfection is our lot; and all he requires of us to do, is to imitate his own attributes of perfection as far as we are able. The command of the blessed Savior and Redeemer of the world, in his sermon on the Mount, is, 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' It is our duty to strive to attain to all that is excellent in a character of all love and perfection. And however much we may fall short, and we all do, He who knows every sentiment of our hearts, as well as the weaknesses and frailties of his children, will give us increase of strength according to our zealous and steadfast perseverance to do his will. If, my young hearers, you enter upon the duties of life with a benighted mind, the chances are as ten to one that you fall into bad company, which is the sure forerunner of every evil. Men of adult age, find it very difficult to withstand the corrupting influence of bad company. And if they sometimes are ensnared, what can be expected of the young who associate with the vile? When, therefore, you see youths profaning the sabbath day, blaspheming their Maker, disobeying their parents, wrangling and fighting, or indulging in what is by them considered fashionable dissipation, shun them as you would a moral pestilence. The serpent's poison which flows from his sting, does not more swiftly and stealthily pursue its rapid course to the heart, than the contagious influence of evil communications. There is less to be dreaded in approaching a lion's den, than in running into the company of the ignorant and wicked. For the lion, when satisfied to satiety, will not leave his lair for what he does not at the moment want. But in the increase of the unnumbered votaries of vice, there is no satiety; and as the roll swells and proselytes increase, like the poetic description of ill fame which enlarges as it progresses, so does it gain redoubled strength and vigor in its multiplied numbers. The physical world has certain bounds and limits, but not so the moral world—there are no limits to charity, there is no limit to love and reverence to our Father in heaven. Man's capacities it is true, are circumscribed, because he is finite. But God is infinite, and his every attribute springs from his boundless love. He is just to his children, because he loves them—he is merciful to his children because he loves them—he is omnipresent with his children because he loves them. In short, the whole created universe, moral and material, is sustained, supported, protected and guided by infinite love. Why have the founders of this benevolent institution supplied you with competent instructors to improve your intellectual faculties? Why have they reared this sacred temple, and why do they kneel with you before this altar in devout prayer? Why do they unite in the solemn anthem with the deep notes of the breathing organ in singing praises to the Most High? Because they wish to promote your happiness, which can be done so effectually in no other way than by that mental improvement which will enable you to know the great ends for which you were created, as regards your duties to your God and your fellow-men.

There is another reason why you should pursue with unceasing industry every means which will improve and cultivate your minds. Solomon

has said, 'Hear ye children the instruction of a father. Get wisdom, get understanding—forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee; love her, and she shall keep thee.' You, my young friends, are placed in a nation whose existence depends upon the wisdom and virtue of her sons. This is the most free nation on earth. The standard of civil and religious liberty has been planted here by your forefathers; and since they have been gathered to their tombs, you are left to guard the great and glorious inheritance, and hand it down to your children without a spot or blemish upon the bright halo that encircles it. In other lands, birth, wealth, or other adventitious circumstances, give preferment and distinction; but in this, our more favored country, there is no post of honor so high, no place so sacred, which the humblest individual among you may not aspire to. That distinction which is ordained by the constitution or municipal laws of a nation, which attaches to the puling infant in the cradle, and grows into adolescence with the possessor, is like a rush-light to the sun in its meridian effulgence, when compared with the high honors which are won from a nation's gratitude and love in despite of birth, poverty and want. The great orb of day in his ascent, sheds light upon the earth; but how much more rich and gorgeous are the brilliant and diversified hues which he leaves us when the natural horizon has hid him from our view. Do not, therefore, my dear children, be discouraged in your efforts to reach a high and honorable distinction, and thus be enabled at all times, to render to your country that essential service which you may be called on to perform. The field, the flood, and the forum, have already borne testimony to the usefulness of this valuable institution. Which of you may not yet be the instrument in the hands of God who ruleth and judgeth in the earth, to breast the invaders of your country, and preserve her honor inviolate and her liberties secure? Which one of you may not, at some future day, hold a listening Senate spell-bound by the resistless flow of eloquence in the cause of civil or religious freedom? May not some one of you yet be the American Homer to tell in song the deeds of the illustrious dead,—or the modern Praxiteles or Phidias to decorate some mighty temple erected to the memories of the patriots and statesmen of this great republic? Or may it not be in reserve for some one of you to guide the faithful pen of history, (like our own Bancroft) and give to futurity the important events of the present and passing time with no coloring but that of truth? O yes! These high distinctions may be reached by the most humble among you. But remember, my young hearers, this important fact, that it is by obedience to your parents, and above all, by a ready and heartfelt devotion to your Father in heaven, that can alone crown your efforts with success. He giveth the strength to overcome all things. He will not be always deaf to the entreaties of his children. The way that leads to the temple of fame is difficult and steep, and you must look to God for strength in all things.

By your intellectual improvement, you will be enabled to see the mighty truths of natural and revealed religion—the mind will be insensibly and irresistibly drawn from the vast field of all that is animate or inanimate, to the great Creator and Governor of the universe, and to the revelations contained in this sacred volume which brings life and immortality to light. Here you cannot contemplate without the most heart-felt emotion, the great love of your divine Father, who when the world was dead in trespasses and sins, gave his only begotten Son to take away the sin of the world. How sublime, how transcendently sublime, was the advent of the heavenly messenger who announced the birth of a 'Savior of the world,' to the alarmed and wondering shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem! What a deep and impressive manifestation did it give of God's guardian watchfulness over his children, his erring children of earth! We cannot, by a long life of devotion, repay the debt of gratitude and reverence we owe to our heavenly Father. From him did the command first proceed, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' '*Obey your parents in all things.*' Gratitude to God should inspire you all with a desire to obey his commands, and the blessing which flows from obedience should urge you onward to the performance of this duty. The exertions of this community—of the commissioners and teachers, which are made in your behalf, are called forth by a desire to cultivate your intellectual and moral faculties, to guard you from the seductions of vice—to fit you for your high and holy duties—to provide for the welfare of after generations;—in fine to banish ignorance and sin, and cause the power of correct principles to be exerted to the promotion of moral purity and righteousness. This is a heavenly desire, it was implanted in

their hearts by that great Being, who is the source of love and goodness.

Can you, my young hearers, be so blind to your own welfare, and so ungrateful to these dear friends—so heedless of the requirements of your Father in heaven, as to give no heed to their counsel, and disobey these affectionate parents? The same principle of love which glows in their hearts toward you, and which is an emanation from the all-perfect God, was manifested to a great extent by the Lord Jesus, who labored, and suffered, and died upon the cross to enlighten and save and bless the world. Behold him in that painting* with all the love of a devoted friend—hear him say, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.' 'And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.' Think you, my dear children, those favored ones that Jesus received into his sacred arms and blessed, could disobey him? O, were not their souls drawn out in love and affection to him? And can you wilfully disobey these kind friends, who, like our Savior, have stretched out their hands, saying, 'Suffer poor and afflicted children to come to us at this Orphan House, and receive the blessing of support and instruction at our hands'? No! You will love them for their care and attention, for their labors and prayers by day and by night to improve your condition, and make you wise, useful and happy—and loving them you will obey them. The Prodigal Son, respecting whom a worthy and devoted minister,† discoursed to you last sabbath—when he was received to his father's embrace, clothed with a new robe, a ring put on his finger, and made welcome by that father, no longer desired to disobey him. The father's goodness overcame him, he became dead to sin and alive to righteousness. He was then anxious to please his father, for he loved him, and the history does not inform us that he ever disobeyed that kind father again.

The pious Dr. Doddridge who wrote the life of Col. James Gardner, represents him as having been a very sinful man; his moral character as black as that of the Prodigal Son. But, as he himself related, as he sat reading at night, he thought an unusual light fell on the book. Looking up, he saw suspended in the air, as he thought, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross; and he heard a voice, saying, 'Oh sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns.' He felt that he had been all his life-time crucifying Christ afresh by his sin; he now saw what he had done, and at the same time was impressed with a thought of the majesty and goodness of God, which caused him to loathe sin and desire to be righteous. He saw his Savior pierced for his transgressions, and the disposition of his mind was changed, he became an obedient, exemplary christian. He says, 'he saw and felt the love of God and the Savior to such a degree, as to swallow up his whole heart in returns of love, which from that time became the genuine and delightful principle of obedience, and animated him with an enlarged heart to run the way of God's commands.' My dear children, have you ever disobeyed the commands of these friends and teachers; think how much they have grieved; how they have wept, and prayed God to make you turn to obedience; and be constrained by their love for you, to cease to cause them sorrow, but love and obey them. I desire you to remember that by obedience to the Apostle's injunction you will act in accordance with the requirement of the Savior and the command of God; for the text proceeds from the law of God, a law of higher power than any human authority, and far more sacred. It is a law based in that principle of love, which is deeper than the foundations of the mountains, and which is

'In storms a shelter, and in heat a shade.'

Though your friends and teachers in this institution are not called to suffer death, like the Savior, or like the array of martyrs whose garments lie rolled in blood for *their* exertions in behalf of humanity, yet they are called to endure much toil and labor, to make sacrifices of money and time for you; and if need be, perhaps they would risk their life to protect these children. But the latter we trust, will not be required of them; and by imparting of their worldly goods to sustain this benevolent institution, they are enriching the world. By imparting instruction to you, they are employing their talent wisely, not only for your good but for theirs, and that of future generations. Mental, differs from physical wealth, for this reason, in imparting it to you, they do not impoverish themselves. Besides, it is doing good; and this is the way to be great. When the scholar, the philosopher, and the statesman, come down from their high places, as they do

* A picture suspended in the chapel, representing the Savior blessing little children.

† Rev. Mr. Yates.

here, and walk hand in hand with poor and uneducated children, teaching them the inestimable precepts of wisdom; cultivating their intellectual and moral natures, they exhibit a love for the dignity of man, and afford a manifestation of true greatness. Such employment sheds a bright ray upon the path of the life of those here engaged—one that will not perish when their eyes are dimmed in death; but, in the greenest wreath that memory twines around their tombs, this, this shall be brightest and most lasting. My dear children, can I, need I say more, to cause you to yield a strict and cheerful obedience to the command of the Apostle, '*Obey your parents in all things.*' You enjoy favors and privileges to which many children of wealthy parents are strangers. You enjoy the favor of this whole community, and the constant care and instruction of the commissioners and teachers. You have also in addition to this, the high privilege of listening to the instruction of the ministers of the Lord Jesus, on each returning sabbath.

These favors and blessings all come from God, whose commands you should obey. It is his love, manifested in and through Jesus Christ, shed abroad in the hearts of this people, and these teachers and the ministers of God who address you here, that incites them to labor in your behalf. Let me entreat you, then, to remember, it is the love of God our Father, that has been exercised in raising up for you guardians, protectors, and teachers; and it is the same principle which prompts them to endure fatigue, and sacrifice much for your good. I beseech you, therefore, my dear children, be not unmindful of God, nor ungrateful to those who are devoted to your well-being; but by all your love of the Father, and of his Son who died for you, by all that esteem and affection you cherish for your friends and teachers, by all your desires to be wise and virtuous, by all your hopes of a long life, of happiness and peace, and of the approbation of God, 'Obey your parents in all things.'

Oddity no Proof of Wisdom. Some people affect to differ from the world in general merely for the purpose of obtaining notoriety, and with the hope of being talked about. But those who seek distinction in this way, deserve nothing better than the obscurity from which they are attempting to emerge. Men of sense always conform to custom when they can do so without material inconvenience or the sacrifice of any important principle.

Written for the Repository.

'I would not Live Alway.'

'I would not live alway!' this earth has no charms,
To keep me, my Savior, away from thine arms;
My spirit is weary, and yearns for the rest
That waits the freed soul in the land of the blest.

Grant, Father divine! that this frame may decay,
When the flowers of Summer are fading away;
The leaves, as they fall, my fit monument be,
And autumn winds sigh forth a requiem for me.

Let me die in the gladness, and spring-time of youth,
While life bears the semblance of beauty and truth;
Ere friends prove false-hearted, or pleasures decay,
From sin and from suffering, take me away!

'I would not live alway!'—I joy in the trust,
That when this frail form shall return to the dust,
My spirit shall rise on the wings of thy love,
To seek its true home in the mansions above!

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

Written for the Repository.

A Vision of the Night.

I stood in an elegant mansion, surrounded with a circle of friends, when a brother in the ministry entered, wearing a solemn and a sorrowful countenance, and silently handed me a scrap of paper. He gave me one look of unutterable import, that told of stern and violent thoughts within, and then silently left me. I opened the paper and read—written in hurried and irregular pencil marks—the following: 'Br. Bacon, Write on this question—"*Are there not in life more struggles against evils, than for peace?*"'

I had no sooner perused the note than I awoke, but the impression of the dream was as of a reality. I engaged in my morning duties, but that question still lingered before my vision, and I read it again and again. I pondered on its import, and strove to divine some cause for the proposition, as I vividly recalled the sad and solemn aspect of the querist. I then thought it might have been intended for my good, and '*Write!*' was again the exhortation. I grasped my pen, resolved to let thought lead it as it would, and follow in humble hope of good. I follow now the dark stream of ink that flows from my pen, as I have sometimes traced a shadow which led to a beautiful object, and have there been fed with strange fruit of thought as I meditated on the varied working of one law—for there I beheld infinite beauties of colors all created by the same white light, as the sunshine of one happy idea will wake smiles on many countenances—all beautiful, but how varied!

And what *did* the spirit of my dream mean by the query? Alas, half our troubles arise, and half of our speech is wasted, because of the indefiniteness of language. We discuss for hours, and lo! our labor is all vain, because we pronounce Shibboleth, Sibboleth. Glorious will be that era when God shall 'turn to the people a *pure* language, that they may all call upon the Lord, to serve him with *one* consent.'

Yet though words are equivocal in their meaning, I must write—and write on *the* question too. But I cannot write a decision in one word, yes, or nay, though in more I may sin against the law of fact; *for it is by struggling against evils that true peace is brought to the soul.* 'Through suffering, the race, as the individual, is perfected,' said a thinker; and is it not written that the Captain of our salvation was made perfect 'through suffering;' that partakers of the sufferings of Christ, shall be partakers of his consolations; that Paul desired to know the fellowship of his Master's sufferings, in hope of his spirit being conformed to the self-sacrifice in Christ's death; that a man should offer thanks if he have power to endure grief, suffering wrongfully, for conscience toward God; that if any man suffer as a christian, he should not be ashamed, but should glorify God on this behalf—that he has this spirit of endurance. 'My brethren,' saith St. James, 'count it all joy when ye fall into (not when ye rush into) divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her *perfect work*, that ye may be *perfect and entire*, wanting nothing'—as disciples of the true Teacher. 'Take, my brethren,' he saith again, 'the prophets who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for *an example* of suffering affliction and of patience. Behold, *we count them happy which endure.*' And how are they to be counted happy? By the same rule that we apply to the prophecies which 'testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and *the glory* that should *follow.*' It is the struggle against temptations, the endurance of evil, which reveals the glory of humanity—the strength of heart and energy of mind wrapt up in the elements of all beings. Fellowship with the sufferings of Christ is to be desired, for the glory consequent—for the developement given to the noblest attributes of character—for the out-shadowing of the inward divinity. Look into history, and has not the grandeur of man been revealed through suffering? Yea, suffering has been the cradle of genius; and there has ever been a fining-vessel for silver, and a furnace for gold. A glory has always followed suffering for conscience sake—for the True and the Right. Glory in the soul, if not revealed to man, has been the reward; as the strength of every enemy conquered has increased the might of the spirit, till in the omnipotence of its determinate will, it is like the prophet on the mountain encompassed with foes, when he exulted that there was more for him, though all invisible, than were against him. And in that soul there is peace—the struggles have their issues in a heavenly calm. Thus it is that 'the toils of youth make easy the virtues of manhood.'

But the solemn countenance of my brother did not testify that such was his soul's conviction. He was in the struggling state. The oak was swaying to and fro with the violence of the stormy wind; it had not yet known the strength given to its growth and expansion by the struggling. And O it is indeed a severe hour when the whole being is thus engaged—when the storm of thought encompasses every thing, bending the delicatest plant of affection to the earth, and wrestling with the strongest passion. We then seem made for suffering, and the very silence of all nature mocks us. We ask for a voice to speak *one* word, and we plead with the winds, the clouds, and the stars to pity us. But still the winds blow, the clouds float on, and the stars shine, or veil themselves, and no answer comes. Man and life then become deep mysteries, and not a letter of a divining alphabet is known. The moving world around us is but gilded and darkened vapors, and we ask, 'Whence came ye? Whither are ye going?' We feel that we are on a rolling globe, and our feet totter on the brink of a dark abyss. Thank God, the dream breaks! Down through the infinite travels a voice that speaks to the soul of its home, its Father, and its destiny, and as sweet music echoes in the soul as when the child of the Crescent hears the musical bells which he dreams are hung on the trees of Paradise, and which are put in motion by a wind from the throne of God! The spirit finds its longed for rest, and bows in adoration to conquering Grace. The Millenium is no longer an impossibility, and the heart, full of hope, looks forward to the time—

'When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell
In crowded cities, without fear shall live,
Studious of mutual benefit; and he
Whom morning wakes among sweet dews and flowers,

Be happy in himself. The law of Faith,
Working through Love, such conquest it shall gain,
Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve.'

Let then my soul ponder this truth, that through strugglings against evils the spirit gains possession of the divinest peace. Thus it was with Christ—thus it was with Paul—thus it has been with every christian. Thus it must be with thee, reader, and with humble me. In the strength of this thought, let us stand ready to endure manfully all forms of evil, panopled in the armor of Righteousness and determined to conquer. 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good'—good thoughts, good feelings and good actions. B.

Written for the Repository.

A Sketch from Scripture.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

The setting sun, still smiled o'er Syria's plains,
And decked with golden hues the earth and sky—
And Salem's gates, and lofty towers shone bright,
And proudly rose her massy walls on high;
While sparkling fountains played mid cypress groves,
Glitt'ring like diamonds in the sun's warm rays.
And Cedron's brook, wound slowly through the vale,
Reflecting blushes from the roseate sky.
Here too, Moriah's lofty brow was seen,
Exalted far above the hills around—
'The mountain of the Lord,' to which 'twas said,
'All nations were to flow'—the destined site
Of the proud temple reared by David's son.
And where of old Jehovah proved the strength
Of Abraham's faith! And here Siloam's pool,
With its clear crystal waters, flowed along
The mountain's base, with murmurs soft and low.
A battle had been fought—Phillistia's sons
Sought to o'erthrow once more the shepherd king,
Whom God had called to rule the Israelites.
But vain their boasted might, their strength was naught,
The Lord alone, the victory had won!
And David, weary with the battle's heat,
Retired to seek repose—not in rich tents,
Mid luxuries, our modern heroes boast—
But in Adullam's cave, (which once before
His refuge proved, when Achish sought to slay,)
He threw his armor down, and faintly leaned
Against the broken rock, while drops of sweat
Oozed from his pallid brow—a burning thirst
Seemed to consume his vitals, and his mind
Wandered to Bethlehem, which gave him birth.
The Phillistines possessed this much loved spot—
Whose hills, crowned with the olive and the vine,
A quiet shade cast o'er the hills below—
And cooling streams rushed down their rocky beds,
Singing glad songs of praise to nature's God.
And David longed and said, 'O for a draught
Of the pure spring, that flows by Bethlehem's gate!'
Scarce uttered were the words, ere there arose,
With eager haste to please—his favorite chiefs,
And the three mighty men broke through the host
Of the astonished Phillistine, and bore
Quick to their monarch's hand, the wished for draught.
Then Israel's king arose—a crimson glow
O'erspread his tired brow, till now so pale,
He took the cup, and poured on the ground!
And then, with eyes upturned to heaven, he cried,
Be it far from me, Lord, to do this thing!
The life of man was risked to slake my thirst—
I may not use an off'ring of such cost,
But to the Lord I freely sacrifice
The precious draught I dare not drink—it is
The price of human blood!

East Randolph, Vt.

Written for the Repository.

A Venetian Incident.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

In the earlier ages of that Republic which in the days of 'blind old Dandolo' had become so illustrious that its aid was solicited by the most powerful nation of Europe, Isola Clivolo, one of the most desolate and uninhabited portions of the city of Venice, was the scene of an annual religious festival. One morning, the morning of the feast of the Purification, the Lagune was alive with ornamented gondolas, moving to the soft sound of music, and proceeding slowly toward the point of the island where they were to be moored during the joyous festival.

The royal barge of Cleopatra, sailing down the Cydnus, was doubtless infinitely more splendid than the most gorgeous of these Venetian gondolas; but it may be doubted whether beneath its gold-cloth canopy, beat a happier heart than might be found beneath either of the humbler pavilions. Agreeably to the custom at that time prevailing in Venice, several betrothed parties, of wealth and high rank, were proceeding to the Cathedral of Santa Maria Formosa, to give public celebration to their espousals.

The blue waters of the Adriatic, who was not yet wedded to her island lord, were sparkling brightly beneath the cloudless sky of Italy, and everything in nature betokened a day of uninterrupted gaiety and love.

'If this be a picture, as some say, of all our after life, what a joyous life it will be, will it not, Bianca?' whispered one of the happy lovers to the fair being at his side.

'Ah! but, Leonardo,—— You will call me superstitious, I know; yet I cannot but feel that there is a cloud gathering over us, and that the noonday will find me in tears.'

'Tears of joy they shall be, then, sweet Bianca, unless, indeed, thou art about taking upon thee irksome bonds.'

'Thou well knowest, Leonardo, that no woman ever went more willingly to the altar than I go there with thee. It is not this, believe me, which makes me sad; but I do assure you, some

undefined misfortune is approaching us. My heart is like a barometer, Leonardo; it instantly detects the coming of a storm.'

'Thou art a timid bird, fit only for the shelter of the cage. There thou canst sing most sweetly, as I can testify, having often, in our luxurious summer evenings, steered my little barque beneath thy lattice, and lingered there to hear thee warble thy plaintive lays,—Ah! they melted my heart, Bianca!'

'And who was it that touched the soft strings of his guitar in response, and tempted me out upon the balcony, notwithstanding my good nurse's cautions against the evening damps? Those were happy times, were they not, Leonardo?'

'Indeed they were; and is not the present time also happy?'

'Yes, were it not for the shadow of some approaching misfortune.'

'Fie on these apprehensions, Bianca. They are but the illusions of thy deep sensibilities. Certainly, nothing can happen to disturb the joy of our bridal. Are we not in the midst of friends, with a cloudless sky over our heads? And surely all the angels in heaven would league themselves in thy defence, were any danger to threaten us. Drive away these dark fancies, and be thine own gay self again.'

As Leonardo finished these words, the gondolier sprang lightly upon the quay, while the friends that were awaiting them upon the island, crowded around with music and congratulations. One gondola after another continued to arrive, until the whole company was collected upon the shore. Preceded by bands of music, and ranks of kindred, bearing in their hands a profusion of jewels and other bridal gifts, the lovers, two by two, promenaded toward the Cathedral.

It was a brilliant and beautiful procession. Youth, and loveliness, and gay attire; the strains of joyous melody, the glitter of overflowing caskets, the bloom of freshly gathered flowers, all united to present one of the most dazzling scenes that had ever enlivened that desolate retreat.

They entered the beautiful church of Sta. Maria; and as gradually the numerous assembly retired to the galleries, the bridal parties approached the altar. Beside the patriarch, who was to perform the holy functions of his office in uniting so many young and loving hearts in the only ties that were now wanting to complete their happiness, sat the kind old Doge, Candiano, who had come out from his palace to witness and sanction the ceremony. As his eye scanned the youthful group, on no countenance did it rest with a milder benignity than on that of the fair and gentle Bianca. She was the daughter of his only sister, and dearly loved by him for her tender and amiable disposition. He observed the extreme paleness of her cheeks, where usually the blush mantled in the hour of excitement; and saw also that the veil which fell upon her bosom shook with the violent beating of her heart. But he attributed her emotion to the solemnity of the ceremony, and the deep feeling which he was well aware lay concealed in her breast.

The Patriarch arose—so also did the Doge—for at that moment, just while the solemn vows were about bursting from the lips of those loving and beloved ones, a loud tumult was heard at the gates of the Cathedral, and almost before the citizens had time to turn their heads to learn the cause of the disturbance, a crowd of ferocious beings had penetrated the very sanctuary.

With screams of terror the young brides clung to their lovers, who, unarmed, and taken by surprize, could only shield them upon their bosoms, while the rest of the citizens huddled together in alarm, leaving the pirates to seize the costly ornaments which had tempted them to this rude assault. But not content with this, no sooner had they made sure of their more sordid prize, than they wrested from the arms of their grooms the fainting and terrified brides. With his arms clasped firmly about the form of the gentle Bianca, and his head bowed so closely above her that his cheek rested upon hers, stood the brave and resolute Leonardo.

'Yield the lady, or die!' fiercely exclaimed one of the rudest of the robbers, seizing Bianca by the arm that clung to the neck of her betrothed. 'Yield her, Sir; for we are no drivellers, and remember, you are unarmed.'

'Villain, harm her not. Take thy trinkets, and away!'

'Oh spare him, spare him, I beseech you!' cried Bianca, seeing the club of the pirate aimed at Leonardo's head, 'I will go with you—take me—kill me—but oh, spare my lord!'

Her prayer was unavailing. A blow from the ruffian felled him to the floor, while she was borne off in triumph to the vessels that were awaiting their prizes.

Within the Cathedral the strife had now ceased; but not the tumult. The rage and despair

of the bridegrooms was unlimited. Mothers, too, shrieked in agony over the fate of their children, and none seemed to preserve the presence of mind necessary to reflect on any course calculated to recover them; none save the compassionate Doge. Rushing from the Cathedral he lifted the cry, 'To arms! to arms!' and the citizens within, animated by his example, followed him out of the gates, and dispersing themselves over the island, echoed and re-echoed the cry, 'To arms! to arms!'

The inhabitants, most of them mechanics, hurried together their weapons, and sallying forth from their shops, hastily assembled such galleys as were in the harbor, and put off in pursuit. A favorable wind swept them on toward the vessels of the pirates, who were obstructed in a neighboring lagune. Candiano led the attack, and a desperate fight soon ensued. The pirates, although better armed, were not equal in numbers and valor. The Venetians fought with the strength of a good cause; they fought with fury, with desperation, with madness. It was not long that they struggled. The pirates were overpowered, but not without severe resistance. They fought till the last man fell; and when the conflict ceased, not a single ruffian was left to report the fate of his comrades.

Foremost in the terrible fight had been the lover of Bianca. Though stricken down by the blow he had received, he soon recovered, and borrowing arms from some of the inhabitants of the island, had entered the galley with the Doge, and hurried on the attack. A slight flesh wound, which he received in the arm, did not prevent him, when the contest was over, from lifting the insensible Bianca, whom he found lying on the deck of one of the vessels, and bearing her to one of the smaller galleys, where he succeeded, after many efforts, in resuscitating her.

'The cloud has burst, Bianca, dearest,—and thank heaven! the danger is past. Look up—do you not see the sunshine?'

She answered only by hiding her face upon his bosom; and the vessel danced gaily on, with its precious burden, while at her side sped the other barks, containing the rescued brides and their gallant deliverers. The evening of the same day the interrupted ceremony was resumed with renewed splendor, and doubtless with a joy heightened by the dangers which had so nearly given it a fatal termination.

This incident was long kept in remembrance by an annual procession of the Venetian ladies to the church of Sta. Maria, to offer up thanks for the preservation of the brides.

Selected for the Repository.

The Cathedral and the Hermitage Bells.

WITHIN an old Cathedral hung
A mighty bell,
Which never, save at Easter, swung
One solemn knell;
And then so sturdy all around,
Its echoes fell,
The peasants trembled at the sound
Of that big bell.

Not far from the Cathedral stood
A hermit's cell,
And in its belfry tower of wood,
A little bell;
Whose daily tinklings through the year
So faintly fell,
The peasants hardly gave an ear
To that small bell.

The hermit—he who owned the same,
And loved it well,
Resolved that it should share the fame
Of the big bell;
So, tolling it but once a year,
With one brief knell,
He taught the peasants to revere
His little bell.

And there are fools in vast repute,
Who, strange to tell,
Acquire their fame by being mute,
Like that small bell;
These would-be-sages rarely speak,
For they know well
That frequent utterance would break
The solemn spell.

Written for the Repository.

Sketches from Real Life. No. 3.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

A TRIP ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

I LEFT D—— on Thursday, in one of the splendid and well regulated steamboats that run daily between that place and Whitehall, touching at the different stopping places on the Lake. It was early in October, and one of autumn's brightest days. The sun shone out cheerfully from a clear and cloudless sky, and the thick woods on either side of the water wore a variegated mantle of the richest dyes. For some time I paid but little attention to the scenery or to my fellow travellers, for my thoughts were divided between the dear friends from whom I had just parted, and those to whom I was returning, and I abandoned myself to the mingled emotions of pleasure and pain that took possession of my mind,

and had I then been asked, 'can a fountain send forth at the same time, both sweet and bitter waters?' I should have answered in the affirmative. I was roused from my meditations by a notice that we were approaching Isle Aux Noix; this island is twelve miles from D——, and about the same distance from the States, and although only a mile in length and half as wide, is considered from its situation, as an important possession by the British, to whom it belongs, and it has been very strongly fortified at an immense expense. The sun was reflected with a dazzling brightness from the tin roofs of the buildings within the fort, which was all that was visible of them, and the sloping *glacis* was yet verdant and smooth as velvet, and here and there might be seen a sentinel keeping his solitary watch by drawbridge or arsenal. Some years since, I was wont to pass many pleasant days at this place, where many a friendly hand and many a warm heart welcomed me to their hospitable homes. But where are they —where are 'the old familiar faces'? Alas! not one of that social circle now remains, and I gaze only upon strangers. Many are gone the way of all the earth, others are beyond the wide sea, whom I shall probably not see again, until we meet on the shores of eternity. Dear kind Mrs. H., the life and soul of that once happy band—the benefactress and friend of the poor—in whom was blended charity, meekness, elegance and refinement of mind and manners, with a great measure of cheerfulness—whose mansion was the favorite resort of all both far and near, who had the pleasure of her acquaintance—she too is gone.

'The hearth, the hearth is desolate,
The fire quenched and gone,
That into happy childrens' eyes
Once brightly, laughing shone.'

Soon after the death of Mrs. H., the health of her husband became impaired, and in the anticipation that he was destined ere long to follow his beloved companion to the grave, he embarked with his children for his native country, intending to place them under the care of his only surviving brother, an eminent physician in London. He lived just long enough to accomplish this object, and I heard nothing further relating to my friend's family for a long time, until two years ago, when on a visit to D——, a gentleman called at my father's, and was shown into the study where I happened to be sitting alone. I accosted him as a stranger, and was not a little surprised at the very warm greeting I received from him, not having the slightest remembrance of having seen him before, which I observed, suggesting that he had probably mistaken me for some one else. 'O no!' said he, 'you are altered, but I know the voice of my mother's friend, but I do not wonder that you have forgotten me—I am Willy H——.' And no wonder that I did not recognize in the tall, handsome young man who stood before me, my *ci-devant* little friend, who was little more than twelve years of age when I had last seen him. He told me he had a short time before finished his medical studies, to which he had been for some years closely confined in England's great metropolis, and that previous to entering into partnership with his uncle, he had determined to devote a few months to travel, and had just come to Canada to look once more on the scenes of his childhood, and to visit his mother's grave. We spent a pleasant morning in talking over the little occurrences of days of '*lang syne*,' when I was wont to join my young friend in many of his youthful sports; often risking my precious life (so others said) by letting him drive me on the ice with his wild Canadian pony, or in summer give me a row or a sail in his canoe—and then the fishing, and walks on snow shoes that we enjoyed. *Sub rosa!* Could this ever have been me? Yes, for my wrist even now aches at the remembrance of a severe sprain consequent upon a lesson in archery, into which the young gentleman had beguiled me. Of all these, it must be confessed, rather unfeminine amusements, the only one which makes me really conscience stricken to think of, is *fishing*—it is a cruel occupation, and more so still when followed as a sport—old Izaac Walton's logic, and the good Paley's example to the contrary. Before we parted my friend informed me of another partnership that awaited him on his return to England, and if the influence of the blind god had not very much obscured his judgment, he certainly had cause to expect this at least would prove a good thing. But I have quite run away from Lake Champlain—Where was I? O, passing Isle Aux Noix. Well I will say no more now of the friends who *were*, although the sight of this place has brought up scenes and thoughts that would fill a volume. But there on the north end of the island yet stands the little knoll of trees, that once shaded a summer house, built in the style of an East Indian Bungaloo—what a delightful resort was that on a warm summer's day; it was almost the only retired spot on the island. There

I would sometimes steal away with a *novel* carefully secreted under my apron, and never shall I forget when mine host came upon me one day unawares, and found me poring over Scott's Kenilworth. He was a very humorous man, and assuming a severe look and tone, said, 'What! you a clergyman's daughter, and reading novels!' and how heartily he laughed at seeing the distress exhibited by my countenance, at the implied reproof.

After passing Isle Aux Noix the Lake gradually becomes wider, and the outlines of the Green Mountains become distinctly visible, and as we progressed on our course, the scenery increased in beauty—the broad waters, the range of the distant hills, the bright autumnal foliage, and the neat villages scattered here and there along the shore, presented a combination, that when gilded by the bright rays of the setting sun, would have lent inspiration to the mind of poet or painter. But when the shades of night came on, and the pale moon shone out, majestic in her brightness, and myriads of dazzling stars gemmed the dark azure canopy above us—

'The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than when day in its pride had arrayed it.'

Most of the passengers were on deck, enjoying the beauty of the evening; among them was a bridal party from New York—the newly married couple were young, gay, and happy—life seemed to them all *coleur de rose*—little heeded they of its changeful hues, which must sooner or later be experienced by all. In strong contrast to this merry group, sat at a retired distance alone, an elderly lady dressed in deep mourning, apparently suffering under some recent affliction; she seemed quite absorbed by her feelings, and wept almost incessantly. Respect for her grief, and a fear of intruding, for some time prevented any one from addressing her. At length a person approached the mourner, when the following conversation took place.

'I perceive you are alone, and in distress, I too, have drank deeply of the cup of sorrow, and though a stranger to you personally, I feel sympathy in your affliction, whatever it may be.'

'I am indeed suffering a severe trial, the hand of God has been heavily laid upon me. I had two sons, the support and comfort of their widowed mother, and but a few days since, the eldest, a young man of thirty, was drowned in this Lake.'

'This is truly a severe trial, but let us remember that afflictions do not rise from the dust—God in his all-wise and benevolent Providence, has permitted this to fall upon you, and although he does not see fit to reveal his purpose in thus dealing with you, yet we have the assurance that all his chastenings are for the good of those who are exercised thereby. Had your son lived, you must sooner or later have been separated from him, and the time and manner of this painful circumstance has been appointed by one who cannot err, and however dark and mysterious this providence may appear to you now, the time may come, when you may clearly see that God "did it for good." You have still one son left, and this surely demands your gratitude—you have not lost your all.'

'I hope I do feel thankful for this—the hand of God was apparent in his being spared the fate of his brother; they had been in the habit of going out on the water together, and both left me for this purpose, when the youngest feeling rather unwell, returned home before they reached the boat, and had he not done so, in all probability he too would have been drowned; but it is not the death of the *body* that I so much deplore, as I fear the destruction of my child's *soul*. Had he only died on a sick bed, I might have talked to him, prayed with him, and perhaps succeeded in leading him to his Savior, but he has been suddenly called into eternity, without having experienced a change! And yet there never was any wickedness in him—if you only knew what a kind and affectionate son he was, and so mild and gentle, he was loved by all who knew him. Oh! I cannot make myself believe he will *really be lost*; but it is this fear, kind stranger, that robs me of my peace and rest, and that will send my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.'

'Your feelings must indeed be harrowing if you entertain such fears; but there are three little words in this blessed book, which if you sincerely believe, will change your mourning to joy—"*God is love.*" Can you faithfully believe this, and still suppose that such a Being will suffer any of his creatures to exist in an eternity of misery? You know he has compared his love to that of a mother, and he says, "yea she *may forget, yet will not I.*" *You* would not have doomed your son (or indeed any one else, over whom you had power) to undergo any punishment for the term of his life, even had he been guilty of great crimes; and according to your account, he

was a most amiable and excellent young man—how then can you do your Maker the injustice to believe him less benevolent and humane than yourself?'

'I have thought of all this, but there is so much said in the Gospel to cause me to fear.'

'The Gospel means *glad tidings*, and do you think it would have been so named, if it was designed to pierce the heart of the mourner with additional anguish, and to mingle the bitterest dreg in the cup of sorrow?' The conversation continued for some time, with much apparent earnestness and interest on both sides, and if the mourning parent was not thoroughly convinced, yet her countenance brightened, her manner became more composed, and we hope that she went on her way rejoicing.

Consoling truth! the only hope and stay,
That cheers the mourner's heart from day to day—
The only anchor of life's stormy sea,
The brightest star, the mental eye doth see.
Success attend thee! blessed faith thou art,
That 'works by *love*,' and frees the human heart
From the forc'd service of a slavish fear,
That long has caused to flow the gushing tear.
O may we all, who own this precious creed,
Strive to attain the 'wisdom which we need,'
To let our 'light' before the world so shine,
That all must own the doctrine is divine.

East Randolph, Vt.

Written for the Repository.

Spring.

I FEEL the breath of the warm, bright Spring,
As she fans my brow with her dewy wing,
And the earth grows green, and the mists rise up
Like beautiful clouds from the censer cup;
And I think of the spirits wafted away
On the wings of this bright and beautiful day;
And I ask if they meet no changing power
That gives to the soul a heavenly dower,
To float on in glory in worlds above,
All robed in the garments of light and love?

I list to the tones of the stream burst free,
And the pleasant hum of the insects' glee,
And the far-off voice of the mighty deep,—
And for the unbound soul, I dare not weep! B.

Providence, R. I.

Written for the Repository.

An Oriental Gem.

THE inspiration of God is not confined to one people or nation. It has given to many a lip to utter sacred and everlasting truths, out of the circle of those whose wisdom is recorded in our holy book. These truths are found, like the evidences of the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme, among all tribes of men, and redeem from utter condemnation the works of wild speculators and mystics. They make us, as we discover them, think better of man, and hold out to us a great hope for our race, unfolding the capability of mind to rise to the sublimest thoughts of the Deity, under all circumstances and from amid the dreariest ruins.

Moslem literature has many of these gems of thought, that glitter and sparkle in the clear light of christianized mind. They are worthy of being steadily gazed upon by those to whom Orientalism is but another name for sensuality, and who also believe that in the East, apart from christianity, there is no good. Rich lessons are read to the christian by beautiful strains from that land of loveliness, and he should listen to hear them, for they will teach the universal moral of history and actual life—that all the glory of man, in all ages, has been and is, what Christianity requires, and to achieve which it would discipline the human soul.

These remarks have been called out by a beautiful gem of poetry put into my hand by one who has a deep insight into the Beautiful. The sentiment is kindred with the apostle James' assurance that God gives wisdom to all in his own way, and also with that of the apostle Paul, that unspoken and unspeakable desires are understood and answered of God. Here it is:

'*Allah!* was all night long the cry
Of one oppressed with care,
Till softened was his heart and sweet
Became his lips with prayer.
Then near the subtile tempter stole,
And spake, 'Fond babbler, cease,
For not one *Here I am*, has God
Ere sent to give thee peace.'

With sorrow sank the suppliant's heart,
And all his senses fled,
But, lo! at midnight, Chiser* came,
And gently spake and said,—
'What ails thee now, my child, and whence
Art thou afraid to pray,
And why dost thou thy former love
Repent, declare and say.'

Ah! cries he, Never once to me
Spoke God, *Here am I*, son;
Cast off, methinks I am, and warned
Far from his gracious throne.'
To him Elias said, 'My son,
The word of God I bear,
Go tell, he said, yon mourner sunk
In sorrow and despair,

'Each *Lord appear!* thy lips pronounce,
Contains my *Here am I*,
A special messenger I send
Beneath thine every sigh.
Thy love is but a girdle of
The love I bear to thee,
And sleeping in thy *Come, O Lord*,
There lies, *Here son*, from me.'

* Name of Elias, whom the Easterns described as the Counsellor of men.

This is a gospel sentiment, but many christians do not recognize it, else they would not so perpetually look to the outward for the reward of prayer. The great reward of prayer lies in the emotions and feelings created by the awakening of slumbering thoughts, as the soul seeks to commune with God. The breath of prayer steals over the chords of feeling, and the thrilling harmonies linger around the spirit like voices of heaven, to soothe, to quiet, and to encourage. There must be the breathing ere the chords will move, and therefore slumbering in the breath is the response. Pray, and thou shalt be blest 'in the deed;' the sighings of thy soul shall be answered, and 'sleeping in thy *Come, O Lord!* will lie *Here, son!*' from God.

I cannot but annex to this article the beautiful poem of Leigh Hunt, entitled, 'Ben Adhem and the Angel,' because of its congeniality of spirit, and its important teaching:

'Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.' B.

Written for the Repository.

Questions to Job. JOB, CHAP. 38.

When earth's foundations strong and deep were laid,
Where wert thou mortal? If thou canst, declare!
By whose hand was that mighty structure made?
Who stretched the line? Who placed the chief stone there?

And when the morning stars together sang—
Swelled then that heavenly music on thine ear,
Didst thou the shout which through the glad sky rang,
Sent forth by God's rejoicing children, hear?

Who raised a barrier to the rushing sea,
When into being powerful it burst?
Who made the cloud and darkness thick to be
Its covering? Its limit, who defined at first?

Since thy few days the morning hast thou swayed?
The day-spring hast thou caused to know his place?
The sea's deep source hast thou beheld displayed?
Its utmost depths by searching couldst thou trace?

Have death's strong gates been opened unto thee?
Or hast thou e'er perceived the earth's extent?
Where dwelleth light and darkness? Didst thou see
The path they took when to their home they went?
Who for the waters doth a course prepare
When they o'erflow? And who the lightning's way
Directs? Who makes the wilderness to share
Refreshing rain, where man doth never stray? S. E. S.

For the Repository.

The Contrast; or the Real and the Unreal.

'My soul! can it be that any thoughtful and considerate man can believe so? The chief glory of God would depart from my vision did my spirit respond to such an idea.'

'Why Mary! what is now the startling theme that gives such moisture to your eye and earnestness to your voice?'

'It is, Ellinor, a new developement of the tendency of Partialism to "take away the heart," contained in the close of an Essay by an Andover professor—Stuart. He allows that the sensibilities and social affections of some teachers in the Calvinistic church, disturb their faith in the doctrine that shows in the distance the separation of the dearest connections—the one exalted to light and glory, the other condemned to darkness and ruin; and he strives to calm those agitated minds by asserting that "all will be clear in the light of heaven." If parents, husbands, wives, brothers, and sisters, must see those *dear as their own life*, perish at last, while they themselves are saved, heaven *in mercy* will either *extinguish* their *social susceptibilities*, or else give them such *a sweet and overpowering sense of the justice and goodness of God*, as shall not permit the joys of the blessed to be *marred*, nor the songs of the redeemed to be *interrupted* with *sighs of sympathetic sorrow.*"* O, Ellinor, my blood runs cold as the wintry chillness of such ideas comes over me! Heaven cannot be enjoyed by the redeemed, unless the social susceptibilities are destroyed, or all sympathy be taken away from the sinful! What would Jesus Christ, or Fenelon, or Oberlin, or Howard be in such a heaven! They could have no existence there, for all would be destroyed that made them glorious among the good of the earth. They could no longer be the benefactors of mankind; nor can I see how they could enjoy the society of heaven itself. And'—

'Do pause, dear Mary, for you are excited—and we should be calm in investigating matters like these.'

'Calm, Ellinor, calm! you yourself cannot be calm, and it is only your anxiety for me that

* Biblical Repository for July, 1840.

keeps away overpowering emotions. But we will *calmly* investigate this matter, and reveal its deformity to the full. And first, you must recall how much you have read and heard of abuse and ridicule against Universalists because they have maintained that the superior light of eternity, the influences of God's grace in the resurrection, will destroy or completely subjugate the *sinful propensities*, so that all the impulses of our being shall prompt to the adoration of God in obeying his holy will.'

'That I can do very easily, for I well remember our reading together a sermon on the "Evils of Sin," in which we saw much sophistry where the author treats of this subject. He argues, that to take off the hands of a thief, did not take away the stealing propensity, as though that met the whole question; but he should have remembered that Universalists, if I understand them, maintain that in the resurrection world, man will not be surrounded by a world like this, and consequently his body in that world is spoken of as '*spiritual*.' They believe in a moral and mental change through the resurrection, or through God's power in the resurrection, do they not?'

'They do, Ellinor, for every increase of intellectual light which gives to the spirit demonstrations of the perfections of God, must work a moral change. The best saint desires it and trusts in it. So does the reverend professor, for he says "*all will be clear in the light of heaven*," while he acknowledges that it is the darkness of mind that makes some Calvinistic teachers to err from what he deems truth and duty. Must not that light which makes "*all clear*," be an intellectual light, and must that not work a moral change to keep them true to duty? And if *all* will be *clear* in the *light of heaven*, so that all which makes the mind dark to the real knowledge of God will be taken away, why not be willing that this light should shine on all—on the evil as well as on the good, and *renovate all mind!* O, glorious the sight! every human being an unspotted mirror of the brightness of God's glory, filling the universe with the radiations of reflected beams of the Sun of Righteousness!'

'O that mine eyes were anointed to behold its glory! that I could see as you see!'

'Think on, Ellinor, and truth will come—Truth, the sanctifier and comforter. Remember, you said we must be *calm* and not *excited*, and so we must continue our criticism. You know, as you have allowed, the ridicule which is cast on Universalists for believing in the destruction, or complete subjugation of the sinful propensities; and now for a contrast. I wish you to contrast the answers of three questions with the answers of three others, and decide where ridicule should be bestowed, if any where—though I own ridicule is a fool's weapon. First, I wish you to consider what the sinful propensities are; what they produce; and what will result from their entire destruction or subjugation.'

'Those queries are easily answered, though they open a vast field for thought. The sinful propensities are the sources of all moral evil, and they produce untold miseries—all the oppressions that now bow millions to the dust, and retard the great work of progress, are the products of the activity of these propensities. Every defilement of the beauty of humanity and the glory of mind, has there its origin. In short, it is too terrible to inquire long—What hath sin done? the array is startling, and may well cause us to feel with good old Herbert,

> "If apparitions make us sad,
> By sight of sin, we should grow mad;
> Yet, as in sleep we see foul death, and live;
> So devils are our sins in perspective."'

'Well quoted, sister-friend; and now ask, What would be the effect of the complete subjugation of these propensities in all rational beings?'

'What would be the effect! Why, it would be the consummation so devoutly wished for by all true lovers of our race—an eternal Millenium would dawn! the lion would indeed lie down with the lamb, and the gentlest of the affections would have sway over the strongest and fiercest passions. God would be all in all.'

'True, solemnly true, Ellinor; and yet for trustingly looking forward to such issues of the successful workings of Divine Grace, Universalists are mocked! That which alone can possibly gratify the most enlarged affections, is ridiculed, and ridiculed too by those who profess great anxiety for the complete triumph of "holiness unto the Lord." You see clearly that *the change* to which Universalists look forward with adoring gaze, takes nothing from the essentials of progress and blessedness—dims no attribute of mind, and takes no glory from a loving spirit. It does not detract from the beauty of heaven and the attractions of the society of the redeemed. Now for the *contrast*. Consider, What are the *social susceptibilities?* What do they produce? and What would result from the destruction, or "extinguishing," of these prompters?'

'O Mary, you give me a sadder task than before; for then I commenced in darkness and ended in light ineffable; but now darkness gathers upon darkness till the whole universe is dark, and there is no vision of God!'

'But we must look on the gathering clouds, that we may praise God for the truth that they "are shadows, not substantial things." We must ask what are the *social susceptibilities* and *sympathies* that incline us to feel for others' sorrows; and we know that all that there is of benevolent effort—all that inclines man to love his neighbor as himself—all that lessens the sufferings of the poor, the sick, the imprisoned, the bound,—shows forth what these sympathies are—their loveliness, strength, and activity; and to destroy them, or overpower their action, would take from the good all that makes them good, and extinguish philanthropy and benevolence from God's universe. It would wrap heaven in funeral robes, and blast every flower of love. The harps of the seraphim could never more ring out the glorious strain—'God *is Love*,' for there would be no interpreter of its mystery—the oracle of the heart that once unravelled its meaning, would be silent—dead. Millions on millions of beings in utter misery, and not one "sympathetic sigh" is heard in all heaven! A strange heaven is that where sympathy for the suffering lives not,—it is not the heaven of our God—it is not the home of Him "who went about doing good," and who is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."'

My heart, Mary, does not yearn towards such a heaven; and surely I was not aware what dreadful visions the Professor's ideas would lead to. Certainly, those who are of his faith believe in a moral change in eternity dishonorable to the Deity, while, to my mind, the Universalists trust in a change honorable to God and infinitely beneficial to man.'

'True, and this will be seen the clearer the more their real principles are understood. They trust in the final bestowment "of such a sweet and overpowering sense of the justice and goodness of God, as shall not permit the joys of the blessed, nor the songs of the redeemed to be interrupted," with the sighs of misery and groans of sin; for life, light and glory shall fill the Universe, and God "will rest in his love."' B.

CONFIDENCE in a friend is as a staff in a storm.

Melodia.

BY AMELIA.

I MET once, in my girlish hours,
A creature soft and warm—
Her cottage bonnet filled with flowers
Hung swinging on her arm;
Her voice was sweet as the voice of love,
And her teeth were pure as pearls;
While her forehead lay like a snow-white dove
In a nest of nut-brown curls;
She was a thing unknown to fame—
Melodia was her strange sweet name.

I never saw an eye so bright
And yet so soft as hers:
It sometimes swam in liquid light,
And sometimes swam in tears;
It seemed a beauty set apart
For softness and for sighs;
But oh! Melodia's melting heart
Was softer than her eyes;
For they were only formed to spread
The softness from her spirit shed.

Selected for the Repository.

The Major and the Farmer.

ABOUT three miles west of our little village, there was a sheltered valley, through which passed the road to the next town. The land was uncommonly rich, and this had induced several cultivators at an early period of the settlements in this part of the country, to take possession of it and lay out farms. By the time I was old enough to stray so far from home, it had become a beautiful place; the rough looking huts first erected had in most instances been replaced by neat white cottages, and the large barns and out-houses gave it the appearance of being inhabited by industrious and thriving people. Though not more than a dozen families dwelt in the valley, they had taxed themselves to build a good brick school house, where the children for the greater part of the year enjoyed those advantages which make the people of New England the most intelligent and happy of any on earth. To arrive here, you had to ascend the hills which rose gradually to a considerable height from the shore of the river where the principal village lay, and when you had attained the ridge where the hills began to dip down towards the west to form the valley, you might turn and gaze upon a scene which to me was delightful, for it was the little world which had hemmed me since the days of infancy. There was the blue crooked line of the river, spotted here and there with a vessel, the sails of which appeared at this distance only like a white dot on its azure surface; beyond was the abrupt and broken shore, mostly covered with a fringe

of green forest trees; in some places the bank was steep and worn into gullies, presenting the brown earth all crumbling and barren; at intervals towered up the trunk of a bare old pine, exalting itself even above the line of the hills so as to pierce like a tall slender spire into the dark azure sky. Farther on were smooth green fields, chequered with a few farm-houses and stretching away into the distance until lost in the dim outline of untrodden forests and nameless hills. Nearer at hand, through an opening in the trees, was to be seen the little village on the river's brink, like a spot of embroidery on a rich green carpet. Pursuing your walk, you looked down on a sweet rural spot. The fields were smooth and verdant, intersected by long straight walls of stone, the rudeness of which was relieved by the light green of the raspberry bushes allowed to grow in rows by their sides. There were ranges of orchard trees as regular in their lines as soldiers on a parade, and the white walls of the houses alternately glanced and disappeared between them as you advanced. A thick forest environed the whole valley, like the broken waters of the ocean surrounding a lovely island. At a distance lay a calm sheet of water, and when the declining sun glanced over the pond, the reflection was so dazzling that you could scarcely discern the red walls of a large factory near it, though you might hear the hoarse roar of the waterfall that turned the wheels, and perhaps the faint tinkling of its little bell spreading over the waters and echoed back from the forest.

The place being a part of the same town of which the chief settlement was at the river, had no separate name, but to distinguish it, it was called by the title of the principal resident; thus any one dwelling there was said to live 'out at the Major's.' Of late years, however, upon the same principle, the valley was called 'out at the farmer's.' With the two persons from whom these appellations were taken and the cause of the change, the reader is about to be acquainted, and though the narrative may contain but little incident, and is designed only to show the contrast between a worthy, and a mismanaging family, it may be interesting to those who love to see industry and virtue rewarded and improper conduct punished.

Major Corby had served in the Revolution, and though history has not recorded his name and exploits, they were both well known among the tories of North River, and there was one who was never tired of relating the consummate prudence and heroic daring he had displayed in every battle and almost every skirmish that happened during the war. In other words, the Major was his own chronicler, and who will deny that a man can best relate his own deeds? No one dared or thought it worth while to challenge his boasting tales, and it passed current that, next to Washington, the freedom of the United States was owing to Major Corby. A few supposed, however, that he had been more familiar with the midnight plundering of tories, than with the sight of the British bayonet in open day. At least, it was known that he joined the army with nothing, and though one of the loudest declaimers against the injustice of Congress, had retired from it far from poor. It had also been spoken openly in the streets of the village, though by no higher accuser than a half-drunk old soldier, that he knew the color of Gen. Clinton's guineas.

A few years after the termination of the war, the Major settled in the valley and cleared a farm, or rather had it cleared by his workmen. He was full of money, disdained to labor himself, and assumed that air of importance which distinguishes the little great man, and as he was rich, and according to his own account, a hero, his claims were admitted. The story of his cheating a poor widow was only whispered, while his unsolicited gift towards some projected improvement was loudly circulated far and wide, and contributed largely to gain him the high station in society he had assumed. Thus the Major came to be of great repute and his opinions much regarded. No one dared in his presence to advance a sentiment contrary to what he had expressed, for there was something intimidating in his plump method of laying down an assertion that prevented controversy. At the least sign of opposition to his *dictum*, whether in town meeting or the bar-room, the Major began to thunder and lighten; his little grey eyes twinkled sharper from under the shaggy eyebrows, his three-cornered hat was hitched furiously to one side of his head, the long flaps of his coat were agitated by his impatient wriggling, and then his opinion was repeated with extreme energy in the very same words, always ending by way of emphasis with a sturdy stamp of his silver-headed cane on the floor, and a 'd—me, that 's what *I* think.' The glance of defiance which he threw in every body's face, and the heightened radiance of his brandy-burnt nose, effectually quelled any

disposition to reply. Certainly the Major was more feared than loved, but this he cared not for so long as he exacted a show of respect. To do him justice, he was the cause of much good in the village, because he saw that to favor the improvements in the town was the readiest way of keeping the high ascendancy in public estimation which he was determined to maintain. Hence he was liberal, and his public generosity cloaked much private injustice and meanness by which only individuals suffered.

At the time when I was just big enough to ramble on a Saturday afternoon 'out to the Major's,' that gentleman's belly was waxing greater, while his shanks and the glory of his name were both waning away. His silver-headed cane was no longer a useless symbol of importance, but was necessary to assist his tottering steps. His little cocked hat looked as fierce as ever, and his countenance ten times more formidable—it was 'all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire.' No teeth were left in either jaw, except two or three tobacco-stained snags that his sunken lips could scarcely ever wholly conceal; the lips appeared to be drawn down by the weight of a huge mass of fat which at every step quivered like a quagmire under his chin. Above, however, his embroidered cheeks stood prominent in all their pristine glory, and a halo of red skin surrounding his sharp eyes, like the ignited edge of a piece of paper, was a vast improvement to their natural fiery aspect. His attire, never remarkable for its neatness, was hardly whole, but wholly dirty. A tremor had invaded his hands, and was extending to his head and affecting the voice, but the old man possessed a sovereign remedy for this—the cause and the cure were the same; he had only to empty four glasses of brandy, and his hand became as steady as one of his old sharp-shooter's in the army. The Major was never a favorite among the boys, and his appearance was now truly forbidding. Yet sometimes the old fellow attempted to play the agreeable, be kind and chatty, and when wishing to display his consequence before other persons, would throw some urchin a half crown, which was received with more dread than thankfulness. One little fellow I knew, retained the money in his hand till out of the Major's sight, and then with an execration upon 'old Corby,' chucked it into the river.

The principal event which led to this degeneracy of the Major was the death of his wife, a faithful old slave, whose existence was worn out by hard labor and harder treatment. After her departure, every comfort and convenience seemed departing too. The three sons and five daughters began, sometimes conjointly but most often separately and severally, a process of exaction upon their father, which drained his purse and increased his irritability and fondness for brandy. The paternal mansion, a prodigy in its day, assumed a rueful aspect of neglect; the gay coating of red paint all disappeared, except in a few fantastic patches, the clap-boards were dropping off, a carpet of green moss covered the roof, mud puddles stagnated before the door, the fences and part of the out-houses and fruit trees were burnt for fuel, and the door-way was carelessly hacked to pieces with the axe. While all was desolation without, there was contention, wrangling, or obstreperous mirth within. The children had all been bred in idleness and ignorance, and had acquired their consequent vices. The oldest son was a lazy, contented lout, who liked fine clothes and good living while they were to be had with no exertion, but would accommodate himself to any state that did not call for labor. Jacob, the second son, was a miser, and was willing to drudge night and day for money, and he had extorted wages from his father for carrying on the farm, hoarding away the money and getting his living as the rest did, out of the common stock. When age and brandy stopped the old man's profitable speculations and money grew a stranger to his purse, Jacob still labored on, determined to make up an account which should ultimately bring the whole property into his own hands, when the rest might take care of themselves. Sam, the youngest, was horse-jocky, gambler, and rake, and as he was the favorite, had spent more money than all the other children. The girls were all alike, lazy, careless and extravagant, and earnestly bent on getting husbands. This object prompted all their dreams by night and plans by day. To attain it they had no means but through the medium of dress and affectation, and accordingly they were dressy and affected. Constantly vexing and harassing the old Major for money to buy finery, which became them as a pearl necklace would swine, they had no peace themselves and kept their father in perpetual torment. He frequently averred that a hundred bugles screaming in his ear was tolerable melody compared with the incessant din of his daughters' tongues.

It was on a fine summer afternoon when I determined upon a walk 'out to the Farmer's,' as my favorite valley was now usually called. The weather was too sultry for such a ramble, but my desire to be there outweighed all prudential considerations, and unable to obtain companions I set off alone. Very soon the oppressive heat made the road seem longer than I had ever before known it, and I began to think my attempt not a very wise one; but I was resolved not to turn back and encounter the jeers of my playmates, who had declined the jaunt only on account of the heat, assuring me that I should repent before reaching half way to the valley. Toiling on, therefore, half spent with fatigue and wholly covered with dust, at length I reached the Major's house, where I intended, notwithstanding my dread of his red face and spiteful cocked hat, to beg a glass of water. But coming nearer, there issued such a variety of angry voices from the mansion, and the Major's cane was thumped so frequently and energetically on the floor, I dared not enter. The girls were all scolding, the father swearing, Sam raving, and a young child that called one of the Miss Corbys mother, was yelling most lustily. At a short distance was the Farmer's, and I proceeded on, concluding it better to bear thirst than run the risk of getting a broken head.

How different was the scene at Farmer Gilbert's. Every thing was not only neat about his residence, but there was a great degree of rural elegance. The one storied house was white as the snow that lay about it in winter, and the glare of the white paint, which the strong sunshine might otherwise have rendered uncomfortable to the eye, was beautifully shaded and contrasted by the many fruit trees which arose close to the walls. There was nothing ostentatious—no useless display of wealth, though the Farmer was now one of the richest men in town; a neat white fence enclosed a large yard, in which there were flower beds, rose trees, and lilacs, all kept in the finest condition. A piazza ran the whole length of the house on the eastern side, and besides the fruit trees, one majestic oak had escaped the axe, and now, as if grateful for its preservation when all its wildwood brethren had been prostrated, threw its huge boughs and shady foliage over the habitation;—it was like the arm of power stretched fondly and protectingly above feeble innocence. Standing at the gate, parched with thirst, overcome with heat, and begrimmed with dust, I thought no scene ever so much resembled paradise as that I contemplated. The good Farmer, whose hair, indeed, had been blanched by time and toil, but who still retained all the vigor, health and uprightness of manhood, was sitting on the piazza reading to his three unmarried daughters as they plied the needle. There was that air of affectionate attention, and the grace of innocence, and love for each other, in the face of each sister, which no one could look on without pronouncing features so lit up to be lovely. The sun was now shining on the other side of the house, allowing the piazza and the pots of flowering plants to enjoy the shade; the gravelled walk had just been sprinkled with water; a robin, whose home for many summers had been on the oak, was throwing forth at intervals a feeble gush of melody as a prelude to its evening strain; a parrot, cherished because it had been brought home by a brother who afterwards perished at sea, was fluttering and whistling and screaming at a distance in its cage, as if no dreary winter were coming to chill its mirth; the fruit trees loaded with green promises, extended their branches even into the piazza, and all around the scene had that appearance which would almost tempt one to say that he *saw* its coolness.

Reluctant was I in my dirty plight to intrude upon such an audience, to whom I was known only as a boy from the 'River,' but as I hesitated, one of the young ladies saw me, and throwing down her work, came forward and opened the gate with such an encouraging smile, that I wondered how I could ever have thought Rachel Gilbert otherwise than a beautiful girl. I soon made known my want, and was not only cheerfully supplied with a glass of cool water, but a wash basin and napkin were brought, affording me the greatest luxury a travel-tired pedestrian can enjoy. Then the old gentleman seated me on a stool close by his side, and asked my name and other questions, such as a good-natured man puts to a boy of eleven. Gently but without the least tone of reproach, he told me how imprudent it was to come such a distance in a hot day when nothing demanded the exertion. His daughters playfully defended me, and never did the voice of woman sound so sweet. But I must not dwell on these simple recollections, though every word, look and smile is treasured in memory, and often when a cloud comes over, darkening the mind and shutting out all that is grace-

ful, tender and lovely in this heterogeneous world, do I recall that scene and soon grow reconciled to this chequered existence. This was not the last visit I paid the Farmer; shortly I became a favorite, and was as welcome to pluck the finest fruit in its season, as if I had been his own child. On every one of my numerous visits he had a tale for me, principally concerning the events of his early days, for, like the Major, 'he had been a soldier in his youth,' and though the same story was sometimes repeated, I was never tired of hearing about his good old General, George Washington. The girls were soon to me as older sisters, and it was pleasure to gaze on their quiet, amiable features, till I fancied them the handsomest in town. In good truth, the Farmer's daughters were but plain in their appearance; theirs was the beauty of the heart, which will always shine out in the countenance more and more as you become familiar with it, till at last you think there is no charm that is wanting. Some years before while people respected them, the Major's daughters attracted much the most attention. When they came late of a Sunday, flaunting, and tossing their heads, and shaking their gaudy plumes and ribbons, mincing and rustling along into the meeting-house, every head was turned, and every eye stared at them as the wonders of the village; but even then the modest looks and appropriate dress of the Gilbert girls, as they walked softly and unobtrusively to their seats, drew much regard, and every heart except those filled with vanity, acknowledged their superior worth. But these reminiscences are treacherous leaders, and I must hasten to a brief memoir of Farmer Gilbert; and thus accomplish the object of this narrative by presenting a contrast to his military neighbor. If I can gain some information relating to a particular event, which it is impossible now for me to describe, this article will be resumed.

Frank Gilbert was a young laborer on his uncle's farm in a village of New Hampshire, when the whole country was electrified by the explosion at Lexington. All the young men in a moment rushed to arms, and the next morning a company, under their leader, Capt. Corby,—our old acquaintance, the Major—was on a rapid march towards Boston. Frank fought bravely at Breed's Hill, and afterwards with half his townsmen enlisted into a new formed regiment; but it was observed that only a few chose to remain under the command of Corby, who had received a commission and was beating up for recruits. These he readily obtained at such a season of excitement, but it was among those who knew him least. Through the whole of the war Frank was the bravest among the brave, and the most patient of the suffering. He rose to be a sergeant, and in consequence of a hazardous and daring piece of service, might have received a commission, had not distrust of his own abilities prevented; so he merely said he had done no more than his duty, and refused. A boy knocked about on an uncle's farm, and who had been at school only six months in his life, he thought, would be presumptuous to assume the responsibilities of an officer, and thus his philosophy or his patriotism debarred his advance. He often said that his declining the offer of a commission was the happiest event of his life, for it showed Washington, at a time of gloom, that there were some of his private soldiers, who, like himself, were actuated by a spirit of freedom without the least view to personal advantage. Such a circumstance, the good Farmer reasoned, could not fail to come like a ray of sunshine across the dark clouds of perplexity, care, and distress, which often hovered over his beloved General; and indeed, it was well calculated so to do; but if the old soldier did attribute more than due importance to his refusal, I know none rude enough to tell him so. Several times he showed me his discharge in Washington's own hand-writing, and containing a deserved compliment on his valor and fidelity. He said the General knew him personally, and frequently spoke—but I am becoming as garrulous as the Farmer himself.

When the war was over, he begged his way to his uncle's, and discovered there was no longer a home for him. Shouldering an axe he undauntedly strode away, for he was yet a young man, and having walked the whole distance to what was then, with the exception of two or three families at the river, a complete wilderness, the trees of the valley soon felt the vigor of his arm. A log hut arose, fields were cleared, the seed sown, the harvest succeeded, and Frank was no longer a beggar. Very soon he returned to New Hampshire and persuaded a certain hearty, hardy damsel to accompany him to his lodge in the desert. Industry, temperance, economy, and upright dealings accomplished the rest. Farmer Gilbert was soon a rich man, and as at his few leisure hours he assiduously applied himself to books, there was not for some years a

person with a better fund of useful knowledge in the country.

It did not greatly please the Farmer to have his old officer, the Major, move into his neighborhood, for he knew him to be an unprincipled, overbearing man, but he had no remedy, and though he often extended acts of kindness to him, and before the world the two soldiers were on excellent terms, the Farmer shunned all familiarity. Many a painful effort it cost him to refrain from confuting the grand stories of the Major, especially when he heard the characters of brave and honorable officers vilely aspersed that the speaker might shine in a more brilliant light. He kept silent, however, not from any fear of his neighbor, but to avoid contention; besides, he perceived the gentleman had a treacherous memory, and his story of to-day rendered that of yesterday null and void; so he thought it not worth while to wrangle for the honor of the dead and absent against detraction which no one heeded. Once only did the Farmer, at a celebration of independence, when gently warmed with wine, enter his *veto* against the Major's vile insinuations. It was the first and only time in his life he had ever heard one dare to hint any thing derogatory to his adored Washington, and the good Farmer fired in a moment. Though the Major bristled like a porcupine, exhibited most magnanimous wrath, and poured a torrent of abuse upon the poor private who dared to gainsay his former officer, the Farmer was not so easily put down. Deliberately as his excitement allowed, he brought forward an historical fact, familiar to all present, which proved the utter falsehood of the Major's statement, and that worthy began to quail. Here the Farmer should have stopped, but he had in some measure lost command of himself and added a little sentence, chiefly of names and places, not clearly understood by the company, but which was perfectly plain to a man who had fingered British gold at the expense of his country. The effect on the Major was most astounding; for once in his life his face assumed a muddy paleness, and seizing his well known triangular hat, he set it humbly on his head, and in short sneaked off, while his retreat was hailed by the boys, who had crept into the hall to snatch, if possible, a glass of wine, with a shout of exultation, which extended to the guests, and resulted in a universal hurra. It was a month before the Major again put his ugly nose over the hills which separated the valley from the river. From this period, as if by accident and certainly without previous concert, the valley began to lose the title of 'out to the Major's,' and take that of 'out to the Farmer's.' The old name was long retained, and probably is to the present day, by a certain class of bibulous fellows, whom the Major had always treated on his visits to the river, but all others now agree to call the valley after the Farmer.

As the Major went down hill in public estimation, the Farmer mounted, and chiefly by his own merits, though I will not conceal the fact that the inheritance of his uncle's property assisted to gain lower bows from sundry lucre-loving men, whose respect he cared but little for. His children grew like young, vigorous plants around him, shading and softening his old age, and relieving the cares of business. Two sons purchased farms in the valley and followed in their father's steps; another remained at home charged with the affairs of the paternal farm, and the youngest, restless and ambitious, had preferred the life of a mariner. He was a generous, warm-hearted youth, and his death at sea had spread a shade over the whole family, which remained for years, softening down their feelings, and drawing closer the bonds of affection among the survivors. The mother bustled about the house till infirmity confined her most of the year to her room, but cheerful and industrious as when in her youth inhabiting a log hut in the wilderness, she still managed most of the household affairs. The daughters were sought in marriage by the most respectable young men at the river, and the minister, lawyer and doctor each blessed the day when they took a wife from the valley.

These 'short and simple annals' may have but little interest for any but the writer; but for me, I could fondly dwell longer—much longer, on the beautiful picture of family affection I have so often witnessed. What can come more tenderly and delightfully to the heart than the sight of a veteran surrounded in his old age with virtuous and lovely children, who look up to him as their pride and their example through life—enjoying the reward of his bloody and his peaceful toil, and marching with the fearless and unfaltering tread of a christian soldier to the home where so many of his early companions were already gathered? Farmer Gilbert is now at rest, and though tears were showered by his descendants over his grave, they were not tears of bitterness or regret—they fell as a tender tribute to departed excel-

lence. Gentle should be the moan for those who have fulfilled the years of man, crowding existence with good deeds, and leaving a fragrance of memory behind that charms away the vehemence of grief. And thus it was.

Many years have passed since I, a stripling, sat on the good man's knee; 'the boy had grown to manhood,' and the relation between me and his family became different. Among the changes and revolutions which are ever occurring in life, opportunities have not been wanting to testify to those once dear to him, the grateful remembrance his goodness had left on my mind. A connection next in tenderness and confidence to kindred ties, has been formed by circumstances between us, and it was sweet in long after years, by unfeigned interest and more than common assiduities in my intercourse with them, to show the reverence I entertained for their parent, and to pay the debt of gratitude incurred when they received me, a tired, dirty, runaway boy, with kindness into the shady coolness of their dwelling. Æ.

Written for the Repository.

The Old Church Bell.

From my childhood up, I have loved full well,
To list to the chimes of that old church-bell;
And they come to my ear most richly fraught
With treasures from memory's store-house brought.
They speak to my heart with a solemn tone
Of the loved and lost, who have left me lone;
And spirit-voices come floating by,
And forms that are veiled from the mortal eye.

When burdened with grief, and oppressed with care,
It summoned my steps to the house of prayer,
Where the balm of Gilead was softly shed,
And the soul was with heavenly manna fed.
In the season of health, I have loved its sound;
And when to the couch of sickness bound,
I have lain for hours, amused right well
In counting the strokes of that old church-bell.

I remember well how its gladsome chime
Pealed merrily out at Christmas time;
And how, when that joyous season came,
We sat at the feet of the dear grandame,
And heard the tale of the Savior's birth,
Who brought good tidings of joy to earth;
And much we wondered to hear her say
That the Prince of Peace in a manger lay!

Since then, I have wandered in distant climes,
Where my ear was greeted with loftier chimes,
That proudly swelled through each pillared dome,
Like a peal to welcome a monarch home.
I have heard the sound of the Alpine horn,
At the sun-set hour and the early dawn;
But tuneless and sad, the echoes fell,
When I thought of home, and our old church-bell.

I have dwelt in the fairest lands of earth,
In the peasant's cot, at the noble's hearth;
I have sat entranced, and listened, mute,
To the strains of Italian voice and lute.
I have knelt at the vesper hour of prayer,
When the *ave* of thousands filled the air;
But my heart was away in our woody dell,
And I yearned for the sound of the old church-bell.

O when our childhood has past away,
And the bright romance of our youthful day
Has been shaded by sorrow, and chilled by care,
And our fairest dreams have proved empty air;
When all have vanished, how fondly we sigh
For some sight or sound of the days gone by.
Ah! they who have *felt this*, will know the spell
That lies in the sound of the old church-bell!

I'm an old man now, and my wanderings done,
I can sit in peace by my own hearth-stone;
And list to the chimes that are still as dear,
As when first they fell on my youthful ear.
Right gaily they pealed for my bridal morn—
They tolled when the forms that I loved, were borne
To the silent grave; and I pray that *my* knell
May be sounded at length by that old church-bell.

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

Written for the Repository.

A Plea for the Communion.

1 Cor. ii. 28: 'But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.'

The spirit is infinitely better than the body. The body passes away, while the spirit lives. It is so with the spirit of all worship and religious rites, in comparison with the externals of devotional services. Rites and ceremonies have no worth unless they possess a power to appeal to something beyond the senses, to awaken thought, to kindle feeling, and bring out to the service of the divine the deepest and strongest affections of the inner being. It is such a power that makes the universe a magnificent volume of revelation, and all things to speak of God. It is this power that can clothe materiality with the robes of the spirit, and cause the humblest flower to call up feelings 'too deep for tears.' It is this power that creates a language of sympathy, and nerves the pinions of thought so that the soul flies at will amid the beautiful of a better world. It is this power that makes the simple emblems of the communion '*show the Lord's death.*' And such a power is felt and gratefully owned by every sincere communicant—begetting in the soul new and more elevated ideas of christian excellence and duty, more knowledge of the angel might of the soul, and more strength to resist the enemies of a true, living, operative, and purifying faith.

Believing and knowing this, we proceed to the unfolding of our ideas of the nature, utility, and persuasives to observance, of the rite of

Communion. We wish every one to examine himself and for himself. He must examine himself who would know what religious aids he needs; and must examine for himself whatever aids are presented, that he may know whether they are adapted to his wants or not.

And first, when a man examines himself, he finds that forms are natural to him. Trace back the history of sacrifices, and we shall see this fact clearly in connection with religion; trace back the history of society, and we shall see clearly this fact in connection with man as a social being; and wherever we find and look upon man, we see him a creature of forms, and cannot but admit that they are adapted to his present intellectual organization. What is more universal than the language of symbols? What is more expressive than this language refined by intellectual and religious advancement? It is this that makes the stars the poetry of heaven—the flowers the poetry of earth, and gives a language to the rain, the bow in the clouds, and the sunshine. And while we possess our present intellectual organization—while the spiritual is connected with the material—we shall as much need the assistance of forms as the earlier ages. They are adapted to the law of mental association; that law which made Rosseau weep when he met with a violet, as Peter wept when he met the glance of his Master. Association is the language of things; and all that we see and hear affects us according to the inward associations with the outward. If the soul have sympathy with the pure spirit of christianity, it will go forth as with a magic mirror, throwing out a new and spiritual light upon nature, and encircling the beautiful with a halo of glory; while if it be dead to Christ, it cannot be made to feel the rapture that thrills the other; the flowers may bloom, but there is none to speak of faith; the birds may float around in beauty, but none will speak of trust; and amid the glittering orbs of night, there will be no star of Bethlehem.

We see all this exhibited in the history of the chosen people. Rites were established for them through Moses, to be the outward expression of inward feeling — sensible symbols of invisible mind. They were taught thus to regard them, and while they did thus regard them, they were rich aids to fix the mind upon the purposes of worship and devotion. But when the people grew more corrupt, they ceased to bear in mind the true nature or character of forms, and made them substitutes for inward sentiment, instead of outward expressions of indwelling thought. Hence we find the voice of the Holy One exclaiming—'To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? I am full of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them.'

What stronger language could be used to show that it is in vain that rites are observed if they are not the symbolical language of a pious and devotional soul? God required sacrifice, but he required also the remembrance that the mere outward act was nothing, if true spiritual feeling were dead; and therefore the voice went forth—'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice!' However much man may be inclined to make rites and ceremonies substitutes for true religious thought, feeling and action, God requires pureness of heart, or purity of motive or intention, to make any rite acceptable to him.

All the minute directions in reference to the building and adornment of the tabernacle, had reference to this same law of mental or religious association; and the pious and thoughtful Jew wherever he went abroad amid the beautiful of outward nature, found much to awaken recollections that gave rich and strengthening food to the spirit. That same law rules in our mental being. It makes us—and we cannot prevent it—creatures of forms. It is a blessed thing for the good—it is a fearful scourge to the evil. The eye may rest upon an object, and a rush of thoughts send through our whole being a thrilling sensation, as when at the voice of Jesus the blood of the leper coursed 'with a delicious coolness' through his whole frame, imparting new and joyous life; or as the startling shock that made Ananias fall dead, when Peter pronounced him a liar unto God.

'And slight indeed may be the things which bring,
Back on the heart, the weight which it would fling
Aside forever; it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.'

And as slight may be the things that shall strike the electric chain of joy—call up the sweetest

thoughts, and cause the dearest scenes of the past and the forms of the loved to be visible to the mental eye. A single feature of a countenance, bearing a slight resemblance to what was prominent in the countenance of a departed friend, will fix intensely our attention, and concentrate our thoughts, so that impressions of the most lasting character are made on the heart. We all know that such things are common, and therefore we all know that forms are natural to man—that we are creatures of forms, and while we have the power of sight, of hearing, or touch, forms will be symbolical language, understood and felt.

But, says one, Christianity has done away with forms—rites and ceremonies. Thou art mistaken. Has christianity done away with vocal prayer—praise, and social worship? All these, in all their variety, are forms, and they may be but forms. Christianity deprecates them when they are but forms, but does not deny them as aids to the spirit of devotion. They are what the artist's pencils, colors and canvas, are to him—to his genius. They are not essential to the existence of spiritual beauty—to forms of grace and beauty within, but they are essential to give an outward expression, and to make more distinct the images of loveliness, even as exercise is a law connected with every mental power. Deny the true devotional the aids of vocal prayer and praise, and the various forms of worship, and you take from him that which to him is what the pen is to the poet, or the instruments of work to the sculptor. —Christianity in abolishing the rituals of Judaism, did, by no means, set aside all forms. When Christ came, and his kingdom became fully established, it was not meet that the rites and ceremonies which were types of these things, and intended, by divine appointment, to continue only till the reality came, and others should take their place,—it was not meet that these superceded rites and ceremonies should be continued. A different symbolical language was required. The history of Jesus was more eventful than the history of the chosen people, and the wonders of his mission were now rather to be commemorated than any effected by other messengers of God. The prayer of the saint breathes not now of the ancient deliverance of the chosen from Egypt, and the wonders wrought for the fathers; but of the gift of a greater than Moses, the more wondrous works wrought by Jesus, and the prospects of an heavenly Canaan. The forms under christianity differ in character from the Mosaic, because the relations of Christ to man are different; but to deny the utility of all forms, is to do violence to one of the chief laws of our mental being—the law of association. And when the Apostle asserted that 'bodily exercise profiteth little,' he referred to the performance of rites and ceremonies when this law was not felt or obeyed—when the devotee was satisfied with the outward act alone, without making it an expression of inward sentiment. Thus a man may daily, and many times daily, perform religious services, and be profited little;

> 'For God abhors the sacrifice
> Where not the heart is found.'

Because a machine might be constructed to do it all, as we have read of mountaineer travellers who could not spare the time to say a prayer at a particular point in their journey, and so turn a swivel, prepared there for the purpose, which is made to mean it all!

Let this then be understood—That we give no efficacy to forms and ceremonies in themselves considered. The divine power of religion does not reside in them, for that power enters the soul and touches the affections invisibly, even as the wind is not seen, though it is felt, and its might is confessed. But though such is the fact, still those means which act as outward aids to fix the mind—to concentrate thought and feeling —to aid meditation—are to be esteemed and regarded as of great value. Hence the worth—the spiritual value of a house set apart by solemnities for the purposes of devotion. Imagination is assisted; a pleasing awe is awakened; and the heart is involuntarily disposed to meditate on God and heaven. Thus the temple becomes the house of God and the very gate of heaven, so creative is that power of the mind which by association hallows times and places.

Let us yield to this principle of our nature when we consider the nature and utility of the rite of Communion, called by the apostle Paul, 'the Lord's Supper.' It has no meaning, if the heart does not attach one to it; it has no power, if the soul has not the right sympathy for it. Thus, and thus only can it be made a religious rite; and this our Savior taught when he bade his own to attend to it in remembrance of him. It cannot appeal to pride, for it is simplicity's self. It cannot appeal to man's love of the marvellous, for it has no mystic ceremony or hidden charm. It cannot appeal to ambition, for it is symbolical of no exertion of selfish energy, but

of the utmost love of man. So unostentatious, so plain, so simple, it can appeal only to our religious affections, and be only an outward mean to dispose us to meditate seriously on spiritual truth, that we may be more impressed with invisible realities.

That a christian church was not in the primitive days of the Gospel a promiscuous congregation is evident, to my mind, from the direction in reference to an offending brother—'*Tell it unto the church*'—not to a promiscuous assembly. Refer to Matt. xviii. 17; Acts ii. 42. As many believers wish to observe the memorial rite, believing in its perpetuity and usefulness, how can they do this unless they associate together for the purpose? They thus connect themselves for mutual improvement in the christian graces, without arrogating to themselves any peculiar claims to sanctity.

There are many tender associations that serve to unite and happify the union of members of a family. By this union they are led to take deep interest in each others welfare—the social spirit is preserved, and love makes them charitable and forbearing. They guard from abuse and destruction whatever mementos of love may have been left by departed friends, and they keep them sacred as the great mass of the world never would. How often is the portrait of a virtuous and noble brother thus preserved through generations, and many hearts are incited to gain a like excellence of character. So with churches. They serve to unite believers more closely together, to form a common interest, to preserve the social spirit, and afford means of spiritual improvement that cannot be had without this association. They preserve the sacred memento of our Elder Brother's love—they guard it as sacred to his holy memory, and honor it as the great mass of the world, or of usual assemblies, never would. The great moral of his death—the hallowed associations that linger around the close of his career on earth, are brought at seasons very forcibly to mind, and good is done, and great good promised.

But, says one, I can take my bible and in the solitude of my chamber find the same aid. Do you attempt thus to find it? Do you succeed? And is there nothing in being surrounded with kindred hearts, beating in sympathy with yours, and swelling with like holy and heavenly thoughts? And do you think it but a slight thing that your Master hath asked you in this manner—by this rite, to fix your thoughts on him—his character, his life, and the purposes of his death? Is your way better than his?

'But,' say you, 'there is an awful solemnity thrown around it.' Friend, hast thou not a mind to separate the associations of man from the simplicity of truth? Man has made death most awful and revolting—is thy heart given to man, or to scripture when death is contemplated? Considered in itself, the rite is no more solemn or sacred than the evangelical records of the same event the rite is intended to commemorate. Intense thought and deep feeling will give to those records a peculiar sanctity—but it makes the heart the fonder cling to them, rather than to fly from them. The Communion is a solemn thing. We would not lessen in the least its solemnity. It is designed to bear us in spirit to Mount Calvary, and who would not be solemn there! It would aid imagination, and cause thought to kindle thought, till the mental picture is complete! O what a picture! It makes sad the countenance, but it is a sadness that makes the heart better—better to feel a Savior's love, to be impressed with his divine instructions, and to realize the glory of following in his footsteps. It is a solemn thing to attend the rite of burial when a dear one lies in death; but who is kept away by the solemnity? What depth is there in the love that would not meet and feel all the solemnity of the last service, but rest contented with a voluntary privacy at home and a mental burial service in honor of the beloved! Nay, nay, we should wish to be amid the hearts that feel like ours, and with them to mingle feelings and tears. Should it not be so with the christian rite?

'But I fear to take upon myself the new obligations!' continues the wavering. New obligations! What, has any rite a creative power to make new duties—to form new moral obligations! It cannot be. Jesus never declared that any such creative power was given to this ordinance; and every duty devolving on the holiest saint, is binding upon the humblest. Duties are not made by us. Our assent is not required. They are all of God, independent of man's will; and as much as we come short of obedience, we lessen the happiness it is our privilege to enjoy. These duties are not to be put away; and we should use every aid afforded us to bring their reasonableness more near and distinct, and by awakening thought and feeling to incline us to do them. By professing a desire to be more like our Master, and remembering him in deep feeling and

earnest thought by attending his rite, we do not —we cannot, add to the commandments. We cannot write a new precept on the sacred page. The record is full. We are as much under obligation, deep and sacred obligation, to obey the precepts of Christ before we ever came to the table, as after. We were before, as now, bound to place on our lips a guard, to keep our desires pure, to walk honestly with man and humbly before God, and live in all things blameless. If our new connection or association has a tendency or an effect to cause us to feel more these duties—if our sacred hours awaken new and vigorous impulses to duty—if then the spirit registers new and holy vows, and we find strength to make us true in dwelling on Jesus, God be praised! let the association be valued, let our hearts fondly cherish its worth and sacredness.

'I dread to incur some mysterious guilt,' continues the objector. If your mind has been exercised on what the Apostle has said of eating and drinking unworthily, permit me to say, that he explains in the expression—'*not discerning the Lord's body*'—what he meant by partaking *unworthily;* i. e. improperly. The persons rebuked put no difference between the rite and a common meal—the parts of the rite were not symbolical to them. He that eats and drinks as a memorial or remembrance of Christ, eats and drinks in a worthy manner; but he who attends thereupon without considering the ends for which it was designed, and without grateful remembrances of what Christ has been, what he has done, and what he is, eats and drinks unworthily —with feelings not worthy of the occasion, because not in sympathy with its design. He that has a real dread of incurring guilt, must have a heart fully disposed to the right, and the fellowship of Christ will bless such a soul at the Communion.

'But a public profession of religion will require abstinence from innocent pleasures in which I can now indulge,' continues an undecided one. Thou art mistaken, for however men may have looked upon religion or understood its requirements, it nevertheless is true that

> 'Religion never was designed
> To make our pleasures less.'

What *innocent* pleasure is there that the genius of Christianity frowns upon? None. Her instructions can alone keep from the mirth that in the end hath heaviness, and she alone can guide to the best enjoyment of life. For we have religious capacities for partaking of spiritual joy, and if we clog the avenues of spiritual delight, we shut out from the soul its truest and purest cheerfulness.

'But some strange state of mind is requisite, and I do not feel that disposition now.' Who taught thee this, or of what singular conceit was it born? But one thing is requisite to the believer, and that is required in order to be profited by any religious service, or any prepared enjoyment, and that is—Sympathy therewith. Without this, we may be in the house of God, but it will not be the gate of heaven to the soul; without this, the professor may sit at the table of the emblems, but it will not be the table of Communion. Sympathy is the communicating spirit —the interpreter of the symbols—the mystic recorder of the sacred lessons of the holy hour. If thou hast a love of Jesus—if thy heart responds to his teachings of Invisible, Ever-operating, and Boundless Love, and if thou hast feelings that can be awakened to deep and melting pathos by thoughts of Calvary, the Risen Spirit, and Ascended Christ, and the glory of heaven, come thou to the Lord's Table and Jesus will meet thee there, and thou shalt see his blessed features, as did the disciple that leaned on his breast at the Supper.

'But there is great respect expressed for the rite by upright and good persons who do not attend, and this intimidates me,' says a wavering one. I mourn the cause of your objection, but I mourn more that you are thus made timid. No where are you in the holy Word required to copy man, or to follow man, but to copy and follow Christ. The conduct of the upright and good will affect us, and I rejoice in all its righteous influences. But in this matter the divine record and the heart are to be consulted; self is to be examined, and we are to act according to individual conviction.

'But I am told the rite was intended to be done away with at the coming of Christ.' Who told you this? I opine you did not learn it in the sacred records. Once and once only is the coming of Christ alluded to in connection with a mention of the rite, and then there is no intimation that it was to be done away with after the coming. To Jew and Gentile the circumstances of Christ's death—the crucifixion—were a subject of mockery and scorn; and so prominent did the enemies of Jesus keep the manner of Christ's death before the people, that the Apostle was

forced to say much respecting it; Christ crucified was often his theme, and his manly declaration was—'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ!' He anxiously desired the disciples to keep the cross in view, and wait for the coming of the Master when the testimony would be full and complete that the crucified Jesus was the risen and exalted Christ. If the early christians, dwelling under a miraculous age and blessed with the ministry of the Apostles, needed this rite, how much more do we? Why was the rite continued in the church, if it was only to be continued till the second coming of Christ? Was not the church under divine guidance when led from the slaughter house of Judea, and why was the celebration of the Communion renewed? There is nothing in the nature or design of the rite that intimates that it was to pass away at the coming of Christ, save at that coming when he meets the risen spirit in the resurrection world.

We have the record of its continuation in the church in the age next succeeding that of the Apostles, and abused as it has been, its history is valuable as an historical evidence of the existence and death of Jesus Christ.

'The eyes of the world will be upon me.' The eyes of God are already upon thee, and if this consciousness is thine, the gaze of man will not be feared. Moreover, if the watchfulness over your conduct by the world will be a control upon any evil habit, then the excuse you offer is a good reason for associating with the church.

'But many disgrace their profession.' Well, it is so—lamentable as is the fact. But hast thou a deep and heartfelt fear that thou shalt be like them? If so, come with us, we will trust in the power of that fear of wrong and reverence of the right, to keep thee true, by the grace of God.

'But I am not good enough.' O my brother or sister, do not talk of goodness as a distinctive badge; for the Lord's Table is not the place, if there is any, for a man or woman to boast of goodness. Your excuse would seem to say that those who do associate claim a peculiar goodness;—do not wrong them so. They associate to get good—to improve a mean of increasing their desires and efforts to be good; and they know by experience that great benefits have ensued to many a soul therefrom. Yes, many a communicant, whose heart has been warmed with a new love at those sacred seasons, fondly cherishes the memory of the holy interviews with the spirit of his Lord! his soul's eye has looked steadily on the spiritual and all benignant face of Jesus, and he has felt himself in love with all things good. Long years may obscure the record of them, but Memory, like Old Mortality, will move among the monuments of the past and revive the inscriptions, and holy thoughts thereupon will bless. Religious affections are the strongest, for they are the most divine; and beautifully has an illustration been given in a record of one of the faithful servants of Christ, who lingered long in service at the altar. 'By the fireside of his only son, he sat in peaceful dignity, and the children of another generation loved his silver locks. In that quiet recess, memory was lulled to sleep. The names of even familiar things, and the images held most indelible, faded as a dream. Still he lived on—cheered by that reverence which is due to the 'hoary head, when found in the way of righteousness.' At length, his vigor failed. The staff could no longer support his tottering steps, and nature tendered her last repose.

'It was attempted, by the repetition of his own name, to awaken the torpor of memory. But he replied, "*I know not the man.*" Mention was made of his only son, the idol of his early years, whose filial gratitude had taken every form and office of affection: "*I have no son.*" The tender epithet by which he had designated his favorite grandchild was repeated. "I have no little darling." Among the group of friends who surrounded his bed, there was one who spoke of the Redeemer of man. The aged man suddenly raised himself upon his pillow. His eye kindled, as when from the pulpit, in the vigor of his days, he had addressed an audience whom he loved. "*I remember that Savior. Yes—I do remember the Lord Jesus Christ.*" '

We come then again to the simplicity of the ordinance—as a memorial of Christ. We do not fence it round with creeds or mysteries; we do not desire to throw around it any repulsive sanctity; we do not wish to make attendance upon it a distinctive badge of any peculiar merit; but believing that it is useful in fixing the mind so that deep and hallowed feelings are awakened, we plead for its observance. It has proved, and it may prove, to be an additional motive to be virtuous, to cultivate the holy and blessed spirit of our divine religion; and O surely we are not strong enough—we are not spiritual enough—we are not heavenly minded enough—to put away

any available means to advance us in christian excellence.

'Some,' it has been truly said, 'are in as much bondage to the dread of forms, as others have been in bondage to the admiration of them. They are as superstitious in the rejection, as others have been in the observance of them.' Let us seek to be free from the power of both extremes, and look with calmness and thoughtfulness on the ordinance as a memorial of Christ and adapted to our present intellectual organization, as creatures of association.

And in order to profit by attendance upon the rite, we should remember that we are not to regard the rite as a mere act of homage—we are not to rest satisfied with a mechanical observance, but look upon it as a mean to obtain good. We must be careful to prepare our mind and feelings for a proper attendance, so that we may come with lively sympathy and sensibility. We must seek when attending the ordinance, to concentrate our thoughts and feelings, with fixedness of purpose, to realize the true nature of the occasion. We should be careful to carry with us from the house of Communion and preserve the sacred impressions made on our hearts while we communed together, and cause them to influence for good our character. Thus we shall partake worthily or properly, and Jesus will be present with us; lasting good will result to us, and, through our example, to others.

We do need to feel more our religion, that our example may be more that of the practical Universalist, which is but another name for the practical Christian. We have feelings whose strength we have not yet known, and we need to have a deeper interest in the things of the spirit awakened. We need oftener to visit Calvary—to enter the garden of the Sepulchre—with the disciples to meet the risen Lord. We give too much thought and affection to the outward world—to the world that changeth and passeth away, and too little to the imperishable things of the spirit and heaven. We need more of Christ within—the Christ of consciousness, that he may be with us every where and always, sanctifying every relation and duty of life, and causing us to joy in his joy. It is at the Communion where and when we can gain aid, strength, and encouragement, that are essential to christian progress; there the many purposes of Christ's death will be recalled—each of them powerful to affect the heart; by the application of the spiritual lessons there given, new sympathy with his self-sacrifice will be awakened, and the full purpose of the soul will be a willingness to meet and bear any and all trials that test the strength of our love to Christ. B.

Providence, R. I.

For the Repository.

Installation Hymns.

The following Hymns were sung at the Installation of the Editor as Pastor of the First Universalist Society in Providence, R. I., March 17th.

O Thou, enthroned in Light and Love,
The sceptre of thy grace extend!
While here we lift our hearts above,
And as adoring spirits bend.

By solemn thought and fervent prayer,
We consecrate this union-day;
Do Thou our earnest hearts prepare,
To seek the Life, the Truth, the Way.

The Life by which the spirit lives
To God and Christ, and Man and Heaven;
The Truth which brightest visions gives,
As by her hand dark veils are riven;

The Way of virtue, bright and free,
Illumined by the smiles of God!
Where walk glad spirits, owned of Thee,
With willing steps, as Jesus trod.

Lord! we are thine! O bless this hour!
Thy servants and thy people guide;
May we confess thy glorious power,
And with thy holy Son abide.

Again the choral song
We raise, great God, to Thee!
In union with the throng
Of spirits pure and free,
Who chant the glories of thy name,
And wide thy endless love proclaim.

We bless Thee that our hearts
Have known the joyous sound,—
The peace thy truth imparts,
The hope in Jesus found;
O may we e'er thy grace confess,
And live, as Jesus lived, to bless.

Now may we feel that Thou
Wilt smile on him, who here
Renews his solemn vow
To win souls to thy fear;
To comfort hearts oppressed with grief,
And give to anguished minds relief.

O may he bow and drink
Where'er truth's waters run;
From duty never shrink,
Till life's last work is done;
Then may he lay his armor by,
And in faith's triumphs hopeful die. B.

Better is it for true liberty and virtue, that mankind speak freely and act openly; hypocrisy is thereby shunned, and vice checked.

Written for the Repository.

Mrs. Julia H. Scott. Obituary.

Anxiously cherished hopes are broken and scattered, and the melancholy task is ours to announce the departure of Mrs. Scott—one whose amiability endeared her to all who were privileged with her acquaintance and friendship, and whose writings were rich in elevating and refining thought and in the unction that interests the heart and bids the feelings flow. We cannot but weep as the conviction is forced upon us—that we shall no more receive treasures from the abundant wealth of her mind and spiritual affections, and that she has written her last for the eyes of mortals. But the thought is not entirely of a depressing nature, as new assurances of immortality rush in upon the soul while we dwell on the departure of so much excellence, and think of its new and better home. The attractions of heaven are indeed increasing every day, and the eye of the spirit more fondly than ever looks up and on, stretching its vision and rejoicing in its power to bear more light.

Mrs. Scott, previous to the last sleep, was made to know much of sorrow from sickness and bereavement, and the deep sadness of her spirit found utterance at times in the most melting and subduing song. But her faith in God was always firm, and her hope fervent and satisfying; and we cannot but muse on the consolations and enrapturing visions that must have visited such a gifted mind in the hours of self-communion, brought to her by a faith glorious as the perfections of God. She doubtless felt while comforting thoughts of the Redeemer poured their balm into her heart, as did the dying Hemans—'they are the sweetness of my couch.' As we think of her acute sensibilities, her vivid and luxuriant imagination, and her fondness for meditation, we bless God that hers was the faith that satisfies the deep, strong and wide spreading sympathies of a soul desiring good for the race. Her departure was a peaceful one, as we learn from a letter from the bereaved husband to Br. Price of the 'Union;' and it affords us satisfaction to present the following Obituary from a paper published in Towanda,—the place of Mrs. Scott's late residence.

'*Died, in this Borough, on Saturday evening, March 5th,* Mrs. Julia H., *wife of* David L. Scott, M. D., *in the 33d year of her age.*

The death of a lady so estimable as was Mrs. Scott, has caused a deep lamentation among her relatives and numerous friends. We wish it was in our power to delineate the virtues of one so excellent in those qualities of mind and heart, which made her truly useful in the world. We shall attempt no eulogy of this kind, as we could add nothing to her faithful eulogy, found in the recollections of her friends.

Mrs. Scott was possessed of a strong discriminating and imaginative mind. In early life she manifested an inclination to avoid that incredulity which reasons out of reason, and that credulity which reasons not at all. She sought an intellectual life, and perhaps was never more truly in her element, when unscathed by disease, than in storing her mind with useful knowledge, and in giving form and creation to it, by the power of her poetic genius.

The fruit of her intellectual labor, was often given to the world. Her poetry was acquiring unusual celebrity, for one so little practised, and so remote from intercourse with the literary world, when her progress was arrested by domestic afflictions, and finally by the insidious disease which terminated her life. Her eminence would have been, that of one of the best female writers of the country.

At the period of her first affliction, her trouble was the burden of her song, which breathed the rapture of a heavenly faith. Who can doubt that she has awoke to immortal life, a minstrel of the spirit world, chanting the triumphs of redeeming love, with that cherub that made her first a mother.

In all the departments of life, she studied to fill the measure of her duty. She devoted much time to the subject of religion. In her faith she was firm and consistent; sometimes enthusiastic; which could not be otherwise in one of such generous sympathies. Her illness was very protracted, and often very distressing. She suffered with patience, lingered in hope, and died with full confidence in Him who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice.'

We hope that her very dear and sympathising friend and sister—Miss Edgarton, will be induced to make a collection or selection of Mrs. Scott's writings, not only as a memento of her talents and piety, but also because of their intrinsic beauty and value. One of the richest volumes ever sent forth from our press might be prepared from what she has left, and who can perform the task of editing so appropriately as the one named?

May the Gospel which so enriched and blessed the departed, yield needed consolations unto the bereaved partner, and sanctify the memories of the past. B.

Written for the Repository.

'Pictorial Illustrations.' No. 2.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'Well, cousin Mary, shall we have any more pictures to add to our collection? I think we cannot do anything better than employ our time just now in *sketching*. How smiling and still is the afternoon! how delicious and dreamy! if you do not paint, I shall certainly go to sleep. Do you see that soft white cloud away there in the South? I wish I had it for a pillow, and one of those farther up in the sky, that are fringed with the sunbeams, would make an elegant covering for this couch of green velvet; and with such a bed, pillow, and drapery, what a nice nap I might have: but what book is that which seems to claim your undivided attention?'

'It is Mrs. Adams' letters. I was looking at her portrait here, and thinking whether I could see her character in her face. How odd the hair is dressed; but I suppose that was the height of fashion in those days; the days of the Revolution; "the days that tried men's souls." Perhaps if I had not read the letters, her face would not show me her strong mind and firm affections. You give all praise to her devoted and unchanging love for her husband, which is so often and so beautifully expressed; but I admire most her piety and patriotism. Any woman will love her husband if she has a spark of tenderness in her soul; but you could not kindle up in the heart of every female, such a patriotic fire as burned in the breast of Mrs. Adams. But what were you saying about making bed-quilts, and pillow-cases, of the clouds, with the green grass beneath them to repose on? Why, my dear, you would freeze to death with such a sleeping apparatus, it sets me a shivering only to think of it; but I am not *very* much surprised that a young lady who is "getting ready" to be married should indulge in such a fanciful idea, and seek to unite the *utile* with the *dulce*—or the useful with the agreeable, to speak in plain English, for I abominate using any other language than my mother tongue—when furnishing articles necessary for comfortable housekeeping. Speaking about household furniture brings to my mind a suggestion that Fanny—not you, I mean our other Fanny—made last winter. Said I, "we keep two fires in our great room at home, one in the stove and one on the hearth." "What do you have two for?" asked Fanny. "O, that in the stove is to warm the room, and that on the hearth is to look at, for our folks want a fire that they can *see*." "Why then," said she, "you must get a skilful artist to paint a good rousing fire on a fire-board, and I should think that would do as well to *look at*." "O," said I, laughing, "that is a *bright* idea, surely, and you might call the device when completed a pictorial illustration."'

I shall be obliged to give up 'portrait-painting,' it don't agree with me; or to speak more properly, I have no genius for that branch of art. I have seen some pictures which so far outdo my humble efforts, as to cause me to throw away the pencil, and hide my diminished head in the shade. There are two, especially, which have haunted my memory ever since I looked upon them; they are so perfect, so life-like; their production was a triumph of art, and nothing but life itself could excel them. One would almost be led to think that the artist, like Prometheus, had stolen fire from heaven to breathe into his pictures; or, as the Indians thought when they saw the portraits of Catlin, that the life in the copy was taken from the original, and that in consequence their days would be shortened if they submitted themselves to the hands of the painter.

What a sweet spot this is upon the sunny hillside! See those old moss grown stones above us! How many centuries, think you, have they lain there undisturbed? Look down now on the little village of R., is not that a picture? There are broad mountains in the back-ground, wooded to the very top, and at their base is a sparkling river singing and winding on its way. A white church is in the centre, standing on a gentle elevation, and there too is the grave-yard with its melancholy memorials of mortality. My heart swells as I gaze on that sacred spot; though its tenants were all to me unheeded; for my thoughts are with one who sleeps beneath the turf of another burial ground which is far away. The winding roads and the scattered dwellings; some white and pretty, others brown and ill looking; fill up the landscape, which is similar, in nearly all its features, to many others which you see in reality and on the canvass. Here are fairies, or some other light-footed gentry, coming up from

the brook! Ah 'Lib'! is that you racing at such a rate? and 'Chubb' too, hurrying after? Who said you might have on your 'Sunday-go-to-meetin' frock, and that pretty white ruffled apron? and where are you going this Saturday afternoon, my beauties? oh, going a visiting, are you? well that's right; fetch me home some beech nuts, if you find any on the way, and I will draw a picture for you. Lib, you are a bright child, stop a moment and let me look at you! high forehead, black eyes, long lashes, pouting lips, and auburn hair—yes, it is decidedly auburn, and if any body is so odiously vulgar as to call it red, tell them if it is red it is admi*red*. Chubb, you poppet! I wonder how your mother can bear to have you go away out of her sight; I should think she would be afraid somebody would steal you, such a sweet, modest looking little creature; if you was my child, I believe I should keep you tied tight to my apron-string. And now let me see you tripping it over the ground, my darlings. Ah Lib, you are like that queer Davy man, you always 'go a-head.' See the white apron and auburn curls flying in advance! I wonder if those two children will love each other as well when they grow up to womanhood!

'Yes, Mary, I think they will. There was a time when you and I frolicked away the hours as they do now, and our love has lasted through years of separation, through sorrow and through joy, and time only strengthens the affection which we gave to each other in our early years. No coldness, distrust, or any evil feeling, has ever come between us, and while we live our love must be still the same.'

'You speak the truth dearest, and I think there is more real friendship in the world than some would fain have us believe. Friends *may* prove false; but I have never been deceived by any that I loved; and when, after the storm of sorrow, my soul goes forth, like the dove from the ark, in search of sympathy; it finds sunshine and rest, and joyfully returns bearing fresh tokens of promise and hope. But we are growing sentimental when we ought to be filling our portfolio.'

I am thinking what exquisite enjoyment it must be for a *real* artist, one whose whole soul is in his profession, to go off on a sketching tour in summer weather, over our own delightful country. To wander at will, with an eye and heart that take in every beauty, over mountains and through valleys; across green forest dells, along the margin of winding rivers, and by the shore of silver lakes; sitting for hours upon the hill-side watching the gentle motion of the fleecy clouds, and listening with tranced soul to all the harmonies of nature. How much such light and silvery clouds as those above us add to the variety of a living landscape, or the charm and beauty of a picture. We seldom, if ever, find a picture with cloudless skies, and I have seen it somewhere humorously remarked, that though the painter may find it difficult to '*raise the wind*,' he has studied his art to but little purpose if he cannot raise clouds at pleasure. Do you remember our second visit to Ben Ann? You have no names for the mountains about here, and I shall take the liberty to christen them. There were clouds which would do a painter's heart good to see that day. How they rolled up and darkened above our heads! How they changed from black to purple, to crimson and to gold! How they spread themselves over the sky turning out their fiery lining and trailing their gorgeous fringe along the celestial canopy; and how they grew brighter, and brighter, ere they passed away, till we could almost fancy that a band of angel visitants in their etherial robes were traversing the blue fields above.

What a nice little female party we were to go a cloud-gazing, ten of us, without a single 'Squire of Dames.' Did the young men of the village open their eyes with wonder, when they saw us set out thus unattended? and did we do it to bother them? 'oh no, I guess not, not by any means!' I cannot but laugh when I think of our 'order of march.' M., went forward as captain, and what need had she of mate or lieutenant? she was a 'whole team' by herself. Did she not sit her horse gracefully? and canter back and forth in fine style to see that order and decorum were preserved throughout the ranks? Two or three more, came next, managing their ponys handsomely, and the rest of us followed after in wagons with donkeys that wouldn't go; and Fan, I think your office as *driver*, that day, could not be called a sinecure. How the people stared in that farm-house at the foot of the mountain! I guess they thought a 'protracted meeting' had come, when they saw us all alight and fasten our horses to the fence. How the wind roared in the trees as we footed our way up the long ascent; and how a sudden shower overtook us to the detriment of shawls and bonnets; but we were well repaid for our toil, and moil,

by a scene which some of us had viewed under a different aspect; by the fragment of a rainbow which rested in beauty and promise on a distant height; and by the dazzling clouds that displayed their splendor above us. That changing scene is all before me now, but it was one which the painter's art might vainly seek to imitate. I remember we had good appetites for our supper that night, and how we made the circle around the tea table laugh at the relation of our adventures.

But come cousin, let us go home now, for we have idled away the whole afternoon, and where are our 'pictures.'

Hartford, Ct.

Hideousness of Sin.

Poets have not always aimed to set forth sin in its true hideousness—in its plague spotted robes; but by the lights of imagination, they have thrown around it, too often, a false and treacherous beauty, like the sparkle of the wine-cup, or the purple wreath round the golden sceptre of the poisonous night-shade. And thus they have been false to their divine art, and dealt treacherously with an angel of God. Yet there have been those, who have studied the world of imagery to delineate the loveliness of virtue, and the hideousness of sin. One of these was the good and pious Herbert, whose poetry, like the chiming of bells, is full of silver music, and wakes none but hallowing associations in the echo-chambers of the soul. The remembrance of sin, with him, always exalts the grace of God; and that grace ever exhorts to deeper gratitude and stronger efforts to advance in the divine life. His poetry is exceedingly rich in ideas, and is peculiarly pleasing from the continual turning of familiar things to point a sacred moral. I will not cite quotations at present, but only copy one poem.

SIN.

'Oh, that I could a sin once see!
We paint the devil foul; yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of virtue and of being.

But God of us more care hath had,
If *apparitions* make us *sad*,
By *sight of sin* we should grow *mad*.
Yet, as in sleep we see foul death, and live;
So devils are our sins in *perspective*.'

It were well for us all if we gazed on these *apparitions* till sadness worked 'a godly sorrow.' They are the shades of evil deeds and thoughts, and they will follow and sadden us so long as we think and do evil. Beauty is the shadow of virtue, and the sight always gladdens. B.

Our Book and Memoranda Table.

To Agents, &c. It is a matter of the first importance that all accounts should be settled as far as possible immediately, and we ask of our Agents to make returns without delay. Letters have been received from several individuals who were considered delinquents, stating that they have paid our Agents, and supposed that our Books bore witness of the same; to such we offer as an apology for troubling them with *a reminder*, the fact that no returns have been made in reference to them, and it may be in some cases that the Agent is desirous of closing the accounts of all subcribers in his region ere he sends in. We hope, however, that all our Agents will immediately send as good returns as they may be able to, that we may balance as many accounts as possible at the close of the volume.

Names Stricken Off. Those delinquents who take no notice whatever of our letters to them, may be assured that their names will be stricken from the list of subscribers at the close of this volume. We must resort to this method of ridding ourselves of many who receive our work as if it were a pension due them—like the man who said he received a certain paper because he was a *patron* of it, but never thought of *paying* for it! Such patrons we do not desire, and we shall soon know who they are, and strike them from our list of names.

'Pro and Con of Universalism.' By George Rogers. Mr. Tompkins has issued a very neat edition of this excellent and popular work. It is a discussion of the arguments proposed for and against Universalism, conducted in a somewhat novel manner, highly interesting, and full of sound sense, scriptural knowledge, with apt and forcible illustrations. It is not a continuous essay, neither is it a series of chapters, but a very pleasing variety of modes of presenting the subject and argument has been adopted that gives it unusual interest and engrosses attention to the matter unfolded. We need not repeat what we have said in a previous number, but ask our readers to refer to the work and examine it for themselves. It will be found to be a good work for Sabbath School teachers, and Society Libraries; and we hope it will have a wide circulation; 382 pages, duodecimo size, price $1, neatly and strongly bound.

☞Those who hold prospectuses with subscribers names, will please make immediate returns.

The Ancient History of Universalism: From the time of the Apostles, to its condemnation in the Fifth General Council, A. D., 553. With an Appendix, tracing the doctrine down to the era of the Reformation. By Hosea Ballou 2d. This very valuable work has long been out of print, and no copies were to be had 'for love or money.' We are glad that this want no longer exists, as a *very* neat edition has been issued by Br. Z. Baker, Providence, R. I. He has done himself credit by the style in which the new edition has been sent forth, and we have no doubt of the speedy sale of the whole. The work is one of the most interesting of histories, while for purity and perspicuity of style, it is worthy of becoming a model to those who would write with elegance and simplicity. There is not an individual, we will venture to say, who owns and has read the work, who will be willing to part with it, if his heart is interested in the progress of the great Hope, and his mind has any sympathy with historical records. Those of 'the household of faith' who have not perused it, have a rich treat in store, and we strongly commend it to them as a work of rare interest and worth. All our Society, Teachers', and Sabbath School Libraries, should each secure one or more copies immediately, as it will not only be valuable as a history, but will be found to be of great value in showing the variety of forms in which the Great Idea has been develop-

ed, and how variously the human mind has travelled to the hill of most glorious prospect.

The edition issued by Br. Baker is printed on good paper, with clear and good type, and handsome impression. It is strongly and neatly bound in sheep; and can be had at this office. Price $1.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS. If errors frequently occur where an Editor has direct supervision of the press, and can give verbal directions to the corrector, it cannot be expected that our work should be perfect, situated as we always have been and are, at a distance from the place of publication. All our corrections, &c. must necessarily be done by writing, and delays sometimes occur, which require haste in making up the forms, so that errors are overlooked that otherwise might be corrected. We prepare all copy with care, and read the proof with attention,—though generally this task comes upon us after the weariness of the day and evening create a distaste for any such labor,—and yet errors occur. Let them be candidly passed over, for we believe that, notwithstanding the difficulties under which we labor, our work is more free from blunders of this kind than the generality of publications.

We regret several errors which have occurred in the articles by Mrs. Broughton, but the fact is, that her ideas are so brilliant, that we are dazzled at times, and mistakes of a word are easily passed over. In the first line of the noble poem on the *Sea*, in the January No., '*surrounding*' is printed for '*ever-sounding*,' which certainly makes the emphasis and measure smoother, and therefore let it be corrected. In the October No. is an article entitled '*Night Musings*,' in the eleventh line of which the word '*alas*' should be '*afar*.' Mrs. B. speaks of another mistake, but in what article we know not, where 'bowed rose' occurs for 'loved rose,' wishing the restoration of an invalid to 'truth' instead of 'health.' We promise her more strict care in the future, for we are not willing that she should charge to her hand-writing what belongs to us to bear. Her penmanship is plain enough.

☞OUR PROSPECTUS. We send out a Prospectus for the new volume—commencing July 1st.—and we hope our friends will not be indifferent to our actual and serious wants. Let a trial be made to see what can be done. Speak of the work in the social circle and at the Teachers' meeting, and cheer us by returns of good and true names. The new volume will be a great improvement upon its predecessors, and centre in itself more of the true qualities of a permanently useful magazine. It is not, and will not be a work specially devoted to any particular section of the country, but will be designed to promote the general interests of the cause of Truth everywhere. It will be found, we trust, to be an acceptable family magazine wherever it shall be received, and will exert a healthy influence upon minds that commune with it. With the increase of paying subscribers will be an increase of means to improve the work, and we shall promptly do all we are encouraged to do. Let us not be discouraged. ☞*Read the Prospectus.*

LETTERS ON REVIVALS. The new work by Br. O. A. Skinner, has met with a good reception from the public, and quite an extensive circulation has already been given to it. We hope the edition will be completely exhausted, and that wherever it goes, it will fall into the hands of readers and thinkers, aiding in forming rational and scriptural judgments concerning revivals, distinguishing between clerical trickery and calm and serious effort to develope aright the religious sentiment, with a proper respect for the office of reason. Br. Skinner's work is written in a good style, plain and pungent; and one of the best critics in our denomination writes us, that he thinks Br. S. has done honor to himself and justice to his subject in this work. A. Tompkins is the publisher; price 50 cts. per copy.

DETACH THE PROSPECTUS. As a matter of convenience, the Prospectus is pasted to this No. Let it be detached and faithfully used. We hope to receive many copies again well adorned with good and true names, as a testimonial of the real interest many of our friends take in the circulation and usefulness of our work.

OFFERS OF BOOKS. We ask attention to the offers of Books enumerated in the Prospectus. A large list is presented, embracing the best works issued from the denominational press, and by a little exertion many of our friends can very cheaply possess some valuable books.

NEW WORK IN PRESS. A. Tompkins has in press and will soon publish a volume of Sermons by Br. O. A. Skinner. The Sermons are on doctrinal subjects, and the work will comprise a series which the author has just finished, and which have been quite popular.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. A writer in the 'Trumpet' comments in an offensive manner on our style of noticing the favors of correspondents, which notices are no more subjects of general criticism than private letters are, as they are intended only for the individuals to whom they are severally directed, and frequently contain allusions which cannot be understood by any others. A notice is cited by the writer which is *meaningless* without *a previous one* to which it alluded, and in which a passage of scripture was introduced. We should not have noticed the matter at all, were it not that we are accused of preparing and 'lavishly' pouring out 'a dose' of 'mawkish sentimentality' and 'soft-sayings' for one whom it is supposed we do not know to be 'a woman of sterling sense.' We trust that it will need more than one critic to induce Mrs. Case to believe that we were ever guilty of offering 'soft-sayings' to any woman, and especially to one whom we so highly and sincerely esteem as L. J. B. C. We take not to ourselves one single commendation of the writer, for to us the praise is but the 'sweetening' of the '*ipecac-uanna*.'

Foster in his Essay on the application of the epithet *Romantic*, treats in the opening of the great convenience of having a number of words that will answer the purposes of ridicule or reprobation without having any precise meaning, and we are often reminded of this when we hear members of a certain class talking about '*sentimentality*.' This is a very convenient word to those whose element is a frigid indifference to all warmth of feeling, or a cold intellectuality; but these cynical critics must be content with simply criticising, as they will never be able to prune the exuberance of sentiment in hearts full of feeling, or clothe nature in a Quaker suit. This has no reference to the critic alluded to above.

We regret that we did not receive in season for this No. the continuation of the very acceptable series of sketches of life and character by *Charlotte*. 'Grace Esdale' shall appear in our next. We may here remark, that it was the intention of the writer of the series alluded to, to style them 'Lights and Shades of Woman's Life,' which would have conveyed to the reader one idea of their author in penning them. We solicit a continuance.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of two articles from Mrs. Broughton, which we shall give in our next. She will answer our urgent request, we hope, for a favor for the opening No. of the new volume.

We have in reserve several poems by Julia 'The Offering' in our next.

Ione's very acceptable favors in our next.

List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending March 31, 1842.

N. W., Zanesville, $2; M. A. M., Philadelphia, (settles to June 1842.) $5; J. J. T., Natick, $5; L. W., Brownsville, $2; J. B., Bartonsville, $2

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

Vol. 10. For May 1842. No. 12.

Written for the Repository.

The Worth of Sympathy.

What more does man need to prompt to deeds of charity and compassion, and all the gentle offices of domestic and social life, than full sympathy with the spirit of the Savior's words: 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' We shall be indeed kind and considerate if in our hearts is the same tender forbearance, gentle patience, and excusing kindness, that in the breast of Jesus had full sway when he uttered those words. Such a sympathy is alone needed; and a gushing, living fountain does not more naturally throw out its sparkling and beautiful waters, than does such a man of charity distribute of his plenty for the benefit of the needy; and as that fountain seems glad and musical as its streams flow out to bathe the perishing flowers and plants, and scatter its moisture to give cheerfulness to the spots where blight has been, so does that man manifest a delight that he has the power to bless the sorrowing and desolate; and they who receive the ministrations of his charity know how well he has received the apostolic exhortation: 'Let him that giveth, do it with simplicity; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness. Let love be without dissimulation.'

If then, such a true and needful spirit is embodied in the words of our Lord to which we have alluded, it cannot but promise good to attempt to unfold and apply the fact and its teachings.

The reader doubtless readily recalls the associations of those expressions by the Master. The solemn shades of night were around him, and in his soul was the consciousness of what the morrow would bring. He took with him some favored disciples to the depths of the sacred Mount, as the sorrow of his spirit caused him to feel the need of hearts of sympathy near him. But they had not yet learned to know him; they saw not into the coming day, and knew not why he should need more than ordinarily the companionship of the wakeful eye and ready lip for converse. He told them of his sorrow—of his anguish of spirit—and bade them watch with him, be ready to cheer, while he withdrew a little distance to pray. He prayed, and the grief of his burdened soul was eased by utterance. He returned to his chosen ones—and they were asleep. Even the enthusiastic and fervid Peter had yielded to weariness and was slumbering, unconscious of the sorrows that were oppressing the heart of him he professed to love. 'What! could ye not watch with me one hour?' said the Son of Man to him. 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.'

Again he withdrew—prayed—and returned, and they were asleep again. He uttered nothing, but again sought the spot sanctified by prayer, and when he had again prayed, he came back to the sleeping disciples and said: 'Sleep on now and take your rest.' He had been strengthened for the perils and terrors approaching, and he knew they would need all the rest and strength they could gain that night to fit them for the anxiety and cares of the morrow; and remembering human nature, how the comfort of the physical should be regarded while the spiritual was reverenced, his compassion and forbearance found utterance in the exclamation: 'Sleep on now, and take your rest.'

What divine considerateness, tenderness, and charity, are here exhibited! His spirit almost crushed by the weight of impending horror and agony—his heart bleeding over the cruelty of those he came to bless—and his delicate sensitiveness demanding the sympathy of true affection, he comes to his chosen ones—those who

seemed ever most anxious to be honored by him and whom he had selected for the tender office of sympathy and bade watch with him—and finds them asleep! negligent of duty—unconscious of their relation to him. But he did not rebuke them harshly, nor spurn them from him. He found an apology for their neglect, and blessed them with the counsel of wisdom;—'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Counsel that should ever linger by us—that should be a part of our consciousness—and into the spirit of which our whole being should be baptized. It tells us to watch and pray that we enter not into the temptations that often throng around us, to keep us from the full and free exercise of sympathetic feeling, to make us forget the sorrows of others, and be unmindful of the wants of the needy near us, and to excuse ourselves in our narrow love for man by ungenerous judgments and views of others. How great—how successful, are these temptations over many! else why are their hands so slow to open, and why is there so little in them when opened? why are they so ready to tell of the vices of the poor—of the want of prudence and foresight, and the guilt thereof—of the impostures so often practised, and the uncertainty of doing real good? Ay, and why do they show so little evidence of having deeply thought of what would be the judgment of Him who looketh from the throne of heaven down into the lowest depths and the fartherest retreat of guilt in our being, if he were to judge them by the rules by which they judge others?

Selfishness is the most subtile enemy of the spirit. It assumes a thousand forms, and sometimes can so adroitly deck itself, that it is mistaken for generosity, and its victim flatters himself with the visit of the hypocrite as quite an honor. You see selfishness almost every day stalking along in this borrowed garb, as the usurer tells how he helped the perplexed out of difficulty, but says nothing of the per cent rate of his benevolence; as the ambitious politician boasts of his love of the public good, and says nothing of his conscious unfitness for the office he covets; as the trader, with piteous looks, describes how he was touched with pity by the sight of a sad case of poverty and want, and gave the mother some work to do he did not at the time want, and adds nothing about the mean and despicable low price she must do it for, nor how the present work must be done now for a future want; and we often see this benevolent selfishness as men decline proffering the least aid to a struggling family lest they should not feel enough the necessity of self-exertion; or in depriving a family of former assistance soon as the least appearance of the father's recovery is seen, lest he be encouraged in idleness. O we do need to watch and pray that we enter not into temptation—that we be not seduced to contract our sympathies, to send the warm blood back cold and icy, and avert our face from suffering lest we feel too much. Let christianity enlighten and control reason, and we cannot feel too much—we need not fear to bless with charity the needy, nor to be free and generous; and we shall feel that it is better to give to ten unworthy and reckless objects of charity, than that by too rigid carefulness we be deprived of the benediction of one true heart, who has a soul to appreciate a gift, and a mind to use it rightly.

As we consider the Savior's apology for his disciples and his charge to them, let us heed the lessons of our subject:—

1. Watch and pray to be guarded from the outer influences that would oppose the exercise of true and free sympathy. Had the disciples but possessed more of true and deep-felt sympathy, they would doubtless have longer resisted the charm of sleep, and watched with their Master. It is the power of sympathy that makes the tender mother forget that the human constitution requires sleep, as she moves around the sick and suffering child. To her there is no night, save that of death, and her devotion to the sick one would seem to say that she has power by her love to keep the shadows of that night away. It is the might of sympathy that nerves the arm and fills the whole frame with unwonted strength, in the time of outward calamity, and leads to the risk of self for the safety of others. Sympathy will change toil to pleasure, night to day, and give joy even to grief. It is the heart of all true zeal for human good, and sends through the whole spiritual man the life blood of goodness. It is the soul of all true greatness, and keeps ambition from those heights where man must live alone. The shadowy glory of those stations is dearly bought by the sacrifice of human sympathy, whereby the soul forgets that God fashioneth all hearts alike, and is kept from being moved to generous and noble impulses to benefit mankind. Ay, there have been monarchs who would have

given their crowns to have thrown themselves into the arms of their humblest subject, could they be assured that in the breast of such beat for them a true heart of warm sympathy. To outlive sympathy, is to outlive life's best good. It is to shut the eye by which the sweetest poetry of humanity is read, to close the ear to the most delicious harmonies, and still the heart to the most joyous pulsations. In health we need it; in sickness we must have it; and if in death it is not ours toward angels and heaven, how dark will be the tomb! how sad our departure! and oh, how unlike him whose chief gladness during mortal existence hath been—the assurance of the life of eternal and purest sympathy with Christ and God!

Should we not then watch and pray, lest we be betrayed by the temptations to selfishness, which will lessen our active sympathies and make us unmindful of the happiness of others! Indeed we should, so long as we are preserved social beings, and the law of love is the law of God and our whole nature. And these temptations are many—they easily beset us, and come around us in a thousand forms. When the wounding jest is upon our lips, we are tempted to sacrifice sympathy to wit, and how frequent is this temptation! Watch and pray against it! for it is a tempter that has wounded many a gentle spirit, and oft in social life crushed the joy of many a sensitive heart. Does affection's voice plead with us to forego some hurtful indulgence, and do we pause in indecision? Then are we tempted to sacrifice love to appetite, and turn away from the voice of God in human sympathy. And why is it that so many are betrayed while abroad, who when in their homes with their loves, are bowed with remorse because of slighted and wounded affection? Simply because *they do not carry with them into the world the awakened sympathies of home.* The noise and din of the world, drowns the gentle whisperings of love; the praying Savior in the distance is forgotten; they forget to watch, they cease to pray, and ere they are aware the disciple of goodness sleeps! Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation—lest the Lord of glory in you be betrayed while ye slumber, and when ye awake, it be but to confusion and remorse.

O indeed, life's chief happiness flows from the right exercise of the gentle charities, from lively sensibility, from patient nurturing of home piety, and watching and praying against all that shuts the avenues of the heart to the entrance of the angels of christian sympathy. And while we are faithful to this lesson, do not let us ask too much of sympathy, lest our own become selfish, and we become misanthropic in our feelings. Sweet as it is to receive, yet greater blessedness rests upon the giving, for from this came the joy of Jesus. And from this comes the joy of the angels, with whom there is rejoicing over the sight of the penitent, and who wait in patient trust the time when they shall sing the anthem of universal purity and bliss. O the sympathy of heaven for man! how little known, and how much less is it felt! Without it, what were we? With it, what may we not hope? It pleads with us; it moves our hearts as we listen to the song of praise, the earnest breathings of prayer, and the warm utterance of gospel truth. It comes to us when silent admiration chains our attention to the beautiful and grand in nature, in the floating clouds, the verdant earth, the towering rock and mountain, the ever free, magnificent and glorious sea. It visits us when we look upon the stars, and feel the silent loveliness of night; when we gaze on infant innocence, the pure sports of childhood, and on the calmness and sanctity of death. Every thought that bears us back to the past by love of the pureness of early days, or forward to the realms of immortal life and blessedness, is a visitation of the sympathy of Heaven. Every aspiration after christian excellence, every longing for progress, every sigh for unshadowed love, every desire for the end of sin, every wish for the reconciliation of a lapsed world to the Author of being, is a whispering of the sympathy of God. It is the divine within, holding communion with the Unsearchable; the voice of the spirit speaking out its wants; and we are wise only as we obey the holy teachings thereof.

We were made for God and Heaven. The elements of our immortal life are wrapt up in our present being. We may follow Christ and have his blessedness here, ere the voice of God's power in the resurrection shall call us forth to the fruition of our hopes. *Watch and pray!* is our Leader's command. Watch against the triumph of the earthly and sensual; pray for strength equal to our day; and when sleep comes, may the Savior be near in his compassion; and when we awake, may it be to see, not the Lord betrayed into wicked hands, but glorified as our Redeemer, and imparting unto us that

perfect sympathy for man by which he will draw all to himself. God, the great Spirit, is willing; he cannot be tempted; the interests of humanity are secure in the Love that never slumbers or sleeps. Let us be thankful—thankful in spirit and action through life; and through sympathy with the divine and perfect, 'the spirit of glory and of God' shall rest upon us. Even so, Father, let it be. B.

Providence, R. I.

Written for the Repository.

An Elegy.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

To the memory of one who left us in all the pride of youth and loveliness, only to rest in a stranger's grave.

A STAR of loveliest light has left our sky,
An orb whose radiant path we loved to trace;
Its kindling lustre faded from the eye,
Ere the meridian of its shining race.

And art thou gone? thou of the noble brow,
Where smil'd the impress of immortal thought!
Has envious death forever veil'd the glow
Of thy rich glance, with kindliest feeling fraught?

O many a weary head and aching heart
Sigh for the shadow of death's folding wings;
They would not shrink from his uplifted dart,
Or grieve to bid farewell to earthly things.

But thou so loved and good, so fondly shrined
In many a noble bosom's deep recess;
So many clustering virtues round thee twined,
So brightly beamed thy spirit's loveliness;—

How could we deem, when thou hadst sought the bloom
Of fragrant bowers beneath a milder sky,
Thy form so soon should rest within the tomb,
Thy spirit seek the fairer realms on high.

But Hope her taper lights amid the gloom
That shrouds our spirits in the mourning hour;
Her radiance gilds the valley of the tomb,
Revealing light beyond the clouds that lower.

And Faith, the eagle-pinioned seraph, wings
Her flight triumphant o'er the gloomy grave,
She plants her banner by the eternal springs
O'er which the flowers of bliss perennial wave.

There mid the ranks of flaming Seraphim,
Who tune their lyres beside the crystal streams;
Life's vale o'erpast, thou'st join'd the angel's hymn,
And bath'd thy soul in glory's living beams.

Farewell, farewell, thy memory is a light
Relieving many a tint on life's dark scroll,
While musing on thy path so purely bright,
We half forget the coffin and the pall.

Green be the verdure o'er thine early grave,
Gentle the gales that sigh above thy head,
Brightly the blossoms of the spring-time wave,
And cast their dewy incense on thy bed.

Malone, N. Y.

STUDY understandingly, and think deeply.

Written for the Repository.

Grace Esdale.

'Oh, never despair! for our hopes oftentimes,
Spring as swiftly as flowers in the tropical climes,
Where the spot that was barren and herbless at night,
Is waving with bloom, in the morn's rosy light.'

LOVER.

AFTER all the heterogeneous compounds, which pass current under the astounding titles of life-invigorators and health-restorers, there is nothing which will cure so many fancied diseases as that simple recipe—Cheerfulness! '*Laugh and grow fat*' is a vulgar old adage, but there is nevertheless much of truth and philosophy in it. How many a miserable hypochondriac, who dies daily an imaginary death, might walk forth into the sunshine a happy and useful man, could he be pursuaded to adopt this sovereign remedy of activity and cheerfulness. It is of no use to find fault with, or grumble at the world; 'tis a good world, for God made it, and the evil is always equally balanced with the good; 'There's beauty all around our paths,'—mercy has an abiding place in every dwelling, and a cheerful and contented spirit will make a paradise of the most desert spot.

I have, in my mind's eye, at this moment, a picture of one, whose daily life is a beautiful illustration of this principle; I would you could see her, but as you cannot, I must content myself with giving you a simple and very imperfect sketch. 'She is certainly the happiest woman in the world!' I exclaimed to a friend, as we left the pleasant dwelling of Miss Grace Esdale, or, as she was familiarly called in the village, *Aunt Gracey*. She belonged to that despised and abused, but truly useful sisterhood—*old maids*; which constitutes a considerable, and valuable portion of our little community. The villagers have long since placed Miss Grace on the shady side of forty, but I am always rather sceptical on that point, as who would *not* be that ever saw her. Her figure retains all its roundness and activity, her step its lightness and elasticity; her cheek, though pale, is scarcely furrowed; her large blue eyes beam with benevolence and good humor, and there are but few silver threads mingling with the dark brown tresses, parted with such nice precision on her forehead, and put carefully back under the simple muslin cap, of snowy whiteness and exact plaiting. Her dress is always neat and plain, consisting usually of a black bombazine gown and a white neckkerchief, fastened over the bosom with a small

brooch containing the blended hair of her parents, the only ornament she ever wears. Such is Miss Esdale, and her dwelling is no less picturesque than its mistress. It is a low, old fashioned tenement; the roof projects in front, and forms a sort of porch upheld by rustic pillars, which as well as the roof are completely over-run with honey-suckle; in front of the house is a little garden tastefully laid out, and disposed in fanciful shapes, such as stars, diamonds and true-lover's knots, surrounded with the ever verdant box. Beneath the shade of a large old elm-tree is a garden chair, where in the warm summer days, Aunt Gracey sits with her book or work, while at her feet a little brook ripples gently by. The inside of the house is in perfect keeping with the outside. The deep, old-fashioned window seats are filled with pots of flowers, both native and exotic—the little vases on the mantel piece are filled with boquets; her birds sing merrily in their cages, her gold and silver fishes sparkle brightly in their globes, and books and pictures, and above all, the pleasant face and cheerful conversation of Miss Esdale, make that little room seem an earthly Eden.

It was on leaving Daisybank after a call, which her fascinations had lengthened into an unconscionable visit, that I made the enthusiastic exclamation regarding her happiness. My companion smiled at my warmth, but made no reply, and for some time we walked on in silence. At length, as if still pursuing a train of thought she replied—'Yes, Grace Esdale *is* a happy woman; and yet she has met with many of what the world calls crosses and disappointments, and which would have made the romantic young ladies of the present day "*perfectly miserable;*" nay, my dear,' she continued, as she met my deprecating looks, 'I am not speaking of that true romance which is inherent in every pure and noble heart, but of that lackadaisical, sentimental nonsense, which is dignified with the name of romance, and tender sensibility. Sorrow, disappointment, and death have often entered Grace Esdale's dwelling, wringing with bitter anguish every fibre of her heart, but they have never chilled it, or laid it waste; for it yet glows with kindly sympathies and warm, generous affections. Time, which brings changes to all, has passed lightly over her; and she has changed gradually from the frolicsome child, to the sprightly girl, and now at the mature age of five-and-forty, for notwithstanding your doubts, Grace Esdale has really reached her ninth lustre, she is a cheerful and happy woman. But when I begin to speak of her, time flies swiftly, and here we are at home; but after tea, if you wish, I will relate to you some of the leading events of her life.'

When the evening meal was concluded, I claimed the performance of my friend's promise, and having settled ourselves comfortably in the broad window-seat, she commenced her narrative. 'Grace Esdale was by many years the youngest of a large family of sons and daughters, the children of a wealthy and eminent merchant, in a large and populous city. As is usually the case with the youngest of a large family circle, Grace was the idol and plaything of the whole; and it was a matter of no small wonder to every one, how or when she became mistress of so many accomplishments, and acquired such a stock of varied information. One by one her sisters married and left the paternal mansion — her brothers engaged in their different professions and pursuits, and at the age of fifteen, Grace alone remained at home to cheer and bless the declining years of her parents, the sunshine of their dwelling and the joy and pride of their hearts. A bonnie creature was she then, as you who are so enthusiastic in your admiration of her now in the autumn of her life, will readily believe. Beauty, in the common acceptation of that word, she did not possess; for her features were cast in no precise mould, and her complexion, though perfectly clear and soft, was pale, and approached far nearer the brunette than the blonde; but then she had a profusion of rich brown hair, which was always neatly and gracefully arranged; full scarlet lips, whose every smile revealed a thousand dimples, large, glorious blue eyes, and *such* a laugh—oh, I never heard aught like it! It was not the hoydenish mirth of a school-girl, nor the affected simper of a fashionable belle, but a soft, low, delicious laugh, which fell on the ear like a chime of silver bells, or sweet music heard in the stilly night. Such was Grace Esdale, when at seventeen she made her *debut* in the fashionable circles of her native city. Admirers soon thronged to her shrine, some attracted by her youthful loveliness, some by the graceful simplicity and *naivete* of her manners, and others by the knowledge that she was the sole unmarried daughter of a rich *millionaire*, who, it was well known, had splendidly portioned his elder children; while a small annuity, the bequest of a god-mother whose name

she bore, was magnified into a considerable fortune. Had Grace been born the daughter of a farmer or mechanic, she would probably have passed through the aristocratic circles as a pretty girl, and nothing more; but as Miss Esdale, with the magic word *heiress* appended thereto, she was instantly enthroned Queen of Fashion, a beauty and a belle. She was followed and flattered; her eyes were likened to the hue of heaven, her smile to its sunshine, her lips were rubies, and her teeth pearls, her portrait graced the exhibitions, while numberless '*Sonnets to Grace*,' perpetrated by some sentimental lovers, made their appearance in the periodicals. The only wonder was, that poor Grace's head was not turned; but for a whole year she remained proof against all attacks upon her heart, to the great surprise of the fashionable gossips; and even Grace herself, at length began to think it rather strange that among so goodly a set of beaux, none had as yet captivated her fancy.

'The next season the fashionable current set towards Saratoga, and thither went Grace with her attendant satellites. It was during her stay at the Springs, that another was added to her list of admirers, who bade fair to eclipse his predecessors, and bear off the prize. This competitor was no other than Maurice Fletcher, Esq. a handsome, dashing, and high spirited southerner. Soon after her arrival, he procured an introduction to Miss Esdale, and was thenceforward her most devoted servant; her attendant in every ride or drive that was projected, her companion in the promenade, her partner in the dance. Many a fair belle to whom his attentions had been paid, now found herself thrown in the background, and Miss Esdale's numerous admirers were obliged to give way to this new and all-conquering aspirant. Grace was completely fascinated; it was in vain that the loud tongue of rumor proclaimed the graceful, elegant Fletcher an unprincipled *roué*, who had come northward to patch up a ruined fortune with the gold of some heiress, who could be persuaded to barter her wealth for a handsome, worthless husband. Grace was deaf to all but the impassioned eloquence of her lover; blind to all but his devotion—and when after an acquaintance of *four weeks*, he made her a tender of his heart and hand, she who had refused the most eligible matches in her native city, accepted it with a single reservation—her parents' consent! Fletcher accompanied her on her return home, and though he failed to please or dazzle the sober minds and imaginations of Mr. and Mrs. Esdale, they could not withstand the earnest pleadings of their child, and with many misgivings they consented. They could not long entertain feelings of dislike towards him, for Grace's happiness was infectious; but they *did* stipulate that six months should elapse ere the engagement was fulfilled, that each might have ample opportunity to study the character and disposition of the other. Fletcher's game, however, was too deeply played, to allow any opportunity of exposing its artifices, and the wedding day was at length appointed. Feeling now secure of his prize, and grown weary of the long restraint which had been imposed upon him, he resolved to join a party of young men, who were going on a roystering expedition, and under the pretence of returning home to prepare a residence for his bride, he departed. Three weeks was to be the term of his absence, two had already expired, and Grace was joyously looking forward to his return, when the family received a shock, which for a time completely paralysed them. Mr. Esdale had been persuaded by a friend, to embark his whole fortune in a large and dangerous speculation; it had failed—and the rich millionaire of one week, was the penniless bankrupt of the next! Nursed in the lap of luxury and affluence, and scarcely knowing the value of money, it was no wonder that at first Grace could not comprehend the extent of their misfortune; and when she did, her thoughts instantly reverted to Maurice Fletcher, and the probable effect which this change of fortune would produce upon him. It was possible that he might not have heard of it, and she finally concluded to write him a full account of what had occurred, and request him to hasten his return. The letter was accordingly despatched, breathing all the fervent tenderness and graceful dignity of a trustful and loving woman. Oh how anxiously Grace watched for his coming! for that he *would* come, she had not the smallest doubt. Never did woman confide more fondly in man's truth and affection, than she did in that of Maurice Fletcher. "He will return," said Grace, "and prove to those who would have made me distrust his motives, that it was myself and not my fortune he sought;" and during the tedious days that must intervene ere he could possibly answer her summons, she beguiled the time with forming plans of future happiness. "I almost rejoice," she would say, as she sat be-

tween her parents, with a hand of each clasped in her own, "in our loss of fortune, for I might have felt less reluctance at leaving you, had you remained in affluence; but now, while we live, nothing shall part us; our home may be humble, but we shall not care, so we are all together, and I am sure Maurice will coincide in all our plans."

'The day to which Grace had so hopefully looked forward, arrived and passed, yet Maurice Fletcher came not; but she comforted herself with the idea that he might not have received her letter in season, or that something might have occurred to delay his journey, and she was sure he would come to-morrow. The morning meal was scarcely concluded the ensuing day, when the postman's rap was heard, and a letter was placed in Miss Esdale's hand. She was at first a little disappointed, but she instantly checked the expression, and smiled as she said, she had no doubt the letter would satisfactorily account for his tardiness. She broke it open, and read as follows:—"My dear Miss Esdale,—Your letter conveyed to me the first intelligence of your misfortune. I was extremely shocked, and join with the rest of your friends in condoling with you. Among the many unpleasant consequences that must ensue from it, the most painful is the necessity of breaking our engagement. The small remnant of my own fortune will barely afford me a subsistence, and it would be little better than downright madness for a poor bankrupt devil like myself, to hamper himself with a dowerless wife. You will of course see the propriety of this measure, and I am sure you are far too generous to take advantage of aught I may have said under different circumstances. I have no doubt your views of the subject will entirely coincide with my own;—I shall wait impatiently for your answer, and with many wishes for your happiness, I am your devoted, humble servant,

MAURICE FLETCHER."

'Poor Grace! she sat with her eyes riveted to the letter, while tenderness, indignation, and scorn, were tugging at her heart-strings; till, looking up, she met the anxious gaze of her parents, and placing the letter silently before them, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. Mr. and Mrs. Esdale were highly incensed at the heartless insolence of Fletcher's conduct, but they restrained the expression for the sake of their child. His letters and some trifling tokens which he had given her, were collected and forwarded to him, with a few lines demanding a similar restoration on his part. It was effected, and thenceforward the name of Maurice Fletcher was never heard in their dwelling. Mr. Esdale's business was at length settled, and after a just liquidation of all his debts, not a vestige of their princely fortune was left to the family. Some of the largest creditors came forward and offered to relinquish a portion of their claims, but Grace would not hear of it. The fortune left by her godmother, though small, would furnish them in a cheap part of the country with the comforts of life, and that was all they could ask. Grace immediately commenced her search for a habitation suited to her means; Daisybank was then on sale, and charmed with its rustic beauty she became its purchaser, and having fitted it up with her own exquisite taste, thither she removed with her parents. A happy day was it for us all when she became a denizen of our little village; for while the graceful suavity of her manners rendered her society a delightful acquisition to the wealthier and more refined portion, her winning smile, active kindness and unassuming benevolence made her a welcome visitor in the cottages of the poor and at the bedside of the sick and dying. In the new round of duties in which she was now constantly engaged, Grace soon regained her natural cheerfulness and gaiety of manner, and every day her gratitude became stronger to that Providence, which in depriving her of fortune, had opened her eyes to the worthlessness of the one to whom she was about to unite herself by the most indissoluble tie. It was impossible for so pure a heart as Grace Esdale's to retain a sentiment of esteem or affection for one who had proved himself so unworthy, and from the moment when his base desertion broke the spell which his fascinations had cast around her, that wild dream had been gradually but surely fading from her heart. Before she had been six months an inmate of Daisybank, the villagers had with one voice crowned her *Queen of Hearts*, and prouder and happier was she in her sovereignty, than when she reigned undisputed *Queen of Fashion* in the halls of the gay and wealthy.

'About two years before the Esdales became proprietors of Daisybank, two great and important events had taken place in the village. The venerable old parson had gone down to the grave amid the tears and blessings of the flock to whom he had been a faithful shepherd, and a young servant of God was appointed in his place to

break the bread of life to his people. On each succeeding sabbath for forty years, had the departed proclaimed to us the glad tidings of salvation, and offered our united petitions to the throne of Grace. He had been with us alike in joy and sorrow; his lips had pronounced the solemn benediction when our youths and maidens were joined in happy marriage, and when our children were consecrated to God in holy baptism; he had stood by the death-bed of those we loved, and strengthened the fainting spirit with holy promises, and bade the dim and glazed eye pierce through the shadows of the valley of death, and gaze undazzled on the shining gates of the celestial city,—and he had been with us at the open grave, when the dust was consigned to its kindred earth; and when the clods rattled on the coffin which contained the beloved form, with that dull, hollow sound, which sends such a pang to the heart of the mourner, he pointed us to the blest land of re-union, to the promised Canaan, "where tears shall be wiped from all faces, and death shall be swallowed up in victory." Such had been the venerable man's ministry among us, and every member of the long, weeping procession which followed his remains to their last home, felt as if they had lost a near and dear relative.

'Our pastor on his death bed, had expressed a wish, that Henry Sinclair a young clergyman whom he had met at a religious convention, and admired alike for his fervid eloquence, and unassuming piety, should succeed him; and accordingly by a unanimous vote of the society, he was requested to officiate for three months on trial. The second sabbath after our bereavement, was to be the first of his ministry, and when the church bell sent forth its summons, groups of the villagers might be seen wending their way to the fane, engaged in deep and earnest discourse, concerning the old and new minister; and when the simple chant was concluded, and the pastor rose to prayer, the tear dimmed eyes of the congregation could scarcely discern that he was tall, slender and graceful, or that his countenance was pale, serious, and thoughtful beyond his years. His prayer was short and simple, but it reached the hearts and expressed the wishes of his hearers; and when his clear, rich voice again broke the silence and pronounced the text, every pulse of his auditors seemed hushed. At the close of his first day's ministry, many a friendly hand was extended to greet him, and many a kindly voice bade the young laborer in Christ's vineyard, welcome, and long ere his three months had expired, *our minister* was the theme of every tongue and the pride of every heart in the village.

'Soon after Henry Sinclair's arrival, it had been discovered by the ladies that he was a bachelor, and they immediately set to work to supply this deficiency. Their exertions however proved unsuccessful—either the gentleman was too particular, or no lady could be found sufficiently faultless, for at the expiration of two years, our minister was still in a state of single blessedness. At this juncture Grace Esdale arrived at Daisybank, and by the time she was fairly settled there, at a meeting of the "Ladies Sewing Circle," she was unanimously voted "worthy to be *our minister's wife!*" We had good reason to believe that *his* views coincided with ours, for at the close of service, on the first Sunday of the Esdales' appearance at church, he joined them on their way home, and when they parted at the cottage gate, responded with heartfelt pleasure to the cordial invitation to join their domestic circle whenever his numerous engagements would permit. His visits to Daisybank soon became long and frequent, and ere many months had passed, to the great delight of the whole village, Henry Sinclair was the accepted lover of Grace Esdale. To this engagement her parents gave their full and free consent; there were no doubts, no misgivings, for they felt that to his care they could joyfully entrust the happiness of their darling child.

'Weeks and months flew by—Grace's wedding day was *again* appointed, and was near at hand, when that fearful scourge, the scarlet fever, made its appearance in the village, and among the first whom it attacked, was Henry Sinclair. The best medical advice was procured, and Grace, who at the first alarm had hastened to his side, was his constant and vigilant nurse; but the physician's skill, the devoted love of woman, the tears and prayers of his parishioners were unavailing, and after four days of intense suffering, on that which should have been his bridal eve, with humble hope and exalting faith, he resigned his spirit to Him who gave it. There was no loud sound of wailing or lamentation in that chamber of death, though to the few who had entered its precincts, and witnessed the triumphant exit of the young servant of God, Henry Sinclair had been dear even as a brother;

but they had stifled their own grief in pity to the agonised young creature who knelt with bowed head and clasped hands beside the corpse, a widow ere yet a bride! And when the low, sweet voice of Grace first broke the death-like stillness, murmuring 'It is the Lord's will, let him do what seemeth to him good'—every heart dictated the fervent response, Amen;—and then one after another they left the room, that the last offices might be performed for the dead.

'Simple and unostentatious as had been his life, so was the funeral of the young village pastor. Of the little train which followed his remains to the grave, Grace Esdale made not one; she passed that day and night on her knees, in the solitude of her chamber, wrestling with her spirit, and pouring forth earnest supplications to God. When she joined her parents the ensuing morning, every shade of grief and sadness was banished from her face, for the beams of the Sun of Righteousness had brightened and gladdened her spirit; and thenceforward though she rarely displayed her former joyous gaiety, her manner was characterised by a serenity and cheerfulness which no after cares or sorrows have ever had power to disturb. Link after link has been severed from her domestic chain, and one after another added to the *attractions of Heaven*, but her affections instead of contracting as her circle diminishes, have widely expanded, and her love and sympathies are extended to all around her, and her presence is everywhere hailed with delight, for she carries the sunshine of her smiles into every dwelling.

'Not long since I met Miss Esdale at the house of a mutual friend, and the conversation turned upon the capabilities possessed by different minds, of sustaining misfortunes. "I have often wondered, Grace," said Mrs. ——, "at the cheerfulness you display; there is not in the whole circle of my acquaintance, one who is so uniformly lively and delightful as yourself, and I am sure there is none who has had so large a share of afflictions." "Nay, call them not so, my dear friend," replied Grace, "I have learnt to regard them as *blessings in disguise;* for I know that 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' and that 'all things will work together for good.' I can trace the hand of a wise and gracious Providence in every event of my life; the loss of wealth, which seemed so great a misfortune, saved me from the worst ill that could betide me, by revealing to me the unworthiness of him, to whose faults my mad passion blinded me. At first his heartless desertion stunned and shocked me, and I felt hopeless and forsaken; but that feeling soon wore off, and I became cheerful and happy as before. But the greatest cross of my life was yet to come. You know well the history of my acquaintance and subsequent engagement with Henry Sinclair, but none save God and my own heart knew the extent of my wild idolatry—my every wish and thought were centred in him—to see him, to be near him, to know that he was mine, and mine only,—this was the height of my earthly ambition. I entered the sanctuary and listened, O how intently, to every word that fell from the preacher's lips, but alas! my thoughts dwelt more on the voice I loved, than on the holy truths he uttered; I joined in his fervent petitions, and breathed forth the song of praise, but it was lip-service to the Creator, for to the creature was given the homage of my heart. But He saw my folly, my madness, and my danger, and His arm was outstretched to save me; in a moment, as it were, the object of my sinful worship was snatched from me, and I sank from the climax of happiness to the abyss of sorrow and despair! In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he sent his Holy Spirit, the Comforter, and filled my soul with that 'peace which passeth understanding.' Since then, relatives and friends have, one by one, dropped from my side, and left me lonely, but not *alone* while one human heart throbs in sympathy with my own."

'I have given you but a feeble outline of the misfortunes, resignation, cheerfulness, and christian virtues of Grace Esdale; to appreciate them fully, you must see and know her, for

> "*None* know her but to love her,
> None name her but to praise;"

and then you will join with me in saying, "she is indeed a happy woman," for true happiness consists less in being blest ourselves, than in the power of making others so.'

My sketch is ended; and if it have the smallest tendency to cure *one* romance-loving young reader of that morbid sensitiveness to fictitious woes, which blunts the feelings and sympathies to the unadorned but no less acute sufferings of real life—if it teaches that cheerfulness, contentment, and submission to God's will, is the only true *Philosopher's Stone*, the sure key to temporal felicity, its humble mission will be accomplished.

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

Written for the Repository.

A Dream.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

'Twas the sultry noon of a summer's day.
Oppressed—on a mossy bank I lay,
Beneath the cool luxuriant shade
A willow's bending branches made.
The flocks were resting on the hills,
The shepherds by the sleepy rills.
No note of bird—or hum of bee,
Disturbed the deep tranquility;
All nature owned the dreamy power,
The holy mystery of that hour.
The trees were thrilling with the sound
Of some etherial lay around,
As if each leaf were a festal string
Struck by the sunbeam's glittering.
Lulled by the strains that o'er me swept,
My eye-lids faltered—and I slept.

Methought I stood on a lonely strand,
With frowning cliffs on every hand.
Before me rolled a glorious sea,
In grand and solemn majesty.
'Twas yet all calm—such calm as dwells
Upon the tyrant's treacherous brow,
While waves of mad'ning passion swell
Within his vengeful breast; and now,
The threat'ning storm-clouds gathered fast,
The startled birds flew screaming past—
Hoarse thunders rolled along the sky,
Waking the caverned depths' reply.
The wild winds roared—fierce lightnings flashed;
Madly the frantic billows dashed
High up the cliffs, with such wild force
As sent them ebbing to their source,
Like foaming chargers, when they feel
The check and spur of rider's heel.
Appalled—I sunk upon the sands,
And raised to Heaven my trembling hands.

While thus I gazed—on a tow'ring rock,
That seem'd the billow's force to mock,
So firmly was it planted there—
I saw a frail old man appear.
Ill seemed his worn and wasted form
Fitted to struggle with the storm;
His hollow cheeks and silver hairs
Proclaimed the strife of many years.
Unmoved he stood—his lofty brow,
Wore an unearthly calmness now:
Awe-struck—I bowed my passive head,
E'en as before the uprisen dead.
He spoke; high o'er the deaf'ning strife
With which that fearful hour was rife,
His voice fell on my startled ear
In trumpet-tones—yet silvery clear:
'Powerless thy conflicts all, O earth!
To dim that star of heavenly birth,
Whose light divine now gilds my head
Like that which to the Savior led!
I'm old! I'm like a sapless oak,
Whose branches one by one have broke
Beneath the weight and strife of years,
'Till no green spot its loneness cheers;
Yet tempest's might—nor whirlwind's shock,
Shall hurl me from this steadfast rock:
No force of earth—nor air—nor sea,
Can shake my faith—O God! in thee!'

He ceased; I felt my spirit rise—
Upward I turned my wondering eyes—
The scene was changed; a funeral train
Swept past me o'er a sunset plain.
A mother mourned; death's shadowy king,
Had snap'd the golden household-ring;
Her face a deathly paleness wore,
That told of conflicts met—but o'er.
The sunshine of a lofty faith
Triumphant o'er the gloom of death,
Beamed from her eyes—now raised above
With all a mother's earnest love.
'Father!' she cried—'I trust thee still!
Though bitter pangs my bosom fill,
To lose the last—the *only* one,—
"*Thy* will, not mine—O God! be done!"'

Again the scene was changed; I stood
Beneath the shadow of a wood,
Amid whose dim and leafy gloom
Arose a monumental stone.
A fair-haired boy with cherub grace
Lay, wreathing garlands at its base.
Sweet child—I cried—why linger here
In this lone spot! dost thou not fear?
'What should I fear?' he smiling said,
'This is my father's grave—he's dead;
And oft his blessed voice I hear,
Saying, "Rejoice! for I am near!"
Though I'm a child—I feel—I *know*
By this simple flower-cup's glow,
Which was once a feeble grain,
In yon bright Heaven he lives again.'
Oh what, I cried, can be this faith
That triumphs o'er insatiate death?
Such earnest gladness breathes on thee,
And robs the grave of victory!
A voice replied from glen and grove,
'God's! God's illimitable love!'

Written for the Repository.

Shall we know each other in Heaven?

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

How MUCH has been written and said upon this one question. How many learned divines have expatiated upon the subject, and whiled away the long hours in endeavoring to prove their respective theories; some contending that friend should recognize friend in the glorious spirit-clime, and rejoice in the blest re-union; others, that the ties of affection are sundered at death, and that our knowledge of, or love for each other, will be unregarded or unremembered; nay that our very identity will be lost, and our present existence utterly forgotten. To me, this last idea seems neither more nor less than total annihilation. For if we lose all remembrance of what we are, or ever have been; if the friends whom we now entwine with our life-cords, shall fade from our recollection, and the pall of unconsciousness shroud our awakened spirits, what is the resurrection to us? We shall be but a new creation of intelligences, remembering nothing of this bright world, its joys and sorrows, its loves and strong affections.

But gentle reader, put the question to your own heart. What saith its yearnings? Shall the strong affections, the lofty aspiring impulses of

thy spirit never have a more extended sphere than this shadowy existence? Has the Author of our being given us sympathies that are stronger than the love of life—fond affections, that clasp their twining tendrils around the cherished idols of home, and relinquish not their hold when long, long years have shed their dews upon the grassy mounds that cover their repose; and shall those sympathies and loves be forever lost when the cold hand of death stills the throbbing pulse, congeals the purple current of life in its fountain, and casts the spell of unbroken quiet over the warm heart's quivering cords? When we stand by the silent dead, and gaze upon the marble features from which has faded every expression of life save the last fond smile of tenderness, that still lingers as the signet of the spirit's bliss; when we look upon the half-closed, rayless orbs, where ever beamed love's hallowed radiance, does not the spirit whisper in low, but thrilling tones that we shall meet again? That we shall again hold sweet communion in a clime where doubt and darkness never shade the spirit-vision; where pain, and sorrow, and bitter partings can no more wring the anguished soul, but kindred spirits unite in the glad anthems of bliss, that shall constitute the language of earth's redeemed ones. Brother, hast thou shed the warm incense of love on the grave of thy childhood's playmate, the brother or sister whose heart ever responded to thy call, who listened with thee to the music of the silvery chiming rill, whose babblings seemed the accompaniment of thy juvenile glee; and roamed with thee over hill and dale, to gather the sweet-scented wild-flower, or made the greenwood vocal with merry warblings? Hast thou seen love's radiant lustre fade from the soul-beaming eye, and the brow where gleamed the signet of immortal thought wreathed with the chilling coronal of death, and has not thy spirit assured thee that the separation was but for a time? Trust to the language of thy heart, for its characters were graven with the ever-during pencil of Truth; and though they are but faint and shadowy now, rest assured their prophecy shall be fulfilled in the dawn of the eternal morning. Mother, hast thou seen thy young buds fade as beneath an untimely frost, hast thou strewed the spring flowers over the small graves that hide thy heart's priceless treasures? Can the wand of scepticism darken the images on memory's mystic tablet, by obstructing the sweet glimmerings which faith and hope would shed upon the sacred scroll? Wo, wo to that mother's heart, the yearnings of whose deathless love are crushed by the cheerless hand of infidelity, and its warm aspirations thrown back in curdling torrents upon the seared and breaking heart. There is but one hope that can bring peace to the mourner in the dark hour of bereavement, and that hope has cast its anchor beyond the veil. The storms of time may toss the frail vessel, but cannot undo its fastenings. Let Faith remain at the helm, and Love forever trim the storm-beaten sails, and we can safely outride the wrecking tempests of life's uncertain sea.

When the parent or brother, companion or child, are called from our embrace by that stern messenger who never calls in vain, what can soothe or support us in the trying hour, but the thought of a blissful and perfect re-union in realms of light and knowledge, where the dark pall of mystery which gathered around our earthly path, shall be withdrawn; and we shall read aright the painful dispensations of providence, and learn to bless the Father of our spirits for the chastisements by which he led us to look upward, and put our whole trust in him.

It is in accordance with the popular theology of the day to represent the death of a person as a sort of judgment upon the living. What idea can be more absurd, or more bitter? Shall the orphan maiden, as she bends in uncontrollable agony above the clay-cold features that her infant eyes first greeted with delight, be told that the terrible pangs of disease that have tortured that revered form for months or years, have been inflicted as a judgment upon her for her juvenile wickedness? When the young heart first awakes to the fearful consciousness that she is bereft of the shield of a mother's love to guide and protect her in the intricacies and dangers of life's thorny way; when she is bowed almost to the grave by her constant care, her prolonged midnight vigils, and the overpowering agony that rends the heart as affection's grasp is sundered, and the cherished one is straitened, and robed in the habiliments of the tomb; shall she be told that this is a dispensation of divine vengeance? That sickness and pain are the penalty for the transgression of some law of nature, no one will pretend to deny. But that disease and death are inflicted upon one person for the punishment of another's sins, is contrary to every principle of justice which man is taught to revere. And can Infinite Mercy act in accordance with principles

that would be wholly unjust if acted upon by the frail creature man? In other words, shall we dare accuse the all-wise Jehovah of doing that, which would stamp the brow of an earthly judge with cruelty and infamy?

Malone, N. Y.

Written for the Repository.

Resurrection of the Wicked.

THE excitement of the day and evening deprived me of the power to compose myself to rest after I had retired to my chamber. Being wakeful, I took up a book near me—it proved to be 'Barnes' Notes on the Gospels.' I opened it, hoping some thought there expressed would give me a new theme for reflection, in pondering which I might calm my nerves and woo sleep. I opened, and these words first attracted my attention: 'Those who have done evil shall be raised up *to be condemned*, or *damned*. This shall be the *object* of raising them up; *this the sole design*. It is elsewhere said that they then shall be condemned to everlasting punishment.'

I re-read the words, and my soul spontaneously exclaimed—Almighty and Most Merciful God! what a thought is that! Can it be that any rational mind does sincerely believe that the Deity will exercise his omnipotence in the resurrection to raise up millions for the sole purpose of tormenting them? This is said by this new school Presbyterian to be the *object* of raising them up; and lest there might be any doubt of the emphasis of his language, he adds more strongly that such will be the *sole design* of raising the wicked. Is it not plain that endless misery would be perfectly useless, for the wicked are not to be raised as an example to any other of the retributions of Justice, for the sole object or design of bringing them into the eternal state is that they may suffer!

What a character is here ascribed to God! How awfully are his excellences profaned! Millions are slumbering in the unconsciousness of death, and he, it is said, will speak the word that shall call them into life that knows no end. Why does he speak that omnific word? Why does he break those chains of slumber? He speaks with the sole design to make those millions unutterably and eternally miserable! How different is such a blasphemous idea from the apostle Paul's description of God's power in the resurrection. He declares it to be—'*the glory of the Father.*' When the *sole* design of an exercise of power is to produce unmitigated evil, can it be said to have any of the attributes of parental glory?

But we need not continue remarks, as the awfulness of the partialist doctrine is set forth in sufficient prominency by the assertion of Mr. Barnes. Thanks be to God that we can ascribe 'the glory due unto his name,' by attributing to him a merciful design in every exercise of power, in this and all other worlds, and towards each and all of his creatures. Sin is abhorrent to him, and he will, in his own time, blot it from the universe. He will call no being into existence without a benevolent purpose towards him, and all shall find cause to be thankful for an endless perpetuity of existence. All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord; all the kindreds of the people shall come and worship before him, and shall glorify his name. As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. B.

Written for the Repository.

To a Friend.

I KNOW thou art not beautiful, nor art thou fortune's child,
Yet beameth ever from thine eye a spirit undefiled!
I know that genius never shed its radiance on thy brow,
Yet wert thou ever truthful, good, and kind as thou art now.

I know thy form was never cast in fashion's graceful mould,
Nor do I wish in fashion's throng thy presence to behold;
So long as nature's nobleness has marked thee for her own,
I would not give thy soul-lit smile to share a monarch's throne!

I know thou hast not eloquence to sway a mighty throng,
Nor canst thou pour in warbling notes the thrilling tide of song;
Yet while thy voice of tenderness hath music for my soul,
'Tis dearer than a nation's wealth which queenly hands control!

Give me thy calm and fervent love which shuns a vain display,
The only homage which a heart as true as thine can pay!
Thy strength to arm my feebleness amid the storms of life,
Thy smile to shed its heavenly ray upon the waves of strife;—

Give these, and life hath little more of value to bestow,
And by thy side through rugged paths, undaunted I will go!
And friendship thus begun on earth, shall, in the spirit land,
Receive the sanction of our God from his all gracious hand!

IONE.

Boston, Mass.

HYPOCRISY is a weed that, when suffered to grow in a community of wheat, soon causes the kernels to become blighted, from which is exhaled a poison that infects the whole body, and leave the disease ever progressive.

For the Repository.

Duty of promoting Christianity by the circulation of Books.

We cannot but yield to an inclination to present to our readers some extracts from a discourse on the subject denoted by the heading of this article, by Rev. Henry Ware, jr., so just are the positions taken and so well are they sustained. The author pleads for the press as a great auxiliary to the pulpit in advancing the truths of christianity, and he would awaken zeal as a requirement of Duty—not as a mere dictate of policy or expediency. He treats of the *duty* of promoting christianity by the circulation of books, and let this be kept in view as his eloquent plea is attended to. We would that all our patrons and readers might feel the force of his ideas, and be more animated in this department of religious activity. B.

'If our religion be a religion of records and books,—taught and spread by reading as well as by hearing,—then it must be the duty of its friends, to labor for its promotion by the one method as well as the other; and while they associate themselves to support the gospel as it is preached, they should do so none the less to diffuse it as it is printed. To this position I ask your attention. I claim for it the protection of the wise man in the text: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand;"—if you would secure a great object, employ every season, avail yourself of every method; labor for the harvest of everlasting life in season and out of season; morning and evening; by the pulpit and by the press; "for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that;" they are coadjutors,—both efficient, both powerful; and in any given emergency you cannot tell which may prove best; one may succeed when the other fails, one may reach where the other cannot go;—or though both alike be good, nothing is lost by the united effort; your chances of success and your strength to achieve it, are doubled.'

'The position I have here stated is grounded on the obligation lying on christians to do the utmost in their power for the cause of religion. This obligation I do not now argue. I take it for granted. It is not devotedly acted upon in practical life;—would to God that it was! but it is universally recognized. *Christians are bound to do all which lies in their power for the support and spread of their religion.* The question then is, how? by what methods? The original and authoritative method was by preaching. To that work Christ commissioned his Apostles, and they ordained teachers in every city, and the church was thereby organized, and it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save those that believed. Books at that age were rare and costly; few were able to read and still fewer to buy them. Preaching, "publicly and from house to house," was the great appointed method of making known the faith;—faith came by hearing; and how could they hear without a preacher? And thus the instituted ministry of Christ was the one universal religious educator.

'Thus arose the Great Institution of Christendom. To render it an *efficient* institution, was the great care of christendom. In order to this its whole territory was speedily divided into parishes; every village and hamlet was made an association for the support of religion; every family and individual was connected with some organized society of christian worshipers; and through the channels thus cut into every region of the land, the waters of life were conveyed with their fertilizing power, till they irrigated every spot and shed greenness and beauty around every man's dwelling. What an illustrious provision for the moral well being of mankind! Still it exists, venerable and permanent. Multitudes of more pretending and ostentatious institutions have been shaken down in the convulsions of the ages, but this humble ministry survives, and in the vigor of perpetual youth, still pours out the blessing of the Lord upon the human race. Let it live and reign—beneficent—life-giving! Never let New England,—alas, that any signs of the times should make the prayer an anxious one!—never let New England forget that this has been the fountain of her honor, and must be the rock of her trust. If this stand, New England stands; if this fall, New England falls; and if New England fall, who shall provide salt for the corrupting Republic?

'But since the day when this great institution was first organized, in the infancy of christianity and the poverty of letters, a great change has come over the face of society. Books are no longer the costly and infrequent possession they were. Then, the few only could own or peruse them; now, it is only the few that cannot both read and possess. When God reformed his church, he summoned into existence the press; and the

question, "By what method shall we diffuse Christianity?" is no longer to receive one answer, —"by sending abroad its preachers;" it requires another,—"by sending abroad its books." Once, christians did the utmost for their faith when they provided for its preaching; now they have done their utmost, only when they have made as thorough and systematic use of the press as they do of the pulpit.

'Is this an unreasonable proposition? Here is that work of ineffable grandeur and worth to be done by christians,—in which the growth and welfare of the human race is bound up,—*the diffusion and influence of the Christian Religion.* Is there any possible means of effecting this, which they are at liberty to omit? If there be any powerful engine in existence adapted to this end, have they a right to refuse it? If Providence has put in their hands any instrument of efficiency, no matter what, whereby the beneficent plans of Christ can be forwarded, have they a choice whether they may despise them? May they rest always satisfied with the one method of the ancients, if another of equal efficiency is at hand to be added to it? And therefore, when this wonderful engine the press, at so significant a crisis in the history of christianity, offers itself to her service; formed to echo with a thousand repetitions, every voice that is uttered in the pulpit, and capable of sending the truth into a thousand places which the uttered voice never reaches;—it cannot be a question whether they should employ it; they are not at liberty to doubt whether they must do so to the utmost; and how can they employ it to the utmost, excepting by universal concert and an instituted system? It seems to fall short of the occasion to say, that this would be desirable, advisable, useful, perhaps expedient; are we not warranted in choosing a sterner term, and insisting on the *obligation?* Why not divide all christendom into societies for distributing the printed gospel, as it is already so divided for the support of the preached gospel? Why not every individual bind himself to do something for the diffusion of books and pamphlets, just as he does for the regular maintenance of public worship? To the pulpit give thine aid, and from the press withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that, or whether both alike shall be good.

'If it be said, "the one is a divine institution, set up from the beginning, and therefore possessing a peculiar obligation"—this may be allowed to be an independent and peculiar reason for sustaining it. But so far as *the duty to unite for the support of the gospel* arises from the *worth* of the gospel, so far the obligation is the same in both cases. Because of its worth, every instrument must be pressed into its service, and the utmost possible done in its behalf,—the utmost with every instrument; if with the pulpit, so also with the press. Is the press a weaker instrument? then the more urgently must it be plied, in order that its utmost may be worth something. Is it a more powerful instrument? then, in God's name, drive it all the harder; for the more it can be made to do, the better for God's glory. If religion triumphs and men are saved, it will not be jealously inquired at the last day by which of the two instruments it was effected.

'Which of the two is, in fact, the more powerful, or whether both be alike good, is a question impossible now to be discussed; and which happily is not at all necessary to determine. The opinion which has been sometimes expressed, that the spread of education and the multiplication of books will by and by cause the pulpit to sink to an inferior place,—that everybody will be so much more easily taught and improved by private reading, as that none will need the public instruction or exhortation of God's house;—this notion is certainly an idle one. Writing, make the best of it, is but a poor substitute for speech. Speech is the natural and perfect mode of communication, bestowed on man by the Creator. Writing is a mechanical and artificial instrument of human contrivance. Who will believe, that the human machine shall ever supersede the divine gift? The one is born with us, is part of ourselves, is interwoven with all the early faculties, functions, associations, affections of our being; the other is an acquisition of later life, won by pains and toil. To no man does the written book become what the living speaker is. By long habit and retired study, an abstracted scholar here and there may approach such an unnatural state, and a book be to him a man;—but never can it be so with the majority of men. The form, the eye, the hand, the voice, the action of a living, breathing, thinking, excited fellow-being,—who touches nerve and fibre with his bare soul, as it were,—have and must have, an attraction and authority with men, which paper and printing ink never can attain. Yonder volume is accounted dull, and few can be induced to turn over its pages;—but when White-

field uttered its contents in the churches and on the hill-sides of Old England and New England, the two continents were shaken, and thousands who heard him are still living in old age to have their hearts throb at its memory. And so the pulse of religious life is kept beating, sabbath after sabbath, by discourses eagerly and devoutly attended, which no one would bear to read, if they were printed; nay, multitudes throng to hear, and are saved by hearing the living preacher, who could not be persuaded to open for habitual instruction the most eloquent religious works that earth has ever produced.

'But let us not waste words; the pulpit never can lose its place of power,—it answers too essentially to a vital want of society and man. Still, however, it must be considered, that the reading of books has its place of power also, and our argument requires us to go on and show, that, in some respects, it possesses peculiar advantages as a method of diffusing religious influence. Let me hastily glance at some of these.

'First, *It is an aid to the pulpit.* If Christ designed that as the master institution, yet it would need its servants in the temple, as the high-priest required the Levites; and what assistant so able as this? When the lesson has been given, and the impression made in the public audience, then this, in subsequent retirement, deepens and strengthens it. What is there, asks some one, that is essential to a man's salvation? Nothing, he replies, but a retired apartment and a bible. How true is this! And he who comes from that apartment to sit in the congregation, how is he prepared to join in the prayer and be edified by the word! How assuredly would the graces of christendom flourish, if all that were edified by the preacher on the seventh day, took equal care to edify themselves by moral and religious reading on the other six! Let but our hearers be *daily serious readers*, and they will no more retire from church like the man that beholdeth his natural face in the glass, straightway forgetting what manner of persons they are.

'In another way it aids the preacher, namely, by bringing to public worship some who might else have never come within sound of his voice. Unhappily there are some, who, from divers untoward circumstances of education, or situation, or accident, are as much aliens to the house of God as if they were heathen. How are they to be saved? Not by preaching, for they never hear. Their case is hopeless, excepting for some unusual event which shall turn their feet to the holy place. Nothing is more likely to do this than the perusal, under favorable circumstances, of some book or tract, which shall touch the feelings, rouse the sleeping conscience, and excite an anxious curiosity which shall urge them to go for satisfaction and peace to the house of prayer. Often has this very thing taken place. Therefore scatter your tracts; lay your holy books in the path of all thoughtless way-farers; send the truth to seek out and arrest those who would fain flee from it; you thus multiply the hearers of the word, and augment the influence of the pulpit.

'Another view. There is a great variety of subjects necessary to be considered by a well informed christian, on which it is impossible for the stated ministry to enlighten him. He must have acquaintance with the laws of scriptural interpretation, with doctrinal exposition, with church history; but such topics could not be discussed for the edification of a common assembly on the sabbath; they must be learned from books. If we would have believers well instructed in them, we must furnish books for this very end. The stated ministry takes charge of the spiritual life of all,—the least gifted and the most highly endowed; it has one teaching of morality and religious truth which all alike are to apply, and by which their souls are to be redeemed and sanctified. Happy if, by the grace of God, it be equal to this one momentous charge! But there are those who are seeking, and must have much besides this. They want knowledge. They want to be able to give a reason of the hope that is in them to whomsoever asks:—whether the inquiry be of the inward experience of the heart, or the outward testimony of history, or the primitive philosophy of nature, or the doctrinal controversies of the church; they must therefore be instructed in all these. But in these the pulpit can do almost nothing. To instruct in these is the office of books. They ought to be within reach of every man. The church ought to see that they are provided for him. No man should be left to stumble in the error and darkness of an ignorant, doubting, confused, or sceptical mind, for want of the light which such volumes could throw around him. Why should it be left to chance whether he fall in with them or not? Why not a systematic plan be devised, which should place them before him, as obtrusively as are now placed before him the venera-

ble buildings in which he is invited to worship and find peace?

'Another view still. It is imperatively necessary by a religious use of the press, to erect a counteraction to its secular use. Think of its fearful activity in behalf of idle and wasteful tastes! Think of the untold multitude of books that are crowded upon the world with anything but an wholesome influence;—attractive, seductive, lying in every man's way, suited to bewilder, mislead, corrupt, debauch the judgment, heart, life, soul of the unwary and young. The influences thus let loose upon christendom are tremendous. We gaze on them with paleness and alarm, and pray for some counteracting agency. Where is it to be found, but in the press itself? That which yielded the poison must furnish the antidote. Pains must be taken to displace the ill and the doubtful by the pure and the safe. Virtue and piety must be ensured their fair chance in the great encounter with false philosophy and unholy pleasure. If the world seizes on the press for its own ends; if all its good and all its evil purposes are carried to their consummation by the help of paper and books; let religion do the same; let christianity be as wise in its generation; let zealous care be taken to create a perpetual influence, by faithful instruction and earnest appeals, widely spread and urgently sustained, which shall counteract the ten thousand deleterious influences that are flowing from other sources.—Look then at the particulars which have been mentioned; that the circulation of books tends to increase both the number and the edification of those who attend public worship; that it furnishes instruction which the preacher never could provide; and that there is a necessity to multiply religious and moral books in order to counteract the influence of the secular and injurious; and then say, whether the duty to do something can be well overstated.'

* * * * *

'Would we sow the land thick with religion and salvation? The seed is ripe and ready; let us not withhold our hand, but scatter it abroad freely. It cannot fail to prosper. Let us do it for the sake of our common christianity, which demands the succor of all her children, of whatever diversity of opinion, to carry her through the perils with which a worldly and speculative generation has encompassed her, and to ensure her rightful supremacy amidst the contending interests of an excited and struggling community. Let us do it for the sake of those peculiar views of our religion, which are venerable and dear to us, but despised and rejected by others, and which demand to be manfully asserted and solemnly promulgated in order that they may receive the honor which is their due. Let us do it for the sake of our fellow-men. The mind of the country is awake, inquiry is active; our books and pamphlets are eagerly read by many to whom they are new, and to whom they unfold a new page of the religious life.

'Yet with all this encouragement to active exertion, how slight the efforts that have been made! how few of us make it any part of our concern to circulate, or to promote the circulation of our theological publications, to carry them with us, to lend them, to recommend them, to have them lying on our tables, to scatter them when we travel, to send them to a distance. A few do thus, and, considering how few, it is remarkable how great are the effects. If all did likewise, what might not be hoped! Let us ask, whether we ought not. Let us reflect whether there be not a special obligation on us, because of our peculiar relation to the christian community—cut off as we are, and denounced, and the truth we love every where decried? Being defamed, should we not entreat? Being misrepresented, should we not appeal? When every method is used to prevent our gaining a fair hearing for the word which God has entrusted to us, should we not use every method to win, or even extort, a fair hearing? Is it not a duty to press more and more urgently the means of light and truth; to diffuse yet more and more actively those works which shall disabuse men of their false impressions, and substitute knowledge for error? So let it be. Send out more light! the dark world waits for it. Make the day dawn and the day-star arise! In the morning sow your seed, in the evening withhold not; the hungry world waits for the harvest. Send forth your messengers to the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in. Multiply your witnesses. Let them fly upon every wind; in such numbers that they cannot be annihilated; and for each that is destroyed, let two take its place. Let it be seen that we are engaged in earnest in our share of the work of enlightening society by a pure doctrine; that we are bound to it as christians, as patriots, as reformers; that we mean to do it, come what may; that the truth which God has entrusted to us, shall not die in our hands; its

blood shall not stain our garments; if the reformation does not go on, and christendom still holds back deceived and darkened, the blame shall be on other heads than ours.'

Written for the Repository.

'Comfort ye my People.'

BREATHE comfort and peace in my people's ear;
Let the far off nations awake, and hear!
Bid the humbled soul from the dust arise,
And tears be dried from all weeping eyes!

Say to the weary, with grief opprest,
Cast all thy cares on the Savior's breast;
And come to the waters that freely flow,
To allay thy thirst, and assuage thy wo!

Say to the sinful and erring, come!
There are mansions for you in your Father's home;
And great shall the joy of the angels be,
O'er a contrite soul, from its bonds set free.

And oh, to the meek and the pure in heart,
The glorious tidings of joy impart;
And bid them look through the storms of time,
To a haven of peace, in yon blessed clime!

There's a *home for all*, on that heavenly shore—
There sickness and pain shall assail no more—
Death has no passport to that bright land,
And grief is unknown to the seraph band!

There, the River of Life doth unceasing flow,
And deathless flowers on its borders grow;
The sapphire floors are by angels trod,
And its light and sun, is the smile of God!

The loved and lost, who have gone before,
Shall greet you there on the spirit-shore,
Ransomed from sin, by redeeming grace,
God's own free gift to a fallen race!

There, dissension and discord are never heard,
And the *wrath* of God is an unknown word;
But Heaven's broad arches with triumph ring,
When myriad tongues of salvation sing.

There, doubts and fears shall no more molest—
Hope shall be lost in fruition blest;
And radiant Faith shall resume her stand
With Justice and Mercy at God's right hand.

And over all, in that bright domain,
Shall one fair spirit triumphant reign;
All—all shall bow at the glorious shrine
Of LOVE universal—LOVE divine!

Boston, Mass. CHARLOTTE.

ARAB WOMEN. The traveler Wellsted, in his account of the hospitality of the Arab women, says: 'Let me here add my humble testimonial in their favor to that of so many travelers who had gone before me. However wretchedly clad or poverty-stricken, never did I in the tones of supplication address a female for assistance, but my tale was listened to with patience, and commiserated, or relieved, to the best their means afforded. My breast swells with gratitude, when I recollect the numerous touching instances which I, a stranger, received from them.'

Written for the Repository.

Letters to Elizabeth. No. 4.

PHILADELPHIA PENITENTIARY.

I WILL now 'resume my task, and write to thee again,' dear Elizabeth, for I would fain thou shouldst share in the busy thoughts which were awakened by a visit to the Penitentiary. Yes, tell it not in Lancaster, but I have indeed been to the Penitentiary! I think that this institution has made a deeper impression upon my mind than anything that I have seen in Philadelphia. There is something so irresistibly appalling in the thought of so many of our fellow beings, creatures of like feelings and emotions as ourselves, moved by the same passions, and only subject to the same frailties, wearing out the tedious hours in a fearful solitude,—the solitude of sin. How terrible,—to be alone with guilt! Alone with the heart that we have made the dwelling place of crime, with the thoughts which we have poisoned at their fountain! Far from the sound of human voice, or the light of human eye, to list the tone which we so long have hushed amid the clamor of worldly thoughts and passions! To drink the fearful cup, and know that our own guilt hath filled it!

This building is formed after the model of the Bastile, and is, I believe, the largest in the United States. As the massy gates were closed upon us, shutting us out from sight or sound of the busy world without, and introducing us to the death-like stillness of the world within, there came a sensation of dreariness upon my soul which I never before experienced, and never can forget. I could feel the ice gathering around my heart. We passed through the yard which was large and filled with grass and flowers, and entered a circular apartment which commanded a view of the long galleries extending on every side. Here seats were kindly offered, which the rest of the party were willing to accept after their walk, but to my excited feelings the thought of sitting calmly down within the walls of a prison, was impossible, and I gladly escaped from the oft-repeated entreaty, to examine the flowers which were arranged in every window.

We passed along the 'galleried aisles' containing a double row of cells both above and below, and which although the abiding place of so many living beings, echoed no sound save that of our own footsteps. Yet within those silent cells were beating hearts which once were sinless,

which even now are not all sin. There were busy minds which perhaps even then were weaving plans of future crime, and guilty souls which God alone could render pure.

A cell was shown us as a specimen of the whole. It was small, but it had a look of quiet neatness, and was well lighted from above. A plentiful supply of fresh water could be obtained in a moment by turning a spout. A small table, upon which a few books were laid, attracted my attention. The Bible, a work on the beauty of female piety, the Young Christian, and a sectarian tract, probably left there by some inmate of the cell, completed the list. The walls were covered with pin-cushions, pictures and toys, the work of the last occupant. Such was the room in which an intelligent young female had spent three years of life's morning. A small looking-glass hung upon the wall; had it been joy to her to see reflected therein the eye which should have beamed with truth's own light, the brow which should have worn the stamp of innocence, the lip which should have breathed in prayer and praise, now dimmed and shaded, and faltering with the consciousness of guilt? And it was for earthly treasure that she had dimmed her spirit's light, and cast away the priceless wealth of an innocent heart.

Thou wilt say it is too great a partiality for my own sex, yet I will frankly confess that it is with difficulty that I can teach my mind to unite the idea of *guilt* and *woman*. That man, who goeth out into the world to wrestle with sin as with a giant, and who meeteth temptation at every step, should be often vanquished in the strife, and become, perhaps, the willing slave of crime, may not be a subject of surprise; but gentle woman, she whose smile 'should only make the loveliness of home,' whose heart should ever be the shrine of purity and love, is it not a fearful thing that she should forget her God, and bow her spirit's pinion to the slavery of sin?

I was startled from my reverie by the observation of our conductor, 'Perhaps this young lady would like to remain here.' With an undefinable sensation of horror I sprang from the cell, and was followed by the rest of the party, congratulating each other upon the difference between entering it, because we willed so to do, and entering it should the stern law of justice compel our detention therein. We felt that it was indeed a privilege to be able to decline his invitation.

The food is conveyed to the door of each cell by a car propelled along a small railway. The cells of the females we were told consisted of two rooms, a parlor and kitchen, the one we had seen being the parlor, the kitchen we were not allowed to enter, it being occupied at the time. The reason given for this arrangement was that they were not allowed the privilege of a yard wherein they might walk guarded by a sentinel at a certain hour of the day, as were the other prisoners, and that in case of the prison being crowded they could easily be converted into separate cells by barring the door. No one knows who is his neighbor, for the prisoners are seen neither by each other, nor by visitors.

In the court above we found a great many flowers, geraniums looking as lovely as though their home were in a fairer bower, roses which might have done credit to the care of lady bright, and orange trees which we were told had produced very fine fruit. Surely their presence was the poetry of a prison. I think God hath implanted the love of flowers in every human heart, even as he has placed the rainbow in the cloud, as a token of his presence.

We recorded our names in the book kept for this purpose, amid some laughter caused by the entreaties of one of my friends that it might not be made known in my native state that I had done so, which we were politely promised should be kept a secret. It is *as a secret* that I whisper it to you.

Soon, however, were we recalled from this mirthful mood, by a serious conversation upon the subject of the prison discipline. We inquired with much interest respecting the effects of solitary imprisonment. To the question whether upon the whole any moral benefit appeared to result from it, we were answered, very little if any, the prisoners frequently returned again and again; sometimes those who had been with them for years returned to them in a few weeks after liberation. Plans formed in the solitude of their cells, were put into operation upon regaining their freedom, and the kindness with which they were treated was not repaid with gratitude. This gave rise to an animated discussion, my friends contending that this was sufficient to overthrow my opinion that the law of love can subdue *all* hearts, and I in turn urging that the love which was shown the prisoner was not the active, ever-living principle which wearieth not with efforts to reclaim the erring one. It is not that fulness

of sympathy which cometh from the heart, and reacheth every heart.

We hate their sinfulness, and for this too frequently hate the sinner, but would we read the depths of our own souls, and feel how many dark passions have struggled for the mastery therein, with what humbled hearts should we listen to the voice, 'Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven.' I have not space to relate the long conversation which followed, but it set me busily to musing. I imagined myself a convict in one of these solitary cells, with the crushing weight of guilt upon my spirit. Secluded from the world without, to brave the terrors of the warring world of thought, I felt the bitterness of despair which sought not heavenly aid, the utter loneliness which dreaded companionship with itself. I had never before imagined a sorrow which could not be hushed in prayer, but as I fancied myself shut out from the sight of the glorious sky 'which bent above, my childhood like a dream of love,' when I thought that for long, long weary years, the blessed breeze might never fan my cheek, and that never, no never more might I repay the hearts that loved me with the trusting love of a pure and innocent heart, then I felt how guilt might steel the heart to every gentle emotion, and how deep, how disinterested, how devoted must be the love which could win it from so dark a dream. I felt that my own language would be, 'at this shrine I have sacrificed all that I ever prized, why should I turn from it now.'

JULIA.

Philadelphia.

Written for the Repository.

Apostrophe to Thought.

A FRAGMENT.

Ye floating visions of the beautiful,
Come gather round my spirit like a crown
Of living light! The incense-flame is dull
Within its shrine, and weeds have overgrown
The mouldering altar where bright flowers were strewn
In life's unclouded morn. Oh leave me not
With the wild tempest of my grief alone!
Make in my desert-heart one verdant spot
Where love may rest in peace, its wanderings forgot.

Bright clouds of glory! rising from my soul
Like mists from fountains open to the day,
Forth o'er life's rugged heights serenely roll,
And trail rich music all along your way;—
Music that like the wind with clouds at play,
Murmurs and trembles through the vaulted sky,
Or sinks with wearied wing upon the spray
Of some new fountain, leaping gaily by,
And filling all the wood with its wild melody!

Thought, thought, the solemn and the deep, is here;
And dreams of richer beauty than is known
To this fair earth. Oh let the starting tear
Go back and curdle in the heart! The tone
Of Love's sweet voice its thrill should not have thrown
So far through the unsounded depths of want
That lie within the soul. Too deep the moan
Of Life's mysterious shell for its bright haunt
In Heaven's deep sea of Love, for this cold world to grant!

Oh Thought! Thou art eternity! I feel
The swell of thy omniscience in my brain!
It is as though seas swept there, and the peal
Of lofty thunders grappled with the main!
Before the birth of Time commenced thy reign,
And it shall hold its empire till the sway
Of earth is all forgotten, and the vain
And gaudy pageantry of Life with clay
Its elements hath mixed, and swiftly passed away.

The beautiful gradations of thy power
Link me, though distantly, to Heaven—to God!
And thro' thee I can glory in my dower
Of immortality, which from the clod
Wherewith my dust shall mingle, by the rod
Of vivifying grace shall bring me forth,
As flowers spring up from the deserted sod,
When the warm rain unbinds the fettered earth,
And calls them forth to new and brighter birth. S. C. E.

April 1841.

Written for the Repository.

A Difficulty Solved.

I would ask the reader's attention to the following scripture in connection with an important subject. 'And they were haughty and committed abominations before me; therefore I took them away as I saw good.'*

The people of God had lost their love of his pure service, and degraded themselves by follies of the most debasing character; and therefore the Deity, by his prophet, addressed them as those, who though they had not copied the vices of Sodom, yet had become even more corrupt, as they had more multiplied abominations, and were deserving of greater punishment. And they were assured that their punishment would be greater than that of Sodom, and the sacred history describes how this was effected. We read in Lam. iv. 6. what the punishment of Sodom's sin was, as we are there told—that Sodom was overthrown as in a moment, and no hand stayed on her; whereas Jerusalem's punishment was the calamities of protracted wars, famines, and many attendant evils, and was thus greater than the punishment of Sodom. This is the scripture account, and we are authorized to go no farther.

But we would ask attention to the peculiar language of the last clause of the scripture cited; —therefore 'I took them away as I saw good.' This relates to the destruction of the Sodomites

* Ezk. xvi. 50.

—and is the language of Deity after he had described the sins of Sodom as pride, fulness of bread, idleness, and the not strengthening of the hands of the poor and needy—sins which tend to the destruction of all the good of society, and the influence of which it was a mercy in the Almighty to stop by any means. He did stop their influence by a terrible judgment, which must forever be a testimonial of the Deity's abhorrence of sin—of pride, sensuality, idleness, and want of humanity; and the Deity himself condescends to tell us why he did thus—to give us the cause and the reason, and to make us see a divinity in his act that will insure our reverence. 'They were haughty and committed abominations before me; therefore,' or because of this, 'I took them away as I saw good.'

Here then is the important enquiry—As God took away the Sodomites from the scenes of their abominations, *as he saw good*, what does the good relate to? Good for, or to what? This is a serious question, and should be met seriously.

The good of the *destroyed* could not have been consulted, if the doctrines of Endless Misery are true. This we all must allow; and we must feel compelled, also, to admit, that the endless misery of the destroyed could do no good to God, or to the angels, or the saints in heaven; for we cannot conceive of any feeling as being possessed by Deity, or the hosts of heaven, which can be gratified by such an exhibition of misery.

What good then could the Deity have in view? Must it not have had sympathy with that perfect benevolence by which he is good unto all, and extendeth his tender mercies over all his works? It must—for all God's ways are harmonious, and he from everlasting to everlasting walketh in love.

We feel compelled then to opine that he took then away as he saw their good and the good of mankind required. They had become so corrupt—so selfish and slothful, that they were unfitted to enjoy the world, appreciate their Maker's presence and goodness, or to improve mankind, and in mercy he took them from the world they could no longer benefit;—*in mercy*, we say, though to man there was an exhibition of wrath and terror; but if there were not mercy in this wrath, who could acknowledge God's perfection in it? And that there was mercy, seems evident in the fact that the Deity declares that he accomplished the work in goodness. With their corrupt hearts and debased minds, they could experience nothing but evil in the judgment, and as they were incapable of benefiting themselves or the world, there was, in taking them away, great mercy manifested. They had suffered enough from the absence of the good which they might have enjoyed, and the evils they endured were sufficient punishment—living as they did without the vivifying presence of God, and bearing about with them dead affections. And christians of all sects allow this, when they are not engaged in combatting our faith, for they say and say justly, that outward prosperity is not happiness, and that the humble cottager has in religion a treasure, which it would be folly for him to part with in exchange for wealth untold.

But to assert the future happiness of the Sodomites swept away by a terrible judgment, appears to some to be a horrible doctrine; and it would seem that it was a very unpleasant thing to some to entertain the idea that those guilty souls met with mercy—a Father's forgiving goodness, instead of a doom to endless woe. We would not liken them to the elder brother in the parable, but they always remind us of him; and they seem to utter a similar plea against entering heaven, as he did against entering his father's house. God has humbled the heart of many such, in taking away from them, while unregenerated, a beloved friend or child; and at these times he has made the sorrowing to pray and plead that mercy might sanctify and save the departed and grant them to meet again. In the sunny days of joy, the young maiden may toss her head in pride and decline the wish to enter heaven if the wicked here on earth are ever to be admitted there. But let her have a care. Life brings us into strange relationships. Years roll by, and we find ourselves by the side of those who once were to us strangers, but now our dearest loves. The world may deal treacherously with them. The fine gold of their excellences may become dim—hidden under earthliness and vice. We may weep, but our tears cannot wash away the earthy, and they die in their iniquity. Then is the hour to try the soul. Then the selfish pride of the heart is taken away, and the young maiden changed to the weeping widow, with her fatherless little ones around her, feels the instincts of her patient love prompting her to hope in a mercy that can cleanse and purify the vilest. O death! thou teachest humility, when all other messengers of God have been unminded.

We come now to notice the objection frequently proposed against our faith on this wise;—If all men are saved after death, then those who were destroyed by the flood, went to heaven, while righteous Noah was suffered to live exposed to all the evils of this world, and obliged for many years to struggle on against its trials and woes. And the objectors seem ready, on the supposition of the truth of Universalism, to take up a lamentation for Noah's fate. So also in the case of Lot.

This is deemed an unanswerable argument, as it is asserted that the punishment was inflicted on the heads of Noah and Lot, instead of the destroyed. Let us look into this matter, and perhaps we may learn something to benefit us.

And first, it is allowed that the deliverance of Noah and Lot was a marked favor for their righteousness. But how is this, as it is believed by all that they would have been received to glory had they died, so righteous and godly were they? Let care be exercised here, as considerable importance must be attached to the answer. For if, as is so often asserted, there was no mercy in being left in this evil world, as Noah and Lot were left, how can we affirm that their deliverance from the flood and storm of fire, was a special favor of the Deity towards them? These favorites of God would doubtless have been translated to bliss, had they died with the rest, all allow; where then was the favor of God in delivering them from death?

We here give one difficulty in payment for the one thrust upon us, not however designing to render evil for evil, but contrariwise, good for evil.

Here then we would premise, that it can hardly be believed that the flood and the storm of fire came, merely to manifest divine vengeance, or to show forth favor to Noah and Lot. God acts upon individuals as parts of a great whole, and one event with him has relation to many others; and in these judgments, the Almighty had reference not only to those who were on the earth at the times, but to those who should come after them.

So far as Noah and Lot were *personally* concerned, it would have been better for them to have been taken away; even as the Apostle Paul said of himself,—'For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better; nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you.' Phil. i. 23, 24. In one sense, he was on earth with Christ, but this being with Christ to which he referred, could only be brought about by a departing from the flesh, which he said was *far better* than to abide on the earth; yet so to abide was needful for the interests of the Church. And this was the reason why he was kept from that condition which was far better than the earthly, and so it was with Noah and Lot. Had they had no work to do—no relations to sustain, they would have been taken away; but as they had, as Paul had, work to do, and important relations to sustain, they were continued on the earth; and doubtless the sentiment of each heart was that of a pious servant of God who said—'When I have done enough, lie me down to sleep; and when I have slept long enough, wake me.'

There are some who can be willing to live and labor for God and humanity, even though trials and sorrows surround them; and who, too, would never dream of looking for an eternal reward therefor, inasmuch as in the enjoyment of God's presence on earth, the consciousness of being engaged in his work, and the elevating and joyous thoughts and feelings consequent therefrom, they find reward enough.

We rejoice to be able to cite as proof the case of the devoted wife of Mr. Judson, missionary to Burmah, who in her journal of August 5, 1806, says,—'Were it left to my choice, whether to follow the vanities of the world and go to heaven at last, or to live a religious life, have trials with sin and temptations, and sometimes enjoy the light of God's reconciled countenance, I should not hesitate a moment in choosing the latter, for there is no real satisfaction in the enjoyment of time and sense.'

To regard Noah and Lot, as cherishing a feeling like this, is to attribute to them the highest honor; and we cannot but believe that they so held communion with God, as to be willing to abide by whatsoever disposition the Deity was pleased to make of their times and seasons, and which caused them to say as Job did—'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.' Wait for what? for the operations of God to take him away as he saw good. Noah and Lot were delivered or protected from death, not simply for their own happiness, but for the good and benefit of their fellows and the people that should come after them. The wicked were cut off as the Deity saw good, in reference to themselves and those who would be affected by their conduct and precepts; and thus

he restrained the wrath of man to his own praise and glory. It was for the good of future generations that the Antediluvians and the Sodomites were destroyed; and while the terrors of the times were fearful—and the storm and fire were awful, and the most heart rending misery was consequent, yet we believe in all this there was mercy—the mercy of an infinitely wise and powerful God. Indeed, so elevated and amiable are our ideas of God, that we cannot believe that evil is ever permitted unattended with some good to those affected by the evil.

The wicked, whom we have dwelt upon, had cast off the garments of righteousness and were left exposed to many evils, only to be warded off by those vestments of God. Every moment they lived, they endured the reward of error and moral blindness. They were as the slave exulting in his chains, with no desire of freedom—one of the most sorrowful spectacles to the benevolent and godly. They were cut off in mercy, that they might be released from earthly passions and cease from sin. We cannot give this trust up to those who would make us believe that God cut them off in cruelty, and that he will permit an eternal perpetuation of the iniquity so abhorrent in his sight. It was because of their abominations—their sins, that Deity took them away as he saw good; and it seems to cast a reproach upon the Deity to assert, that they were taken from sin to sin—that the occasion of their removal was not taken away—that their sinfulness was an abomination to him, and yet that sinfulness will no less be diminished. The Deity doth not so act against himself; and his abhorrence of sin is the best proof of his purpose to abolish it.

Death is not a mere physical change. We have no authority from the scriptures so to regard it. Do we believe the idiot will be an idiot to all eternity? Yet it would seem that many would so look upon humanity, for they liken the departure of man from this life, to the emigration of an individual from Europe to America, and ask us if he does not bring the same moral principles here, as those with which he left the eastern continent? And therefore, according to this similitude, the idiot in Europe must be an idiot in America; and the influences of our manners, customs, and institutions, have no effect upon the emigrant. Who does not see the folly of such similitudes, when the scriptures represent a mighty change as taking place at death, and assert that the risen spirit is clothed in a glorious body—a spiritual constitution! Unfortunately for the objector's reference to the two continents, and the no change affected, is the fact, that when the slave steps his foot on Albion's shores, he is free! And who can tell what a change may be speedily wrought in one so freed from ungodly bonds, and surrounded with the best means of improvement? The mightiest changes have been so wrought. Till this change of place or state, the things 'which alone sustain the name and dignity of man,' are not theirs; and when these are given, a loftier reach of thought and feeling must ensue—a great change must be effected. So with the spirit and the freedom of the resurrection world. B.

Providence, R. I.

Written for the Repository.

Communings with Self.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

How LIFE varies in its aspect, as we pass on from infancy to youth, and from youth to maturity and age! Scarcely, to me, does life retain one trace of its earlier loveliness—and yet it is sunny, and brilliant, and beautiful still. It is the *inner* world which is now illuminated; for over the outer existence a dimness hath passed; and decay hath been at work upon the glorious temple; and its graceful pillars, wreathed with flowers, have fallen to the earth; and the sanctuary, only, remains undefiled—still consecrated to the presence of the living God.

In childhood, life wore to me an aspect of exceeding beauty. I thought this world must be as joyous as it was glorious; and that as it was externally fair, it must be also spiritually pure. I admired the exquisite decorations of the shrine, but the spirit contained within it had not yet been revealed. It might be a nymph, or it might be a satyr; yet surely I dreamed not of the satyr then. Feeling was to me as fresh and pure as the crystal spring bubbling up at the foot of the old mossy-trunked sycamore, where the anemones grew in clusters upon its brink, and the violets lay with their jetted-streaked petals, looking up to the sun. My heart sang all day, like a bird amid the solitudes of nature; and if at times it had glimpses of clouds through the greenwood openings, there was always a shelter to be found in the 'nursing nest.'

Years have gone by, and the outer life is changed. Still have the stars and flowers their early

beauty, and the small birds sing as sweetly as when the heaven of childhood was at my heart. But the shadow of the grave hath fallen along my pathway, and as life once was, it can be never more. Have I not seen the lights go out, and the shrines fall, and the beautiful perish by the wayside? And see I not other lights growing dim, and flickering in their sockets? and pure, radiant stars sinking below life's near horizon? Time, too, walketh by my side, bearing Ithuriel's spear; and at his touch the seeming beautiful shows itself hideous and deformed. Winds that were soft and spicy in early life, are harsher now—so harsh that they chill the life-currents of the soul; and terrible storms break now and then, which it requires a strong heart to resist unmoved.

The inner life hath also changed. It hath grown brighter amid the external dimness. The Deity hath passed from the outer court into the inner sanctuary. Faith stands by the altar of the heart, feeding its incense fires with the offerings of Divine Love. Spirit voices fill the wide temple with melody; and spirit forms glide to and fro, chanting the holy psalms of a holier life in heaven.

Yes, very beautiful is the inner life, for there have been mysterious gatherings here of every bright thing that hath passed away from external being. Are not *they* here—the good, the true, the noble-hearted, who walk no longer the outer courts of human life? When the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire are past, I hear their still small voices wooing me forth to labors of love. And I go, strengthened, fortified, and reverent; and amid the lighter work of the vineyard, the binding up of broken vines, and the raising of those that have fallen, I am cheered by the singing of their sweet hymns, and the smiles of their seraph eyes.

Thou art here, my beloved friend, freed at last from thy galling prison-bonds, and a wanderer whithersoever thou wilt in the boundless domains of the beautiful. Yes, from the outer court of the tabernacle, hast thou vanished;—but thou art still *here*,—a cherished habitant of my inner life—a ministering priestess in the sanctuary of my soul. Sweet and intimate was our communion in the days of thy human existence; but it is sweeter and *more* intimate now. No silence so deep that thy clear voice is not heard—no solitude so entire that thy presence is not recognized. Midnight cometh with its gloom and its loneliness, but thou and thy God are with me. Morning heralds in my daily toils; but a voice in my spirit whispers, 'Work on with faith and courage, thou pilgrim of life, for the day of *thy* release is not far distant, weary though the way may seem to thee. Work on with a brave heart so long as thy God requires; afterward shalt thou share my holy rest.' So in all the solitudes of life,—in all its seasons of depression and gloom—in all its desert heats, and mountain storms, sweet spirit-voices entreat me onward to the goal of recompense, and white hands beckon to me from the far-off summits of the Eternal Hill! I will arise and go! No longer by the wayside may I loiter, filling my basket with frail flowers that the noonday sun will scorch, and glittering pebbles that will become a burden before half my pilgrimage is accomplished. But with a light heart and a firm step press onward to the Temple of Rest, that Temple which crowns the mountain-lands of Time, and whose golden turrets are bathed in Eternal Radiance!

March 28, 1842.

Written for the Repository.

My Child.

How MANY hopes have died with thee
My first, my only child!
I fondly thought my age would be
By thy sweet smiles beguiled.

When first I pressed thee to my heart,
I knew a mother's fears,
Too deep my feelings were for words—
They sought relief in tears.

Father! I cried, to thee I give
This little helpless one!
Thy love is stronger yet than mine,
And may thy will be done.

A sweeter or a fairer child,
Ne'er blessed a mother's heart,
Each day some opening beauty showed
The mind's still better part.

I thought my cup of happiness
Was full enough before;
But now it rose up to the brim,
And e'en seemed running o'er.

And when at length she lifeless lay,
By death's unerring dart,
Like thunder from a cloudless sky,
The blow fell on my heart.

But when I called to mind that I
Had given her to God,
I dared not murmur or repine,—
He took me at my word.

Yes! with a Father's tender care,
And overflowing love,
He gently took my flower from earth,
And planted it above.

Above, in heaven, where wind, or storm,
Touch not her precious head,—
Where pain, and sorrow, sickness, death,
No gloomy horrors shed.

And though no more I hear her voice,
With merry bird-like tone,
And though the light of laughing eyes
Far from my path is gone,—

I cannot wish my loved one back,
To cheer my lovely way;
I would not call an angel down
From God, and heaven away.

But O the blessed thought to meet
Again, to part no more!
Tis the bright star that lights my bark,
Along life's dreary shore.

East Vale. M. S.

Written for the Repository.

Moral and Spiritual Reflections on the passing Season.

BY REV. W. M. FERNALD.

Now is the time when we can utter with a renewed gratitude, the expressive language of Solomon: 'For, lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; and the time of the singing of birds is come.' And such a time we may well employ in extracting a sentiment of piety from the works and appearances of nature. This has the sanction of the sacred writers, and our Savior himself hath given it the might and authority of his example. 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' He expatiates on the beauties of a single flower, and draws from thence an argument for confidence in God. How much more then may we expatiate on the wide field spread out before us in the loveliest of nature's seasons! How may we improve an hour's time on such an occasion, better than in laboring to mingle the impressions of nature with the impressions got directly from the Bible, and showing how it is, that taste and sensibility, though never to be rested in as a substitute, are not inconsistent with a christian's religion; that, in fact, the heart may be occupied with all the solemnities of the Bible, and at the same time awake to the charms and the loveliness of nature? Such an exercise may we now indulge in, with gratitude to Him who is the God of the rolling seasons, and who wakes into life and being the goodly objects of creation.

This is the season of renewed activity and reflection. Nature, which never slumbers nor is idle, hath awoke from the apparent sleep and inactivity of winter, and put on the robes and the loveliness of spring. The sun, the obedient servant of nature, having paid his friendly visit to more southern climes, has returned again to cheer and to animate us. The earth rejoices all around as the frosty fetters which enchained it permit the germs of vegetation to operate, and it assumes a gay and pleasing livery, bespeaking the promise of the Eternal of another season of luxuriance and plenty. The trees are putting on their wonted garments of beauty, and are made musical by the feathered songsters of the grove. Every creature in its turn rejoices to hail the approach of another season of freshness and of vigor, and the tiller of the ground goes forth, scattering seeds of future promise, while all in reason's ear proclaim the goodness of great nature's God, in the fulfilment of the promise that while the world standeth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.

But these reflections are not only pleasing to the mind, they make way for brighter contemplations. They not only call upon us to rejoice, but to rejoice in Him who is the sole author of all this profusion and promise, and to give unto Him the sincerest offerings of gratitude. What season is better fitted to awaken conceptions of the wisdom and goodness of that Almighty Being who hath created, and who presides over the successive changes of the year, making each, in their turn, minister to the comforts, wants, and conveniences of man? We would not, therefore, make this a subject of poetic admiration merely—we would mingle with it the sentiments of grateful feeling;—we would not, in short, look upon nature's face alone, but convert nature into a mirror to reflect her God. It was not the workings of an unconscious nature which spread out the vernal landscape before us. Were it so, we might admire, but we could not adore. And we abjure that sentimentalism which stalks abroad, regaling itself with the beauties of nature, sating every faculty with the utmost measure of its gratification, but which stops here, nor sends one thought heavenward, as a grateful offering to Him who sits behind the whole of this magnificent scenery, and is the sole cause and director of it all. We would not thus be guilty of exalting the creation above the glory of the

Creator. But while we would admire, and view with intellectual eye the beauties of creation, and drink in the inspiration of the scene, we would at the same time lay a mandate on the thinking faculty, and send it upwards unto Him who claims the first place in the affections of his creatures, and by whom all that is lovely on the face of our world, was strewn for its embellishment and the delight of its beholders. It was not the adoration of unconscious nature which the immortal Thompson indulged in, when, in the overflowings of his heart, he sang of the blessings of the seasons. These, he declared, were but the varied God.

> 'Forth in the pleasing Spring
> *Thy* beauty walks. *Thy tenderness and love.*—
> Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
> Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
> And every sense, and every heart is joy.'

We would respond to the sentiments of this admirer of nature, and we would also become imbued with that spirit of profound adoration which pervades his inimitable hymn to the Deity, from which the above quotation is extracted.

The '*varied God*' is seen in the goodly landscapes around us. It is *his* beauty, and his tenderness alone, which are now displayed throughout all nature; and in some picturesque of woods, and eminences, and crystal streams, and grassy sunshine, where nature seems to have sported in the distribution of her choicest colors, and her most varied scenes; or in some fertile field where the art and the industry of the cultivator are seen, and the waving richness of the earth gives token of a goodly harvest; or in the flowery lawn so thickly interspersed with a thousand hues and inimitable touches; it is the paradise of God that is there;—it is his beneficence and his paternal tenderness which have lavished this beauty and plenty upon the face of our earth; and the cheerfulness of man, with the frolic and the gambols of the whole inferior creation, 'all seem to indicate a world made for happiness—a scene of jubilee lighted up by the glorious luminary that is suspended over it, and in which we may at once see the beatitudes of our existing creation, and the bounteousness of Him from whom it sprung.'

And these reflections serve to show also the superiority of man, and the special obligations he is under to improve well the high sphere which he occupies, in living to the glory of the Creator. It is true that life, and happiness, and joyousness, are spread in inexhaustible profusion over the rejoicing fields and woods, making glad the abode of the inferior creation, causing the earth to ring with joy, and the trees to resound with melody; and within this humble sphere alone could we delight to expatiate, gathering arguments for the existence of an unseen Benefactor, who hath thus upon the earth given tokens of his presiding care, and his wide spread munificence. But this is the theme of *man's* meditations. He can indulge in the thoughts and the conceptions of his own understanding, but the very field over which he expatiates, the unconscious brutes who are the objects of his intellectual contemplations, can share no part or lot in the reveries of his sagacious mind. The fields are destitute of intelligence, and the irrational part of the creation know not the Being who hath formed them. Man alone rejoices in his God, and experiences his existence, and aspires to live in his presence, and acquaint himself with his glory. And how much then, should he feel the superiority of his rank and condition, and study well to improve the high faculties with which he is endowed. How should he, when some bright and happy scene of vernal glory, with all its life, and sensation, and enjoyment, breaks upon his intellectual vision, and when he contrasts the unconsciousness with which this scene is viewed by its unreflecting inhabitants, with his own capacious mind which can turn it all to the account of a sublime natural theology, and make it minister to the gratification of his religious faculties,—how should he kindle in the inspiration of the subject, and resolve henceforth to live in accordance with his high vocation, and debase himself no more with such principles and actions as place him on a level with the very brutes themselves! Oh, it is too true that these are the inconsistencies of privileged man, and that many a time he has abused the distinguished faculties allotted to him, and dishonored his exalted nature by sins of every hue and magnitude, from the petty shiftings of the accomplished transgressor, down to the brutish licentiousness of the profligate and the abandoned.

And more than this, there is the sin of thoughtless ingratitude. In this vernal season of the year, there is many an admirer of nature's decorated landscapes. There is many an enraptured enthusiast who can walk forth in the freshness of the morning, and regale his taste with the scenes of enchantment spread out every where before him. There is many a one, who, gifted with a fine imagination, and a mind alive to the

beauties and sublimities of nature, can survey the whole expanse within the scope of a wide extended vision, and as the orb of day lights up the surrounding hemisphere of woods and plains and cultivated fields, and the tide of lustre goes forth upon the face of this whole creation, and the tribe of feathered songsters, spirited and shrill, through woods and groves surrounding, pour forth their sweetest carols and their most lively notes, as if to hail with joy the welcome appearance of the king of day, converting the whole of this territory, which, just before, had been pervaded with the gloom and stillness of the night, into one scene of glory, activity and gladness,—as, we say, all this fills the eye and the ear of this child of refinement and of sensibility, may there be felt the glow of feeling, and the rising of the mind, and the perfect absorption of all the thoughts, which would yet permit him to stand and to gaze still longer upon this scene of loveliness, until the very flight of time reminds him of the occupation which engages him, and recovers him from that state of wrapt admiration in which he had so completely lost himself;—and yet all this may be without one thought which gives to such a contemplation the zest and the richness which of right belong to it,—without one thought of Him who is the author of all this satisfaction, or once regarding him as the God in whom we live, who waked into existence this fair creation, for man, and for beast, and for bird to enjoy, and without whom we should have been left without the richness to look upon, and without the faculties and the existence to enjoy it. Now, is it right that such an homage should be paid to nature, and not a particle to nature's God? Is it right, that such a flood of feeling should be made to flow in contemplation of unintelligent and unconscious nature, while not a thought nor a feeling should exist towards the great source and fountain of wisdom—that presiding Intelligence which hath originated all, and overrules all, and with whom alone it is, that we have mainly and substantially to do? We protest against such naked sentimentalism, which has not a spark of piety or religion about it. We disown that pretension to religious influence which many have set up, who, from the overpowering and the grand, and the affecting incidents of life, have caught a momentary inspiration which lasts as long as the causes of excitement, and dies when these cease to operate. A man may have his understanding stimulated, and his fancy regaled, and his imagination enlivened, and every faculty upon the stretch of its most intense gratification, at some such scene as we have been describing, and which may be met with almost anywhere in the delightful season which is now passing, and yet 'no piety may mingle with the contemplation; and not for the want of knowledge, but for the want of thought, may there be as little of God in the eye of this raptured enthusiast, as in the brute, unconscious gaze of the creature that hath no understanding.'

And now, my brethren, can you sympathize with me in the remarks and the sentiments which have been now offered? Can you enlist against the sentimentalism of a cold and faithless generation, and ardently advocate the duty and the enjoyment of mingling the impressions of nature and the impressions of godliness together? Can you relish this enjoyment yourselves? Can you walk abroad in the glory of the vernal months, and as you view the picturesque of some goodly land, the verdant fields and massy foliage which in beauteous succession pass behind you like a shifting panorama as you move along, betokening riches and abundance,—can you, while you are admiring, carry the sentiment upwards to heaven, from whence all that is beautiful on earth below descendeth from the Father of lights and the Giver of every good and perfect gift? In short, can you mingle admiration and gratitude together? If not, then you are far from a christian's privilege, and a christian's character; and instead of being commended for your fine imaginations, and your luxurious sensibilities, and your rapturous admirations, permit me to say, you are only increasing the depth of your ungodliness, and demeriting a greater punishment for the neglect of cultivating those affections for which you are afforded so full an opportunity.

But if you can commingle the impressions of nature and the impressions of piety, as we hope and trust you all do at times, then you can go forth in the brightness and the bloom of May, and as you see that the winter is past, that the snow is over and gone, that the flowers appear upon the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come; you can both admire and adore the goodness which hath appointed the regularity of the seasons, and succeeded the tempests and the frowns of winter with the smiles, and the gentleness, and the promises of Spring.

And how else shall we improve the occasion and the subject with which we are now present-

ed? We would remark, that in addition to the religious impressions which may be received in such a season, there is, or should be, a purely moral influence emanating from it. We have frequently heard of the 'smiling face' of nature. This may be contrasted with the sullen frowns of sordid, selfish man. Who can go forth to view the pleasantness which sits upon the cheerful landscape,—the blandness, the gentleness, the mildness, which seemeth everywhere to reign around, emblematic of these same qualities within the human breast,—who can look out upon such a scene, as it smileth in its pleasing livery to the eye of the beholder, and not feel heartily ashamed of the sullen sourness of a soul—a little angry spirit that can with such a spite set up so striking a dissimilitude to nature? Compare one countenance with another. Look on this picture and on that. 'Do not the very openness and benignity which sit on the aspect of nature, reproach him for the cold and narrow and creeping jealousies that are at work in his own selfish and suspicious bosom; and most impressively tell the difference between what man is and what he ought to be? It reminds us of the contrast which is sometimes exhibited between the soft and flowery lawn of a cultivated domain, and the dark or angry spirit of its owner—of whom we might almost imagine that he scowls from the battlements of his castle at the intrusion of every unlicensed visitor.' O! when will man learn of nature's benignancy and smiles, to cultivate a like amiableness in his own disposition, that thus the expressive goodliness of nature's picturesque, may be as a mirror reflecting the graces and the harmony of his own soul? So much may be done, at least, by the way of a purely moral influence emanating from the surrounding scenery of this materialism upon the heart of every beholder.

The idea may be extended to embrace the whole of that moral depravity which so disfigures the scene of our sinful world. O! has the thought never struck you, my brethren, as you have gone from the crowded city, or from the busy haunts of men, where you have been brought into contact with human passions, and observed the complex play of human interests, and seen the shifting, and the injustice, and the sordid selfishness; and heard the wranglings of conflicting parties—the tempered reproof—the bitter murmurings—the loud dispute;—has the thought never struck you, when you have gone from such a theatre of moral disorder, to the refreshing and the fair of rural nature, that while in the moral scene there is so much to thwart, and to revolt, and to irritate,—in the natural scene all is gracefulness and harmony? And what account will you give of this impressive contrast? Does it not look as though some pestilential blight had come over this world of ours, leaving its materialism untouched, but inflicting upon man a sore and a withering leprosy? And what is this but the blight and the leprosy of sin? So much, my brethren, though it be of a melancholy character, for the moral instructions to be gleaned from the ample book of nature.

And may we not, while on this division of our subject, look at the distinguished sinfulness of man in the enjoyment of so much lavishment from the hands of his Creator? One would think, when viewing the abode that is fitted up for him, and the richness and beauty which everywhere decorate his terrestrial habitation, that he would, at least, exhibit in return far more of dutiful allegiance to heaven than what in reality appeareth. But if Adam sinned in Paradise, what better ought we to expect, now sin has taken up its settled abode with us, and its seducing vanities wield such an ascendancy over the men of all ages and of all generations? Nevertheless, it will serve to humiliate, if nothing else, to reflect upon the fact, that while all things here are placed under man's dominion, he is the being who hath set at naught the laws of the Eternal, and abused the blessings entrusted to him. And what goes to aggravate his case to our conceptions, is the striking contrast exhibited between him and all the rest of this lower creation. It may indeed be true, that man alone is capable of praise, but we are to look at the contrast simply, as food for serious reflection. And while it is true that a thousand blessings attend us upon every hand, that, to the remotest corner of the earth, and over all its habitations, are the tokens of a presiding Deity, and the friendly visitations of his care; it is also true, that to this all nature seems to yield a universal gratulation; and if, when the foundations of the earth were laid, the morning stars sang together while all the sons of God shouted for joy, so, when turning on its axis, it ushers in the vernal glory of the spring and summer months, the beasts of the field apparently conspire to gratify their Creator,—the birds sing and warble forth his praise, but man, the noblest of his works, rebels! This is a reflection which should serve to humble man, and lead him, when

he views the goodliness around him, and the distinguished exaltation of his nature, to a resolve henceforth to run with dutious delight in the way of God's commandments.

And now, my brethren, what further improvement can we make of the occasional subject which is now before us? In this rejoicing season of the year, we behold the tiller of the ground going forth, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, scattering the seed of future promise. And many have moralized on this in a way which is farthest from the truth and derogatory to the high vocation of the husbandman. It is both an unscriptural and degrading idea, that man was *cursed* to labor, and that, if he had not sinned against the laws of God, he would not have been doomed to earn his subsistence by the toil of tilling the earth which was accursed. Before a single command was given respecting the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, or the forbidden fruit thereon, Adam was placed in the garden of Eden, not, however, to live in indolence among the plenty and the richness of the spot, but to '*dress it and to keep it.*' Thus was labor ordained by the Creator as the blessing, and not the curse, of the human race. Without labor, indeed, the curse might be experienced, and the fruits of idleness be seen in the nameless vices to which mankind would then resort, as a substitute for honest, virtuous, and happy industry. Adam, then, was a gardener before and without any reference to the curse, and again we read, that 'Abel was a keeper of sheep, and Cain a tiller of the ground.' And moreover, Elisha, we read, was at work with the plough, when 'Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him,' and called him to the prophet's office. So that it is a highly honorable calling, and ordained by the Almighty as a blessing unto man.

Thus would we moralize on husbandry, and when in the season of the plough and harrow, we see the sower scattering his seed, the earnest of a future harvest, we would call to remembrance the promise which is every year fulfilled before us, that while the world remaineth, seed time and harvest shall not cease; and adopt the invocation of the poet:

> 'Be gracious, heaven! for now laborious man
> Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
> Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
> And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
> Into the perfect year!'

We would also call to remembrance the language of the Psalmist in reference to Christ. 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' Thanks to the God of our salvation! the harvest shall be truly great which Christ the first fruits giveth token of; for 'if the first fruits be holy the lump is also holy' —the whole mass of mankind—*the universal harvest of all the sleeping dead!* This shall Christ, rejoicing, present unto the Father, when he shall resign his mediatorial kingdom, and God shall be all in all.

What more shall I say on the occasion of the present subject? Spring hath been called an emblem of youth. It is the season of activity and vigor, and when all creatures are busy to provide for their future wants, and secure the objects of their brief existence. And in the rising generation, these are the objects, or should be, of the aim of every one. Youth is the season that must see the foundation laid for future usefulness and happiness, and in which we must prepare for the winter of old age. And let not the youth who are now in the spring time of their existence, in the vigor and activity of life, let pass the opportunity for securing hereafter the rewards of well-timed industry, the peace of virtue, and the respect and reverence of the wise and good. As the seeds of promise are now deposited in the faithful bosom of the earth, so let the seeds of virtue—the principles of truth, and integrity, and justice, be planted in your youthful bosoms, which shall insure a harvest of rejoicing well worth your labors in securing it.

But you must not only plant and sow, but *weeding* is an essential business in the cultivation of the ground. Be careful then to pluck up the tares which so frequently get sown by the enemy, or else introduced by carelessness, that your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest.

Spring is also the season for pruning and nursing. Be watchful then to break off your sins by righteousness, and to nourish the good which remaineth, that thus you may grow up an ornament in society, neither barren nor unfruitful in the works of usefulness and virtue.

Again, I would remark, that Spring is also an emblem of the frailty of human life. At this season of the year, we need not search for images of decay and death; they are everywhere present, even in the withering beauties of nature. However bright may be the glory of the vernal

months, and gay the objects which we meet with, they are fleeting, transitory, uncertain as the life of man. Many are the blooming plants which receive new life and also death in the short season of the spring. So, in the period of human life, how fugitive is man! Death may overtake us in the bloom of youth, and cut us down in the midst of healthful promise. Even when the canker of disease is gnawing at the vitals, the crimson glow of health may be upon the countenance, even as the rose which blooms to-day, to-morrow withereth and is gone. Everywhere does Spring declare, in the expressive language of visible decay, that life is short, and death nigh at hand, even at the doors. We see the trees in the pride of verdure and adorned with blossoms, and the flowers appearing on the earth, and all indicative of vigor and endurance, but in a day they may all be stripped of their blossomings, and in a few months brought to the time of their decay. So, in the life of mortals, fly the fairest hours of bliss, and though the morning of our existence may meet us with smiles, and promise nothing but enjoyment, ere we have attained the evening, or even the noon-day of our existence, we experience the desolation of misfortune, and the bitterness of grief; wo marks our course, and affliction follows our steps. Surely the present season is an emblem of the frailty of human life, and an expressive image of death.

But lastly, I would remark, that Spring is an emblem of the resurrection. Winter would be death when nature dies, were it not succeeded by a restoration and an animation into life. Those flowers which bloom in inimitable brightness, the pride of your gardens, and of matchless hues and forms, were once but shapeless roots in the ground. If this were not a common thing—if you had never seen the like before, you would pronounce it a miracle at once. And what less will you make of the process by which the blooming butterfly is brought out from the death-like chrysalis? We are not offering these as *proofs* of the resurrection —we rest that upon the rock of our salvation—Jesus Christ, who hath himself risen from the grave. But we ask you, when you look upon the brightness of the flower, and the gilded butterfly, to reflect, whether man may not have within him a principle indestructible as either of them, which may survive the ruins of the grave, and bloom in immortality in the paradise of God. Go, faithless mortal, and look upon the glory of the vernal scene outstretched before you, and say from whence it sprung. From *apparent* death and corruption. So may we apparently die, but as sure as the sun pours down its life-giving beams, and bringeth glory from the earth, so sure shall the Sun of Righteousness bring glory into being, for 'it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory.' And, as in this renovating season, all nature seems to arise from a state of sleep to praise its Author, and the notes of all the inhabitants of the air swell into one universal hymn to glorify the Being who hath formed them; so, on the morning of the resurrection, shall similar songs ascend from all the ransomed family of man.

We will thank God and take courage from the soul-sustaining truth,—joyful we'll go through all the good and ill which chequer mortal life, and say to the oppressed, the afflicted, and the broken-hearted, who have thus far been supported by it:

'Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;
The storms of *wintry* time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded *Spring* ENCIRCLE ALL.'

Stanzas on the Death of Mrs. J. H. Scott.

'Sister, my soul's loved sister,
I have bidden thee farewell.'

MRS. SCOTT.

ALL things do call for thee!
I hear low breathings 'mid the bright spring-roses,
And tolling murmurs from the harebells blue;
And where the violet on the turf reposes,
Filling its urn-cup with the sparkling dew,
A soft lament, a wild and sweet deploring
Calls for thy presence here amid the flowers,—
The early flowers, o'er which thy heart, adoring,
Poured forth its gladness in thy brighter hours—*
All these do call for thee!

And more than these—ay, more!
Hearts that were linked to thine by strong affection,
Thy child's young voice in many a mournful cry,
They who have named thee, by the soul's election,
The brightest star that shone along our sky—
These call for thee in tones of thrilling sadness,
They woo thee back by many a burning tear—
Oh! 'midst the music of thy heart's deep gladness,
Canst thou in heaven their wild complainings hear,
Thou, who art past all grief?

Thou wert a priestess here;
In nature's temple, by her flower-wreathed altar,

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* Her love of flowers was no unreal sentiment. In one of her letters she promised to send me a poem for every species of rare seed, or slip of plant I could find means to forward to her. Among the beautiful varieties of shrubs, vines, and flowers, with which her yard was literally filled, she showed me some wild clematis vines she had raised from seed I had gathered for her on the banks of Bow-Brook. 'I do so love the sweet flowers,' she said—'I am a perfect child about them.'

Long hast thou ministered with gifts divine;
Thy heart hath been thy prayer-book and thy psalter,
And every lone bright spot a sacred shrine.
Thy hymns—Oh were they not, 'mid glen and mountain,
Called from thy heart by some resistless power?
Blending the music of the wildwood fountain
With the pure sweetness of the summer flower?
Were they not, dearest friend?

Deep sank their fervent tones—
Deep in our heart of hearts their praise descended,
And stirred up burning thoughts and holy love,
For in their rich, impassioned strains were blended
A zeal and beauty sent thee from above.
No more to us shall those sweet strains be chanted—
Hushed is thy voice beside life's flowing stream—
Thou who so long for clearer waters panted,
Hast found at last the beauty of thy dream—
The bright, eternal Fount!

We would not call thee thence—
We would not, bright one, though a dimness lieth
Along those pathways where thy smile hath shone—
For thou art now where beauty never dieth,
And shadows on the heart are never strown.
Not all of thee, sweet friend, from earth hath perished,
Our *hearts* still keep thee, still they love thee well—
There are thy songs and gentle teachings cherished,
There shall the memory of thy goodness dwell—
For *good* thou wert, and *true!* S. C. E.

Written for the Repository.

'The Knitting Society.'

I AM not about to pen a story, or to ramble amid the beautiful fields, or into the rich gardens of romance and poetry, for the reality is far more pleasant than fiction. My theme is drawn from real life—from real life in more than one sense, for while I treat of what has actually been, I recal hours of richest enjoyment—when the better feelings all lived in healthy and joyous activity, and golden memories were being stored up in the soul. I treat of the Universalist Knitting Society in Providence, and do so because I wish the sisters in the faith in other places where there are no such societies, to consider the matter ere autumn returns and take measures to enjoy the good which has been here enjoyed. The meetings here have been emphatically social, cheerful and religious meetings, and the recollections of the happy evenings thus spent in the past, will long exert a desirable influence, winning the affections towards every thing amiable and good.

The association met weekly at the houses of the members according to appointments, and a very large number regularly attended. The passing of the *stocking* for the contributions of the gentlemen, was always a merry movement, and liberal sums were always received to defray the expenses of the yarn and needles. Then came the winding of the yarn, and nice criticisms and learned disquisitions were made on the most proper method of increasing the woolly ball so that the softness of the material might be preserved. The task is certainly a pleasant one, and for bachelors it is somewhat dangerous at times—though I have not yet heard of any very serious consequences. Puns and repartees fly fast while this work goes on, and frequently is the loud laugh heard which does *not* 'speak the vacant mind.' Now gaze round the ample apartments and behold the glittering needles weaving the net work for the *understanding*—not a net work to perplex, but to give comfort to it, which certainly proves knitting to be an intellectual employment. Ah, there is one knitter unravelling a part of the woven yarn, and her countenance resembles his who has to repeat a capital joke because he did not tell it right—half illumined by happy feeling and half shaded by dissatisfaction resulting from not having wrought effectually the first time.

Knitting is certainly very accommodating work, for the fingers will weave the mysterious meshes while the eyes of the knitter flash forth the true fire in straight lines to other eyes, mutually kindling new light to gladden and bless, while the voice utters freely the thoughts of the mind. I know not that there is any thing magical in knitting to enliven and make active the conversational powers, but it is certainly true that a company of knitters are generally the most social and communicative. I have frequently remarked the fact, and trace it to the magnetism of the eyes. Where needle work is the employment, the mind and sight are more engrossed in the task, and there is not that kindling of feeling which is always consequent on the meeting of eyes full of pleasant and warm radiance. And when there is no work, there is often awful pauses, and many a one knows by unhappy experience what Cowper meant when he wrote

'The fear of being silent keeps us mute.'

Here then the poor are provided for by the very means that minister indirectly to the happiness of the occasion. Conversation flows free. Inter-communication of news, ideas, and thoughts, enhances the stock of each member or visitor, and by giving, a gain is made. Happiness sits on every countenance, and a dull face is not to be seen. Let the wintry winds blow, the snow fall, or the rain pour down its bounty, still there is all that can be desired within.

But hark! the knocking of the President's thimble is heard and readily obeyed. There is no jar, no discord, though the religious service about to be attended to hushes the conversation and requires stillness. The stillness is profound, and every ear is open to hear the one voice that shall speak. How beautiful is our religion that will permit us thus to leave the vivacious enjoyments of earnest and pleasant conversation and listen to the voice of scriptural truth without lessening our felicity! How true it is

'Religion never was *designed*
To make our pleasures less.'

True religion never lessens any pleasures worthy of being indulged in by intelligent creatures. On the contrary, it affords us means of separating the good from the evil, and guards us from the mirth that in the end hath heaviness. It would keep the soul in its true, healthy element, and ensure it the richest happiness in the activity of virtue. According to the nature of the powers called into exercise by various pleasures, will be the enjoyment conferred; and as religion brings out into industrial life the noblest and best powers, therefore it is evident that in her hand are the most valuable gifts—she alone can give the true 'elixir of life.'

A portion of scripture is now read—remarks are offered and others may follow if a visiting brother in the ministry be present; and then a prayer is offered. After this service, the time for departure sets in, but many linger like the radiance of the west at summer twilight, as though loth to leave a scene of rare loveliness; and merrily, group after group departs, impelled by happy thoughts and feelings to trip hastily along the pavements towards home.

I like these social gatherings, where the false distinctions and useless ceremonials of artificial life are forgotten—where we are made to, and are willing to, depend on our wits for entertainment. They do good in many ways, recommending them to all who recognize our social nature and the necessity of its cultivation in the courtesies and humanities of life. The articles wrought for gifts to the poor make not a small sum in estimating the good results of the gatherings, for the number of workers is large, and large also is the number of needy persons—young and old.

We *need* such meetings as a people. Our religion is eminently social, and it is mutual acquaintance and the awakening of mutual sympathies among believers, that can do much for the production in the soul of a true gospel zeal. We stand too much aloof from each other; and many persons go year after year to the same church and hardly know the occupants of the next pew to theirs. We are too much satisfied with feeling—with the consciousness of possessing friendliness in the heart, and neglect altogether too much the cultivation of proper means of manifesting the indwelling feeling—the secreted affection. We need more familiarity with each other, and in the highest—the most christian sense, to 'be given to hospitality.' Therefore, as a means of cultivating the social feelings, I must very highly estimate the value of these gatherings of our friends.

Another recommendation is their Republicanism. There is no recognition of a nobility, or an aristocracy, or any privileged class. They who meet, meet on common ground. No distinctions of rich and poor are made, and the casual visitor cannot tell by any thing outward who is the dweller in the humble abode, or the inhabitant of the proud mansion. And this is well. Does not our glorious faith level all artificial distinctions—all superiorities claimed by virtue of rich possessions, or outward exaltation? It does. It makes mind worthy of respect wherever met, and virtue the costliest treasure. It calls out the affections to a life of goodness, and prompts the exercise of every kindly and amiable feeling. It guards us against cherishing in any degree an exclusive or Separatist spirit. And this is needed.

These meetings are valuable also, in that they afford great aid to the minister to approach his people without formalities, and he is made able to know them as he cannot otherwise be able. The time, the occasion, and the general cheerfulness, exert an influence to keep away the unnatural restraints, and the individuals act without affectation. We see them as they really are, and approach them as we are not often privileged to. This familiarity is greatly needed.

And again;—where the social feelings are thus awakened, and the right familiarity brought about, the power of the pulpit to do good is augmented. The preacher will be better known and better understood, and he will speak more to the heart. If prudence has marked his course, and he has lived as he should, his presence will awaken the social feelings, and he will not have mere intellect to deal with in the church. He will not be set apart from the congregation as one differing

in some mysterious qualities from his people, but they will feel that he has a heart like their own, and that its affections are uttering truths for their good. Then he will never be made 'an offender for a word;' the people will not fear to speak to him of what they may disapprove, or of what they want, which he neglects or does not perceive. Neither will he be left in doubt respecting the success of his ministrations; for he will frequently meet with expressions of their effects from the people who know him and love to encourage him. He will be able to enter more into their feelings—to know their wants, and when the time of trial or bitter grief comes, his words will enter their hearts with a divine unction and do them good. He will be the one they delight to consult in important matters in which he may be supposed to have an interest as their spiritual friend, and his presence will always be welcome and cheering. Happy the minister thus situated! He can labor with all his soul, for every where he will find hearts beating in sympathy with his own.

The 'Knitting Society' of the Universalists in this city (Providence) closed their meeting in April. The last was a most happy one, and every lip was eloquent with testimonies of the enjoyment of the meetings of the season. I am happy in being able to copy from the 'Gospel Messenger' the address read by the President at the last meeting. It was listened to with deep attention; and though not intended to be like an Almanac to suit all places, yet the general sentiments are applicable to Universalists every where. B.

CLOSING ADDRESS.

BY MRS. SUSAN R. MORRIS.

'This evening closes our meetings for the season, and, if other feelings accord with my own, we have never met with so much pleasure, or separated with such reluctance. The past winter has been to us, for many reasons, one of peculiar interest and profit. It has been justly remarked, that the tree of religious liberty was first planted in the soil of Rhode Island; it has been permitted to grow and extend its branches, and the prayer has again and again ascended that the smoke from persecution's altar should never be seen wreathing among its foliage. Here first went up the glad and thrilling sound, freedom to worship God. The name of our city was an expression of gratitude for this happy privilege, and with it are connected associations which should be remembered with joy, cherished with thanksgiving, and which should ever stimulate to progress. Providence afforded the first shelter for the persecuted, a home for the oppressed, a refuge for the poor in spirit, protection from ecclesiastical rule, and liberty to exercise thought, and express conviction thereon without the fear of imprisonment or death. Our minds dwell on this idea with exultation, that in the early history of our republic, there was found one noble soul, one daring mind, one energetic spirit, who disdained to be trammeled by creeds or formularies, who sought a resting place from the winds of self-righteousness, and a covert from the storm of pharisaical authority, and who transmitted the liberty thus found, and the privileges thus secured, unimpaired to posterity.

His name should be hallowed in every liberal heart, and his memory held in everlasting remembrance. Yet amid all these pleasing associations, these endearing recollections, the thought will intrude itself, that what is denied by power is attempted to be established by public opinion; that the spirit which governed Pharisees in the days of our Savior, still holds its control over the minds of too many of his professed followers, and even at this late day, when light and knowledge have so much increased, those who venture to exercise freedom of thought in the light of reason and scripture, and express their conviction of truth against pre-conceived opinions, are denounced, vilified, and traduced, even in the land of Roger Williams.

No other testimony is required in justification of this assertion, than merely to advert to the scenes of the past season. We have witnessed the most unprincipled opposition with which our experience has ever furnished us, and yet we have found that the weapons of the adversary have fallen harmless at our feet, and that we have remained unscathed amid the fire of the enemy.

When our meetings commenced we had no pastor; already had the connection been dissolved which in a few weeks separated us. This was a trial little anticipated, and for which we considered ourselves illy prepared. But we did not know our strength, our energies had not been put in requisition, and we feared the result. Many of us said and felt that our meetings would lose their interest, we should have no guide, no shepherd, and we virtually acknowledged that

none could be found to fill the place of him who had so successfully ministered to us in holy things. But our fears were dissipated as chaff before the purifying wind, and we learned, as a people, what many of us had previously felt as individuals, that "as our day is, so shall our strength be." Every succeeding meeting has increased in interest, we have added abundantly to our stock of faith, our thoughts and aspirations have been upraised to heaven, we have left the earthly and leaned on an Almighty arm, and found support, and hope, and comfort, which surrounding circumstances could neither blight or destroy. Every reflecting mind among us, (and I cannot but feel that I include all in so saying) will in the sincerity of the heart thank our heavenly Father for the discipline of the past season, as therein is verified the truth that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and that for our profit; though evil was intended, good only has eventuated, and that all things will work together for good to those who love God. Our prospects are now cheering, and our hearts are made truly glad, for we have again a pastor, whose ministries (if the past give assurance for the future,) will conduce to our spiritual well being, to elevation of thought, purity of feeling, and a more perfect understanding of the truth as it is in Jesus. May we feel the importance of strengthening his hands by renewed exertions in the cause of the Master to whom he has given himself, and in which he continues to labor.

Let us evince our gratitude by increased energy, and untiring effort, and never forget that much of our happiness depends on cultivating kindly feelings and friendly communications. The bond of union which has so firmly cemented us in an associated capacity is not to be severed when we cease to meet; the silken cord, which has drawn heart to heart, must not be broken because other duties require us for a time to separate. No! Let the happy hours, the joyous scenes, the blissful hopes, and bright anticipations realized in the past, in retrospect come often before us, that they may stimulate to action, and prompt to good works. We have uniformly met in the spirit of love, and always parted in unaffected peace; prosperity is within our borders, and plenteousness in our habitations; but yet uninterrupted felicity is not the lot of mortals, and there are some sad scenes mingled with our cup of bliss.

Five successive years had passed and our numbers remained unbroken; but in the sixth, in the mysterious order of Providence, was one called from among us, who had, it is true, met with us in weakness, but whose sympathies, nevertheless, the few that remained unimpaired by disease, were ever enlisted for our welfare.

The seventh season death took from us a lovely young mother, who had but just been called by her "new name," and a faithful father in our Israel, who had borne the burden and heat of the day.

These both died in the triumphs of faith, and the closing hours of their existence afforded a striking illustration of the power of the gospel, when believed in its fulness, to illume the otherwise dark valley of the shadow of death.

The eighth, which is the present season, we have been called to part with one who, at the opening of our meetings, mingled with us in all the freshness of health and beauty, with every prospect of continued life. But she has so recently departed, the circumstances of her sickness and triumphant death are so vivid in our minds, and were so justly and happily delineated on the day of her funeral, that more said would be superfluous. These lessons of mortality teach us the necessity of the divine injunction, "Set your affection on things above." Our thoughts are oftener in heaven when the loved of earth are there. Our desires rise more fervently, our aspirations become purer and more elevated as they ascend the throne of grace, coupled with the sublime idea that our devotions mingle with theirs, and together we address their Father and our Father, their God and our God.

Let these dispensations inspire in our minds a spirit of humble trust and confidence in the Author of our being, and strengthen the resolution which I doubt not we have individually formed, that whether we meet or are separated, wherever we are, or whatever may be our trials, we will stand fast in one mind, and with one spirit strive together for the hope of the gospel.'

Written for the Repository.

Obituary.

We have received intelligence of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet (widow of the late Nathaniel Sweet) who died in Marblehead, April 8th, aged 68 years. Mrs. Sweet had been infirm for a long time, but still was ever cheerful and patient. She delighted to visit the Temple when

her health would permit, and carried to her home holy and happy impressions. It always did me good to greet her on the way, or in the church, for I knew there was one ready to hear for the truth's sake, and who would bear away a blessing. Such a one could not but die peaceful and reconciled, and thus she did close her pilgrimage. May the God of all grace bless the faithful daughter who ministered to her wants with filial fidelity; and though she may not fully unite with me in the faith I love, yet I rejoice she possesses its beautiful spirit. And may the God of consolation enable all the relatives to look aright on the departure of the aged mother, and prize the glorious religion which alone can give to the soul in death the great and satisfying hope. B.

For the Repository.

Wheat Seed for Planting.

THE SCHOLAR'S INHERITANCE.

Not gold and gems; not pastures and meadows, fat flocks and waving grain; not deeds, bonds, mortgages and stock—such things seldom fall to the scholar's lot. If he have a thatched cottage, a shady elm, a musical brook, a maple dish, with his books and a clear mind, he may well be content, and deem himself rich withal. Often is he poorer than this; but weighs not a scanty wardrobe and the uncertain meal, in comparison with knowledge. Yet is the scholar heir to a worthier inheritance, measured out by no metes and bounds, weighed in no earthly balances, and of a value assignable by no ordinary calculus. It embraces every pebble, every spire of grass, every flashing wave, the depth of the sea, the caverns of the earth—it compasses the circuit of the stars, and he weighs and measures them as his rightful possessions. Wherever aught may be known, there is his realm. Every thought, feeling, act of man, in the long reach of his history, past and to come, is his. The spirits of earth and air are his; the soul of the flower, and the demon of the mine, the invisible agencies of the wind, and the melodies of the spheres. With reverent awe he passes into the society of celestial hierarchies, not as a stranger, but as one of them. Lowly and humble in his temper, the shining laws and orders of the universe, are his, as he is duly subject to them. The unseen messengers that pass to and fro between heaven and earth visit him too, in his meekness and integrity.

To this inheritance he is always welcome. In the regions of thought no one will hinder his entrance. There are no hiring clauses, no writs of ejectment. Nature receives her child heartily, and with good cheer. The heart of the world is open to him who carries a true heart with him. Science throws open all her stores to him who would enjoy them; his own rudeness only, and want of skill, detain him from the complete fruition.

This inheritance is everlasting. His title to it lies in no bond nor lease, but deep in his own immortal being. No earthly law can divest it, no ordinance of princes abate its worth, nothing but his own recreancy and baseness. He who made the eye for light, made also the soul for truth; and the sight of the soul which fails not through age, is evidence that the perception shall hereafter grow clearer forever.

Our Book and Memoranda Table.

Withdrawal of Miss Edgarton. It will be perceived by the Prospectus that Miss Edgarton has retired from any editorial relation to this publication; but this will not, we are assured, lessen in the least her interest in the work, or deprive the readers of the Repository of the pleasure and profit of greeting her writings. She still continues as a correspondent, and our patrons may confidently expect to hear from her as often in the future as they have in the past.—Some ministering brethren have been pleased to circulate a report or surmise, that Miss Edgarton withdraws because of dissatisfaction with the management of the work. Circumstances have transpired which seem to demand of us an appeal to her to decide the matter, and we have the pleasure of presenting a direct and earnest denial of the truth of any such surmises. We wish not to print our own praise, and publish the following only because it seems to our mind to be important, to meet and set aside the report alluded to:

'As regards my withdrawal from the Repository, it must be needless for me to assure *you* that it is not from the slightest disapprobation of your course. It would be folly in me to say that the Repository is not capable of improvement; but I do say, in all sincerity, that with the resources you have, and the small amount of mature and practised talent which you are able to bring into requisition from abroad, no one could have done better than you have done. As an editor, your course has been honest, dignified and courteous; you have encouraged the diffident, and brought into the service of our cause, talent which would otherwise have been lost to us. You have raised the Repository from a very inferior to a very respectable rank among the literary publications of the day; and always, I do assure you, I have felt it an honor to be connected with you as a co-worker in such well-directed labors. The reason why I now withdraw, is because I feel myself incapable of doing sufficient for the Repository to entitle myself to the credit of being an editor; as a correspondent I shall feel less responsibility; and perhaps shall be able to assist you quite as much, without so much anxiety of mind as I feel when serving in an editorial capacity.' S. C. E.

Encouragement. We confess the poverty of words to express deep feeling, and give without comment the following from the 'Star of Bethlehem.'

'*Universalist and Ladies' Repository.*—The March number of this periodical has made its appearance filled as usual with interesting matter. We have not room to particularize, but the "*Minister's Wife*" deserves more than one reading.

'The next volume will commence July 1st, instead of June 15th. A new, neat, and small type is to be used, which will give room for more reading matter, and quarterly there is to be a fine steel engraving. It will be a handsome Magazine for the centre table, and one which the ladies of our denomination ought to encourage. Let those who now take the Lady's Book, and similar publications in preference to the Repository, pause and reflect a moment on the consistency of their course. The Repository, though not obnoxious to the charge of sectarism, is the only literary Magazine of a denomination which we believe maintains gospel truth. It has won its present standing solely by its own merits. Its pages boast no high-sounding literary names to give it a factitious celebrity. It has not existed upon patronage, but has gone on, slowly, but surely advancing in merit, and success. It is struggling for still farther improvement, and the means to place itself beside our best Magazines. Is it right, is it consistent with our professions, to patronize other periodicals, and suffer *our own* to languish for want of support? Is it just, to give as a reason for so doing, that it is not equal in execution, ornament, and reading matter, when we withhold that from it, which would enable it to compete with any journal, if liberally bestowed? A word to the wise, we hope, will be sufficient. L. J. B. C.'

Lowell Offering. We have just had put into our hands the back Nos. of the second volume of the 'Lowell Offering; a repository of original articles, written by females employed in the Mills.' The work maintains the excellent character we have heretofore attributed to it, and meritedly receives earnest commendations from the press everywhere. It is now published in a very neat style, pamphlet form of 32 pages, monthly, at one dollar a year in advance. Address, post paid, or free, 'Offering, Lowell, Mass.'

A Series of Controversial Sermons in defence of Universalism, by Rev. O. A. Skinner. These discourses were preached (says the Prospectus) during the recent excitement in this city, and were not only the means of advancing greatly the spiritual interests of true believers, but of turning many to a knowledge of the truth. They are now published at the urgent request of many who heard them, and in the hope that they will be instrumental in promoting the cause of liberal christianity. The following are the subjects discussed:—Endless Misery irreconcilable with the goodness of God; Endless Misery irreconcilable with the purposes of God; Endless Misery irreconcilable with the nature of man; Endless Misery irreconcilable with reason; Endless Misery not taught in the Bible; The testimony of scripture in defence of Universalism; The Faith necessary to constitute a Christian; Experimental Religion; The Practice of a true Christian. The work will be neatly printed on good paper, and contain 216 pages, 18mo. Price 50 cts. Seven copies for $3. Subscription papers to be returned immediately to A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston.

Beauties of Murray. New Work. We have received the proposals for publishing a new work to be entitled the 'Beauties of Murray,' selected from the works of Rev. John Murray. A most interesting and excellent work might thus be made, and we have no doubt but that such a one will be made. We present the prospectus as containing all that need be said:

'Everything connected with the life and writings of the venerable and beloved Murray, must possess peculiar interest to the denomination of Universalists. With his life most are familiar; it has been published in a form and at a price which has placed it within the reach of every reader in our order. But this remark will not equally apply to the writings of Murray. While most have become acquainted with his doings and sayings, very few comparatively have enjoyed the pleasure of reading his writings. These are voluminous, expensive and scarce. They abound, however, with fervent piety, elevated thought, pure sentiment, and original ideas. It has been suggested (and it is hoped that the suggestion will be favorably received) to collect in one book the "*Beauties of Murray*," as displayed in his writings. A single volume, not exceeding one dollar in price, with due care and judgment bestowed on it, might embrace all that is peculiarly interesting and instructive in this writer, and prove a valuable addition to the Universalist Library.—Under this impression, these proposals are issued, and the attention of the Universalist public invited to the subject, and their patronage respectfully solicited. It is desired that early efforts be made for subscribers, and that returns of the number wanted be made with all convenient despatch. As soon as sufficient encouragement is given the work will be put into the printer's hand, and issued with as little delay as possible.—The labor of selection and arrangement has been entrusted to Br. Le Fevre, of Hudson, who is now engaged on the work.—Will clergymen of our order, and active friends generally, interest themselves in this matter, and make early efforts and returns? A trifling exertion, it will be seen, will secure them a copy for their trouble.

The work will be issued in a handsome duodecimo volume of 300 or 350 pages, as the case may be, neatly bound, for one dollar, the single copy—six copies for five dollars.

Returns may be made to the 'Union and Messenger Office, No. 130 Fulton Street, New York.'

Zanoni. A Novel. By the author of 'Night and Morning,' 'Eugene Aram,' &c. In 2 vols. The person who opens these volumes expecting to meet in them a delineation of real life and real character, will be almost immediately apprized of his error; whether to his gratification or not, will depend very much upon his comparative taste for the real and ideal. Zanoni, in its higher character, its fine sentiment, and the consummate developement of the great *idea* involved, as essentially a *poem*—a most beautiful and ideal creation, claiming for its distinguishing attributes a perfect originality of conception and a delineation as delicate as it is masterly. The hero, from whom the work derives its name, is a Rosicrucian—one of the two sole survivors of a fraternity, which by relinquishing all earthly passions and desires, and dwelling only in an intellectual and spiritual existence; by magic, and adjuration, and various mystical arts, had acquired power over the spirits of the unseen and ideal world, and an immortal existence upon earth. Unlike Byron's Manfred, Zanoni, with all his unearthly power and wisdom, is a true and earnest philanthropist. He never exercises his necromantic power except to defend and bless the virtuous, and to frustrate the machinations of the wicked.

So many of the kindly affections of humanity still cling to Zanoni, that despite a long and noble resistance, he yields at last to the strength of a pure and disinterested love. For Viola (who by the way is one of the loveliest and most spiritual creations of the human intellect,) he consents to yield up many of the high prerogatives he had for many centuries enjoyed; and at last, so disinterested, so entire does his affection for her become, that he willingly, joyfully resigns his human immortality, and lays down his life for her, in the hope of a more glorious immortality beyond the grave.

Of the *utility* of such works as Zanoni, we are not prepared to speak. Their effect will ever be different upon differently constituted minds. Individually speaking, Zanoni appears to us susceptible of very pure and elevating ministries. It exalts the imagination, encourages a love of humanity, and leads the mind from the most beautiful picturings of the Ideal, to a perception of the sublimer glories of the Divine Real.—For a copy of this, and the work noticed below, we thankfully acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Mussey, 29 Cornhill. S. C. E.

The Daughters of England. By Mrs. Ellis. 1 vol. This is an excellent book—worthy of being placed in the hands of every daughter of America, as well as of England; and one which they cannot read without being benefitted. That it should be novel in its design or in its teachings, cannot be expected of a work of this class after the multitude of books that have been written upon female character and duties. But it is far from being common-place or threadbare in its style or inculcations. Mrs. Ellis writes with the earnestness of a true-hearted woman—of a devout and sincere christian; and we heartily commend this work to the attention of the young ladies of our own country, who

are emulous of being as virtuous and refined as their sisters of Britain. Mrs. Ellis is the author of the 'Women of England,' 'Poetry of Life,' and various other popular and useful books. S. C. E.

THE FLOWER BASKET. Translated from the German of Schmid. By Rev. T. J. Sawyer. P. Price, N. York. Many thanks to our friend, the publisher, for a copy of this beautiful little work. It is very tastefully executed; pretty enough for a centre-table even in *these* days. We hope 'The Flower Basket' will find an extensive sale, both for the encouragement of the translator and publisher, and for the moral improvement of the purchasers. The beautiful simplicity of its style, and the purity of its sentiments, are above all praise; moreover, it is exceedingly *interesting;* and this, we know, is held no unimportant qualification.

AMEN. B. S. C. E.

THE STAR OF SALVATION. This is a new paper, to be published weekly in Lowell, in place of the 'Star of Bethlehem,' which has been removed from that city and merged into the 'Trumpet.' 'The Star of Salvation' is published by an Association, and is printed in the same very neat form and style as was the other named paper before its enlargement, and is to be edited by Brs. Thomas, Thayer, Miner, and Gage. One dollar per year is the subscription price. It will be a good paper and deserving of patronage.

WASHINGTONIAN TEMPERANCE ADDRESS. We have been favored with a copy of a Temperance Address, delivered in Rockport, Ms. by Br. John Allen, published by the Washingtonian Society of that place. The address is a very excellent one, presenting a good train of thought, and being written in an animated and vigorous style. It is highly creditable to our brother, and its circulation will doubtless do good.

CHRISTIAN WARRIOR. We have received the first No. of a new paper published in Richmond, Va., entitled as above, and edited by Br. D. D. Smith. It makes a good appearance, and doubtless will be an interesting publication —for the editor has the ability to make a useful work of it. It is to be published every Saturday, and is afforded to mail subscribers at $1,50 per year. We sincerely wish our Br. abundant success—the prosperity of well doing and the advancement of the great cause of evangelical truth.

NEW SABBATH SCHOOL CLASS BOOK. Mr. Tompkins has in press and will publish immediately, a Class Book on the Parables of our Lord, by Br. J. M. Austin. We have not seen any portion of the work, and know nothing of the plan pursued, and can only say we have no doubt of its being an excellent addition to our instruction books. We commend it to the attention of our friends.

☞The first No. of the new volume will be published JULY FIRST, instead of *June fifteenth*, in order that the work may hereafter be issued on the first of each month. Look out for decided improvements. We want all prospectuses on which names are or may be placed, sent in during the month of June.

CLOSE OF VOLUME. This No. closes the tenth volume of the 'Universalist and Ladies' Repository,' and it becomes us to gratefully acknowledge the aid we have received in the literary department, and the degree of patronage extended to the work. This we do, while we ask for a continuance of the same, as essential to the existence and value of the work. We shall aim and labor to make it a better magazine than it has been, embracing a wider range of subjects, and possessing more to interest and instruct. We have always aimed and labored to do the best our means allowed, and we now rejoice, not selfishly, but socially, that our resources are more abundant, and that experience has taught us many wise lessons. We are determined to use more discrimination, and to judge more independently respecting what should be given to our readers. Our sensibilities are sometimes too severely excited in respect to writers, impelling us to consult their feelings, rather than the best good of our readers; but hereafter we hope to have stronger nerves—to obey more strictly our own convictions; and this we hope to do with proper respect and with a right sense of our obligations to those who intend us a favor. We ask for the countenance of those who desire the advancement of evangelical truth, and who are ready to acknowledge the usefulness of our work. We hope to make it an acceptable family Magazine, and to merit a repetition of the favorable opinions expressed towards it.

DISCONTINUANCES. Those of our subscribers who intend to relinquish their subscriptions, will please send word by the 15th of June, or they will be considered as subscribers for the next volume. Subscribers can send by the Post Masters free of any expense to us, and no subscriber should add expense of postage to the loss of his subscription. Let this be remembered, as our postage bill is a serious matter—augmented unjustly by the carelessness of many subscribers. We hope the additional attractions of the new volume will incline many to continue as patrons who have thought of leaving us. We need all our present subscribers, and great additions to give us the patronage needed to sustain the publication of the work and to encourage us in our labors.

Sisters in the faith! be zealous in our behalf, and remember the judicious hints given in the notice quoted from the 'Star of Bethlehem,' written by Mrs. Case.

AND NOW YE DELINQUENTS. What shall we say to you? What words of earnestness will move you and wake for us some feeling in reference to our wants and your own neglect? Arouse yourselves from an indifference that is criminal, and deal honest with those who have been faithful in endeavoring to send to you an acceptable and valuable work. Send on immediately—let there be no delay, and redeem your names from all suspicion. We wait for the needed incomings, and hope the best.

AGENTS. There are Agents of this publication from whom we are desirous of hearing, as their accounts remain in an unsettled state, and it is *very important* that attention be paid immediately to this matter. We trust that each one who has not yet sent in, will let us hear from him without delay.

We gratefully acknowledge our obligations to many *faithful* Agents, whose fidelity has been of very great service to us. We trust we shall always be able to present a work which shall interest them in its circulation, and keep them willing to labor as they can in our behalf.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. '*Thou art ever with me, love,*' is a very pretty poem, but we must be excused from publishing the effusions of individual sentimentality, which only bring upon our devoted head the jeers of the generality of readers, who will not separate the editor's taste from the character of any articles. Writers should be careful not to talk too much of their own feelings and their great love for their own private and peculiar friends.

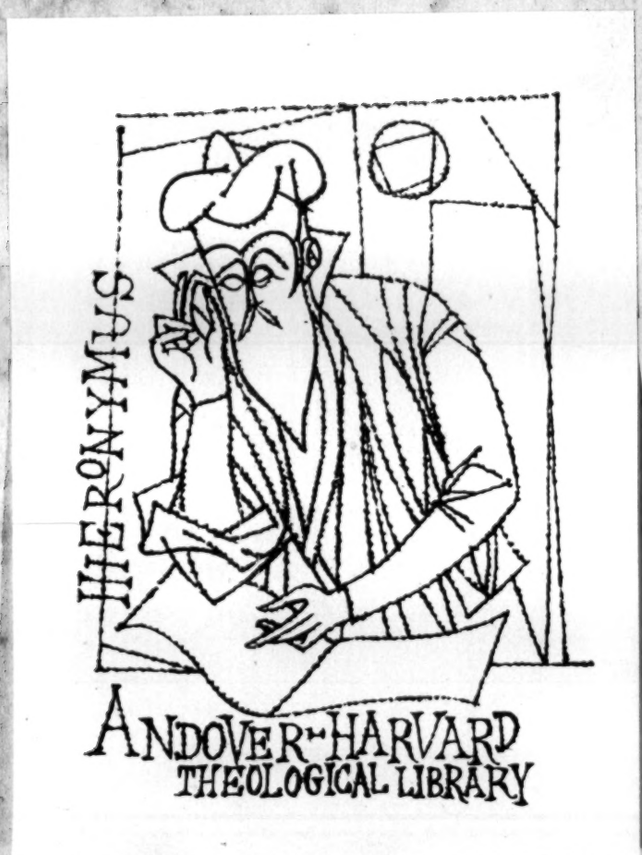
'*Mossdale Cottage,*' in our next.

We hope our correspondents will be liberal in their favors in the future, as we need their assistance and are very grateful for their kindness in the past. Let us still work together for the good of society and home.

A press of other matter and the Index, rendered it necessary to omit the page of Music prepared for this month, which we regret as much as any of our readers.

List of Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending April 27, 1842.

L. R., Rushford, for vol. 10. $2; M. H., Highgate, $2; C. J., H. C. S., St. Albans, $2 each; G. & W., Utica, $2; M. A. M., Manchester, $2; C. H., Southbridge, (for vol. 11.) $2.



Eben Francis. april 1845.
Chelsea Mass.

½ calf E H

THE

UNIVERSALIST

AND

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

EDITED BY REV. HENRY BACON.

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UNIVERSALIST

AND

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

Volume XI.

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Notices of Books, Papers, &c.

W. H. Bartlett. O. Pelton.

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T. R. Holland Pr.

THE

UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1842.

LAKE GEORGE.

ILLUSTRATION.

We present in this Number a beautiful picturesque view of Lake George, affording a well drawn sketch of some of its loveliest features. Though foreign tourists have often had the disposition of the Irishman who thought the snow in the Emerald Isle was 'a little whiter than in America,' yet they have been forced to dwell with poetic enthusiasm on the varied beauty of our noble lakes, and have always filled a good page with hearty descriptions. Visited in autumn when the mountains, woods, and shores are clothed in the gala dress of the year, an infinite variety of the beautiful is seen, from the gentlest and most exquisite, to the magnificent and sublime. The waters, sleeping in silvery smoothness, mirror the delicate and gorgeous colorings of the frost-painted trees and the richly crowned hills, and all the imagery of the many hued clouds, so that the whole forms a glorious scene to feast the lover of the artistical beauties of nature. And they are not wanting in historical associations to awaken the love of the past—to assist imagination in peopling the waters, and giving to them the animation of peaceful and warlike pursuits.

Lake George is one of the noble sheets of water, occupying the northern part of the great glen by means of which the Hudson pierces the mountain chain. It is south of Lake Champlain, which at Ticonderoga receives its waters by an outlet, which in the course of two miles sinks nearly two hundred feet. Its length is thirty-six miles, and its width varies from three quarters of a mile to four miles, thus presenting every variety in connection with the islands and shores. The transparency of the waters is remarkable, the clean gravelly bottom being frequently distinctly visible at a great depth, so that the floating visitor can easily imagine that the air and waters are one, where the shadows of the mountains do not darken them. A large number of small islands gem the Lake, the principal of which is called Diamond Island, and once contained a fortification. Near the southern extremity are the ruins of old Fort George, and near the southern shore are the remains of a fortification called Fort William Henry. The dreadful battles between the French and British during the years 1750 and 1760, were fought in this neighborhood, and there are many points of melancholy interest from the legends connected with them. The barbarities committed by the Indians connected with both armies were revolting in the extreme, and the very tragic death of Miss McCrea, will ever give a romantic interest to this region. Her story is well known—how she remained behind when her betrothed retreated with Burgoyne's army, and was sent for by him through a party of Indians, in whom he supposed he could confide. Some delay caused him to dispatch a second party, who met the first returning with the young and beautiful bride, and quarrelled about the reward promised. In the struggle Jane McCrea was killed—tomahawked and scalped. She was dressed in her bridal robes, as she was to be married immediately on her arrival at the camp. Captain Jones, the betrothed, did not long survive her, for the horrors of her death were more to him than the terrors of battle under any of the forms of war, and he died of a broken heart.

Lake George is a short day's ride from Saratoga, and a visit to it always makes a part of an excursion to that famous resort. Here and there are intervals of very fruitful cultivation, and then through a length of nearly fourteen miles we can sail between parallel ridges of craggy mountains, in beautiful contrast with the calm waters of the Lake. At times the shore recedes from the waters with a gentle acclivity for a few rods, and then, with a bold ascent, rises to an elevation from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet. The numerous islands relieve any monotony that otherwise might be felt from the extent and calmness of the waters, and their beauty makes up all desirable variety in the enchanting and romantic scenery of the Lake. Indeed, there is more to charm and interest in a lake like this, than in others of greater magnitude, because of the changes and contrasts by the intervention of islands and the unevenness of the shores, permitting the beholder to gain exquisite delight from viewing the waters pushing their way among the rocks, or winding round the roots of the towering trees, or playing with the base of the islands, or steal-

ing far inland to invite out the songsters of the groves and give brighter greenness to the banks. These are in lively contrast with the smoothness of the wider parts of the Lake, which stretch out far in the distance. In this respect, the Narrows is a point of view always regarded as among the most beautiful pictures of the Lake; the mountains rise far up, with lofty peaks, in the distance, their base lined with foliage; while near by is one of the fairy isles with its wild and graceful beauty, reminding of the past and present lords of the waters, dividing the stream with elegance; and the shores on either side are rich in luxurious greenness. In the heat of this early summer day, it gives a delicious coolness to gaze on the beautiful sketch and let imagination loose. O for a sail in one of those fairy boats!

Wordsworth, in an essay on the scenery of the Lakes in the north of England, states that there once existed at Lucerne in Switzerland, '*a model* of the Alpine country which encompasses the Lake of the four Cantons. The spectator ascended a little platform, and saw mountains, lakes, glaciers, rivers, woods, waterfalls, and valleys with their cottages, and every other object contained in them, lying at his feet; all things being represented in their appropriate colors. It may be easily conceived,' continues the poet, 'that this exhibition afforded an exquisite delight to the imagination, which was thus tempted to wander at will from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain, through the deepest recesses of the Alps. But it supplied also a more substantial pleasure; for the sublime and beautiful region with all its hidden treasures, and their bearings and relations to each other, was thereby comprehended and understood at once.' We wish that American ingenuity would give us something like this in reference to the region of *our* Lakes; and we should be delighted to present an effort at such a work, in words, from any of our correspondents. Let them make a balloon, rise to the right point, and tell us what they see. B.

HEAVENLY VISIONS OBEYED.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

'I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.'

Acts xxvi. 19.

Paul stood before Agrippa, making his defence against those who were his enemies, because of his faith in Jesus as Christ. He recounted the circumstances attending the mighty change that came over the spirit of his life; and while a deep enthusiasm of soul is manifest therein, there is also evidence that this enthusiasm had its springs not in hot and wild excitement, but in sober and thorough convictions. A power irresistible in its energy was felt, changing the whole current of his being, and giving him as warm and strong a zeal for Christ, as he once had against him. This change came over him, not in a dreamy hour of romance, of wild and pleasing thought that promised him fame and glory under the banner of the Cross,—but it came while his soul burned with inveterate enmity towards every one who named with reverence the name of Christ. His mind was doubtless filled with all the questions that made controversy between Jew and Christian, and the why and wherefore of the positions taken by each—for he was a learned man, schooled in the wisdom of his age, and possessed great reasoning powers. He had decided many times on the merits of the discussion, and fostered stronger and more strong his Jewish prejudices. His zeal was according to his perception of the Right; and his earnestness and sincerity must be commended, however, much his actions as Saul of Tarsus may be frowned upon. There is something to admire, if not to reverence, in bold and self-sacrificing enthusiasm towards what are deemed the best measures for social good, even though those measures may be unapproved by us. How the truth was made clearly manifest to him—how there ran through his mental being a changing power, transforming him inwardly into a disciple of him he had despised, we cannot tell. We cannot decide these questions any more than we can how it was that the 'I will—be thou clean!' of Jesus, made the blood of the leper course with a delicious coolness through his veins, telling him the leprosy had departed.

Conviction did come to Saul, changing the whole vital element of his mental being and throwing off the leprosy of Jewish error and corruption. He was a new man. An unshadowed moral sublimity was given to his enthusiasm. Worldly honors were nothing—human praise was of but little worth. Persecution and suffering were bravely borne, and wherever he went Jesus was his Master and the Cross his glory. After a life of devotedness, he died in the triumphs of the glorious faith he had so ably expounded and defended, and which he had declared to be 'unsearchable riches'—riches of love, riches of hope, riches of comfort, riches of everlasting glory.

Thus did he demonstrate his sincerity and prove the truth of his words;—'I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.' A vision of Jesus Christ in the glory of his love and grace; a vision of the baseness of warring against him; a vision of absolute duty. He saw what Christ was—what he himself was—what he should be. 'Lord! what wilt *thou* have *me* to *do?*' was the language of his heart. The answer he obeyed. The moral glory of his life is unsurpassed in all the annals of the world since his time. O how much lofty thought has been kindled by exhibitions of his greatness—the greatness of entire devotion to the best good of the man and society. What Reformer has not felt his soul strengthened as he has thought of him? and who that has been persecuted for daring to utter honest convictions and to roll out the burning coals of thought on the flaxen bands of

social wrong, has not exulted that God has made the soul mighty to withstand human malice in his fear? O Paul! thou art crowned with the golden crown of Righteousness, whose radiance grows not dim even in the noonday of human glory.

What Paul was, we should be. Devoted to working out the teachings of our heavenly visions—the visions that are vouchsafed to us in our hours of devotional thought, when the pinions of the spirit are strongest to fly upward and give to the eye of the soul glimpses of angel glory. Visions of what human love is—what the determined will can do—what the grace of God shall consummate. Visions that make us feel that we are not all earthly—that inwrought with our mental being are aspirations which rise to heaven, and that we should live in view of a higher destiny than earth can grant—a destiny that teaches how much greater is the man, than the king, or the hero.

But first, let us pause and reverently acknowledge the worth of that capacity by which we are made capable of having heavenly visions—of transcending the sensual—of living in an ideal world full of types and symbols of the immortal. Were it not for this imaginative power, to what a small compass would ranging thought be confined! What forms of loveliness, what images of unutterable grandeur, what visions of the morally sublime, would vanish! The aged couple who sit out in the shade of the wide spreading tree they planted when their first vow went up to heaven, could not, as now they do, throw around each other the robes of youthful freshness and beauty—could not see the furrows departing, and the smooth cheek and fair brow again presented. Neither could again be visited the scenes hallowed by the whisperings of love, the utterance of earnest thought, the mutual prayer. Childhood's home would indeed be in ruins. It could not be brought out from the desolation—from the changes wrought by time or art, and again seen with all that made it the loveliest spot of earth. As there the patriarch and his companion sit, they could only see what others see. The forms that once met with them on the broad green, are there no more; nor, as they look up, is there an opening of the heavens, through which the eye penetrates to the verdant fields of unfading beauty, where roam the departed from earth, sandaled with immortality.

Without the picturing power of the Ideal, which we should learn more to value and rightly cultivate, the Mourner could not have her solitude made sweet by the return of the spirit form of the beloved. When in the still and solemn night she awakes to feel how lonely death has left her, the gloom of her soul can not be chased by the form that comes out from the darkness, with radiating light and youthful beauty; the holy countenance could not again be gazed upon, and the blessed smiles that were rays from a loving heart—the suffusing of sympathising amiability—would not come like sunshine to shaded flowers! 'Alone! alone!' would be the melancholy language of her sorrowing soul. Nor at the thoughtful hour of departing day, would the companionless sister gaze out upon the sympathising stars and feel to say to the departed—

> 'Even now thy dear remembered eyes,
> Filled up with floods of radiant light,
> Seem bending from the twilight skies,
> Outshining all the stars of night;
> And thy young face, divinely fair,
> Like a bright cloud, seems melting through,
> While low sweet whispers fill the air,
> Making my own lips whisper too.'

This power to recall the departed—to fill up the desolated scene with the beauty of other days—to throng the canvas of the future with angel forms, is a power Religion bids us cultivate, and our own best happiness requires it. It is the power by which the glories of prophecy were brought before the inspired mind, and by which they may pass in review before our inward sight to bless and cheer us with heavenly visions. If we do not cultivate it, ours cannot be the faith that gives a present existence to things hoped for; nor when the loved lie down to sleep the sleep of death, can we see them awake as angels! As then we desire—and well we may—to have faith made a reality, let us value aright the poetry of thought—the inward sense that penetrates the visible—that sees the spiritual in the material, God in his works, eternity in time.

And wherefore, we should ask, is this capacity to receive heavenly visions granted to us? It is that we might feel our mingled nature—that amid the temptations that throng around us we might have present with us the glory of virtue, and that on earth we, like our Master as he talked with the Ruler at night, may feel ourselves in heaven. That oft to quicken our affections—to give more ardor to our devotion to duty, our friends may be transfigured before us; and that we may, as in a mirror, behold what we may become by fidelity to our spiritual instincts, even as did the primitive Christians as saith a good man,—'We all, with unveiled face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord.'

What are some of the heavenly visions granted to us, to the teachings of which we should not be disobedient? I trust, that in answering from experience, I do but utter a voice whose echo is in every heart.

1. I would treat of those visions given us of our friends at times, when we behold them clothed in a beauty we are not wont to recognize.

Behold that son, as in his chamber, far away from the parental home, he sits in thoughtful mood. He holds in his hands a present from his mother, sent

by a visitor to the city. Last night, that youth was in the scenes of wild revelry and mirth, among vicious companions, who would train him to tread with them the paths of death. He feels the effects of the past night's revel, but a new pulse has been given by memory to his heart. There is a strange mingling in his eyes of the languor of dissipation and the suffusing moisture of affection. He loves his mother—for she has ever loved him; and now he is recalling her tokens of kindness—her expressions of tenderness, and is contrasting therewith what he has been to her—a forgetful, a wandering child. He feels her hand upon his head as when she blessed him; her arms are round his neck as when she plead of him to forget not her warnings; she looks upon him with the full gaze of maternal anxiety as when she sought to read in his face firm resolution and noble purpose. O never yet was there so much loveliness in that ever-lovely face—never did those eyes seem so full of tenderness—never were those lips wreathed with so much sweetness—never did such a holy radiance glow on every feature! His mother is transfigured before him—a form in which every dream of angel beauty is realized, and yet it has outstretched arms for him, and a melting voice to say—'My son! my child!' He shrinks before the presence of so much purity; but bury his face in his hands as he may, he cannot shut out the heavenly vision! Happy, happy will it be for him, if it follow him as he mingles again with the betraying world, that as oft as he returns to the thoughtful mood and brings again around him his father's home, he may rejoice to say—'I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision!'

As with him, so is it with all of us. There are times when as we think of our chosen friends they appear before us as Jesus to his disciples on the mount, when 'his face did shine as the sun and his garments were white as the light.' However beautiful they may have seemed while we have daily mingled with them in the intercourse of life, at the season of holy thought when affection makes known her full power, they wear an aspect more heavenly—they seem embodiments of every excellence—their faults are all forgotten like the spots on the sun, and we marvel as we behold a loveliness never before recognized, or dreamt of. As we gaze on the excelling beauty, our hearts reproach us for past neglect—of bearing to our homes too much of the world's vexations and harshness—of not recognizing charms fairer than flowers, holier than the stars, and more essential to our daily happiness than much of what makes the outward pleasant. It is at such seasons that we feel, deeper than is our wont, what treasures we possess—what jewels of affection we are privileged to wear, and how inadequately we have appreciated them. And then come solemn whisperings that they may fade and be called for by Him who alone can brighten and re-set them. We shudder as we think of what may be; but even then they assume more attraction—the idea of loss awakens all the mind's energies to concentrate their illuminating power on the fancy portraits, till tears ease the aching fullness of the heart. I pity him who has never felt this extreme of emotion—who has no power to bring the absent before him in more than actual loveliness, as the blind always picture those devoted to them, regarding them as the loveliest of earth. He cannot have loved as man can love—as it is man's highest glory to love, and he must be deprived of hours of rapture known to those who rejoice in the visitations of these heavenly visions.

And wherefore do these visions come? They come to teach us the beautifying power of love—that

> 'Tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
> Making a truth and beauty of its own.'

They come to teach us to cherish more reverent feeling—to look deeper than the surface of every day life—to bear into the world the images of home, to be as an holy presence to keep us true to those virtues which alone are the safeguards of domestic peace, that we may bear back something else than the harshness and untuning effects of the jars of the busy sphere. They come to teach us to feel as the bereaved feels, when in the visions of night the departed returns, waking those intense feelings it would have been well for him to have cherished in time past, ere the face of the living had been changed for that of the dead. They come that we may recognize more of the divine in the human—that we may feel ourselves surrounded with the Infinite, and read of the beauty of God in all the loveliness of human love. They come to thee, O wandering child, that the voices of thy home may again be heard, and enter with all their pleading earnestness and winning sweetness into thy heart of hearts. They come to thee, O forgetter of the humanities of life, that thou mayst be recalled from the ways of the selfish, where thou hast gathered too many thorns to plant in the paths daily trod by those whose happiness should be thine. They come to thee, thou who art too much with the world, to bid thee turn from its gilded vanities, its wild idolatry, and live more for what abides in the quiet retreat, where the music of God's harmonies steals in upon the soul, and the passions are trained to become the friends of the graces.

Be it thy joy, thou to whom comest the vision of friends enveloped with beauty born in the soul in its affectionate moods, to say to Him who givest: 'I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.'

> 'O cast thou not
> Affection from thee! In this bitter world
> Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast;
> Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
> The bright gem's purity.'

2. Another class of heavenly visions granted to us are those by which we see manifest the power—the

reforming might of the determinate human will. We see every day, with our natural eye, what *Sin* can do; and as oft as we contrast man as he is, with the reflection of what he should be as shown in the Gospel, we shrink before the picture of what sin hath wrought—we feel indignant that our race should be so recreant to the trust committed to them, like him who buries in dust the splendid work of the artist on which is the impress of immortal genius. When we see the bands that bind, the weaknesses that cripple, and the passions that sway with mighty force, we feel the approach of the sickening influence of despair, and mourn the lot of humanity. But there come in those seasons of despondency, bright visions to cheer us, showing us from what depths of degradation man has risen, and to what lofty heights he has attained. We see before us those who have denied all alliance with a betraying and debasing sin—who make the time past of their lives suffice for service to the works of the flesh—and who, by the energy of a determinate Will, are moulding and fashioning themselves into the form and living beauty and glory of the true man. They come before us—we gaze with reverent eye—we listen to their speech with earnest attention—the deepest waters of the soul are moved—a halo of light seems to surround their head, and they grow before us into beauty attractive beyond aught in the material world. Lesson on lesson is read to us for our learning, and we feel that they come from authority—the authority of God speaking through the stern experience of a human spirit.

It is well that it should be so. For when a traveler comes before us from the ruins of Oriental cities, there is an interest immediately excited within us towards himself and his subject, which no mere description, though far more eloquent, can command. There is something entrancing in the thought that we are gazing on one whose eyes have seen and whose heart has felt all that is described—who has stood beneath the tall column and lofty portico, where the twining ivy is contending with the exquisite sculpturing of unsurpassed skill; we see him advance from thence, and contrast his shadow with that of the giant pillar; with him we visit ruined hall and tower, listen to the sighing stream and the break of the surging sea, and filled with lofty thoughts, we re-animate the deserted city, and restore the works of the skillful sons of Art. Many a vision—earthly vision—comes before us, and with many a wise lesson too—lessons that tell us of changing time, of how the fashion of this world passeth away, and that we should learn the arts of eternity. But are not feelings and emotions of a holier sublimity awakened when one comes before us from the ruins of humanity? He can tell us of more awful ruins than time and the influences of the natural world can make, and teach us that it is indeed true—

'That one lost mind,
Whose star is quenched, hath lessons for mankind
Of deeper import than each prostrate dome,
Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome.'

And when we see such a mind restored, and hear of the struggling laboring of the invincible will, do we not have a heavenly vision of the might of determinate mind, strong in the strength of goodness, and victorious through grace from on high? Should we not gaze with reverence, and feel that we are beholding a greater than the work of king Hezekiah, who had only to deal with materiality when he purified the temple. And know ye not that ye are the temple of God? O be not disobedient to the vision that speaks of the inner glory, too much obscured by earthliness, but work with energy of heart to purify and re-consecrate it to Him who is the Spirit thereof.

3. Another class of heavenly visions are given to us by reflection on what christian benevolence and philanthropy are doing in the social world. In the efforts put forth by human goodness in behalf of the Reforms of the age, we recognize the presence of a noble sympathy—we familiarize ourselves with its influence and effects. We see how it would mould and fashion the social elements—how it would elevate the masses—how it would bring out into clear mental sunlight the eternal principles of Right—how it would bring every thing that now receives respect to an unalterable standard and test—and shows it has faith in the Millennium by devotion to the means that alone, under God, can produce it. We take our position on the high mount of meditation. The great world lies beneath, in brightness and shadows, and we gaze on the mighty scene. We behold the Apostles of the Right and the Good mingling amid the contending and active throngs. The masses seem to heed them. The haunts of vice are forsaken, the retreats of avarice and fraud are deserted, the tables of the money changers in the temple are thrown down, and the traps of deceit are deprived of all their springs. The stern man begins to smile, the cruel to be kind, the hard hearted to weep, the penurious to be generous, and the powerful to be magnanimous. The prisons are changed into places of attractive industry, the insignia of pride vanish, the drama of master and slave is no more enacted, and nought destroys or mars the song of a happy world, active in harmony with heaven's law of order.

The vision is beautiful! It comes in blessed hours of hope to him who has shed bitter tears over the evils to which his race is subject—who knows what they have to contend with—who blames not humanity so much as he pities—who worships the martyr spirit of the true Reformer. It comes to cheer him—to take the stone from off the sepulchre of his hopes, that the Christ of the Regeneration may come forth in all his resurrection glory. It comes to give him trust in God and faith in man; to bid him pray and plead and sing; to encourage him to struggle on, nor faint, nor murmur, but day after day to labor and seek

God's blessing thereon. It came to Moses, Jesus, Paul, Luther, Washington, Oberlin, Murray, and each and all of 'the sacramental host of God's elect,' who stood against the might of error, stern and strong as the long line of rocky sentinels that fence our coast against the sea. Aye, more than that—they stood like Moses stretching out his rod over the sea, making it obey the divine mandate to open a way for the oppressed, and then turning it back for the destruction of that which had oppressed.

And what does the heavenly vision teach us? It teaches us not to spend our time in mere dreaming, or waste our strength in fancy sketching; but to arouse ourselves to work—to triumph over the sin that doth most easily beset us—the resting on good intentions. The poetry of benevolence—the romance of reform, are good enough to please for a season, but they are useless if they do not excite to strong thought and deep feeling that will not let us rest without laboring to work out the pictures of the soul—as the artist in whose soul is perceived a glorious design, or the poet to whom an inspiration has come to lift up his whole being, cannot rest till the pencil, or the pen, is grasped. Work, O man! work! is the command. Work with all thy might—for God and humanity work!

'Generous faith hath power
By her prevailing spirit, e'en yet to work
Deliverances, whose tale shall live with those
Of the great elder time. Be of good heart!
Who is forsaken? he that gives the thought
A place within his breast. 'Tis not for you.'

When we gaze on the visions—the heavenly visions of human love, we are to rise higher than man—to the Source of all that burns and glows in the philanthropic soul, giving it a quenchless ardor. God, and not man, is the Reforming Spirit. The circling chain reaches, link after link, to the throne of the Eternal, and when he pleases, he moves the cloud at his feet, and the electricity of his power leaps from link to link, communicating a vivifying energy to millions of souls. And thus, in every division of habitable space, there is a struggling for right and truth, and God is there. O human love is beautiful, as, with a holy and generous faith, it struggles to redeem the sinful—as the mother tells her erring son of one home—her heart; or as the faithful wife or sister, with softest accents of tenderness, reminds the wanderer that one pillow shall always be ready to rest his head, where he may hear one heart that has not ceased to beat for him. And shall visions of unshaken and undying love in human beings come before me, without my recognizing in them the teachings of God's eternal love? Humanity loves while life on earth lasts. The devoted dies with a prayer and a blessing on her lips for him who hath no mercy on himself. What is the Resurrection, if this love be not immortal? If it passes away, there must be darkness in heaven. But no! it lives, and its life is the breathing of Jehovah's love. Come visions of noble philanthropy! stay before the eye of the soul, more pleasant than summer's richest scene—more grand than the most entrancing autumn sunset pageant. Let me confess the presence of my God—the God of light and love!

4. The heavenly visions of eternity given by our holy faith, must be confessed as the most beautiful that ever enter 'the spirit's pictured halls.' How often is it said concerning certain classes of sinners—'Imagination dares not follow them to the eternal world.' And why? because visions of horror—hellish visions—will come before the gaze of the ideal, overwhelming to sensibility and torturing to the best affections. Aye, we are told that good men—men whose lives have been one bright day of piety, stagger under the weight of oppressing thought when they think upon this subject. And well they may. Yet why? Is there no God in eternity? lives there no Divine love? is redemption only on the earth? Whence hath Jesus gone—where is his mediatorial throne—where doth he plead—where is he touched with a feeling for our infirmities? In our Father's house there are many mansions—in the universe there are many spheres of being or existence. God reigns in all. Wherever he reigns there must be hope. The wings of thought can bear the imagination to no part of the Universe where God ceases to be light, if thought be the bird of truth and love. We know it to be so. Know it! by the everlasting voice of sympathy in the soul—by the ten thousand echos of the truth that God is unchangable—by the divinity of those visions that fill every void of the heart and satisfy every aspiration of the soul.

Such was the glorious vision arrayed before the prophet when he exultingly declared that the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations, shall be destroyed. The Lord of hosts will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it.' Let men by learned sophisms if they will, lessen the extensiveness of this enrapturing prophecy; and what will they do? They lessen the grandeur and sublimity of all visions of eternity; they grant existence there to infinitely greater evils than here exist, oppressing the soul with mountain mysteries, as they teach that the inequalities of this life will be rectified by eternal inequalities. God pity them. God be praised that ours is not so darkening a faith as theirs, and that not simply in a few moments of rapture, but continuously, we can sing:

'His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die.'

The reality we cannot but wish to be hastened and therefore we exultingly exclaim:

'How long, dear Savior, O how long
Shall this blest hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.'

He who sees that vision and leagues himself with sin, is indeed disobedient. Disobedient to the most glorious revelation of the beauty and joy of holiness. Blessedness is but another term for sanctification, and sanctification is only to be gained by practical and habitual obedience to the truth as it is in Jesus.

What then is the great moral of our theme? It is, that to the believer is given the highest elevation of thought and feeling—the grandest range for meditation and the sublimest flights of poetry. He has an indescribable advantage over the unbeliever. He is like a traveler who has ascended an Alpine height—step after step, leap after leap, cliff upon cliff, till he stands on the lofty pinnacle of rock, drinking in the air of a stronger life, while he seems but a moat in the air to those who are below. Grandeur and beauty, in endless variety, are around him on every side; indeed, all is lovely seen from his lofty point of view. But he cannot bend down and reach to the travelers in the valleys below, and lift them up. Neither can he give them any adequate conception of what he is privileged to behold. He cannot give them his consciousness—he can construct no bridge by which his thoughts and emotions may pass to their minds, however great may be the toll which they are willing to pay. They must labor as he has labored. Step after step they must take, pressing on, not heeding the sharp stones and the briars that sometimes wound and vex them, but keeping the will fixed and the full strength of the body active. Thus, and thus only, can they arrive at the heights on which the christian stands, and see and rejoice in the sublimities he beholds and in which he rejoices. Thus, and thus only, can they know the advantage which the believer has over the unbeliever, and be led rightly to estimate the nature God has bestowed upon them.

Reader! Let us be wise unto that which is good, using the abundant means which our Spiritual Father hath furnished for our improvement in the graces of christian virtue, that whenever his spirit draws near to question our faithfulness, we each may be able to say: 'I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.'

Providence, R. I.

ORIGINALITY AND GENIUS. As our work is intended to be composed of articles written expressly for it, we would in a friendly way just throw out the hint, that true Originality and Genius can only be attained by deep study with the affections, and a constant converse with the moving universe around us. PR.

SAILOR'S SONG.

BY IONE.

FAREWELL to the tame green shore!
And a merry song as the snowy sheet
Springs forward the breeze or the gale to meet;
And the anchor lies like a sleeping thing,
Or a bird at rest on its weary wing!
And the timbers creak at the rude caress
Of the dancing waves in their mirthfulness!
And we sleep, not still as the landsmen rest,
But rocked on a smooth and yielding breast!

Far over the ocean's floor,
As we move like a courser fleet and strong,
And list to the wild and wondrous song,
Which steals from the ocean's sparry caves,
Where the sea-nymph still in her beauty laves!
We seek through the clear, green depths below
To note the source of its music low!
There are harps beneath which we fain would see,
And the minstrel hand that hath touched the key!

Hark, hark, to the midnight storm!
It comes in its sable garments rolled,
But a mighty arm hath its strength controlled!
It sighs like a half repentant thing,
And passes away on its broken wing!
And the stars look down on the restless deep,
Till its crested waves in their beauty sleep!
And the sailor's eye with a glance above
Is bright with the kindling fires of love!

Boston, Mass.

'PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.' No. III.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'LOOK Fanny, see how it snows! The air is filled with the feathery particles which, though they seem so light and evanescent, and descend so softly and so silently, yet cause an almost magic change in the whole appearance of nature; for it seems as though the angel of death had come down during the night watches, and covered the ground with a shroud, and spread a white pall over the mountains. It has a bleak look, and a beautiful, and sometimes I love to see the snow; but not now, no, not now! for I am far from my own home, and I shudder to think of the long miles which must be passed over to reach it, and the way made dreary and uncomfortable by this early snow. Poor E., too is out in this gloomy storm. I wish we had not let him go to W. What an unpleasant time he will have, and perhaps get sick from being so exposed. And here is an end to all our out of door amusements. No more rambles by the river side; no more excursions to the mountains; no more sketching and no more rides, for us; oh dear! oh dear! We must be shut up now with our books and knitting-work, and leave the pleasant sunshine to

gather around the heated stove. How I do hate stoves!'

'This from you, cousin Mary! I thought *you* never quarrelled with the "clerk of the weather," and that your equanimity was storm proof; but I see the most even temper is subject to flaws, and I must take the liberty to laugh at your impatient words, and your rueful countenance. Why, I really thought you would be in ecstacies when you first saw our mountains and valleys in their bridal garments, our streams hushed to stillness, and our forests in their feathery and graceful drapery; but there is no accounting for tastes, as the saying is, and no calculating upon the changing moods of our friends, I take it. If you had been accustomed to seeing deep, deep snow, lying all around you, for three or four months in every year, you would not think so much of this. I will not attempt to point out the beauties of the scene to *you;* for one who professes to handle the pen and the pencil should have an eye to see for herself; but I may call you to consider the utility of this provision of providence. Sancled, invoked a blessing on the inventor of sleep, because it covered one all over like a blanket; and all the green things which gladden our eyes in the summer time, I am sure follow his example, and bless the inventor of snow, which is the blanket that hides them from the sharp winds, and from the step of Death, who is searching for them through the weary winter. Do not "borrow trouble" in anticipating the difficulties of our journey towards the South, for perhaps we may have fair weather then; and you need not fret about poor E., as you call him; for you know he is well guarded against the cold, with his over coat and buffaloe, his fur cap and gloves, his "Canada over alls," and his warm heart which is better than all; for that will lead him fearlessly and cheerfully, to encounter the snow and wind through a long day's journey, that he may save us from the disappointment of not seeing him back to night. I dare say you will be the first to praise him for perseverance in accomplishing his object, and he will answer, with his usual readiness of speech, that your approbation is his exceeding great reward. But from what arises your sudden spite against *stoves?* I am sure they are very comfortable articles in the winter season, we could hardly live without them; and I believe you sometimes use them at home. Come cousin, bid the clouds vanish from your face, I long to see its serenity restored. Let us have sunshine within doors, if we cannot without. There, your countenance is beginning to brighten, and you will soon acknowledge it is better to be merry than to grieve. It would not take much to set you a laughing now, and "Moll," I do love to hear you laugh.'

'Well then, laugh I will, at you, and your sermon, if you have done preaching; for I have not heard such a homily since Sunday, and I hope you have notes of the discourse, for I must get a copy to keep me from ever looking cross again. But to be serious dear Fanny, I thank you for your gentle admonitions, and regret having allowed myself to indulge in such a petulant mood of mind; but it is all owing to a violent attack of "the blues;" and besides, I cannot bear to see our pleasant mountain walks buried in the snow, and to be shut up here like a caged bird, when I so long for wings to bear me through the free air to the lofty mountain tops. Pray, what is that you are humming? oh, I remember the words of that old song.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take,
That for an heritage."

Well, I deserve the rebuke, and now if you will play and sing "By gone Hours," I think it will have a soothing effect.'

'Thank you cousin, your voice operates like a charm, and those sweet words too, how I love to hear them.

"'Tis sad, 'tis sad to think upon
The joyous days of old;
When every year that wearies on,
Is numbered by some friendship gone,
Some kindly heart grown cold:
Could those days but come again,
With their thorns and flowers,
I would give the hopes of years,
For those by gone hours."

O, Fanny! what a mighty power hath music over the mind! Surely, it had its "birth in heaven" when "the morning stars sang together;" and when we enter that better land, how will our rapt souls be ravished and exalted with its divine harmonies! Will *my* voice, now so tuneless, then give utterance to the melody in my heart? Shall I too, be permitted to sing thy praise, O God, my strength, and my Redeemer?'

'Shut the piano now, cousin, and let us see what A. is so busy about, here in the corner. Why it's a picture upon my word! I am completely outdone, I shall give up the pencil and stick to the pen in future. This is a parting scene, the sailor's farewell. How his poor wife clings to him, while his messmate sits waiting in the boat to convey him to the gallant ship, which is seen in the distance, beyond the lighthouse and the rocks. This is tolerably well done for a new beginner; but the waves around the boat are a little too rough, and the poor sailor's arm is out of joint somewhere near the shoulder; you must try again. If you like water scenes, I wish you had been with us when we rode along the bank of the river, the other day, after the sleet storm. It had not cleared away at all, but you know E., said he was my physician, and must prescribe a ride for my *health;* and I was glad of an excuse to get out of doors, though somewhat afraid of the ice; but his trusty rosinante is sure footed, as well as swift, and we had quite a pleasant drive, though the weather

was so uninviting. The White River, was not white then, I never saw water look so gray and leaden, and yet so perfectly still and clear; for every tree, and shrub, in its icy vesture, and the dun clouds which veiled the sky, were all faithfully reflected in that deep gray mirror; and it seemed strange to me that running water should present an appearance of such perfect rest. The scene was dreary and its stillness unbroken, whether we looked along the deserted road, or down into the leaden waters, or up to the wild mountains and the gloomy sky; and it seemed as though the desolation of the coming winter was shadowed forth in every thing around. Such a scene would strike the painter's eye, as one exactly adapted to contrast with the life, the brightness and the joy of summer; but I think it would be difficult to convey that picture of dreariness to the canvass. How different it was from the variegated scenery which charmed our eyes on that sunny day when we rode for miles along that same river; when the sky was so blue, the air so soft and mild, and the trees in the first flush of their autumn glory; ere the continued frosts had changed their leaves to brownness, or the cold winds brought them to the ground. How gorgeous was the spectacle! The near and distant mountains, draped to their very summits with standards of purple, and banners of green and gold, inlaced with all the rainbow's brilliant hues, now flashing like sunshine, and now gleaming like blood red flame! O, I never saw anything so enchanting, so lovely; and my heart was oppressed, almost to aching, with an overpowering sense of transcendant beauty. Our poets, and painters, need never wander from their own land in search of inspiring themes, till their genius and art are exhausted in attempting to picture forth the glories of our Autumn woods.

Ah Fanny, how pleasantly and swiftly the hours have flown away, for the day is almost over which I thought would be so tedious, and I have forgotten to watch the falling snow flakes. 'Minds innocent and quiet,' need not depend for happiness upon outward things, for they can find something to cheer them in the most gloomy weather; and now, if I wished to paint, or describe a scene of true enjoyment, I would have a stormy, winter day without, and a cheerful fire within, surrounded by smiling and contented faces.

Dear cousin, this is but *one* of the sweet seasons I have passed with you in your happy home! The time is now drawing near when we must both leave it, perhaps to return here no more; but we shall bear away with us the memory of these peaceful hours, and perhaps look back to them in after years, as sunny spots where we paused from the turmoil of life and rested together; for "are not those ever the brightest periods of our existence which are marked by no strongly exciting incidents, and of which we only remember, when they are gone, that they glided quietly away from us, in the blest companionship of those we love?"'

Hartford, Ct.

THE ALMOND BRANCH.

[Translated from the French of De Lamartine.]

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

THOU art alas! but beauty's emblem,
Blooming branch of the almond tree,
Fading away on thy parent stem,
The flower of life is seen in thee.

It heedeth not neglect or care,
It waiteth not on summer's ray—
Leaf after leaf thus withering there,
Shows forth our pleasures day by day.

Though short, O let us prize delight,
Contend it with the zephyr's breath,
And drain its chalice ere the night
Approach, and warn us of its death.

Often doth beauty in its pride,
Remind us of the morning flower,
Wreathing the fair brow of the bride,
And fading ere the festive hour.

One day is past, yet others come,
But Spring is hastening to depart,
And every flower it calls to bloom,
Cries 'hasten' to the human heart.

East Randolph, Vt.

SKETCHES FROM THE MEMORY. NO. I.

BY REV. T. P. ABELL.

'AND snatch the faithless fugitives to light.' ROGERS.

THE LATE RETURN.

'——PUT the senses' curtain back,
And on the wakeful soul look in.'

I.

'O WHAT a lovely residence!' exclaimed a very agreeable travelling acquaintance, as the stage coach wound round the base of a hill and came in view of a low white cottage house, in front of which there seemed to be a very highly cultivated flower garden in the noonday of its richest bloom, and which was otherwise immediately surrounded by the most luxuriant and imposing wildwood. The eye had but little more than caught a glimpse of the loveliness before us, ere the stage stopped at the gateway. The coachman flung his heavy whip upon the top of the vehicle, and in an instant more the door opened, and the steps

were unfolded. Here I took leave of the passengers, and alighted. Again the stage passed on, and I saw its side thickened with the faces of its occupants who were gazing upon the cottage and its embosoming scenery, which, in a moment more, was shut out from their view. So do the beautiful things of earth flash upon the vision of the mortal traveler as he is hurried through this busy and evanescent life!

Far back to the unclouded days of childhood did fancy wander. Of those whom I supposed were dwellers in the cottage, I had the most indistinct recollections, save of one—a dark-eyed, and most beauteous girl. Of equal ages, and residing near to each other, we were companions in school, and participants in many a scene of childish glee. Say what we will of the exquisiteness of after delights, when the heart knows how to appreciate and enjoy, and say what we will also of time, distance, change,—the free, glad hours of childhood are the brightest and the most imperishable treasures in the urn of Memory.

Passing up the broad path leading toward the house, I was met by a matronly lady on whose brow were furrowed the marks of many years and much anxiety; but whose mild expressive countenance and graceful dignity of bearing, at once excited admiration and an earnest and compassionate interest in her behalf. The self-introduction being over, and tendering many warm assurances of welcome, she informed me that her daughter, whom it was possible I might remember, had latterly suffered greatly from ill-health; and that, having in their retirement but few neighbors and few visitors, and as it might relieve the monotony of the sick room, if I were to pass a few days in their society, I was urged to remain so long as the stay would be consistent with my duties or desires.

II.

Alone!—as the sweet Quakeress, Mary Howitt, sings it—'all, all alone!' The mother stepped to the invalid's room to inform her of my arrival. Hundreds of miles distant from the unforgotten haunts of childhood,—distant, too, on the highway of life, by more than a score of years, from that hallowed spring-time season, scenes the most vivid and inviting claimed the tribute of passing thoughts. Shadowy and fragmentary visions, clothed in hues of transcendent romance, rose up before the imagination,—many a dream was dreamed again, and the heart, all withered and shrivelled by the storms of life, was half cheated into the belief that it was young again! We smile at, and pardon, the monomaniacal fancy-freaks of the old man who, trembling upon his oaken staff, persuades himself that he is in the heyday of youthful being, and that he is verily walking forth with, and leaning upon the arm of his dearly beloved! But he who, in the full years of life, with the ripe realities of manhood about him, shall so far forget the matter-of-fact soberness of daily duty, as to indulge a moment in commune with the associations of his most innocent and happiest days, is thenceforth a scoffer at the great objects of human existence, and is fit only to live in the atmosphere of the supremest sentimentality.

'Ah,' I mentally exclaimed, 'is it to err, to care, to grieve, that we are awakened from our first fresh dreams? Is it for the thorn and thistle of what a hard faced world names duty, that we are called away from the bowers of childhood? Is it that the heart may be seared over by its conflicts with temptation, sin, wo? Is it to find hope a mocker, and human trust a name, and the gossamer bubbles of ambition as empty as the vanity that pursues them? Is it that———'

I was interrupted.

'The door on the left, at the end of the hall,' said the lady, 'leads to my daughter's room. You will find her there, and she will be pleased to meet her friend.'

And there she was, in her early womanhood, in her triumphant patience, in her undeparted beauty. The native rose had indeed faded on her cheek, but a crimson flush was there, which was less beautiful only as it indicated the disease which nourished it. There were the same dark, dreamy, and yet sparkling eyes, through which at once spoke the brilliancy of the intellect and the goodness of the heart. The lids, with their long lashes, now and then drooped over them, like the falling fold of a cloud upon the sun's disk, and after the passing, '*there was light.*' The ringlets of her raven hair, escaping from their gentle entanglements, fell upon the ivory whiteness of her neck, like the wing of 'some dark, beauteous bird,' shining upon the drifted snow! Her whole features were most exquisitely moulded; and they wore that unconquerable expression of calm and cheerful composure which angels, could they suffer, might well envy. And there she was—ADELIA still!

Raising her head from the pillow as I approached, and extending her hand, she bade me welcome with a smile that, under other circumstances, would dangerously soften the most immovable heart. Though she had long been the marked victim of a slow but fatal malady, and had wasted by degrees under its influence, she was nevertheless able to converse freely, and for some little length of time, without suffering much weariness.

III.

'I know not,' said Adelia, a day or too after my arrival, 'I know not whether I should have recognized you as my old playmate—your personal characteristics are not, I think, such as I should have anticipated, had I been allowed to conjecture,—and yet on second thought, I am quite well persuaded that such a recognition had not been impossible. Are there not what may be called the divine instincts, by which soul reveals itself to soul, and which, in their action, constitute the divinity of friendship, and especially of all higher affection; and which may also be the true medium of re-assuring us of the identity of friends?

So I have thought. Nor can I believe it a mere sick bed fancy. So to believe, must be, I am sure, at least an innocent error. I wish for something more indubitable than the affirmations of sense.'

'But why,' I inquired, 'should more be needed? If those affirmations will not convince us, will not other evidence fail also, inasmuch as it must be less palpable,—perhaps therefore less comprehensible?'

'I am not,' she rejoined, 'disposed to be very logical, nor am I very incredulous in regard to the evidence bearing, as I imagine, in favor of what I *wish* to believe. What I most desire on this subject is the conviction that there are true spiritual sympathies or impulses which not only draw friends to friends, but make them known to each other. The remembered tone, the speaking eye, not only satisfy as to the possessor of them, but they each bring an added joy to the pleasure of the mere personal recognition, and we somehow congratulate ourselves that we have been true to the past. I were content with this, so far as it pertains to earthly associations and recollections. But Thought—Aspiration—Benevolence—will not pause here. Earth is not our all. But here we leave the earthly. What we now call sense cannot aid us in the True Life, where the Imperfect shall be done away. I would fain believe that when, on the Far Shore, I meet those with whom I have held holy commune here, soul will respond to soul in the fond ardor of a recollected companionship; and that then those imperishable instincts, which here gave even faint demonstrations of our real claim to a divine vital principle, will be obstructed no longer by the imperfections of mortality, allowed so to operate as to preserve the identity of our chosen affections, while the great and universal harmony of hearts be none the less unbroken. And why should they not? I know that I am weak, and it may be that I am inordinately selfish. But I desire this faith in the future recognition of friends. I find in it comfort, and even support, as I lie here, as it were, beneath the very shadow of the great Devourer.'

IV.

I took occasion, while Adelia was sunk in one of those states of light sleep which her system so much required, and which, I had noticed, were becoming more frequent, to visit the garden grounds, and to wander awhile in the neighboring woodlands. Nothing could be more romantic than the locality of the place. Opposite of the house, there towered up one of the lofty peaks of a high range of hills which, though they greatly limited the prospect in that direction, were of themselves noble objects on which to feast the eye, as they were thickly covered with evergreen trees of the most magnificent growth and beauty. The view from either side was more extensive, and not less pleasing. In the rear arose another hill, around the foot of which, passing along near to the cottage, ran a sparkling rivulet, whose murmuring waters 'kept up an healthful music.' Returning from my ramble, and passing through some of the winding walks, and among the curved and nicely arranged flower-beds in front of the house, I could not fail to perceive that great care and taste had been lavished upon the garden; but it was also evident that the favorite fostering hand was now withdrawn from it. It was nevertheless a lovely place,—meet for sweet and holy contemplations.

'Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit,—each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From lowliest nook.'

'. . . Amid solitude and shade, I wander
Through the green isles, and stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.'

V.

'Do you find anything,' inquired Adelia, as I revisited her room, 'in our wild retreat, which pleases you? We are here far away from the thronged marts of business,—fashion does not intrude with her ribands and filagree,—we have not even the usual interchanges of country socialities; but even here, to my fancy,

"The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as at creation's day;"

and I have felt that I had gained much in exchanging the theatre of a gayer and more effeminate life, for the spirit-soothing shades of our Glen. I have here found the true school for the cultivation of the nobler sensibilities of our strange nature, while I have been freed from exposure to the arts and hypocrisies which custom, and interest, and mis-named etiquette, demand. The zephyr, the brook, the bird, still the tumults of inward feeling by their inimitable melodies. Nature preacheth sublime lessons, if we will but hear and believe. And the soul

". . . . . that can receive
And hold in its unlimited embrace
All things inanimate, and all that live,"

is the soul which heedeth these lessons, and which nature blesseth.'

'But, Adelia, do you not think we often speak enthusiastically of Nature, without at all comprehending its beautiful affinities, or appreciating its spiritualizing influences?'

'That there is in some,' she replied, 'a passion for romance or poetic extravagance, which is to the possessors, as undefinable as it is imbecile and useless, I allow. But we are not to generalize this characteristic, and impute it to the multitude. I am persuaded that the simple and unlearned know more of nature than the wiser suppose. To me, though I but dimly apprehend its beauties, and may often wrongly inter-

pret its teachings, it is a benignant friend. From its responsive bosom I gather the truest sympathies. As the great Anointed was the moral, so is this the physical display of the attributes of the Eternal. Gilded with the smile of the Creative Spirit—lightened up forevermore with the beams of his mercy, its great utterance to the human soul is, to trust, to love, to adore.

'But,' she added, after a few moments' pause, while her whole countenance seemed to speak the enthusiasm of pious hope,—'but I find, after all, my purest treasure in the Better Revelation. This,' she exclaimed, as she held up a small Testament, which I had not before noticed, 'this is my chart and councillor—my creed and true confessional. Now that I can look back unregrettingly upon the rainbow-hued vacuities of the gayest season in life,—now that I can turn and gaze with an untrembling pulse upon the fast-approaching mysteries of death, and the mysteries of the life beyond it, I affirm that there is no blessing inherited by earth's pilgrims so inestimable as this. It is here'—and she pressed the little book to her lips—'that God vouchsafes the pledged assurance of the unalterable benignancy of his nature, that I know that "my Redeemer liveth,"—lives to cheer and support by the ministries of his truth,—lives to break up the dim dominion of the tomb,—lives to pluck the sting from death!'

'My daughter!' interposed the mother, who had entered the room unperceived by the invalid, 'I fear you are talking too much. Be calm now, and rest awhile.'

Exhausted by the effort she had made, Adelia was in a few moments wrapt in quiet slumber. O sleep! thou art ever the friend of the weak, and the weary-hearted; and thy visitations, still as the rush of an angel's wing, bring a healing panacea to the heart and the frame of man.

VI.

On entering her apartment on the following day, I noticed that her countenance wore a paler cast, and more languid expression, which were evidently the effect of yesterday's excitement. It is saddening to stand by the sick bed and watch the progress of disease,—to see, day after day, the strugglings of the spirit in its crumbling tenement, as it prepares to take its final flight. Habit may familiarize the scene, but yet the hastening decay,—the fearful and agonized grapple between nature and disease, and the solemnities of the death-hour, when the cold damps gather upon the once fair brow, and a livid ghastliness spreads itself over the whole features and mocks us with its likeness to life,—these are certainties which throw heavy shadows upon the live heart, and awaken within it emotions unutterably solemn. But a beautiful moral grandeur is there,—there by the invalid couch,—when the light and glory of faith fall around the scene of mortal conflict—when the advances of the terror-king strike no terror home upon the victorious heart—when, forgetful of the anguished body, more than which death cannot claim, the earth-weaned thoughts go forth and take their indestructible hold upon the Rock of Ages! Thus to die is gain, is glory.

VII.

'I fear,' said Adelia one day after we had been awhile conversing of earlier and happier days, and she had in the mean time been evidently failing, 'I fear the pleasure we experience in meeting our friends, is often very greatly lessened by a more vivid recollection of our sufferings during the intervening period of separation.'

Having been anxious to learn something of the history of her heart from her own lips, since I was well assured that the recital would embrace much, aside from the fact of our former acquaintance, that would interest me, I availed myself of this moment to intimate such a desire.

'I cannot tell you much,' she replied, 'but as you are now, save my mother, the only friend with whom I may converse, and as it not impossible that you may, in the course of life's mysterious changes, meet with one who, though far and long absent, is yet ever present with me'—and she placed in my hand a miniature,—'and as you will, should you meet, bear to him a message from one I know he will remember, I will endeavor to gratify you in part. But I have not strength sufficient to indulge much in particulars, nor would you care to have me do so. Mine is a simple story, with few incidents and little romance, unless it be the romance of suffering; but I will not trouble you with much of this. This is said to be woman's peculiar lot, and the more uncomplainingly she bears it, the more truly will she have fulfilled her high mission.' Pausing for a few moments, as I supposed, to collect her thoughts, she immediately fell into a slumber which was so gentle, so still, so solemn, that I almost felt myself alone with death!

VIII.

'O that dream!' exclaimed Adelia, with a smile, as she awoke after an hour's repose. 'It was bright and beautiful, and therefore it is the less likely to be realized. I thought he was already here, and that he talked, not of the pall, but of the bridal veil. But in our dreams, we are greatly addicted to substituting fancies for facts. And yet what is life, our great life, but a dream,—glorious now, and gloomy anon,—but a dream nevertheless? And what is death, dread, gaunt death, but the sudden awakening of the spirit-being, with the difference that the after realities are far more glorious than the obscured imaginings in their brightest phases? A fitful dream is life!'

'I will now tell you,' she resumed again, 'if you will listen, in a few words, what I have to say of myself. My father, you will remember, removed to the city of

———, where he was fortunate in the accumulations of wealth, far beyond his anticipated success. He maintained his respectability, in a measure, by those outward displays which the wealthier generally are not apt to forget. His steeds were as noble, his equipages as splendid, as those of his equally independent neighbors. He was religious, in the popular sense, as he was in formal connection with one of the first churches in the city. But his religion was principally in the care of the minister, excepting whenever an opportunity occurred for him to demonstrate his opposition to spiritual innovations. Heresy was a name for which he had no charity or forgiveness.

'The only child, and of course the idol of my parents, I was allowed every reasonable indulgence. With my education no cost or pains were spared; and my progress was pronounced truly gratifying to my friends. For several years I was happy in my studies and amusements; and to my vision life, in the prospective, could not well have been otherwise than alluring. But I by and by became acquainted, though I confess I was still young for the forming of such an acquaintance,—with a young gentleman of some few years in advance of myself, but who was possessed of every requisite to recommend him to my imagination, as well also as to my heart. The acquaintance, encouraged by his family and my own, soon ripened into friendship,—friendship soon became love, and

" . . love, true alchymist, turned all to gold,"

or, filled life with unalloyed sweets. After some three years, during which time we had ever met in the bliss and confidence of the holiest love, my father ascertained, by the aid, I believe, of his spiritual guide, that Charles Wilton,—remember the name,—had publicly exhibited some religious preferences which were far from according with the popular judgment, and which were therefore peculiarly obnoxious to my father. He soon saw Charles, and they conferred long together, but to little avail. They subsequently met several times; each meeting, however, instead of reconciling, seemed rather to increase their differences. As father would not compromise his respectability, nor Charles his conscience, a final and lasting separation must take place. I was positively forbidden the privilege of seeing the proscribed errorist. Every precaution was taken to prevent our meeting. At last, wearied by disappointed hope, and believing, as I afterward accidentally learned, that he should be more reconciled were the separation still more complete, he embarked in a ship and sailed for a foreign clime. Not many months after, father met with several signal reverses of fortune, which induced him to retire with his remaining wealth to the western country, and devote himself no longer to the pursuits of active life. He fancied this nook between the hills, and he built this cottage, partly after his taste, partly after mine. The second year after his removal hither, he suddenly fell ill, and lingered in life but a few days. His prejudices were much softened before he died.

'It is now five years since I saw Charles. Nor have I heard from him since his departure from the country. But his name and his image are enshrined here,' —and she laid her wan hand upon her heart,—'nor will they—' but she found herself too much overcome by debility and old recollections to proceed farther. At that moment her mother came in, and adjusting the pillow, we left her to forget in her sleep those memories upon which her heart had so long feasted.

IX.

A few days after she had related the circumstances above noted, I was in her room, sitting near the window, through which came in the soft rays of the setting sun, giving a bright crimson tinge to everything around us, when she addressed me in more than her wonted energy, and bade me receive her message. 'When you see Charles,' said she, in earnest and solemn emphasis, 'bear him my *love*,—that is the word, —and tell him that, in joy and gloom, in strength and weakness, in life and death—tell him that, through all the changes of past and eventful years,—*Who is there?*' she exclaimed, in an altered tone, as voices from the hall reached us. 'O God! it is Charles!' she uttered again. But it was over. Her hands unlocked, the eyes opened, and the countenance seemed as undisturbed and peaceful as before. 'I am calm now,' she said, and so she was. A moment, and there stood by the couch one whom the fond mother called 'Wilton—Charles Wilton.' He, too, appeared as dispassionate as a veritable Rosicrucian. And what need of words —poor human words? Eye spoke to eye—palm thrilled to palm; and there rolled back the shadows of gathered years, and the two held deep and holy converse. What need of words—poor human words, when true souls utter themselves?

X.

Charles Wilton had returned to his native city a few weeks previous to the event alluded to above; and on learning there of the death of Adelia's father, he hastened on to meet once more the object of his unchanged affections.

He had been at the cottage nearly a week, when one morning—it was sabbath—I went into the sick room, and was instantly struck with the altered and more unfavorable appearance of the invalid. Charles and the mother, standing by, were silent and sorrowful. 'I have been thinking,' said Adelia, in a low tone, 'that this morning we will have our nuptials solemnized. Shall we not, Charles? It will be a sad wedding, I know; but, if I live, it will be just as well, and if I die, then, as we have been one on earth, so shall we be one in heaven.' After some little arrangements were made, Wilton stepped to the couch, took Adelia's thin hand in his, and in a moment more the sacred union was ceremoniously consummated. And

just as the sun was throwing the last parting rays on the earth that day, the king of the grave claimed his bride!

She died, 'and made no sign.' And at the going down of the sun on the second day, we followed in tearful silence the corpse to its narrow dwelling place. Peace to those pure ashes.

O Wilton, so late at the bridal altar—so soon at the tomb! After thy struggling years of separation and disappointment, thou hast but found for thy heart's inheritance a deeper and more lasting desolation. And thou hast learned one of the most fearful lessons of experience,—how the vicissitudes of life cripple and crush the pinions of Hope!

Haverhill, Mass.

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

Tell me you love me when the rosy beam
Of early morning flushes hill and stream,
And lights the joyous sea;
More cheering than the sound of martial fife,
To him who's hast'ning to the field of strife,
Fall such sweet words from thee.

Tell me you love me—and through seas of wrong,
My drooping, fainting spirit shall be strong,
And bears on undismayed;
'Tis not enough to *know* thou lovest me still,
We know the sun shines—but we feel a chill
When clouds his bright beams shade.

Tell me you love me when the last faint ray
Of sunset's glory fades and melts away;
Speak then in accents low;
Oh! not the holy night's baptismal dew
Upon the earth such freshness can renew,
As my fond heart shall know.

Tell me you love me, ever; every hour
We breathe the unchecked perfume of the flower
Until it droops and dies;
Love is the fragrance of the human heart;
Its breath can heal the spirit's bitterest smart;
Oh! let its incense rise!

Tell me you love me—when the young stars wake,
And fire-flies glancing by the mirror lake,
Make beautiful the night;
Turn then on me thine eyes of undimmed love,
And the resplendence of the worlds above
Shall fade upon their light.

Tell me you love me when the chilling seal
Of death is on my brow, and I can feel
The ice-cords round my heart;
Thy love beneath—the love of God above—
Lightly my soul shall go,—nor fear to move
From earth, from thee depart.

Duxbury, Mass., May 11, 1842.

THE GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

HOUR FIRST.

Well, this must be an idle afternoon, despite all my good-will to industry. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. This soft south wind, making dreamy melody among the branches of the elm that grows up at my window, has a strange Mesmeric influence upon my nerves. My old, velvet-covered, (*Tabby* velvet, dear reader,) square-backed arm-chair, has such a winning aspect of repose, that in spite of a most *womanly* resistance, I have suffered myself at last to be received passively within its gentle, mahogany arms. Farewell, now, to needle, thimble, scissors, thread; farewell to books, crayons, pictures, pens, and ink; farewell to everything in the habitable universe save this most bewitching, consummate *repose*. Even Thomson's Castle of Indolence could not be a more delicious retreat than this same little room of mine, and this luxurious green velvet arm-chair.

> 'Whatever smacks of noyance, or unrest,
> Is far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.'

I have the greatest good-will imaginable toward all the grand movements of the age; but pardon me, dear reader, even a movement across this little apartment *to-day*, would be worse than a Catholic penance. Even the last work of Charles Dickens, (Heaven bless him!) lying on the window seat beside me, yet unread, has not power to tempt me from my *Eden of rest*, my dear little 'Sleepy Hollow.' Yet I do not wish to sleep. My thoughts were never more wakeful than now. Let me, therefore, gaze out upon these little street-scenes that are enacted so quietly before me, and I will gossip to you about them with my tongue, which is the only member at present capable of activity.

The village road makes a graceful curve, and winds off from my sight behind a dell of tasselled willows; but just at this point a branch of this same thoroughfare takes the abandoned course of the old road, and at the very spot where the line of my vision terminates, makes another fork, and with both arms nearly surrounds our little cream-colored church. Opposite this chapel is the small village school-house. The scene is pretty. It has, at least, a rural look.

Let us take a gossiping view of the passengers that trudge along this street. Emerging from behind the willow dell, I see the stooping figure of a 'pack pedlar.' Like many a genteel 'loafer' he carries all his wealth upon his back—and a ponderous load it seems. Step by step, he labors along the way. Now he ascends the grassy slope to our neighbor's dwelling, and rap, rap, rap, go his bony knuckles against the door. The mistress of the house appears. The positive shakes of her head are no rebuff to his earnest entreaties for her patronage. Down he tumbles his huge

burthen upon the entry floor. Scarfs, veils, ribbons, laces and jewels are temptingly displayed. Seeing that these make no headway against her principles of economy, he begins next to unpack ninepenny-calicoes, spool-cotton, steel bodkins, assorted needles, hooks and eyes, etc. etc. etc., all of which are among the '*must haves*' of life. Finally he prevails on her to take some little article named in his catalogue, and apparently satisfied with his luck, replaces his pack, makes a low, *foreigner's* bow, and departs.

Hard as the labor of his way must be, doubtless his itinerant life has many charms. If he has an eye open to the beauties of nature, he has opportunities of witnessing them in all their numerous varieties. Mountains and valleys, plains and woodlands are traversed by his practised feet. He sees the upspringing of the first violet by the road side, and the last aster that survives the blast of the northern wind, looks up to cheer him on his way. By the shores of lakes and the banks of rivers, across wild brawling streams and through glens of softest green, he pursues his path from village to village, seeking like Bunyan's Pilgrim, to ease himself of the burthen that weighs down his weary limbs. Human nature, too, he sees in every variety. Into every dwelling he finds admittance, and comes in contact with every form of humanity. Many a family history does he store up in his mind, as year after year he takes his accustomed round. Many a humorous anecdote and romantic incident does he treasure up to make food for thought when old age shall have put an interdict upon his laborious wanderings. But we must leave the poor pedlar to pursue his way, and recommend to such of our listeners as would know more of his itinerant profession, the beautiful delineations of Wordsworth, and of that sweet friend of ours, the author of the 'BLIND PEDLAR.'*

The next figure in the landscape, is that of a woman. We must gossip gently this time, for she is a poor, lone being who approaches—one to whom our gentle Lord might have said—'Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more.' The wind, filling her short, scarlet cloak, bears it out like a streamer behind; her hood, also, of faded green silk, is blown back from her forehead, over which fall straggling locks of coal-black hair, rivalling in hue the eyes that roll beneath; and upon her bare and brawny arm she bears a basket filled with cranberries, the harvest of her morning labors. The long strides that she takes soon diminish the distance that lies between us; she is crossing the door yard now—is now beneath my window—looks up with a foolish simper and salutes me with a low, girlish curtsey.

Poor old Susey! When I am eating the nice tarts made from those fresh spring cranberries, a thought shall stray to you in your far-off, lonely hut. But no! I forget. The hut is in ruins now, and another home —the *pauper's* home is yours. But your heart has led you back there to that old and loved retreat—I am sure it has led you there, for in no other spot grow the meadow cranberries so large and red. It was but the other day that I too, visited the ruins. After a long, long ramble through the wildest and greenest old woods, where the moss carpets the whole earth, and is jewelled over with scarlet winter-berries and purple anemones—after a long, long ramble through thickets of the glossiest-leaved laurel, and beneath the green arches of slant old hemlocks, we came suddenly upon a large, green, billowy pond, whose waves were tossing angrily against its high wooded banks. Hills surrounded it on every side but one—and on that side gushed forth a merry stream, near the banks of which were the ruins of poor Susy's hut. All around was solitary. Woods and hills shut in the view on every hand; and no sound was heard but the groaning of the waves, the laughing ripple of the brook, and the caw! caw! of melancholy crows. Here for many years had been old Susy's habitation. How she subsisted was a wonder to me, so far away from the dwellings of men and the comforts of human society. But my father showed me the spot where she used to raise corn, perhaps other vegetables, also; and very near this place, through the corner of a woodland, lay a large meadow, filled with cranberries and cowslips which the old woman occasionally brought into the village to exchange for salt meat, and other articles of provision. Yes, it must be that she has been to the old meadow again, and gazed long and ruefully, no doubt, upon the pile of bricks and stone that mark the spot of her ancient residence. Who will blame her if she fondly loved that wild and lowly home? She had little else to love, poor thing! little else to claim her thoughts. And even the affections of the sinful and the abandoned must have some object around which to cling, though it be but a crumbling hearth-stone, or a patch of barren ground.

From behind that same group of willows approaches another form. The walk is a familiar one. I know every attitude, every motion. Why should I not? He is one of the household, dear fellow! Ah! he is returning from the Post Office. His hands are full of packages, newspapers, &c. Wait a moment. 'Any letters for me, Johnny?' 'One. Guess who from, and you shall have it.' 'From Mrs. ——.' 'No.' Miss ——.' 'No.' 'Mr. ——.' 'No.' 'Well, who is it? You don't know whether I guess right or not—How should you?' 'Because I know the post-mark and the handwriting.' 'Oh! don't make me guess any longer. Do give me the letter.' 'I am sure you will guess right this time,' says Johnny, laughing. 'If it were not so very, very, very long since my last letter that I quite despair of ever receiving a reply, I should almost fancy from its *aspect*, that it might be from ——.' 'You are right,' is the reply; and dash comes the letter into my lap. No, it has fallen behind my chair. Farewell, dear reader, to idleness, and to you.

* See Vol. IX. of Ladies' Repository.

This letter has acted like a galvanic battery. Were the strength of a giant required to break the seal, I am sure I could do it without delay.

Shirley Village, Mass.

SKETCHES FROM SCRIPTURE. NO. I.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

Now Israel's land had sinned, when Saul had slain
And wronged the sons of Gibeon, and there came
A grievous famine three successive years.
In vain the laborer ploughed, in vain he sowed;
The earth, obedient to high Heaven's command,
Gave no return. The cattle of the field
Found not th' accustomed herb, and starving died.
Pale Hunger, with her wan and haggard look,
Beset alike the palace and the hut.
The strength of men waxed faint, and day by day
Their wives and children drooped for want of bread.
All powerful Hope had long sustained the mind
With promises of aid, and fainting hearts
Were roused to life and energy, while she,
With her bright cheering eye, looked on and smiled.
But she had fled, and black despair usurped
Her radiant throne, and scowling fiercely there,
Threw the dark shadows of his gloomy brow
O'er every heart where Hope was wont to dwell—
E'en as the storm-clouds rise, and hide the sun.

And David said unto the Gibeonites,
'What shall I do for you? And wherewith make
Th' atonement, that the Lord may bless our land?'
'No gold or silver,' thus the answer ran,
'We ask to quench the memory of our wrongs,
But seven sons of him, who did the sin,
Give now into our hands.' And David took,
Of Saul's descendants, five of Michal's sons,
And two of Rizpah's, and the Gibeonites
Bore off their captives to Gibeah's mount
And hanged them there together, and did leave
Their corses all unburied where they died.

With all a mother's love, and tender care,
Had Rizpah watched her sons, from childhood's hour,
To that of manhood. Well doth woman know
The full unutterable tide that flows
From the deep fount of feeling, when her babe,
The mother first doth clasp unto her heart.
And how that days, and weary nights of care,
And all the arduous tasks that infancy,
In its long helpless state demands, but serve
To render dearer what was dear before.
Affection's spring, exhaustless, flows apace,
Its waters rise with every new demand.

Had sickness laid them low, or had they died,
To serve their country on the battle field,
'T would have been sad enough to her who gazed
With fond maternal pride on her young sons,
Who now repaid her long and anxious love,
By tender watchfulness, and care for her
To whom they owed their being.

But who can tell
The piercing anguish of that mother's heart,
When doomed to see these loved ones sacrificed
In the full vigor of their youthful days,
By ignominious death! And then to view
Their blackened corses, all unburied lie,
Deprived of funeral rites. O dreadful sight?
To her whose faithful love forsook them not,
Who now her station took beside her dead,
Spreading her sackcloth on the barren rock—
And mid the scorching of the sun's bright rays,
Scared the lone vulture from his destined feast.
And through the dreary night, when beasts of prey,
With hunger wild, came howling from their dens,
Strong in her love, she still maintained her watch,
From early harvest time, until the earth,
Refreshed at length by grateful showers, burst forth
In promised fruitfulness.

All nature smiled;
The verdant fields, and budding flowers looked gay,
And feathered songsters rose from every grove,
Trilling sweet lays, that spoke of love and joy.
The streams, renewed in strength and power, rushed down
The mountain's sides, through vale and glade below,
And dancing o'er their pebbly beds sung loud
Of peace and plenty.
But Rizpah, what cared she for sounds of joy?
They seemed to mock the anguish of her soul,
And found no echo in her grief-worn breast.
What charms for her had sun, or field, or flower,
While her sad eyes were bent upon a sight,
The thought of which alone might freeze the blood
With silent horror! To see the slow worm
Pursue his loathsome task, and thus destroy
Beneath her gaze, the forms of those she loved
To cradle on her breast! No pen may tell
How deep the iron pierced that mother's soul.

Amid the gladness now throughout the land,
There was one heart that mourned for Rizpah's fate.
We are not told the name of him who came
To Israel's king, and urged her plaintive tale,
But we must love the goodness that thus sought
The monarch's aid, and pity for the same,
And not in vain, for David then resolved
To gather Saul's remains, and Jonathan's,
(Whom he had mourned so deeply), and the bones
Of those who had been sacrificed, and then
He laid them in his father's sepulchre
In Zelah. And David prayed for God's
Forgiveness of the land.

No more is said
Of that lone childless woman. Pray heaven she went
Down to her grave in peace.

East Randolph, Vt.

USEFULNESS OF DRONES. It is said, that Bees, in making their honey-cells, are followed by a lazy drone, who is watching for their sweets, being too indolent to work himself, and whom the working bees endeavor to kill, but who, nevertheless, acts as an instinct in them to provide for themselves and not trust to slothful companions, who would live on their industry. PR.

SCULPTURE.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

We wish Sculpture could be better appreciated; that there were more lovers, admirers, patrons of it among men, and especially in our own community. It is of little avail, however, to murmur here. People will admire and patronize what they please; and those who differ in taste, must learn the virtue of mutual forbearance. Yet this philosophy of taste must be 'strange—passing strange.' No very wise man just now will attempt to fathom it; although he may often be driven to extremities in consequence of its manifestations.

The saying, 'let there be no dispute about tastes,' is popular everywhere; although there are many moments in the history of some minds when its spirit is most unceremoniously violated,—when the multitude seem to provoke patience, and set all rules of mutual agreement about taste at defiance.

It should always be in good taste to admire, to appreciate true genius. We say this with as much assurance as we say that all men should be in love with truth and righteousness; and we are just opinionated enough to be wedded to this notion for life. All departures from this good rule, we think, are to be regretted. It is humiliating that the multitude so eagerly run after the sham and superficial, to the neglect of the substantial and true; that brassy bombast, kaleidoscope declamation, and popular noise, attract more attention than 'thoughts that breathe' truth for all men in all times, clothed merely in 'sound speech that cannot be condemned;' that trashy novel writers have more readers than Guizot, Carlisle, or Channing; that new and strange prescriptions for body and soul, if only bound up and labelled in what the throng consent to call 'crack style,' are sought and used, when if the ordinary and long-tried were thus served up, they would answer the same, and ten to one, a better purpose. But again, we shall not complain. Nor must we be grieved that Sculpture is not more highly appreciated with us at the present time. Aside from other considerations, we cannot so much wonder when Painting abounds; and when even this at times becomes so tame, as to call for another branch of art to make it available. Bunker Hill battle must not only be Painted, but actually fought with fire, and smoke, and noise; and Niagara Falls must be presented with actual water, a roar, and an artificial thunder-shower to match. Then comes the rush!

We were speaking of Sculpture, the simplest of all arts,—yet the grandest, truest, most noble. He who can call beautiful form and even glowing life into being, not with the combinations of drawing, coloring, light and shade, but of cold clay and marble, must be ranked in the highest order of genius. 'A marble thought,' is this Sculpture, that lives through long ages, and speaks to passing generations the same strong language of inspiration and of truth. Instance the Apollo Belvedere. Time has not changed it, nor prevented the impression of its mysterious power on the soul. For eighteen centuries it has spoken the same thing to man. The works of Sculpture that adorned the Parthenon, excite as strong an admiration when gazed upon in a British Museum, as they did in the Athenian citizen centuries before the Christian era.

Touching the history of Sculpture, we may observe that it has an early and distinguished origin. The old world has much to tell of it. We have reason to believe that the Egyptians were in possession of this art at a very early period, although with them it existed in a barren state, until improved by the Persians and Greeks who came among them after the conquest of Cambyses, 525 B. C. It was probably esteemed by the Hebrews, but chiefly as an auxiliary and ornamental to architecture. The Etruscans, many of whose works still remain, excelled in it. But the highest rank in the art, unquestionably belongs to the Greeks. They surpassed all other nations. In the Homeric age, Sculpture had gained a remarkable degree of cultivation. Phidias and Praxitiles are names interwoven forever with the art. The occasions for the execution and use of statues in Greece were frequent and various. A distinguished writer remarks, 'Not only were the temples of the Gods ornamented with their statues and with sculptured representations of their mythological history, but works of this kind were required in great number for public squares and places, for private dwellings, gardens, country seats, walks, and for architectural ornament in general. The portico at Athens was crowded with statues. To heroes, wise men, poets and victors, statues were erected out of gratitude and respect, to princes often out of flattery. Thus did the statuary always find reward for the exercise of his art, and for the application of all his talents, which were quickened and stimulated the more by emulation.'*

Having attained its highest excellence not far from the time of Alexander, Grecian art gradually declined, and finally ceased. Then came the Roman reign of Sculpture. Splendid works of this art were brought from various cities to Rome. Grecian artists also came hither; and temples, public and private buildings, gardens and manors were almost everywhere embellished with statues and other productions of the sons of genius.

Sculpture thus flourished until the latter part of the second century. Then it gradually went down. Yet many of its noblest works survived; and since the revival of the arts in Italy, the last seat of ancient Sculpture, these monuments have been collected and described. Of these remains of ancient Sculpture, many collections have been made. In Italy, at Rome, Naples, Venice and other places. In France, in the

* Eschenburg's Manual of Class. Lit.

Royal Museum at Paris; in England, in the British Museum at London; and in Germany, at Vienna, Munich, and Dresden.

But very few of the genuine remains of the art have visited our land. Copies and casts in plaster serve us as substitutes. The Boston Atheneum has in possession some of the most noted and valued monuments of ancient Sculpture. Among these are the Laocoon, Apollo Belvedere, Venus de Medici, The Torso, Antinous, Gladiator Borghese, &c. Similar works have also been procured by the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia.

Passing by scores of the eminent in our art, including Italian, French, German, Dutch, English, Swedish, Russian and Spanish, the mere recital of whose works might almost surfeit us with models and combinations rich and rare, we are directed to Cavaceppi in Rome as the one who makes the transition to the great sculptors of the present time. Then comes Michael Angelo, of whom it has been justly said, that 'no artist ever exerted a more powerful influence, or more deeply impressed his peculiar views upon art.' His Moses on the tomb of Julius II, is said to be a matchless monument—'inimitable and unimitated in modern times.'* Next follows Canova, the first among the moderns to eradicate the existing evils in the art, and to restore the excellent creations of past and distant ages. He founded a new school, in which grace, simplicity and majesty preside. The figure of Hebe (a copy of which is in our city) is among the most celebrated of his works.

Then there are other names of no mean worth; Dannecker and Chaudet, Flaxman, Chantry and Gahogan. Chantry has given us of his genius in the statue of Washington, now in the State House in Boston. Dingy, and dull in place though it be, still it is living with high and sacred inspiration. The moral sublimity hath life in that form. In Mrs. Hemans' words of address to it,—

> 'The language of that noble brow
> For all things good shall plead.'

Thorwaldsen, the Dane, next appears. He now stands at the head of the modern school. Whether he deserves all the praise and fame he has acquired, may have been doubted; yet he is unquestionably an artist of a very elevated rank. And one of the most agreeable things in connection with his history is, the pride with which his countrymen regard his genius. Is it not cheering to the admirers of the sons of art, to know that a nation's interest in one of her own sons, an artist in a foreign state, induced the sending out for him a national vessel, when he announced his intention to visit the home of his youth? and that public greetings and processions met him at almost every turn of his triumphal course? This is a homage such as we admire. And such has Thorwaldsen just received of his country.

And where are our American sculptors? Abroad, and at home. The list is not long. We are not yet old enough to record much of the American development of the art now before us. A few years of the past tell the whole story. Yet our sculptors are already up and at work. First stands Mr. Greenough, now in Florence, with Powers and Clevenger. His great work, the statue of Washington for the United States capitol, has just reached us. It is highly lauded. One of our distinguished men has said of it: 'We regard Mr. Greenough's Washington as one of the greatest works of Sculpture of modern times. We do not know the work which can justly be preferred to it, whether we consider the purity of the taste, the loftiness of the conception, the truth of the character, or what we must own we feel less able to judge of, accuracy of anatomical study and mechanical skill.'*

This gentleman has also vindicated the statue in its strangeness as it comes in contact with our crude taste. Whether his learned and very candid interpretation of form and costume will 'go down' with our numerous Jonathans and Zechariahs, aye, and some too who would be known by more modern and elegant names, for long years to come, is to us, a matter quite debatable. The work, however, is destined to live; and its author has already earned a sculptor's immortality. Powers, the Vermonter,—the self-taught, inventive genius, also flourishes in Florence. He, too, will leave enduring traces in the field of this art. And Clevenger, whose name and works are with us—each in high esteem;—these are at work where facilities such as they require, are far better than they can be at present in their native land. Crawford is at Rome. Of him, Miss Sedgwick writes, in her 'Letters from Abroad;' 'On our return to Rome from Naples, we had the pleasure of personal acquaintance with Mr. Crawford, and of confirming our prepossessions in his favor by actual observation. The tide had even then turned in his favor. He had recovered his health and become known to many of his countrymen. While this book is going through the press, we hear that a sum of $2,500 has been made up in Boston for his orphans. We hope that New York will not lag behind, but will extend her hand to her own son while there is yet some faith and generosity in doing so. When he becomes better known, there will be no merit in sending him orders.'†

In America we have but three sculptors; Brown, at Albany, and Dexter and Brackett in Boston. Of Mr. Brown's work we have seen nothing; although we feel warranted in speaking of him as a sculptor of

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* Memes on the Fine Arts.

* Hon. Edward Everett, in the 'Boston Miscellany' for Jan. 1842. Mr. E. has written two interesting articles for this periodical, on 'American Sculptors in Italy.' He has given us good notices of Greenough and Powers. Others will doubtless follow.

† Vol. 2, p. 159.

high reputation. Several of his pieces now in Albany, have gained him much praise.

Specimens of Mr. Dexter's hand are to be seen at the Artist's Exhibition in School Street. His head of Mr. Dickens is one of the latest of his works. The inspiration of genius is in his soul; and he can make it speak to others. May his prosperity never be less,—a meagre wish, we know, for almost any of our good artists just at the present time,—yet a perfectly safe one, which means much more than faint words can declare.

The youngest of our American sculptors is Mr. Brackett. Just started—although fairly started in his noble work, he deserves much attention—much sympathy—and better than all—patronage. He is one of our best geniuses; a student in the great school of nature, with spirit baptized into the very poetry of his subject; pursuing his task too with untiring zeal,—and in nothing discouraged by the self-denials and crosses which expectation presents in his onward course.

The first main production of Mr. B. which attracted public attention, was his group, the 'Binding of Satan.' This, as the work of so young an artist, received much praise,—praise too, richly merited. The group was designed and executed within the short space of three months. The artist describes it in a letter to a friend, as 'a rapid production, thrown off in the excitement of the moment, under peculiarly embarrassing circumstances.' The design of the work is, an exhibition of the ascendency of the spiritual over the natural,—the triumph of good over evil, which is the peculiar work of Christianity. The artist has selected for his subject the description in the twentieth chapter of Revelations, where Satan is represented as about to be chained by the angel. The two great characters are here strikingly set forth; the agony of hatred and revenge disarmed of their power; the power of heavenly love 'commissioned to restrain the might of evil.'

We admire this design,—not only because it speaks the power of genius, but because we have here the very idea of Christianity. Like Painting and Poetry, Sculpture has too long lent its aid to heathenism. We want it in the future, identified with Christianity. And we doubt not that it will be. We love this work because it savors so of the gospel. 'The angelic influence of goodness' predominant over 'the satanic energy of evil;'—Love's triumph and unbounded dominion! The idea teems with the excellent and holy,—with faith sublime in God and man. Thanks—Christian thanks to the soul of genius at whose bidding it was outlined in this attractive group.

We have another attempt of the same artist. It is in the statue of that general favorite, that loved of all loved ones in modern book creations,—the little Nell of Dickens. We wish that all who have so anxiously followed that singularly captivating one through her brief life—taking part in her griefs and joys, and feeling the rush of the warm tears at her impressive burial, could gaze on her fair countenance and child-like mien as our genius of the marble form and glowing soul has presented them. We think they would agree that little Nell had come to give them a silent greeting, and to thank them for their sympathies, and loves, and tears. Many delighted visitors have already paid their respects to this statue. It will be popular; because it is so complete an embodiment of the general idea.

We cannot now speak in detail of the other productions of the same hand. They are good and true;—and the artist needs only one advantage, that of time, to make him eminent. May he have this—much, much of it. And we doubt not that in this, other needed and essential accompaniments will appear.

Our subject leads us to consider the fate of Sculpture in our own country. We have reasons for believing that good and grateful days are dawning upon it. But little, truly, has yet been done in its behalf; nor has that little been equal to our means. Yet much as we are disposed at times to jeer our small admiration of Sculpture, we could say much in palliation of it. Our country is but just out of the wilderness; and we are to remember that 'a thousand years scarce serves to form a state.' We are just beginning to do the work of national life—and this after two fierce wars since that life was given us. Now indeed we are in the midst of a revolution caused, among other things, by extravagance and recklessness in the pursuit of wealth. This must be passed—as passed it will be,—and onward we shall go in the steam-power speed of the present, with all the additional velocity acquired in the future; and then we trust—the sword and musket laid aside, and our *moral* vision clear,—the pen, the pencil and the chisel will have their ample work. The love of the arts already grows deeper and stronger as we advance in years and national vigor. This is but a shadow of what the pleasing reality will be.

We have thus written down certain thoughts on a subject, which, however *cold* and uninteresting to multitudes, makes our heart warm as we write upon it—not as an artist—not as a critic—but as a lover of Sculpture. And we cannot lay aside our pen without the expression of a strong desire that in the future progress of our nation, her sculptors may not labor in vain, nor spend their strength for nought. We would have them grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength of our prosperity,—setting up their silent yet speaking monuments in the midst of our institutions of learning, religion, wealth and renown; monuments which like those of the early sons of genius who toiled and wrought where now lie

> 'Lone columns on the Ionian shore,
> And sculptured ruins scattered o'er
> Athenian and Corinthian plains,'

and whose works are before our admiring eyes, shall

impart inspiration and delight to myriads in the bright ages of improvement yet to come.

Malden, Mass.

THE MEETING.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

THERE—that's the last! never again,
Will I clasp hand of thine;
I will not yield my spirit's warmth
Upon so cold a shrine.
I met thee, then, with all the warmth,
I ever felt for thee,
Nor dreamed to find in one so loved,
Such heartless mockery.

I could have clasped thee in my arms;
But in thy soulless gaze
I read no memory of the past,
Friend of my early days!
Not so we met in former years
When life was fresh and new,
Ere *I* had learned to doubt, and *thou*
Wert loving, kind and true.

Thy soul was open as the day,
Pure as the unstained snow;
No shade of passion had been thrown
Across thy guileless brow.
Too soon thou'rt changed! too soon hast learnt
To bow to fashion's wiles;
Fetter the rapturous soul, and wreathe
The lip with hollow smiles.

Ne'er be it thine to know the chill
That gathers round the heart,
Nor thine the struggle to suppress
Tears that unbidden start,—
To meet the half-extended hand,
Where thine was freely given;
To feel the heart's pure wealth flung back,
And its strong love-cords riven.

Farewell; 'tis over now, no more
Shall memory cling to thee;
Roll on—ye waves! our paths divide
With dark oblivion's sea!
Sooner than clasp thy hand again,
Or trust thy faithless breast,
I'd live and die in loneliness—
Unnoticed and unblest.

Duxbury, Mass.

LIBERTY. All men have a passionate inward desire to transact for themselves that which chimes in harmony with their best feelings, without being questioned as to their motives in so doing. Let us all act wisely in this matter, for liberty is like a guardian angel, seeking the happiness of all, but veils herself when the freedom of one son or daughter of earth is called to task for its own rightful exercise. PR.

RANDOM SKETCHES.

BY JULIA.

MORN in the city! The cold, gray, misty light appeareth in the East, and the now desolate streets shall soon echo to the tread of hurrying feet. There is a calmness and beauty spread over the city, which it will not wear again, until the turmoil of another day is past, and the hush of night again falleth over the scene. The sky, shall I dare to speak of the ever-changing sky, brightening with the hues of morn. It is becoming more and more radiant as the first gray mists of morning disappear, and the blue and crimson clouds are brightening in the East. Now a change hath passed over them, and they have assumed the purple and golden tints which poets love so well. And now the silence is broken, and my thoughts are recalled to the busy world of men. It is the rattling of a market wagon laden with its goodly store. Then following comes another, and another still, and 'the cry is still, they come!' Now hasty steps are heard upon the pavement, the laborer goeth forth to his daily toil. Discordant cries are heard in every street, and again my ears are obliged to hear that sound which has become so hateful, that never-ceasing cry of 'Ledger, Times, and Daily Chronicle.' There a daughter of Afric is bearing a basket of snow-white linen, which her toil worn hands have washed, and a son of Erin passes with his dray. That meanly dressed being who is passing down Market Street, is the same that the evening twilight saw so degraded by intoxication. His step is slow, and hesitating. Doth he go forth this lovely morn, with a bosom wrung with remorse for the sin which binds him in a slavery so debasing, and resolving never more to yield to the tempter? If so, may strength be with him.

The sun appears, and none who have not watched the morning light from the first fading of the stars until the brightness of the perfect day, can tell how beautiful is sunrise in a city. It cometh, not as I have been wont to greet it, lighting the far blue hills with its glorious beauty, and giving gladness to vale and forest, to lowly cottages, and woodland streams,—it beameth upon roof and spire, and busy thoroughfare of the goodly city, in brilliant contrast with its plodding cares. The glad waters of the Schuylkill are flashing back its radiance, and the sunlight seems to have found a mirror in every heart.

But what is all this beauty to the sleeping thousands who inhabit these dwellings? The fashionable world is wrapped in slumber, and this array of loveliness is for the eye of the sons and daughters of toil. There is beauty and gladness over every part of this fair earth, but it is ordained that those who seek shall find, and the careless eye may never meet with either. Seek we the garden walks in quest of weeds? We shall find many, rank and poisonous. Go we forth to gather flowers? Lo! they are upspringing in our

pathway, and gemming the hill-side and gladdening the meadows with their loveliness.

But the sun is beaming now upon both the lowly and the lofty dwelling. What hath been the lot of their inmates since last he shone thereon? Gaiety hath been there. The festal lamps have burned brightly in the hall, and soft-toned music mingled the joyous hours. There have been gay smiles at the banquet, and graceful forms in the dance. The bright eye hath beamed brighter, and the soft tone grown softer, and the flush of excited feeling hath mantled many a cheek so pale before, and none asked of the weariness which hath dwelt in many a heart—in the brilliant throng. Yet many, yea many have gathered there, with the bright smile upon the ruby lip, and the sunny light of a joyous spirit in the glancing eye, and the gladsomeness of youth in the music voice,—and the bitterness of death in the pride-veiled heart. But it is past, the festal lights have gone out, and the festal wreath hangs withering on the wall, for it is morn in the city.

Want hath been there. The child of indigence hath lain down upon his rude pallet, and slept to dream of plenty, which he could not reach, and viands which mocked his touch have hovered round the slumbers of the famishing one. The mother hath hushed her sobbing babes to sleep, and with tearless eye and spirit of despair hath watched their rest. Their sleep is broken now, and again they pray, 'Father, give us this day our daily bread,' for it is morn in the city.

Sorrow hath been there. In the wakefulness of saddened thought have the hours been passed, and griefs which had been hidden from the light of day, haunted the silent watches of the night. Sleepless pillows were pressed by throbbing brows, and tears of anguish wrung from breaking hearts. There have been some who calmly smiled when other eyes were bent upon them, and lightly jested with the jesting throng, on whom the spirit-eyes of night looked down in pitying love. And some, whom mortals call the cold, the proud, the stern, have knelt in the still midnight, and humbly prayed for strength to suffer still unmurmuringly to the last. Strong hearts have struggled with the wild agony of passionate grief, and some have hushed their woes to the calmness of despair. It is over now, the veil is re-adjusted, it is morn in the city.

Sin hath been there. The still midnight hath listened to the loud laugh of the reveller, and the stealthy step of the robber. Guilt, which had shrank abashed before the eye of day, stalked boldly forth, and called the night its own. The gambler hath bent eagerly over his desperate game, and the wine-cup hath done its deadly work. The incendiary hath lighted his torch of destruction, and throughout the goodly city hath pealed the alarm cry. But now it is morn in the city.

Sickness and death have been there. The moan of the sufferer on his couch of pain has ascended on the wing of darkness. The fevered brow, and languid frame have sought in vain for slumber, and the cry of agony hath broken the stillness of the night. The gentle stars have watched unwearied by the bedside of the suffering, and cheered the weary hours, by their blessed presence. Breaking hearts have gathered around the dying one, and quivering lips have said the last farewell. Anguish hath abode with the night, but it is morn in the city.

Finally, the spirit of God hath been also there. Relieving the bitterness of want, hushing the tempest of grief, and saying to the wild waves of sin, 'Here shall thy course be stayed!' It hath been in the mirthful circle, inspiring a holier mood, and bidding the angel of innocence to preside over their gaiety. There hath been strength given unto the fainting heart to bear life's burden well, and new peace hath come to the breast of the sorrowful. The aching brow hath been forgotten in praise to Him who chasteneth in love, and from the death couch hath a triumphal song been heard. Even the anguish of surviving love has been hushed into quietness, and from the bitterness of desolation the mourning ones have arisen with spirits humbled and subdued, gathering strength from very weakness, and firmly pressing onward in the path of holiness. Truly the angel of the Lord hath been abroad through the night, ministering peace and joy and love, for bright and beautiful is the morn in the city.

Philadelphia.

MRS. SCOTT.

HER CHARACTER AS A UNIVERSALIST.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

We trust our readers will require no apology from us for again introducing the name of our departed sister. Nothing appertaining to her, can, we believe, be devoid of interest to Universalists—certainly not to Universalist females. She was *one of us* in heart and soul—a bright, outshining one, it is true, but humble still, and of earnest heart, moving as quietly in her pathway as though *she* were not the cynosure, and *we* were not her lowly and watchful admirers.

Perhaps, more than for any other *one* reason, we venerate and love her, because she was essentially denominational. We would not be understood to say that she was in any degree exclusive, or that she loved her own sect so blindly as to be unobservant of its faults. But Universalism was the spirit of her life—the breath she breathed—her hope, her faith, her *all*. In her this devotedness had a peculiar merit. The doctrine of Impartial Grace is not rooted and grounded in the Valley of the Susquehanna, as it is on the shores of New England, and in the flourishing villa-

ges of New York and Ohio. The leaven has not yet gone forth very abundantly from the societies of the metropolis into the inland counties of Pennsylvania; and truly and indeed are they obliged to labor and suffer reproach who publicly avow themselves its advocates.

In the village in which Mrs. Scott resided from the time of her marriage till her death, this doctrine is seldom proclaimed from the desk. Now and then an itinerant herald of salvation 'gets up a meeting' at the Court House, and a *few* listen gladly to the good news of a world's redemption; but the *elite*, (and what *shire town* has not its *elite?*) are seen wending their way to the genteel churches of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist, which stand at intervals along the pleasant streets of Towanda.

During our visit there in the autumn of 1840, we attended one of these chance meetings. The day was cloudy and damp; Mrs. S. was confined to her room by indisposition, but was too anxious to have the meeting well attended to allow any one to remain at home with her. The congregation was very small. There were not more than four or five females present. Among them was the sweet Mrs. M., whose death Mrs. Scott has commemorated in one of her most beautiful poems; for though her home was one of wealth, luxury and fashion, *she* hesitated not to give open countenance to the faith she loved.

Of this character were all the meetings Mrs. Scott had opportunity of attending in Towanda. Her usual place of worship was in Monroe, a village four miles from T., where Br. Ames preached half the time to a small congregation that assembled in the distant school-house. The other half of the sabbaths Br. A. was employed at Sheshequin, the birth-place of our sister, about ten miles distant (I believe) from the place of her later residence. These meetings, also, she occasionally attended, at the same time that she paid visits to the home of her childhood.

We mention these particulars to give some idea of the state of Universalism in the region of country where Mrs. S. resided, and to prove what we have stated above,—that devotedness to this cause was in her a peculiar merit. Her literary acquaintances in T., (and she had several whom she highly prized) were all of a contrary faith—a circumstance she could not but continually regret. This religious difference, while it forbade the most intimate communion, did not prevent warm and sincere attachments. Among all classes, and by all denominations, Mrs. S. was deeply respected as a true and devoted christian. But though respected as an individual, she had the unhappiness to feel,—and feel it she did, most sensibly—that the sect to which she belonged, was a repudiated one; that the doctrine she loved, was scorned and hated; that its adherents were looked upon as ignorant, irreligious and profane—little better than scoffers and infidels.

Was it not, then, a feature of rare and distinguishing beauty in her character, that in the station in which she moved, with the talents she possessed, and the applause and admiration she might have else acquired, she should cling with zealous affection to the glorious religion of her childhood, that which had nurtured her in moral beauty, and stamped upon her heart the impress of celestial purity?

Most nobly, most eloquently did she all her life long avow and advocate the principles of universal love. But everything was done quietly. With her there was no parade of sentiment, no spirited declamation, no long and elaborate harangues. She did not go from house to house like a public proselyter, obtruding her religion upon her neighbors; but when occasion called for an expression of opinion, no one could have spoken more nobly, more independently, in behalf of what conscience told her was *truth*, than did this gentle, sensitive and delicate woman.

She did not run her short career of usefulness without many temptations to turn astray from the strait and narrow path which she had chosen. The voice of the tempter came in this wise: 'You have gifts, Mrs. S., *rare* gifts, such as few, very few possess. Why cast these gems of thought along a pathway so obscure? Why publish these beautiful poems in the journals of a small and derided sect, when if set before the world in the popular literary periodicals of the day, they would elicit admiration from thousands of such as are capable of appreciating intellectual beauty?'

And let no one suppose that a voice like this, aided by the tender persuasions of love, could be coldly listened to by one whose heart was susceptible to every influence of affection, and every suggestion of duty. She would not have been the gentle, yielding, reverent woman that she was, had these things failed to arrest her attention and to excite reflection. But reason and conscience, her best, her most persuasive counsellors, spake with another voice. She saw that though the path of fame might lead another way, the path of real usefulness was that which she already trod. The literary field was already thronged with competitors—*there* she would be but one of the crowd; but *here* there were few sweet musical voices heard proclaiming the truths of the Redeemer; and those few were listened for with eagerness, and heard with profit. *Here* she could *see* the fruit of her labors;—(was it not rich and glorious?) *here* she could exert a useful influence, for there were many hearts that paid such allegiance to her talent, as they would pay to none other on earth.

The mere circumstance that a woman of intellect, of deep religious feeling, of pure mind and heart was proud to give her earnest and public countenance to an unpopular sect—nay, more than this—that she was at all times ready to speak out, eloquently and forcibly in behalf of its peculiar doctrines, was with many persons, a strong and impressive evidence of its claims to respect, if not of its affinity to truth.

Though not the very *first* woman who wielded the pen in defence of Universalism, she was perhaps the first who had sufficient genius to command general and enthusiastic admiration. And when years shall have passed away, and *many* sweet feminine voices shall be singing in the gardens of the New Jerusalem, we doubt not her name will still stand pre-eminent among those of her sex whose labors have been characterized by talent, independence, and enduring usefulness.

Miss Sedgwick, in her 'Letters from Abroad,' speaking of Mrs. Barbauld, says that in England she has experienced the great disadvantage of being considered the organ of a sect. From the same cause, undoubtedly, the writings of Mrs. Scott will be restricted in their popularity; but if by being the organ of the purest form of christianity preached since the days of the Apostles, she has lost any portion of public applause, there is abundant compensation in the knowledge that by this means she was the instrument of bringing many minds from spiritual darkness into the glorious light of Universal Love. Other reward than this she never coveted; and ever distrustful of her own powers, she never fully realized the extent of the good which she really accomplished. Let us who have experienced the benefit of her labors, gratefully and affectionately cherish the remembrance of her goodness, and humbly but fervently strive to lead lives as pure, as unselfish, and as useful as did that 'Pride of the Valley'—JULIA H. SCOTT.

Shirley Village, Mass.

MOSSDALE COTTAGE.

BY CHARLOTTE.

THERE's a beautiful village, far, far away,
To which Fancy is ever returning,
And a sweet little spot, ever blooming and gay,
That I think of with homesick yearning.

Down a green, shady lane is a lone, quiet glen,
A brook ripples gently by it;
'Tis far from the bustle and noise of men,
And a traveller scarce would descry it.

Through the trees, peers the roof of a simple cot—
The woodbines with foliage wreathe it;—
And many a monarch might envy the lot
Of those who are dwelling beneath it.

Plenty presides at their frugal board,
Peace spreads her wing o'er their dwelling,
And night and morn is the Giver adored
By hearts with gratitude swelling.

Contented hearts and industrious hands
Make easy their daily labor,
And while tilling their own, or another's lands,
They ne'er envy a richer neighbor.

When the day is past, in the cool, green lane
May be heard glad voices greeting;
Who would not part for a day to obtain
The joy of that happy meeting?

When the sabbath comes, with its holy rest,
'Mong the groups that are church-ward wending,
May be seen those cotters, neatly drest,
To the fane their footsteps bending.

With meek devotion they hear of Him
On whose love their thoughts are dwelling,
And their eyes with grateful tears are dim,
From the heart's deep fountains welling.

The Bible alone, is their rule of life,—
'Tis a guide that will fail them never;
It will lead them onward through storm and strife,
And anchor them safe forever.

Ah! who would not live, in that humble cot,
A life of such pure devotion,
Far rather than share the proudest lot
In the midst of the world's commotion?

Boston, Mass.

CONSOLATION TO THE AFFLICTED.

THE following letter was originally addressed to an elderly lady in New Hampshire, whose husband by an unfortunate accident had been suddenly killed a few weeks before. It has been thought that its publication in the Repository might subserve the cause of humanity, by placing it within the reach of others whose circumstances may be similar to hers for whom it was first penned.

AUGUST 1, 1840.

DEAR MADAM: I trust you will pardon the liberty I take of addressing you upon a subject in which you are deeply interested. It is a liberty which I should not assume, were it not that circumstances seem to justify me in such a measure. Although a stranger to you in person, yet I am not uninterested in your welfare. Your children who reside in this place, are respected members of my congregation, and it is at their request that I write this letter for your perusal. They have informed me of the truly melancholy dispensation of Providence which has overtaken you, in the sudden and unlooked for death of your husband—they have told me of your deep anguish, which greatly adds to their distress at the loss of their father—and they have solicited me to address you in the hope that I may make some suggestion, which will allay the wretchedness that now preys upon you. Be assured, dear madam, I enter upon this task with none but the kindest emotions towards you. I have no disposition to wound your feelings, or to afflict you anew, or to intrude rudely upon the privacy of your sorrows. My only object is to give you relief. I would speak to you of hope and peace—I would endeavor, in imitation of the Savior whom I strive

to serve, 'to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised.' Surely you will not turn away when I come to you, as I trust, in the spirit of the blessed Jesus, with messages of life and gladness!—you will not close your ears, when I would strive to drive away the dark clouds which now envelope your spirit, that the sun-light of gospel truth may shine upon your mind and bring consolation to your troubled heart!

It is when I am called as an ambassador of Jesus, to address the mourning, the disconsolate, the broken-hearted, that I especially realize the unspeakable excellency of the religion which I profess. In such seasons I bless my heavenly Father, that he has had mercy upon me, and opened my eyes to behold the beauty and glory of his character, the impartiality of his goodness, the boundlessness of his love, the inexhaustible riches of his grace and mercy, and the infinite abundance and fullness of the salvation which he has prepared in his Son, for the wretched, helpless, dying children of humanity!

With your husband I had no personal acquaintance; but I have been informed from various sources, that he was an honest, industrious man, a good husband, a kind parent, an obliging neighbor, and a useful citizen. And this is saying much, very much indeed, in his favor! Would to God that many, who make great professions of religion and piety, could have the same said of them, in truth. But still your husband did not profess to believe in certain human creeds, and had not connected himself with any visible church. And now that he has been cut suddenly off, those creeds would fain instil the dreadful thought into your mind, that his doom is sealed for everlasting woe! If you believe this is his condition, it must fill you with anguish indescribable. I can conceive of nothing that can pour such a flood of wretchedness upon the soul, as to believe that a departed friend who was the object of our love, has gone to a place of never-ending misery. If you harbor such a fear, my heart bleeds for you. Where—oh where—poor, heart-broken mourner—where can you flee to find refuge from such an awful thought?—where can you go to find consolation and hope? If you turn to the cruel, cruel doctrines of men, they can afford you no relief, but will add to your anguish. They coldly cast your beloved husband off, without one ray of hope, and unfeelingly assure you, that you can never meet him more! If you go to those who preach these doctrines, what can they possibly say to you, to afford you comfort in your affliction? Alas! nothing —*nothing!* If they speak as they profess to believe, they must tell you that concerning the condition of your husband, the companion of your youth, the father of your children, which will wring your heart with ten-fold agony—they must tell you, if they believe what they preach, that he is lost forever! But in the name of that Savior who shed his blood for a sinful world, I beseech you, believe not these dreadful words, so full of poison and death to your happiness —close your ears to them—turn away from them—and flee to Jesus, the tender-hearted Savior—flee to his holy and blessed gospel—search its divine truths, its blessed promises—and you will find streams of mercy, rivers of compassion, boundless oceans of grace, in which you can bathe your weary soul, and obtain consolation and peace amid all your sorrows!

Although your companion undoubtedly had his failings, as the best of men have, yet you have no reason to despair of his condition—you have no cause to settle down with the gloomy thought that he must be miserable forever. On the contrary, you have many grounds for the indulgence of hope, of great hope, of precious, life-giving hope! You unquestionably believe that your husband's sudden death was an event brought to pass by the direction of the Creator—and you must also believe that his condition in the future world, depends upon the character of that Being who thus suddenly took him to himself. Now in making up your mind in regard to his condition, it is all-important that you should reflect upon God's character, and see if you have any reason to indulge such dreadful fears respecting his dealings.

The Creator is our Father—he is the Father of all men: 'Have we not all one Father?' says the prophet Malachi—and the Apostle Paul, as we read in Acts, said to the Athenian idolaters, 'We are his offspring.' Every human being, then, is an offspring of God. Will the Father of spirits deliberately cast his children into a misery which is hopeless and endless? Would you torment your children forever, even if you had power to do so? I know you would not—your heart is too tender and too full of affection, to allow you to act so cruelly towards them. But, dear lady, are you better than God? Have you more love for your offspring than our heavenly Father has for his? Oh! think of this, and do not believe that you can be more merciful and affectionate than that Being who made you, and gave you all the affection you have for your children! What would you do for them, if you had the power? You would put into operation measures that would result in making them all good, upright, righteous and happy. Can you not believe that the great Parent of all, is anxious to have his children good and happy, as you can be to have yours? And remember, he has power, abundant, omnipotent power, to make them all become so whenever he thinks proper. Having all means at his command, will he not do a work so good as this? If the scriptures are true, he will make all his creatures in due time know him, and worship and glorify him. Allow me to quote a few passages to prove the truth of this declaration: 'All nations shall call him blessed.' Psalms lxxii. 17. 'All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him.' Psalms xxii. 27. 'All nations whom thou hast made, shall come and worship be-

fore thee, O Lord, and shall glorify thy name. Psalms lxxxvi. 9. If you believe these declarations of the Most High, then you surely must believe he will finally bring all his children, the whole human family, to worship and adore him, to love and serve him.

The Creator is also a good and merciful Being—'The Lord is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.' Psalms cxlv. 9. And the mercy of God is not short and fleeting like man's—it is not confined to this life, but endures forever, and is over all his works. David says that the mercy of the Lord endureth forever! and hence his mercy will forever be over all his creatures. God is also a Being full of love. Hear the words of John: 'God is love.' Did you ever reflect upon the importance—the immense importance—of that declaration? The nature of God is love; he is all love, unmixed, impartial, everlasting love. Oh! what a delightful thought for the christian heart. We are told also in the scriptures that 'love worketh no ill to its neighbor.' As God is love, and as love worketh no ill, how can it be believed he will plunge the beings he has formed into ceaseless wo? This would be the work of a God of hatred and not of love. The influence of love is to do good, and not evil. Think of this, I beseech you, and do not dishonor the unchangeable God so much as to believe that his love can ever change to hatred towards any of his creatures.

He is also a God of justice. And I ask, can a just God torment forever his creatures for the sins of this life? This thought violates all our sense of justice. It would be revenge and retaliation—not equity. Do you really think, dear madam, that your husband committed sin enough to deserve endless wretchedness? I am certain you will not say so—Then do not believe so. There is no possible reason why such a thought should dwell in your mind. God will punish all his creatures as much as they deserve, and as much as will be for their good, and no more. Any punishment more than this, would be rank cruelty. I wish you to read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews; you will there learn that God chastises or punishes his creatures for their good, to make them partakers of his holiness—and hence he cannot punish them forever.

Do you entertain the heart-rending fear that your husband will be cast off forever by his heavenly Parent? Hear what the prophet says, and then banish entirely such a thought from your mind: 'The Lord will not cast off forever. But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies; for he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.' Lam. iii. 31. Read also Psalms ciii. 8, 9, and cxlv. 8, and Micah vii. 18. The whole Bible abounds with passages proving the truth of the heart-consoling doctrine, that God will eventually bring all his creatures to holiness, happiness and heaven. You will do me a great favor, and find much comfort to yourself, I am sure, by reading attentively and candidly, the following portions of scripture—Gen. xii. 3: xxii. 18: xxvi. 34: xxviii. 14. Acts iii. 25, 26. Gal. iii. 8. Isa. xlv. 22, 23, 24: xxv. 6, 7, 8. Jere. xxxi. 33. Heb. ii. 9. 1 John ii. 2. Acts iii. 20, 21. John iv. 42. Isa. lvii. 16. 1 John iv. 14. Rev. xv. 4: v. 13. Read the 5th and 11th chapters of Romans; also the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and 1st Timothy, 2d chapter. I would invite you to notice particularly in this last chapter, the words of the Apostle in 1 Tim. ii. 4, where he plainly declares that God 'will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.' Do you, dear madam, believe this blessed declaration? If you do not, then do you not disbelieve and reject God's holy word? But if you do, then you must believe that all men will finally be saved, and filled with purity and joy. Oh! happy thought—blissful anticipation! who does not desire to believe a truth so glorious—a truth which gives to angels their highest raptures! The heart of every christian who possesses the spirit of Jesus, must leap for joy, that the God, who is all powerful, and does his will in heaven and earth, has so plainly declared his determination to sanctify and save all his dependent creatures.

I am confident that you will allow that the scriptures afford a great amount of evidence in support of the doctrine of the final salvation of all men. But perhaps you will say, there are passages in the Bible which teach the doctrine of eternal pain. If this was really the case, then the scriptures would contradict themselves. But this cannot be—there is no contradiction and cannot be, in the word of God. There is not a passage in the Bible, which, when properly understood, teaches the awful, God-dishonoring doctrine of endless wo! This is not my opinion alone. It is an opinion which has been entertained and defended by many of the most learned and pious men in the christian church, from the days of Christ to the present time. Your children, I have no doubt, will furnish you with books, if you will read them, which will explain to you in the most consistent manner, all the passages which you now may suppose teach this soul chilling sentiment.

But you may entertain fear for your husband's happiness, because he was taken away suddenly, and without any preparation for death. You should remember that this was by the express direction of our heavenly Father. As he is a good being, and does every thing for good, it is our duty to believe he directed the death of your husband to be thus sudden, for some good and benevolent purpose. A being who loves all his creatures, will never allow any thing to befall them, which can be the source of ceaseless evil to them. If your companion was not prepared for his Maker's presence, God has the power to renovate and purify him, and make him in every sense fit and worthy to praise, and adore, and enjoy him forever.

We should believe the Creator will do this for every sinful child of humanity. No one can enter God's presence until he is fully prepared. Every member of the human family needs to be changed and renovated before they can stand before the throne of the Eternal, and find happiness there. But we believe that all will in due time be thus changed and prepared. If there are circumstances which prevent the accomplishment of this desirable change in this life, there is an abundance of time and means to bring it to pass in the life to come. This is the very work which belongs to Christ, as the Savior of the world. He came expressly to prepare all men for the purity and joy of heaven, and the presence of the beneficent Creator. Hence the Apostle says that Christ will reconcile all things to God. And after all have been prepared and made ready, then will they be allowed to enter upon the joys of eternal felicity. What a precious truth is this! Is it not calculated to give us joy unspeakable, to believe that not one poor, blinded sinner, shall be compelled to lie down in endless blackness and wo—not one wandering, wretched prodigal shall remain forever from his Father's house—but that Christ, the blessed Savior, shall seek and find all the lost sheep—shall bring all to repentance and reformation—shall induce the last prodigal to return—and that heaven shall be filled with loud rejoicing that the ransomed family of man have become as holy and happy as the angels of God?

I should be pleased to dwell longer upon this delightful subject, but time will not allow. Believe me, dear madam, yea, believe God, believe his holy word, which assures you that you have no cause to despair in regard to your husband. You should not sit down in gloomy repining at the providence of the wise and good Creator. It is your duty to strive to find consolation, and resignation and peace; and this consolation and peace you will find, by cherishing faith in the fullness of gospel grace and salvation. The word of God, which cannot lie, warrants you to indulge the blissful hope, that in due time, you will meet your departed companion—you will meet your dear children and all whom you love on earth—you will meet an entire, ransomed world—in the courts of bliss above, and rejoice with them forever more! Let me entreat you, as you value your own peace of mind, search until you find this glorious, this heavenly truth, which alone can speak peace to your troubled soul! Search the scriptures prayerfully and faithfully, until you behold the light of this happy faith—pray earnestly to God that you may see its divine beauties and enjoy its precious hopes! And let me beseech you to turn from the counsel of those who would persuade you not to search for this doctrine of God's universal grace. Heed not their advice, for it will cause you to remain still in the midst of those doubts and fears which send darkness and horror into the soul! That the Lord may assist you in all your researches and investigations, and enable you speedily to find that glorious truth and that precious faith which maketh free indeed, and which fills the soul with joy inexpressible, is the fervent prayer of

Your sincere friend,

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To Mrs. ——— ———.

THE DREAMER.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'A DARK, cold calm which nothing now can break,
Or warm, or brighten,—like that Syrian lake,
Upon whose surface, morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead.'

SOUL of mine, why art thou dreaming?
Dreaming through the weary day!
While life's precious hours are wasting,
Fast, and unimproved away.

With a world of beauty round me,
Lone and sad, I dwell apart;
Changing scenes can bring no pleasure,
To this wrecked and worn out heart.

Now I tempt the quiet ocean,
While the sky is bright above,
And the sunlight rests around me,
Like the beaming smile of love:

Or by waters softly flowing
Through the vale I wander now,
And the balmy breath of summer,
Fans my cheek and cools my brow.

But as well, to me, might darken
Over all the gloom of night;
For no quick and sweet sensations,
Fill my soul with new delight.

In the grass grown, silent church-yard,
With a listless step I rove;
But I shed no tear of sorrow,
By the graves of those I love.

Could I weep, the spell might vanish;
Tears would bring my heart relief;
Heart so sealed to all emotion,
Dead alike to joy and grief.

When the storm that shook my spirit,
Left its mission finished there,
Then a calm more fearful followed
Than the wildness of despair.

Whence the spell that chills my being?
Bidding every passion cease,
Closing every fount of feeling,
Say my spirit is it peace?

Wake! O, spell bound soul awaken!
Bid this sad delusion flee!
Such a lengthened dream is fearful;
Such a peace is not for thee.

Life is thine, and 'life is earnest;'
Toil and grief ye may not shun;
But be hopeful and believing,
Till the prize of faith is won.

Then the peace ye may inherit,
By the Savior promised free;
Peace, the world destroyeth never;
Father, give that peace to me!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. NO. I.

BY CHARLOTTE.

OUR MINISTER'S FAMILY.

GENTLE reader! I have so often and so elaborately described to you our little village, that I fear you will deem it but an idle repetition to descant once more upon its beauties; but had you ever visited Heathside, you would feel as I do, that it were impossible to describe a tithe of its charms. Yet it is to none of the scenes I have before described that I would now draw your attention, but to yonder neat white cottage, a short distance below the Parsonage on the opposite side. What a cool, shady appearance the thick, green foliage of those old apple trees give it—and how prettily it stands, not far from the margin of that willow-fringed pond! It is the residence of our Minister's Widow and her only daughter. There is one more feature in my landscape which must not be omitted; this is a small, humble edifice standing midway in yon green lane opposite the cottage, from which during several hours of the day issues the hum of voices, and at intervals, groups of merry children may be seen playing and shouting before the door, and giving unequivocal evidence that there the village school-mistress dispenses her discipline. What idea, fair reader, does that title conjure up in your mind? Does fancy present some old, wrinkled dame, with nicely plaited cap, spectacles on nose and ferule in hand—or the sharp, thin visage and shrill voice of an antiquated maiden? What a portrait of sweet Julia Cardonnel! Picture to yourself a venerable damsel of nineteen, tall, slender and graceful as a young willow, with a complexion fresh, yet delicate as the blended hues of the apple-blossom; exquisitely moulded features, large, soft grey eyes, veiled by long black silken lashes, full red lips, luxuriant hair with 'a single shade of chestnut on its gold,' a low, sweet voice and silvery laugh, and you have a tolerable likeness of our village school-mistress.

Julia Cardonnel is the orphan daughter of our former clergyman, and the only child that survives to cheer and bless the desolate heart of his widow. Many of the villagers remember the day when the young minister brought to the Parsonage his lovely bride, then in the first flush of youth and beauty. She was the youngest and favorite child of a doting old father, rich, and descended from a proud and ancient stock. Every indulgence that gold could purchase or affection bestow, was lavished upon her from her birth; not a wish of her heart had ever been thwarted, and her fond father looked forward to the time, when a brilliant marriage suited to her merits should place her among the noblest in the land. But unfortunately for this project, during a visit to some country relations, she became acquainted with Edward Cardonnel a young student of divinity; she passed several weeks constantly in his society, and when charmed with her beauty and captivated by her sweetness and grace of manner, he offered to her acceptance all he possessed, which was, in fact little more than his heart and hand, she referred him to her father without a doubt of the success of his suit. But though the loving and inexperienced maiden of sixteen never dreamed that Edward's want of fortune could be an obstacle to their wishes, her father had very different views of the subject; and when with a frank acknowledgement of his circumstances the young lover requested permission to address his mistress, he was formally dismissed and forbidden the *entree* of the house. Unused to contradictions, and accustomed to have every wish gratified, it was not to be supposed that the fair Julia's mind was in a state to bear this disappointment calmly; she wept, remonstrated and finally fretted herself sick, but the old man's mind was far too firmly set upon his own project, to be changed even by the tears of his darling child.

Opposition as is usually the case, only fostered the *grande passion*, and when Edward was settled over the society at Heathside, she braved the displeasure of her father, resigned the luxuries and elegance to which she had been accustomed, and forsook the proud mansion of her ancestors, to share the humble fortunes of the devoted pastor of a simple but affectionate flock. The parsonage was soon transformed by her tasteful hand into a delightful abode; many hued and beautiful flowers blossomed in the little garden before the door—the fragrant honey-suckle climbed almost to the roof and filled the air with its odor, and all within and without the house had an air of quiet and graceful simplicity far more attractive, than the gorgeous splendor of prouder dwellings. When Edward Cardonnel introduced his young wife into his humble abode, so different from the luxurious home of her childhood, he had not been wholly free from misgivings, lest her love should not be proof against the change, or lest its ardor should be damped by the prospect before her. But he had not fully estimated or understood her character; hers was one of those leal spirits, which are never laggard in a labor of love.

'Do not fear for me, dearest,' she said in reply to an intimation that had escaped her husband's lips, concerning her altered situation—'when I left my father's house to share your humbler fortunes, I knew well what was the task I undertook, and I am ready

to brave all that may fall to my lot, and perform to the best of my ability the duties that devolve upon me as the wife of a poor man, and the help-meet of a servant of God, and if I gain your approbation, Edward, my labor will be well repaid.'

She set about her new avocations with a zeal and earnestness which soon rendered the most complicated of her domestic duties easy and simple, and by enabling her to discharge them in less time, afforded her leisure to accompany her husband in his visits to the sick and poor among his flock, and to offer relief and comfort to all who needed. In the year succeeding their marriage, a new and endearing tie, brought new cares and additional pleasures, and in the performance of her conjugal, maternal and social duties, Mrs. Cardonnel's happiness would have been complete, but for the remembrance of her aged father. She had written immediately after her arrival at Heathside, and still later, asking his forgiveness for this, her only act of disobedience, and requesting his benediction on a marriage which lacked his blessing only, to make its felicity perfect. But no answer was returned—the old man was inexorable, and had apparently cast out his youngest darling from her former place in his affections.

Years passed, and three children, sweet household treasures, now gladdened the Parsonage; the eldest, a girl, inherited her mother's name and beauty, while her temper and disposition presented a beautiful combination of the characteristics of both parents; for though gifted by nature with the playful gaiety and exuberant flow of spirits which had distinguished her mother's youth, yet from being in a great measure the pupil and companion of her father, she had imbibed, as it were, with his studious habits, the thoughtful gentleness of his manners. The second child was a pale, sickly, delicate boy, deformed from his earliest infancy by disease, but richly gifted with meekness, and displaying a patient endurance of the most acute suffering, which might have put many an older person to the blush. Poor Herbert! his was a weary lot, and yet how unmurmuringly he bore it; suppressing the faintest groan, and trying to smile, even while his brow was knit and his lip quivering with sharp agony, lest his mother's heart should be wrung by looking on the sufferings of her child. And if a sigh did sometimes escape him, as he sat in his chair by the window, or on the piazza before the door, on the long, bright summer days, and listened to the merry shouts of the boys as they pursued their active amusements on the green within sight of the house, enjoyments from which he was debarred, it was instantly checked, and taking up his book, he would thank God that he was not blind, and that so many blessings were yet left to him. There he would sit, day after day, reading, singing, or carving with his knife some curious toy for little Edward, a bright eyed, sunny haired, frolicsome child, the pet and plaything of the whole family.

Such was the group, which fifteen years after their marriage, twined round the hearts and blessed the dwelling of Edward and Julia Cardonnel; and if, at times, when she looked upon her children, and recalled her own childhood and girlhood, she sighed for her father's forgiveness, and for his blessing upon them; yet time and his implacability had, in a great measure, worn off her sorrow for her only act of disobedience towards him. Her lot had been one of happiness, and when her daily duties had been cheerfully performed, she found time to impart to her daughter the elegant accomplishments in which she in her youth had excelled, to cultivate the mind and heart of her afflicted boy, to amuse and instruct her youngest darling, and to join with her husband in improving the minds, and ministering to the necessities of the people of their charge. Idolized by her husband and children, beloved and respected by rich and poor, thus did Mrs. Cardonnel, the beauty and the belle, pursue the even tenor of her way.

But happiness so perfect and entire is not for this world, else should we never be willing to leave it; surrounded by prosperity, and friends faithful and beloved, how could we ever part from them even to gain heaven?—for truly, '*where the treasure is, there will the heart be also*.' The dark wing of the angel of death overshadowed that peaceful dwelling, and the parents hung in agony over the shrouded form of their youngest born; there were sobs and tears at night, where in the morning had reigned joy and sunshine; but it was not for those on the darkness of whose hearts the *star of salvation* had risen, to mourn as 'those who have no hope,' and they soon ceased to grieve that the fair flower which had budded in the garden of their hearts, should blossom in deathless beauty on the banks of the pure River of Life! Dear as the sweet child had been to all, by none was his loss so keenly felt as by the poor, deformed Herbert. *They* had various avocations, and active employments to wean their minds from sorrow, but he, occupying the same seat, day after day, and engaged in the same monotonous routine of amusements, was constantly reminded of the lost one. His mother and Julia sought to divert his thoughts from such memories, by removing every book and plaything which had belonged to the child; but he saw their design, and one day looking up from a reverie into which he had fallen, and perceiving them intently regarding him, he said: 'Do not think I am mourning for either Edward or myself, for I know that *he* is an angel now, in that bright beautiful land of which you have so often told me, and though he cannot come back hither, yet I shall soon go to him; and there, dearest mother,' he continued, his eye brightening and his face irradiating as he spoke, with holy joy, 'there none shall scoff or mock at my infirmity, for God shall take away this poor, suffering, mis-shapen frame, and fashion it anew, like to Christ's glorious body, and there I shall meet Edward, and we shall walk hand

in hand beside the crystal streams, and drink of the water of Life. Oh mother, when I think of him in that blissful clime, and then of myself, a sick, suffering and useless being, I can scarcely bear to wait my time.'

Not long did the boy pant for the realization of his dreams; Edward passed away with the summer flowers, and the frosts of October whitened the grave of Herbert Cardonnel. There were tearful eyes and quivering lips, when the little family met at the table or around the fireside in the long winter evenings succeeding their double bereavement; they missed that bright head with its golden curls, and that other pale, meek face with its large, spiritual eyes and intellectual brow—and when the evening hymn was sung, they listened in vain for the two young voices that were wont to pour forth their melody.

That winter passed. Spring came and went, and ere summer had thrown down her garland, a new sorrow had entered the hearts of the mother and daughter. Mr. Cardonnel's health was evidently failing; his untiring devotion to his parochial duties, combined with the grief and anxiety of the preceding months, had wrought fearful ravages on his naturally delicate constitution, and his wife and Julia listened with fear and distress to his short and difficult respiration, and to the quick, dry cough which succeeded every effort in speaking or reading; and his people who were fondly attached to him, sighed and shook their heads, as they remarked his attenuated form and languid movements, his sharpened features and the bright crimson spot which burnt on his hollow and sunken cheek. As the autumn approached his symptoms grew even more alarming, and his terrified family sent for a physician of the neighboring city, who was celebrated for his skill in pulmonary complaints. He came, looked on the patient, heard the recital of his symptoms, and was silent. His benevolent heart shrunk from the fulfillment of the physician's hardest task; he looked round on the little group—his eyes turned from the countenance of the victim, calm, placid and resigned, yet bearing the fatal signet of consumption, to the pale, sweet face of the wife, and the fresher loveliness of the daughter, both wearing the same expression of hope faintly struggling with the sickening and terrible fear, and he felt he could not deceive them; he could not raise hopes that would prove fallacious, and yet how could he bear to crush them with that dreadful intelligence. Thrice he essayed to speak, but failed in the attempt, and just as he was making another and desperate effort, unable longer to endure the suspense, Mrs. Cardonnel grasped his hand, and with a voice that sounded strangely sharp and shrill to her hearers, she exclaimed, 'O do not say that he must die, do not crush a heart already bruised and bleeding—he may yet be saved, medicine and kind, devoted attention will soon restore him—oh, bid me not despair, tell me that I may hope, and I will kneel and bless you.'

'Julia,' said the sick man, and in an instant his wife was at his side—'calm yourself, my beloved, and listen with christian resignation to the physician's sentence, be it of life or death. God has been very merciful to us, dearest! Sixteen happy years we have passed together, and if it be his will to separate us now, we must not murmur or repine; and now, doctor, we are ready to hear your decision.'

'I cannot deceive you, my friend, nor would I if I could. I will not deny that your case is dangerous, but while there is life, there is hope, and though your health can never be restored, your days may, I think, be prolonged by a sojourn in a more genial climate. I will not offer you medicines, for they would be useless, but if I can aid you in any thing relating to your journey, my services will be freely tendered;' and with a few soothing words, the kind hearted physician took his departure.

Faint as was the hope he held out to her, Mrs. Cardonnel clung to it with the greatest tenacity, and at length by her earnest pleadings, and moving entreaties, succeeded in gaining her husband's consent. The only obstacle now, was the state of their finances; small as was the salary of a country parson, frugality and economy had enabled them to lay by yearly a portion, to be reserved for sickness or any particular exigence; and to what better purpose could it be devoted, than to the recovery of that dear one's health? To this sum a few of the wealthier part of his parishioners added sufficient to defray the expenses, and having made arrangements to supply the pulpit during his absence, the Cardonnels bade adieu to their home, and ere the winter opened, were comfortably settled in pleasant lodgings in one of the sunny vales of France. To this place they had been recommended by the worthy doctor, who had furnished them with a letter of introduction to a young physician, a friend of his own, who was sojourning there for the benefit of an invalid sister's health. As soon, therefore, as they were settled in their new abode, the letter was despatched to Dr. Maynard's lodgings, and the ensuing day the Doctor and his sister called on the new comers. The visit was one of mutual pleasure; the Maynards came to mark their respect for their old friend by showing every courtesy and attention to *his* friends, and in like manner did the Cardonnels receive them; but ere an hour had passed, all felt that a nearer affinity than that of country existed between them—the tie of kindred minds; and had a stranger looked in upon them as they sat there on that first visit, he would have deemed them old friends meeting after a long separation. They had a common topic of interest too, in their solicitude concerning the beloved ones who had brought them thus in contact, and they spoke hopefully and cheerfully of the happy change the climate was to effect. For some time their hopes seemed likely to be realized. The warm, genial air, wholesome exercise and pleasant society, seemed to produce a favorable effect upon

the feeble frames of the invalids, especially that of Mr. Cardonnel; his step grew firmer, his cough abated, and he began to talk hopefully of returning home; he already looked forward to the happy meeting with his friendly people, and spoke of the satisfaction he should experience in seeing once more his own pretty church, his beloved home, and the little grave-yard where slept the loved and lost. But as the time fixed for their departure approached, his worst symptoms returned; Dr. Maynard would have recommended his travelling still farther south, but the sick man had neither strength nor spirits to attempt it; and at length in a violent paroxysm of coughing, he burst a blood vessel, and all knew that his case was hopeless. Ere the day to which he had fondly looked forward arrived, he slept with the thousands of foreigners who have found a final resting place in the precincts of *Pere le Chaise*.

With sorrowing hearts the widow and her daughter prepared for their return, and the day after their embarkation, Dr. Maynard and his sister were on their passage to Italy.

Every sabbath since their minister's departure, had prayers been offered in the village church of Heathside, for the recovery of his health and his speedy restoration to his people; the letters that were received encouraged their hopes, and they were gladly anticipating his return, when the tidings of his death reached them. There was sorrow in every dwelling, when the news was spread through the village, and fervent petitions arose from every heart that night, that the bereavement might be sanctified not to them only, but more especially to the afflicted ones who in a far land mourned the loss of their dearest earthly friend. And when in due time, the travellers arrived, each sought by affectionate sympathy and attentive kindness to them, to manifest their love and respect for him who was gone forever.

When the first freshness of the sorrowful sensations called forth by visiting the 'old familiar places,' had in some measure worn off, a new consideration presented itself to Julia's mind, and this was, their future mode of life, and the means by which that living was to be obtained. The first step to be taken was to provide a residence, for though since their return they had continued inmates of the Parsonage, it was no longer *home*, and the minister who was to be settled in Mr. Cardonnel's place, had a large family, for whose accommodation the dwelling would barely suffice. Several of their friends had proffered to the mother and daughter a home in their own families, but they were far too proud to be dependent; and blest with youth, health and a good education, Julia had no doubt of her own ability to gain a subsistence for both. But how was this to be effected, and in what manner were her talents to be brought into action? This question did Julia ask herself continually, but unable to answer it, she at length resolved to apply to her friends for advice, and abide by their decision. But so various were their opinions, and so *un*decided their decisions, that the client was as much at a loss as before. One recommended her to enter a genteel family as a private governess, but that would separate her from her mother, and they were all that were left to each other, and must not be parted. Another advised her to remove to the city, and there profit by her knowledge of the French idiom, and the perfect accent she had acquired during her residence in France, by giving lessons in the language. This appeared the more feasible plan of the two, but on mentioning it to her mother, Mrs. Cardonnel expressed such a dread of removing to the city, and such an anxious desire to dwell in the place where her happiest days had been past, that Julia at once renounced the idea, and endeavored to procure employment at fine and ornamental needle-work, an accomplishment in which she excelled. But having soon discovered that the most untiring industry would barely afford them the necessaries of life, and as each family contrived to do their own plain sewing, she was utterly at a loss to what pursuit to turn her attention, and was almost in despair at the failure of her projects, when the death of the old dame, under whose superintendence 'the ideas' of the young villagers had for many years been 'taught to shoot,' left vacant the post of village school-mistress; and at a meeting of the principal men of the village, who constituted the 'Committee,' it was proposed by one of them to request the minister's daughter to undertake the charge of the school. Accordingly, with some hesitation and many apologies for offering her a situation so far below her merits and accomplishments, the proposition was made, and having been thankfully accepted, Miss Cardonnel was soon established in her new vocation. Humble though it be, it suffices for all the simple wants of the mother and daughter, and the poor suppliant is never turned, unrelieved, from their door; there in yonder neat cottage they dwell together satisfied, and happy in each other's affection; and any bright summer morning, you may see them working industriously before school hours in their little garden, or after sunset taking their accustomed walk down the lane, and never failing to rest awhile in the church-yard beside the graves of those dear children, and speaking tearfully, but with no vain sorrow or regret, of him whose body rests in a far distant land, but whose spirit they fondly trust, is looking down from its bright abode upon those whom on earth he loved so tenderly.

Julia entered upon her new labors with a cheerful spirit, and an earnest desire to promote the interests of her young charge, and eminently successful she has been. Parents no longer complain of their children's reluctance to go to school, for the first sound of the bell is anticipated by groups of rosy, smiling children, watching for their teacher, and hailing her appear-

ance with unfeigned delight. Perfect order and decorum reign in the school, though the pupils are no longer terrified into submission by the harsh voice and frown of the mistress, or awed by the ominous sound of the ponderous ferule; but a more powerful sentiment than fear influences her scholars, and hardy and reckless indeed would that urchin be, who would barter the sweet smile and kindly commendation of Miss Cardonnel, for the unsatisfying pleasures of disobedience. It is the golden age of our village school, and should any question the beauty and efficacy of Julia's system of instruction and discipline, they have only to follow her in one of her frequent visits to the dwellings of her pupils, and witness the joy her presence creates; to see the group of little ones cling around her, and hear their earnest strivings for the seat of honor on her knee, to feel that her rule is that of gentleness, and that the secret of her sway is—Love! In short, I think I have fairly made out that Julia Cardonnel is a nonpareil—the pattern for daughters, and the paragon of village school-mistresses. But, alack and alas! '*How blessings brighten, as they take their flight!*' It is now two years since Julia first took charge of the village school, and we had fondly hoped from her indifference to all the beaux, within the scope of whose admiration she came, that despite her youth, beauty and other fascinations, she would remain a *fixed star* in the orbit where she moved so gracefully and well. But one fine afternoon, some six weeks ago, a chaise was seen entering our village drawn by a beautiful bay horse,—ah! we little thought what mischief it was bringing us! not that there was any thing peculiar about the vehicle, for though very handsome, it was plain, and unornamented, neither did the horse wear any particular expression which could lead us to think he meditated any invasion of our *rights and privileges;* and for the inmates of the chaise, one was a fine looking young man of seven or eight and twenty, and the other, a fair, delicate girl of eighteen; and the whole *cortege*, horse, carriage and individuals might have passed through the place, untouched by the breath of suspicion, had not the gentleman reined in his steed at the door of the inn, and inquired for the residence of Mrs. Cardonnel. This unlucky question set the full tide of rumor afloat, nor was the curiosity of the villagers at all allayed by witnessing the cordial welcome with which the widow and her daughter greeted the strangers, by their long stay at the cottage, or by the inability of all to discover who they were, and whence they came. For more than three weeks did this mystery remain unsolved. Every afternoon about the time fixed for dismissing the village school, that identical horse and chaise might be seen at the gate of the cottage, sometimes bringing the lady and gentleman, but oftener the gentleman alone; and *very* often Julia and the mysterious stranger were detected walking *tete-a-tete*, and always deeply engaged in conversation. But at length that season of suspense came to an end. The young girl who assisted Mrs. Cardonnel in her domestic duties, gave to a friend as a great secret, (immediately circulated, of course) the information that the visitors were Dr. Maynard, a physician in the neighboring city, and his sister; that they were travelling in France at the same time with the Cardonnels, and were with them at the time of their bereavement. But the satisfaction with which this intelligence was received, was quickly embittered by the additional news, namely, that *Miss Julia was going to give up her school, to be married to the handsome young doctor!* At first we tried to shut our eyes and ears against the unpleasant conviction, but truth, however disagreeable, will force itself upon us, and the fact is now self-evident, and beyond the shadow of a doubt, that we are about to lose our pretty school-mistress. A lady, recommended by Dr. Maynard, is to take, but alas! we fear not to supply her place; various preparations, ominous of a wedding, are going busily forward at the cottage, and did we need further proof, for two successive sabbaths has our church door borne ample testimony to the matrimonial intentions of George Maynard and sweet Julia Cardonnel. The widow is to reside with her daughter in the city, but a portion at least of every summer, they are to spend at Heathside; and here I would not forget to mention, that time and misfortune have softened the anger of Mrs. Cardonnel's father, that he is forgiving and forgiven, and that his daughter and her child have been joyfully welcomed to the old man's heart and home.

And now, what farther have I to say, unless I inform you that the *bay horse* still pertinaciously persists in finding his way to the little white cottage; that the bustle of preparation is nearly over, and that we are daily expecting to hear our *old church bell* chime merrily in honor of the marriage of the young Dr. Maynard and our gentle and beautiful Minister's Daughter.

Boston, Mass.

SONNET TO ENCKE'S COMET.

Again thou comest on thy fiery race,
Thou vap'ry wand'rer of the upper deep;
From out the dark and dread abyss of space,
Thou circlest worlds in thy majestic sweep.
What is thy mission? Tell us fearful star!
Dost thou foretell some dire event on earth?
Does thy approach portend some bloody war?
Or dost thou herald some illustrious birth?
Speed round the sun! we'll question thee no more;
Speed on, and leave us with thy fiery train;
Go in the track thou'st often trod before,
And when thou wilt, come back to us again.
And then we'll ask thee of those worlds on high,
Which far beyond our own dim vision lie.

D. B. H.

CONNECTION OF SCIENCE WITH RELIGION.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

EXTRACTS FROM A DISCOURSE ON ENCKE'S COMET.

'He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.' A.147.4.

Why should not the religious teacher open the volume of science, and read therefrom reverently? If everything around us, as plainly seems, is solicitous for the true education of that grandest of created existences—*spirit*, surely we should open the pulpit to their teachings. We would not bring there our retort and crucible, our fossil and shell, our telescope, and make it the desk of a mere abstract, scientific disquisition; but we could employ the conclusions that these have revealed. We would bring the great *fact* that the chemist still finds in the mysterious elements, that the geologist tears from the hoary strata, and the astronomer brings down from suns and systems, the great fact, so varied in each and yet the same through all, that ever points inward to the soul, and upward to God.

If they do wrong who lose the vividness and the life of Religion in abstract Science and intellectual pride; so, on the other hand, *they* do wrong, who refuse the aid that Nature, from her ample domain, proffers to the Master-Principle. On either hand, it is a divorcement of Science from Religion, a divorcement that is not required, that is injurious, that seems contrary to the practice of the greatest philosophers, and also of those bible-writers, who could mingle their hymns of penitence and their prayers for spiritual aid, with acknowledgements of the mighty handiwork of God, and the beauty and regularity of His agents in Nature.

* * * * * *

UNIVERSAL LAW AND ORDER.

We are taught by the comet the great fact—that order comprehends the universe, and that law controls every existence. Whether the story of Newton and the apple be true or not, if the apple, upon becoming detached from the tree, falls downward to the earth—this is a particular fact. But if we carry out this observation to all other bodies without the influence of our planet, we find that they likewise invariably seek the centre of the earth—and this is a general fact. From this we reach the grand principle that binds together all the parts of the universe, from a drop of water to a world, and to systems. But *back* of the fact lies something else. *Why* should the apple fall downward, instead of upward, or horizontally? *Why* should all bodies within the earth's atmosphere tend to the earth's centre; and *why* should matter attract matter, reciprocally, universally, from the atom to the star? The only answer that can be given is—it is a Law; the law of gravitation. So, Nature is not a mere congeries of facts, it is a system of law. Chaos would be a *fact*, and so would anarchy; but they would be *lawless* facts. Is there nothing chaotic, nothing lawless, in the great system of things that develope and glide and lie and sparkle around us?

In the minds of men in former times, nay, perhaps, in some of our own time, this question, probably, would have been answered in the affirmative. They would have referred to those wispy, ghostlike forms, that with long and gleaming hair, and mystic track come, ever and anon, rushing athwart the firmament, and then plunged into boundless abyses of space, far, far beyond the ken of eye or telescope. These were visitors of dread and wonder—the ready omens of imaginative superstition. * * * * * Without the telescope, without Science, without diffused knowledge, it is no wonder that the men of those times should have regarded the comet as a lawless yet potent body, a flaming prophet of wrath, sent down through the unknown space to speak of famine, pestilence and war. The proximity of a comet to an unfruitful season; the nearness of its time to the birth or the death of a great man—as was the case with Mithridates and Julius Cæsar; its seeming connection with disease—as is said to have been the case when one appeared in 1305, which was followed by a Great Plague; its union with disaster and defeat—as in 1456, when Mohammed the second took Constantinople and thrilled Christendom with fear;*—all these coincidences, either seeming or real, either wholly true or exaggerated, would naturally cause the comet to blaze in the lurid light of a mysterious messenger knowing no laws but those comprised in its temporary commission; or a homeless wanderer, whose track was over the wide, far heaven, through all its depths and through all its courses, without guidance and without purpose. But the eye of Science has discovered that the comet is not lawless. The same power that Newton saw holding worlds in its influence, and binding its spell upon systems—the power of gravitation—this also is a law to the comet, and secures the hairy meteor in its courses. There are comets that have regular orbits about the sun, the periods of their revolution are calculated, their return and departure looked for with unerring expectation. And though others may plunge into eccentric paths, and though they may be affected by the attraction of different spheres, still that all are obedient to a grand law, and move by a confirmed purpose, seems now a certainty.

Thus, then, I say, the comet may teach us that Order comprehends the universe, and that law controls every existence. The most eccentric path in heaven is the orbit of a perfect regularity, and the vacillating meteor vacillates because of a *law*. Nothing in nature is lawless. The atom that thou treadest beneath

* Those who would know something of the history, &c., of comets, are referred to a fine paper in the Edinburgh Review, for April 1835, article VII.

thy feet, has sure affinities to some lesser atom that thine eye cannot see; and yet knows its relationship to this vast earth, and to solar orbs that blaze in distant space. The drop of water drawn up in the sun, falling in the shower, curtained in the rainbow, embosomed in the ocean's sweep, pendent from the leaf, or trickling from the rock; is in every place still under a mighty *law*, still is linked with the universal economy, and contributes its share to the carrying out of an unvarying and triumphant purpose. There are mysteries in the universe, there are, also, deep calls for a humble and devout spirit—but not for a sceptical or despairing one. There is no such thing in nature as confusion, or chance. What thou seest that *looks* chaotic, or accidental, is only fragmentary —is only transition, or the process of a great design. Thou mayst stand at the centre, or at the limit of created things, and thou wilt thus see only a *part*—abrupt and perplexed enough, it may be, to thine eye. But couldst thou behold the *whole*, then would the system of the universe stretch out fair and harmonious; wheels within wheels, it is true, revolving and intertwining in mighty mazes; but still, as little, or as far as thy vision may extend, of that vast wheel that to *thee* seems to comprehend and drive all the rest, the circumference is ever ORDER, and the motive-power LAW. * * * The comet, a creature apparently so wayward and mischievous under the darkness of superstition, in the light of science how accurate and beautiful does it appear!—a part of the grand whole, with the flower and the planet, the rain-drop and the sun. That ship of flame! Over the unmeasured ocean of space it sails, and the intellect cannot fathom its deep, far soundings. We cannot tell what unseen planet-lands it may visit, through what tides and currents it bears its heady course, or in what air it reefs or unfurls its streaming sails. But we can calculate its time, we can know the distance of its path, we can tell when again it shall loom upon our vision, laden with the mysteries of other worlds, and come rushing down by our sun, scattering the flakes of fire from its glittering keel.

And now does not this lead us up to wonder and adore Him who has made it so? In whose greatness our science dwindles to such a little point, and our pride of intellect falls prostrate in the dust. What know *we*? What can *we* declare? HE telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names!

THE WORTH AND IMPORTANCE OF MIND.

The comet may lead us to reflect somewhat upon *man's nature and his destiny*. If anything can demonstrate the worth and greatness of mind, it is the progress which has been made in the science of Astronomy. Let us turn to the books, and read some of the wonderful results of 'patient and mighty thought,' and we shall be thrilled with astonishment at the power of the human intellect. And perhaps nothing more clearly evinces this, than the vast and minute computations that have measured the times and the motions of comets. Of this we have a vivid illustration in the case of the comet of the long period—Halley's comet.* Added to the preliminary and arduous labors of Halley, were those of Clairaut, Lalande and Madame Lepaute. They entered into a vast computation. 'During six months,' says Lalande, 'we calculated from morning to night, sometimes even at meals;' an 'enormous labor, in which it was necessary to calculate the distance of each of the two planets, Jupiter and Saturn, from the comet, and their attraction upon that body separately, for every successive degree, and for one hundred and fifty years.†' The result was a prediction of the return of this comet, that for seventy-five years had been wandering in the vast abyss of space—a prediction that it would be nearest the sun on the 4th of April, 1759. It appeared on the 13th of *March*, only twenty-three days before the time set. Here, then, was a triumphant instance of human calculation—a calculation, it must be remembered, in which it was confessed that there might be some causes in existence to accelerate or retard that precise time. The planet Herschell had not then been discovered, and one of the causes alluded to was this—'The probability of an *undiscovered planet* of our system, revolving beyond the orbit of Jupiter.' 'In twenty-two years after that period, this conjecture was accurately fulfilled by the discovery of the planet Herschell, revolving round the sun one thousand millions of miles beyond the planet Saturn.'‡

The last appearance of that comet was in 1835. The Edinburgh Review, in the article just quoted from, written in that year, announced the appearance of that comet to every part of Europe, about the latter end of August, or beginning of September. What was the fact? The comet was discovered in Rome on the fifth of August, in England and France on the twenty-third, and at Yale College on the thirty-first.§ Again—the Review predicted that on the night of the seventh of October the comet would approach the constellation of the Great Bear, and between that and the eleventh would pass through the seven conspicuous stars of that constellation. What was the fact? About the tenth of October it *did* approach that spot, only 'passing a little *above* instead of "*through*"' the stars alluded to. Again—the Review announced that towards the end of November, it would be lost among the rays of the sun, and would issue from them on the other side in the end of December. What says

* For an account of this, let the reader consult the article referred to above. He will be particularly struck with the description of the labors of Clairaut, Lalande, and Madame Lepaute.

† See Edinburgh Review, as above.

‡ Edinburgh Review, as above.

§ Olmsted's Letters on Astronomy.

the fact? 'Early in November,' says Professor Olmsted, 'the comet ran down to the sun and was lost in his beams, but on the morning of December thirty-first, I again obtained a distinct view of it on the other side of the sun.'*

And now, what is this power within us, that thus can read and predict with such accuracy the comings and goings of those fiery coursers of the sky? What a power has the mind evinced in astronomy! Its vision extends into future ages before which the years of the earth dwindle to nothing. Its calculations are prophecies. It makes a 'chronometer' of 'the sun'—an index of the comet. It sets the long marches of eternity to the chime of the morning-stars. What *is* this power? Is it a material thing? Does it perish with this earth-body that engirts us? Is the premiss of the Atheist sound? Do we stand upon this little earth, and yet send out our thoughts to fathom without lead or line the ocean of space, and to measure the farthest star, and yet does that thought die, become extinct, while the earth rolls on, and the star blazes forever? It cannot be. Mind is deathless. It stands now but in the vestibule of its existence, darkling or glowing under the lights and shadows of inexplicable mysteries, and immortal revelations. But if the Atheist wrongs the mind, does not he also deeply wrong it who mars its fine powers, who taints them with sin, who keeps his soul back from God and from the Fountain of Eternal Life?

* Olmsted's Letters on Astronomy.

THE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE TO HER PERSECUTORS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Gold! gold! I hate it! What have I
To do with molten dust?
Go—leave me here in peace to die—
In anguish, if I must!
What? *Gold* to buy the priceless mind?
Away! ye might as well
Attempt the God of heaven to bind
By some weak wizard spell!
Go breathe the wish to graveyard dust—
The *soul* is an immortal trust!

Freedom? Alas! its name is sweet,
'Twas near my heart of old—
But why need I the sound repeat?—
The dream is idly told!
Ye'd make me free in limb and breath,
Free o'er the earth to stray;
But not to kneel in *my own faith*—
Not free to praise and pray!
My body, if ye will, control!
But touch not—come not near *my soul!*

'Tis long since in my mother's eye
I read love's deep romance,
And my young sister is not by
With her soft, melting glance;
The heart-wrung prayer, the hollow groan
From some adjacent cell,
Are all the sounds that I have known
Since I came here to dwell.
The heart, accustomed to love's tones,
Finds little music in these moans!

But why lament that I am here?
Is not my *God* here, too?
You may shut out all else that's dear,
But *His* love will break through!
Bind on the fetters till they break
The limbs ye would confine;
Despite of chains or racks I'll make
This cell a christian shrine!
Here will I worship with my thought
In that pure way my Savior taught!

Then leave me—leave me here to die!
I will not be beguiled;
Whatever woes my heart may try
I still am God's own child.
I am not leaning on a reed—
My Father's arm is strong—
Eased from these earthly wounds that bleed
I shall find rest ere long.
Take back your gold—and buy you bread—
On '*hidden manna*' I am fed!

And when with idle mocking words
Ye would breathe freedom's name,
Go breathe it to th' unprisoned herds,
That have no *souls* to tame;
Or preach it to the wild free winds
That ask it not of you;
But learn that human hearts and minds
Have the same birth-right too.
Foolish! to think faith *could* be sold
For fetters broken, or for gold!

THE RELATIONSHIP SUBSISTING AMONG MANKIND.

BY REV. O. A. SKINNER.

As the reciprocal duties required of mankind, grow principally out of their relationship to each other, it is important that this should be always kept distinctly in view; for then they will see the necessity of being faithful in the performance of their duties, and will assiduously guard against the influence of whatever would tempt them to the commission of any wrong. For this reason, when the prophet Malachi saw the people of Israel divided and contending among themselves, he asked—Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? Why then deal ye treacherously every man with his neighbor? These questions were proposed, that the people of Israel might see how their divisions and contentions tended to their injury; for it is a fact that all are injured, more or less, by the general prevalence of vice.

They are injured in their property; for, aside from the immediate loss from the depredations of the vicious, how vast is the amount paid annually for the conviction, punishment and support of criminals. They are injured in their rights; for if one seeks to advance the interests of society by encouraging trade, agriculture, the arts, sciences and good principles, he has a right to demand that all who are to reap the advantages shall co-operate with him, instead of seeking to defeat his purposes; he has a right also, to live secure from those lawless invasions which are constantly recurring in consequence of the reign of sin. They are injured too, by the effect which sin has to ensnare the young, to endanger the virtue and security of the inexperienced, to blunt the moral sensibilities of a community, and to lower the standard of virtue. Indeed, mankind are so intimately connected in their relations and interests, that what injures one, injures all, and whatever benefits one, benefits all. It was therefore, with great propriety that the prophet asserted the general brotherhood of the world as a reason why they should not be divided and contentious.

This, however, was not the only reason. He appealed to this relationship, because there are no ties so strong as those of kindred. How ardently do we love the brethren of our father's household; how pure is the friendship which we cherish for them! Nothing then could have been more likely to heal the divisions or check the contentions of the people of Israel, than directing their attention to their common origin, and exciting their brotherly affection. If we have any doubt of this, let us reflect upon the wide difference there is between the intercourse of the members of a family, and that of the members of a nation. Avarice seldom leads a brother to wrong a brother; but how often does it lead man to wrong a fellow man. Now this difference is chiefly owing to the fact that the ties of brotherhood are more active in the one case than in the other. How wise then in the prophet to show the treacherous and contentious people of Israel, that they were brethren, members of one great family. In no other way could he have done so much to unite them in love.

Keep in mind, therefore, in all conditions of life, that those with whom you mingle and deal, are your brethren; and that whatever you do for their injury, you do against the general interests of mankind, and against your own brethren. Deal not, then, treacherously with any man; be not contentious or unkind; but treat all, of every country, caste, color or condition, as you would an own brother.

MAN. How sad is the picture when we look abroad upon the earth, and witness the strivings and contentions existing between mankind, arising solely from narrow views and jealousy. Men should remember that they are members of one great household, and their mother, earth, the nurse of them all. PR.

CONTENTMENT.

BY REV. SEBASTIAN STREETER.

CONTENTMENT is justly entitled to a high rank among christian virtues. Few, if any, deserve a more elevated station. It is one of the more indispensable ingredients in the cup of human felicity. In its absence, even life itself, however eligible its condition, and prosperous its course may be in other respects, must be dark and burdensome.

Contentment, however, is not a virtue merely, but a solemn duty. In his word, God has expressly and repeatedly enjoined it upon christians; and what he thus enjoins is inseparable from their higher interests, and demands their cheerful and profound consideration.

'Having food and raiment,' says Paul to Timothy, 'let us be therewith content.' 1 Tim. vi. 8. In the epistle to the Hebrews, chap. xiii. 5, the same injunction substantially occurs, though varied a little with respect to phraseology.

'Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' And in his letter to the Philippians, the Apostle gives us to understand, that he had succeeded in yielding to this divine requisition a cheerful obedience. 'I have learned,' says he, 'in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.' This was surely a high and very commendable attainment. Were he not mistaken in this estimate of his acquisitions, Paul had mastered a lesson which but few, very few, comparatively, have ever been able to learn. 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.' How exceedingly different was the Apostle in this respect from the great mass of mankind? He had brought his mind and his feelings into a state of cheerful acquiescence with any condition, in which the providence of his God might place him; but men in general, and even professed christians, have learned to be content with no condition whatever. A spirit of dissatisfaction and restlessness seems to form their ruling passion, the principal divinity which presides over them by night and by day. A complaint is perpetually on their lips, or a murmur in their hearts. From their general appearance and habits, the conviction can scarcely be repressed, that disquietude and repining constitute the leading business of their existence. In health and in sickness; in affluence and in poverty; when wafted onward by the gales of prosperity, or driven about by the storms of adversity; raised to the heights of power and dominion, or doomed to tread the lowly rounds of private life, they exhibit the same uneasy and fretful disposition. In a word, no condition which the earth affords, can meet their wishes, fully satisfy the towering and ambitious aspirations which reign within them.

Compared with this frame of mind, how beautiful

and lovely was that of Paul, and no doubt of all those who had been 'taught of God the truth as it is in Jesus!' They had no will of their own, no ambitious or selfish ends to answer. The ruling sentiment of their hearts was, 'The will of the Lord be done;' and hence they were perfectly satisfied with any station in life, and any state of their affairs, which his holy pleasure might demand. This was a truly enviable attainment, and one to which every christian ought ardently to aspire. Contentment opens to the mind and the heart a source of pure and permanent rest. Moderating the ambition of the powerful, and cheering the depression of the weak, it sheds through the soul of each a serene and tranquil felicity. It is clothed with the peculiarly happy power to raise its subjects above the influence of those fluctuations of feeling, to which other and opposite states of mind are continually exposed. And this is a state, it should be carefully remembered, which cannot be reached without the most resolute and persevering efforts. It is not the result of accident, nor the production of an occasional and momentary exertion; but the fruit of a high and fixed purpose of the soul, steadily and firmly pursued. It is a boon so difficult of attainment, as to allow of not a moment's indifference or relaxation. We are perpetually surrounded by the very elements of alarm and uneasiness. Occasions of discontent, in its incipient stages, at least, lurk in every path we tread, and every position we occupy, in the present life.

From the heights of power and wealth, numbers are every day falling into the vale of obscurity and poverty. The great, therefore, and the affluent, perpetually harassed by the fear of a reverse of fortune, are strangers to every thing which deserves the name of contentment.

Talents and persevering efforts are often seen to elevate their subjects to the very pinnacle of dominion and fame, and hence the humble in birth and in fortune are prompted to incessant and painful struggles, to become identified with this favored number. They are never at rest, but constantly tossed and driven about by the alternate ebbs and flows of the tide of fortune. They are now the victims of fear, and anon the 'prisoners of hope,' as good or ill luck attends their efforts for the time being. But whether prospered or repulsed, they are about equally restless and discontented. Retrogression in their affairs is but another name for torture, and progression tends chiefly to feed a spirit of ambition, which is found to be exceedingly uncomfortable.

Hale and vigorous constitutions are daily undermined and crushed by the power of disease; and hence the healthy and athletic are made to tremble and agonize under the painful apprehension of approaching sickness. On the other hand, the diseased and wasted are not unfrequently raised to a high state of health and firmness, and the sick, therefore, resolutely struggle with the most malignant disorders, refuse to yield to the rigor of their force, and hope to the last, to become the subjects of a similar interposition of restoring power. Now amidst such conflicting scenes, the attainment of a contented state of mind is extremely difficult. It is an acquisition too high and unearthly for the grasp of human reason, or of the boasted philosophies of the world. It is the production of a loftier and holier agency. It is a habit of the soul which can be reached only through the medium of the knowledge of God; of the principles and designs of his moral government; of sober and habitual communion with them; of a high degree of practical virtue.

The ignorant, the thoughtless, the dissolute and licentious cannot possess a contented mind. No; they are 'like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.' Genuine contentment is based upon just conceptions of the character and government of the Maker and Ruler of the world, and of all things that are in it. He, and he only, who is solemnly conscious that a kind and paternal providence presides over his destinies; that the God who made, and has hitherto sustained him, works 'all things after the counsel of his own will,' and that 'his will is good, and perfect, and acceptable,' can be the subject of a calm and contented spirit. No one else can be truly satisfied with his condition.

But the virtue of contentment, great and valuable as it is, may be carried to extremes. It often has been. Men are fond of speculating; of striking out new tracts of thought; of deducing new and startling results from old and familiar premises; and speculation, it is well known, rarely stops within reasonable limits. Its diseased taste can relish nothing which does not savor strongly of extravagance. With a religion, or a morality, which assumes not an air of mystery and of wonder, it has no sympathy. Hence the virtue of contentment has been made to appear more like a monster, than an humble christian grace. Nearly every vestige of its native consistency, and truth, and power to win the affections of the soul and subject them to its own dominion, has, either ignorantly or rudely, been torn from it, and by those too, who have professed to be its admirers and friends.

It has been contended by theologians of no ordinary eminence, that we ought to be perfectly contented with our destiny, if God should banish us eternally from his presence and favor, and consign us to the realms of interminable torment. A real christian, it has often been said, would be perfectly contented in hell, were he placed there by the will of the Almighty! What an extravagant folly! What an outrage upon reason and common sense! What a monstrous absurdity! What constitutes hell? Is it not misery, suffering, the corroding and intense agony, produced by guilt? Most assuredly it is. Could there be happiness in hell, then, even to the most eminent christian, were he placed there? Certainly not. Aside from the fact, that a real christian cannot, morally

speaking, be placed in hell, not even by the efforts of Omnipotence itself, to affirm that he would be contented there, is as absurd as to contend, that a real christian would be perfectly happy in complete misery; that he would be perfectly holy, though plunged in the very depths of moral pollution; that spiritual honors would cluster and bloom upon his brow, though he were doomed to the blackest crimes and the deepest infamy. But, kind reader, the scriptures involve no such follies and absurdities. According to their teachings, contentment, like every other virtue, is a reasonable exercise, or more properly perhaps, state of the mind. It does not conflict with any law of our nature, with any duty, nor with any relation or interest of our existence. It is the antagonist of every vice, the companion and encourager of every virtue. It is not the spirit of indifference, of indolent ease, nor of a morbid inactivity. These facts should be known and felt, and their dominion submitted to by every christian, and by all men.

The poor man ought not to be contented with a state of indigence, and remain in idleness, if it be in his power to obtain honest and lucrative employment. No one should be contented under inconveniences and privations of any sort, or any amount, if he can lawfully avoid them. No; happiness is, and ever should be, the undeviating end and aim of every man, of every human being. No one should be contented with any species or degree of ignorance, if the means of mastering it, by the acquisition of knowledge, lie within his reach. Nor, above all, should any one be contented in a course of folly and dissipation; of high handed and habitual sin. Surely not. These, and many other things, which I have not room to mention, are utterly inconsistent with the nature of christian contentment. But on the other hand, with all events and all conditions, which result legitimately from the dispensations of Divine Providence, we should learn, like Paul, to be content. Against none of these should a complaint from the lip, or a murmur from the heart, ever be heard. 'The will of the Lord be done.' This should be the uniform language of the tongue, and the deep, ruling sentiment of the soul. There are abundant reasons why it should.

The God who made us, and all things for himself, conducts everything on earth and in heaven after the counsel of his own will; and hence, 'all things work together for good to them that love him.' Under his directing and superintending hand, even the privations and occasional sufferings of the present life are rendered salutary and useful. Among other things, they are admirably calculated to teach us the great lessons of watchfulness, industry, economy, and habitual submission to the will of God. When we shall attain to the same understanding of the ways and purposes of God, which Paul had, and especially as they are connected with the great blessings and hopes disclosed in the gospel of our salvation, we shall, like him, have 'learned in whatsoever state' we are, 'therewith to be content.'

And let me remark in conclusion, that when all shall have been 'taught of God,' and shall 'know him and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, whom to know is eternal life,' contentment will pervade every heart among the millions of our race. Then will they all see and feel that God, their infinite Father and Friend, hath in deed and in truth, 'done all things well.' The enlightened Universalist has already reached this high eminence. He lives amid the substantial elements of contentment. His life, therefore, should proclaim aloud to all around him,

'The Lord is become my salvation and song,
His blessings have followed me all my life long;
His name I will praise while he lends to me breath,
Be joyful through life, and resigned in my death.'

Boston, Mass.

FLOWERS.

BY CHARLOTTE.

I SING of the flowers—the beautiful flowers!
They've a mission pure in this world of ours;
They minister gently of hope and love,
They teach our spirits to look above,
And we gaze on them, till our thoughts arise
To the glorious bowers of Paradise!

Our garden is only a *wee bit* spot,
In front of our humble, snow-white cot;
And the haughty florist might pass it by,
As unworthy a glance from his practised eye;
But dearer to us, than regal bowers
To a monarch's heart, are our simple flowers.

We have gorgeous tulips of gold and jet,
And gaudy scarlet, in borders set;
We have gay carnations of brilliant hue,
And the beautiful moss-rose gemmed with dew;
And we look on them with admiring pride,
But our *love* is for those on the *other* side.

There, the delicate snow-drop lifts her head,
And the violet peeps from her lowly bed—
And the breath of the lily, the pride of the vale,
Is floating sweet on the balmy gale,
While round our door the green ivy clings,
And the fragrant clematis its odor flings.

Dearly I love the sweet, fragrant flowers—
They have cheered and gladdened my lonely hours,
And many a lesson they bear to me
Of holiness, meekness and purity.
O dreary and sad were this world of ours,
If God had withheld the bright, beautiful flowers!

Fair, gentle blossoms, is death *your* doom?
Shall ye not rise in perennial bloom?
Have ye not strayed from that radiant clime
Where the flowers are unchilled by the frosts of time?

Are ye fated like us, to be dwellers here,
And sigh for a holier, happier sphere?

Beautiful flowers! when at length I stand
Redeemed from sin on the spirit-land,
Shall I not greet *ye*, undimmed and bright,
By the crystal streams in that world of light?—
Where they know not the power of death or decay,
And the sentence, no longer is—'*passing away!*'

Boston, Mass.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

As a spirit of purity she folds her wings around us, and in her soft breathings of love is forgetfulness of pain, sickness, and sorrow. The dark and lowering clouds that were hovering over us are dissolved in vapory mists, the 'barbed arrow' loses its sting; the bleeding heart is healed by a touch from her magic wand, and we go forth again in the enjoyment of a new and blissful life.

All things are then beautiful. The blue arch of the heavens seems more glorious, the sunlight falls with a softer and more gentle influence upon every tree and shrub and opening flower, and the whole earth is filled with loveliness. The mind revels in the blissful enjoyment of all within and around. Like the fleecy clouds in the calm of a summer sunset-sky, we float along in the atmosphere which surrounds us. All then is good; for the hallowed influences of the being whose spell is upon us has imparted a portion of her truth to every created thing. The heart unconsciously rises from the beauty and goodness of all things created to their Creator, and, with expanded powers and brightening vision, we gaze upon the glorious scenes there opened to our view, and drink of the well spring of life—the fountain of purity and truth. And what has accomplished all this? What has thrown back the shadowy and gloomy veils, dispelled the mists of darkness and thrown over all a mantle of light, imparting to us a spirit that shall guide us in flowery paths, terminating only in unending day? It is the soothing, elevating, purifying spirit of a Sister's Love. It is with us in every sphere, it clings around us in our early years, and time but entwines its tendrils closer and more close as it increases in strength and beauty. Ask the weary, suffering invalid, who it is that most kindly smoothes the pillow, holds the reviving cordial to his burning lips, anticipates his every wish, and, by many an endearing act, renders even the bed of suffering one of comparative enjoyment? and with the quickness of thought his eye turns to the fond, affectionate sister in whose sympathy and tenderness he knows there is no variation. The heart is too full; thick coming memories crowd too fast to clothe themselves in words, but that glance has told a tale of patient watchings and untiring love far more eloquent than language.

Gentle being, if there were a name dearer or purer than Sister! it should be thine. There is none lovelier. There is a sweet, subduing influence in the name of sister which penetrates the innermost recesses of the heart, touching the secret chords of our mysterious being, drawing forth the sweetest tones of harmony and love. Go within the dark confines of yon prison walls to the prisoner's gloomy cell, and if he has ever known a sister's love, stoop and whisper but the name—and the throbbing heart and speaking eye will tell of the vibration of a tender chord thou hast touched. In imagination he is again in the home of his innocent childhood; his parents look upon him with pride and affection; but there is one with a light and airy step who is bounding to meet him—her arms are entwined about his neck—her warm breath is upon his cheek; he is subdued, the stern unrelenting criminal is no longer before you, but a sensitive being whose feelings and sympathies are in unison with your own. Do with him what you will—you have a power to do him good; lead him to the throne of the Lamb of God who taketh away all sin—to the Fountain of Life that he may drink freely, deeply to sustain him in the bitter hours of trial which await him. The image of the sweet companion of his boyhood recalled so vividly before him, has softened a heart rendered callous by its intercourse with a cold and unfeeling world. He remembers her artless manners, her confiding love, her sweet and thrilling tones of affection, and even self is forgotten—his very nature seems changed, and with lowliness of spirit he names the name of his Father in heaven, trusting to meet her amidst the radiant band of angels and archangels which surround the Throne.

A sister's love, what has it not accomplished, what can it not endure? It will suffer wrong and reproach without a murmur or a tear, to shield the loved one from the slightest breath of injury; it will conquer every obstacle, overcome every difficulty; no self-sacrifice is too great to gratify the wishes or ensure the good of its object. It is a spirit of purity in a sinful world to regenerate and bless.

Thanks be to the Giver of every good, for the inestimable gift of a Sister's Love. B. S.

Randolph, Vt.

Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry;—the wreck of health repaired by temperance;—forgotten knowledge restored by study;—alienated friendship soothed into forgiveness; even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours?—recalled his slighted years and stamped them with wisdom?—or effaced from heaven's record, the fearful blot of a wasted life? *Mrs. Sigourney.*

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

The Universalist and Ladies' Repository. Vol. XI. No. I, for July.

We have heard of editors sending their magazines to cotemporary publishers with a notice all prepared, ready to be handed to the compositor, in order that thereby their works might be noticed. We are too modest to adopt this fashion, and therefore do not write this to be copied. The fact is, among the many competitors on our Table, we see none that looks more respectable than the Repository, and in its new dress we are hardly able to recognize it, so we wish to 'do the genteel thing' for it as a stranger. 'A good face,' said or wrote Lord Chesterfield, 'is a good letter of recommendation;' if there be any truth in that remark, we may hope for a good reception for our protege. Has it not a good face? Verily, it has, and we know of none that is fairer. Read it, and it will be found interesting, intelligent and religious.

We hope we have not ventured upon costly improvements to no purpose, but that our endeavors to present a work worthy of the patronage of the denomination, will be seconded by a generous patronage. We need a large addition of good subscribers to our list, for we have suffered by the establishment of many local papers, and our list is very small in comparison with what it should be. We wish the work to speak for itself, and leave it to plead for us, with the hope that it will beget a deep interest in the minds of many to have it honorably sustained.

The Position and Duties of Liberal Christians. A Sermon, delivered at the installation of Rev. Henry Bacon, as Pastor of the First Universalist Society in Providence, R. I. March 17, 1842. By Rev. E. H. Chapin. Published by request. Providence, B. Cranston & Co. 1842.

This is a timely production, setting forth truths of the most important nature and of immediate application. At the time of its delivery it pleased us much, and the reading has but deepened our satisfaction, and increased our desire to have it widely circulated. It discusses in an earnest and frank manner the position which liberal christians hold in the community, and their obligations to society as the holders of conservative and elevating truth. The term *Liberal* is used to designate those who, as the author believes, have attained to the most enlarged and benevolent views of the Christianity of the Gospels; and the prominent characteristics of this party are well sketched in contrast with the peculiarities of the 'Orthodox.' The author then states he has no particular desire to conceal his denominational associations, in addressing the Liberal party; but as there are among the Orthodox many sects who, while they preserve their identity, unite upon the same idea, so among the sects of liberal christians, there is also a unity of principle, and it is to that which is fundamental and common in these denominations, that he in the present discourse speaks. Here is, to our mind, a very important particular. Cannot a union be brought about among Liberal Christians on the common ground occupied by them all, as is maintained among the antagonist sects? We hope this matter will be thoroughly and generously discussed.

The preacher now lays down the proposition of the discourse: 'Liberal christians are bound to *Affirm, Accept and Exhibit.*' 1. They are bound not only to deny error, but to affirm truth. He who truly affirms, is he who takes a position upon some ground, and not discoursing merely upon the strata of earth there, the character of the soil, the extent of the territory, sets himself to work—upturns the moist clods, and drops the golden seed. This is affirmation; the manifestation of a truth in action—productive, regenerating action. And that liberal christians may affirm most powerfully, the preacher advocates union—a union that requires no sacrifice, no compromise of any distinctive peculiarities in the sects. 2. Liberal christians are bound to *Accept*, that is, they are to remain open to all truth, and wherever they find it, are to acknowledge and adopt it. They must be true eclectics. 3. They are bound to *Exhibit*, that is, they should maintain the dignity and essential worth of their truth, and manifest it in practical action—in action that shall show forth its divine beauty and prove its harmony with everything good.

We have given but a meagre outline of the prominent parts of the Discourse, yet we have given enough, we trust, to enable the reader to perceive the object of the preacher and to appreciate the importance of his subject. It is one of great magnitude, and must be treated fervently and solemnly, as much depends on the issue. We shall again refer to this discourse, and hope to make amends for present deficiency in our remarks. We close with the just remark, that the author has done a good work, as well as presented a highly creditable composition. He has our thanks—and though the offering is humble indeed, he knows our sincerity and sympathy too well to reject it.

A Series of Sermons in Defence of the Doctrine of Universal Salvation. By Otis A. Skinner. Boston: A. Tompkins. 1842.

It would seem that enough controversial works had already been sent forth, but we should remember that every new one gains a circulation in some respects which has not been given to the others, and thus the truth is borne farther and wider. These sermons are not designed, if we mistake not, for adepts in the doctrine of the great salvation, but for inquirers—for those who have need to refer to the minutiæ of first principles, and commune with the why and wherefore of the relinquishment of the errors of popular theology. The series consists of Ten Sermons; in the first four, the goodness and purpose of God—Man's Nature and Human Reason, are treated of, in connection with the doctrines that maintain endless misery as a result. Then we have discourses on 'What constitutes a Christian,' 'Experimental Religion,' 'The Practice of a true Christian,' and 'Objections to Universalism Considered.' These subjects are well and plainly discussed. The language is uniformly well chosen—and the direct and important reference of our doctrinal principles to character, is earnestly set forth. The work is not a volume of *protests* against doctrines antagonist to ours, but vindications of the claims of our faith to the attention of rational minds, as adapted to the whole nature and highest good of man. It has already been widely circulated.

It is published in a very neat style, and we hope it will be extensively read, and be instrumental in turning many from darkness unto light.

A Catechism on the Parables of the New Testament. By John M. Austin. Boston: A. Tompkins. 1842.

This is the new Sabbath School Class Book which we alluded to as being in press. We have examined it with some degree of care, and feel free to give it our approval. The Parables chosen are the most prominent ones, and are treated in the Question and Answer manner. A great deal of matter of an explanatory and elucidating nature, is given in these pages, affording good themes for instructive conversations between teachers and pupils, and leading the teachable mind into an acquaintance with many peculiarities in the customs and modes of thought in our Savior's time. In regard to the criticisms on the original text, we have a fear that it will do more harm than good in the generality of our Bible Classes and the higher classes in our schools. In this respect it is emphatically true, that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' However, the author doubtless did not intend his work to be the all in all to the teacher, but rather a suggestive book—to direct thought and afford themes for free and instructive conversations. Will our superintendents and teachers *examine* the work, and express their opinions?

The Idea of the Age. An Oration delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle, before the Merchantile Lodge, No. 47, I. O. of O. F. upon their first Anniversary, Jan. 14, 1842. By Rev. E. H. Chapin.

This pamphlet is so poorly published that we relieve the publishers from any announcement on our part, but acknowledge ourselves indebted to the author of the oration for a corrected copy. We are not surprised at the favor with which it was received at the time of its delivery in N. York, and also in Boston, for separate from the additional interest always given by the author's excellence as a speaker, it is a fine performance. It reverences Mind by dealing with great and all reforming Thoughts, and is not a mere pastime for the hour. It opens with a fine allusion to the gathered multitude, whose expectation answered not to the Past when throngs met to witness some spectacle of outward show, but to the Present—the age of Intellectuality and Love. 'Every Age has had its Idea'—that is, it has developed some grand principle which has given character to a movement in which the mass has agreed. But though we are and should be interested in every Age—in all of the Past, yet earnest should be our inquiry with respect to our own Age—its Idea. What then is its Idea? In pursuing the inquiry, we discover that the Age is a Busy one—all is unrest—labor is everywhere. It is an Age of Enterprise—science and wealth are achieving the most wonderful projects. It is an Age too of Discussion—nothing seems settled—everything is controverted, and new theories readily gain disciples. These features of the Age are discerned at a glance, but the great Idea lies deeper than the surface, and is *The Melioration of Mankind.*

The forest in the hour of stillness is a grand sight, but a grander spectacle is seen when the mighty wind stirs every limb, branch, and leaf; so men interest us as they stand each in their own lot, but more when swayed by the mighty wind of Thought in an age like this—when great masses are moved. The Age has its evils—all is not yet pure, yet above all rises the truth that there is a great tendency to Meliorate the condition of Humanity. The institutions for the education of the people indicate it; so also do the systems for Mutual Improvement and establishments for diffusing Useful Knowledge. So also do the Reforms of the Age—The Washingtonian Temperance movement in particular. Look also at the character of our Literature—the universal reception given to the humanity-endearing works of Dickens. Indeed *all* the great movements of the day tend to develope clearer the Idea defined as belonging to the present age—in the world immediately around us. There are portions of the globe where the fact is not so, but who can say the movement here does not affect the fartherest nations or tribes? We can see some manifestations of this movement far away in distant countries, and can hope on. This Age is in glorious contrast with the Past, and great truths, now operating, will remove old errors and purify and elevate.

This is a *very* brief outline of a grand train of thought, after which a direct application of the theme is made to the 'Odd Fellows' Institution, the spirit of which the orator identifies with the Idea of the Age. He looks below the outward, and recognizes as the main principles of Odd Fellowship—Mutual Relief—Charity. These cultivate the sympathies and draw man to man, twining the very pulses of their being. Several pages are given in this connection to eloquent pleas in behalf of our common humanity and the mission of the sympathies. The Peroration is beautiful indeed—an eloquent outburst of enthusiastic admiration of the mission of Love.

Very justly has this production received high commendations from truth-speaking adepts in criticism, and it adds another to Mr. Chapin's claims to the laurels of the orator and elegant writer.

Thoughts on Moral and Spiritual Culture. By R. C. Waterston. Boston: Crocker & Ruggles. pp. 316.

Mr. Waterston is one of the ministry to the poor in this city, under the patronage of the Unitarians. He has taken a great interest in Sabbath Schools, and is very successful in addressing children. The thoughts which he offers in this volume are deserving of attentive consideration as coming from one holding these relations, and they have a higher claim in their excellence and suggestive power. We have read the volume with pleasure, and cannot refrain from commending it to parents and teachers as highly valuable. Its truths will breathe a new and more spiritual life in many a soul, and give the best of hints towards desirable success in teaching the young mind the highest facts.

Letters to Frederick T. Gray: being Strictures on Two Sermons preached by him on Sunday, Nov. 19, 1841, at the Bulfinch Street Church. By a Proprietor of said Church. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 1842. pp. 62.

This is a manly production. It is a straight-forward statement, without insinuations or mere inferences, and deals plainly with all persons concerned in the controversy. And we see no possible way for any rational mind to form any other conclusion than the one forced by evidence upon us—that low cunning has disgraced the proceedings of a professed body of christians. We well remember the erection of the Bulfinch Street Church, and how we loved the Pastor of it; and deep is our regret and sorrow that any circumstances should take from us the feelings of respect and reverence which once we cherished towards him. He has sold his birthright and is not of us. But we have not yet yielded faith in the conquest of the Right, and think we see promise of the coming of the time when again shall be given to that church its true name—'Central Universalist Church.'

Cousin Lucy among the Mountains. Cousin Lucy on the Sea Shore. By the author of the Rollo Books. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 1842.

These two very pretty volumes make six of the series of juvenile works intended for girls, as the 'Rollo' series was for boys, setting forth in an attractive manner the progress of young minds in knowledge and virtue. The volumes have been highly approved. The style is simple, and yet the influence of each work is to do something to draw out and lead on the mind by furnishing the intellect with means of activity. We commend the whole to the attention of those who wish really good—interesting and instructive juvenile books.

A Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Mass. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown, 1842. pp. 504.

The two little works just noticed will, in our humble apprehension, do infinitely more good than this imposing volume will ever accomplish. We have read it and value it not. We throw from us the modes of interpretation it inculcates, as we would throw from us a mortal poison. It would unsettle the mind in reference to every thing permanent and satisfying, and give to ever changing feeling what belongs to the highest order of thought and enduring reflection. It denies the existence of wants as deep and ever-craving as any in our nature, and sends us afloat on the great ocean of mystery without chart or compass. It speaks of strong, earnest, agonizing prayer as an attempt to 'coax and wheedle' the Deity; it spurns the idea of a Mediator, denies the Resurrection of Christ, and resolves all the Miracles into mere tales born in the heated imagination of some Jewish peasants. We have to thank the book for not one suggestive thought. It is all old—a reproduction—singular only for the calmness with which a sneer is thrown at hallowed doctrines amid the gravest pretensions to a love of religion, an admiration of a part of Christ's character, and a wish to direct to the divinest life! It denies Christ in every sense in which he claimed to be received, and repudiates utterly the authoritative element in Christianity. We have no sympathy for it, and lay it away as worthless—for its evil infinitely transcends its good.

THE

UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1842.

THE INTELLECTUAL AND EMOTIONAL IN CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. W. M. FERNALD.

'In whom (Christ) are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.' Col. ii. 3.

In the chapter from which this passage is selected, there is a peculiar and emphatic testimony to the surpassing excellency of the doctrines of Christ. The passage quoted is an instance of the richness of expression with which this fact is set forth to the mind. The vast and invaluable treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are opened up to us in the revelation of Jesus Christ—the adaptation of the truths which he uttered, to the moral and spiritual wants of man—their richness also, even to the surveying intellect, are themes which are all included in the subject of the Apostle's exultation. There is also an emphatic caution in this chapter against sacrificing this knowledge for any of the theories of human wisdom or philosophy. 'Beware, (says the Apostle) lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.'

It is our design, in this article, to treat of the excellency of the christian religion in its adaptation to the two departments of spiritual being; viz. the *intellectual* and *moral*. Such a view of our religion, general though it must of necessity be, it seems to me will commend the teachings of Jesus to our attention, as being at once adapted to the whole man—to the faculties as well as to the sentiments of human nature—to the knowing and reflecting, as well as to the moral powers of the soul.

It needs but a glance at what has been, to convince us that christianity has hitherto been considered by the vast majority of its supporters, as a system of truths affecting the emotions only—as stirring up a train of impulses and feelings, of excitements and influences, mostly of a supernatural order, bearing directly upon the moral transformation of the man, to fit him for a state in this world where *nature* is shut out, and another life, not understood by us, must form the *extra-human* accomplishment of our being. Not that a moral transformation should not be the one great object of the christian, but that this is achieved far less blindly than most christians are apt to imagine—that the change in the life which we are destined by christianity to undergo, is not brought about by an utter *divorcement* of the moral from the intellectual man—that the knowing and rational, as well as the feeling soul, have a rich part and lot in this interesting matter. And to me this appears no undesirable thing. For, to a rational, thinking, intelligent believer, how great is the zest imparted to the joy of his contemplations, by the perceived beauty and understanding of the truth—by the deep, intelligent conviction, that he is not wrought upon by a blind and baffling impulse, or a spirit sacredly unknown and dark, but by light and power flashing and breaking from a source he sees, and which, to his well-accustomed mind, is the ever-present fountain of his joy! Such is our privilege. We have no dark—no unenlightened faith. But with the 'flow of soul,' the 'feast of reason' is an ever ennobling and enrapturing accompaniment. Christ, 'in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' comes to us in the character of an enlightened Teacher, and the reason of christianity, or if you please, the philosophy of christianity, is as welcome and beautiful as its spirit.

'Say what we may about it, (said an eminent christian) God has given us a rational nature, and will call us to account for it.' And it is thus that christianity addresses itself to the intellect of man. It is here—let me say it in modesty—that we are happily distinguished from the hosts of christian men. While, in the circumstances of the present age, a disposition is prevalent to enshroud in mystery what relates to our divinity, or the story of our redemption; and to find an apology in the sacredness of the subject, for the unintelligible character of its teachings, and that thus a cloud of mystery has gone forth upon the whole field of our theology, which discourages the rational inquirer away from it; it is ours to rejoice in the clearness of an understanding faith, and to find our highest satisfaction in that happy union of faith and reason, which so strongly recommends the Bible to our reception and embrace. And, if we mistake not, there is a *moral* profit which proceeds from this. Christianity, as addressed to the intellect, is christianity

mingling also with the moral sentiments of men. We cannot, I believe, divorce, in this great work, the moral from the intellectual man. Is an undevout astronomer mad? But why? There is no devotion in the heavens. The spheres as they roll, though they may in truth

'Lectures of heavenly wisdom teach,'

do not discourse of piety to man. But they do call into active and involuntary exercise, the devotional powers of the soul in the perception and contemplation of so much wisdom. Precisely so it may be—precisely so it is, we apprehend, in the matters of revealed religion. If a man has reason—if he has intelligence, and consistency, and a love for the beautiful in theory, it cannot be, that a crooked, deformed, unsightly body of divinity, can awake that music in the moral man which the harmonious, the fair, the graceful, the proportionate can. There *is* a beauty in the truth, and the scriptures recognize this feature of it. 'Out of Zion,' says the Psalmist, 'the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.' This, I suppose, has reference to that perfection of truth, and proportionate harmony of all, which God in his grace has revealed to us. Now, if such beauty ravished the eyes of those who dwelt in the light merely of the Old Dispensation, what must be the emotions of those who are privileged to look into the New and Better Covenant—to behold the brightness of the Father's glory in the express image of Christ's person—and to dwell upon the great scheme of grace which angels desired to look into, and to contemplate the end to which all God's purposes are tending? We say, the mind cannot, it appears, behold and dwell upon the true magnificence of the christian system—cannot even in a merely intellectual conception of it—of its means of grace and power of accomplishment—its fullness and abundance—its final triumph over all the sin and unbelief, and sorrow of the world—and its far, out-spreading glories in eternity, cannot dwell upon it without a strong and involuntary mingling of the moral sympathies in a sight so pleasing to the mind. It is thus that intellectual christianity is a help to moral christianity. But what? Is not christianity plainly addressed to the whole nature of man? Is there, on record, a system of truths which came from God, which are dissevered, dislocated, disjoined from rational mind? Is not God himself the everlasting fountain of reason? And have we a system of truths from that source addressed to *half* the nature of man—calculated for blind spiritual impulses, frenzied emotions, supernatural, unintellectual ecstasies, not to say, visions, trances, reveries? Rest assured, this is not the wisdom of him who cast out devils, and restored the maniac to peace—nor of him who, as his manner was, went in unto his adversaries, and 'three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the scriptures.' No, we cannot dispense with the intellectual, neither can we dispense with the moral. We would combine them both, that, as the apostle says, 'the eyes of our understanding being enlightened, we may know what is the hope of our calling, and what the riches of the glory of our inheritance' in him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. There is thus a combined glow of devout and enlightened feeling—an enthusiasm of the mind and heart—a heartfelt consciousness of truth and beauty—an inward and whole souled testimony which none but the rational believer knows, because none but the rational believer feels, amounting to him, to a highly prized evidence for the truth and the excellence of his religion. And the beauty of the whole accomplishment is, that here are indeed treasures of wisdom and knowledge. There is no disparity between faith and reason—no indefinable conflict and clashing with irreconcilable tenets—no enormities of moral principle and government—and no degradation of mind; that, although there may be some things infinitely above our reason, there are none in any way below it, or opposed to it—that all, in fact, while built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, has also the confirmatory approbation of the best and highest attributes of man.

Thus, having seen the intellectual of christianity, it is exceedingly interesting to behold, how, in its strictly moral adaptations, it is fitted for the exigences of the world. The theme is old, but the influence may be new. Here also are perennial treasures of infinite wisdom and knowledge. What do we understand by the moral nature of man? So long have we dwelt upon the principles of benevolence, justice, and piety, that we have failed to perceive, in the generality of these terms, the minute and interesting situations in which a moral being may be placed. Let us, then, discard principles, and come to details—to individualities. We have, then, to consider man as an active being—ushered into life to work out his own welfare, and provide for himself against all the adverse circumstances which may make up against him—and let us see how, in this struggle of life, he will be met, on every hand, with occasions for the exercise of the moral virtues.

As a creature of benevolence, the warfare which he will experience will be against his own selfishness. The wants of the afflicted—the desires of the needy—the pleadings of the distressed—the demands of the unfortunate; these all, it is true, make powerful appeals to the natural heart. Without christianity, there would ever be a stream of natural benevolence and kindness ready to flow forth to the unfortunate, but O! how mightily augmented that stream to a mighty river of love, by the hearty reception and diligent practice of the principles of true christianity. *True* christianity, I say, for this begins and ends in love. Should human selfishness, for a time, steel the heart to the impressions of suffering humanity, will not the reflection of the levelling, equalizing love of

God—the infinite charities of heaven, break open the fountains of that heart to love and feel again? Who is this, that, enclosed in the wall of his own adamant, and maintaining a firm defensive over the close system of his own good, and his own snug accommodations, can hardly hold out against that most powerful of all applications—the look of genuine and imploring distress, when the thoughts of the free and infinite love of heaven come rushing into the mind to absorb it? Or, for a more powerful illustration, what principle is that, which, even in the distance—far from the haunts of busy men—perhaps in the lone wilderness, or the void and trackless desert, where no eye is present to award the praise of human testimony, what principle is that which in such a situation, flies to succor the distressed, and perform the offices of sweet charity there? Ah! in such a solitude, where all the influence of the hope of human approbation is withdrawn, and no eye but that of God looks down upon the scene, what is it but a deep-seated principle of charity, but nourished, perhaps, and fanned into a flame by the influence of a broad and generous christianity—what is it but this that thus exerts itself for relief to human misery? True, native benevolence may make some noble exhibitions of herself; native sympathy, friendship, humanity may do much. But the point of prominence is—how much more may a christian benevolence acccomplish—how are the native qualities of human good expanded, and quickened, and made more active, thoughtful, and considerate, by the help of a powerful and expansive christianity! We cannot deny this inference, without denying some of the plainest and most obvious principles in philosophy. Mind acts upon mind, and the same qualities and attributes of mind act upon each other. Love begets love—cruelty excites cruelty—justice inspires justice. It is thus that a system of religion beginning and ending in love, acts with involuntary power upon the natural charities of man.

But aside from these considerations, there are the examples of the Founder of christianity. 'He went about doing good.' But we can barely allude to it. His living and brilliant examples—his miracles of mercy to the sick, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the bereaved, alike conspire to affect the christian heart, to touch it as with power from on high.

But again, man is a creature of justice. And I need not spend time to show that the christian religion so admirably adapted to nourish and support this virtue—that the wisdom which we here find recorded of the moral justice of Jehovah—of the equity and impartiality of his government, that this is especially fitted to meet the moral sense of man, and stir it up to high emotions of right and of rectitude. We might instance this point by referring to opposite and erroneous teachings. If a system of religion which rests for its whole foundation upon exposure to infinite hazard for finite crimes; and upon awful suffering poured on the head of one innocent for the deliverance of many millions of guilty,—upon transfer, too, of the sins and virtues of one man to the moral identity of another,—if such a system be perceived unfavorable to the cultivation of true justice between man and man, what must be the influence of a religion which recognizes the truest and most exalted displays of equity through all the mighty plan of the Infinite? It is here, we repeat, that the moral sense in man meets with the finest displays of rectitude in God. And the heart of man cannot habitually contemplate a system of this sort, and not be in some measure assimilated to it. Mind acts upon mind, I say, and the same qualities and attributes of mind act upon each other. This is one of the soundest axioms in the philosophy of mind. How can the man, then, thus wrought upon, find that in his heart to wrong and maltreat a fellow man, while a rational and lively sense of God's equity to all fills and occupies him? Estranged must be his mind, and altogether vain and theorizing the quality of his faith, if, with these reflections, he can yet deal injustice to a brother, or fill community with his wrongs. It is here that our christianity puts a check upon injustice. It is here that the treasures of wisdom and knowledge that Christ opens for us are as finely fitted for the moral as for the purest traits of the intellectual man. They make us wise unto salvation. They stay the hand of cruelty—arrest the arm of oppression—put back the desires of rapacity and injustice to their sources, and protect society from wrong and outrage upon it. Is the shield of the widow defenceless and weak? Is the orphan's arm, as it were, nerveless? Is there no sword in the hand of defenceless innocence? But if the principles of Christ and of God prevail, there need be none. These displays of infinite and equal right to all—these laws of the Highest, if they are perceived, and if they are loved, adored and imitated—these form a panoply for the weak more powerful than coats of mail, or the burnished weapon, for these dry up the sources of injustice, and spread protection over all. How admirably, then, are these treasures of wisdom adapted to the moral nature. Let us heed them—let us receive of their richness, and be thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

But we must proceed to remark that the sentiment of piety or religious reverence is one also, of the fundamental, moral powers of man. And the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hid in Christ, I need not say, are most eminently calculated to increase this feeling. Nay, where these are, in all their richness, there must be piety. For who can contemplate the character of God as thus revealed, and all the gracious purposes of his love, from the goings forth of eternity to the fullest and sublimest consummation, and not be religious—not be reverent, respectful, adoring towards him? As well might we say that gazing upon the everlasting stars would not excite our wonder and our admi-

ration. God, as he stands out to the vision of the true believer—God, as he is set forth to him in purposes of glory and goodness—in the character of Christ—in the records of mercy—in all the exemplifications of tenderness and regard for man—this Being, I say, needs but to be known, to command, to extort our piety. And no system of religion on earth but ours, my brethren, it seems to me, can awake the highest and sublimest conceptions of piety of which our natures are susceptible. Treasures indeed of wisdom and knowledge are here presented. But if they are hid in Christ, be it ours to search them out—to acquire and retain them. Go where else we will, we cannot expect to find the treasure which is here secured for us, search where we may, through nature, or all the recorded wisdom of men, yet, we must return, at last, to this one fountain of treasure, this one gospel of mercy, for the knowledge of God, our glory and joy. Here, then, I say, is the soil of piety. It will flourish here—it will here make rich the inner man with the spirit of praise, of resignation, of calm and silent delight. And it will banish, too, all that gloomy melancholy which too often and too absurdly passes with the *name* of piety. Religious he must be, who has God for his portion—religious he will be, who in the treasures Christ presents, searches for the one much needed good.

Thus do we see the adaptation of Christ's teachings to the whole moral, as well as the intellectual man; to the principles of benevolence, justice, and piety—to these in all their aspects in society. The treasures here opened, are eminently adapted for the whole nature of man.

But, finally, we proceed to observe, that besides these general aspects of the influence of christianity upon the moral and religious powers of the soul, there are those peculiar and affecting circumstances in which humanity is many times placed, where the power and value of this wisdom is conspicuous. This world is varied, sometimes the tide of prosperity, health, and joyousness seems to bear us on to the full allotment of human good upon the earth; at other times, the dark clouds of adversity gather above us, and break and burst, and overwhelm us with earth's gloom. Who has not seen misfortune? Who has not seen that this is but a chequered life, where good and ill are mingled in the cup of human fortune, and we must drink it as it is. Who has not lost a friend? And who, in this changeful scene, has not had the tear of sorrow forced down the cheek, and felt the oppression of grief at the heart? Alas! We may not calculate upon uninterrupted calmness. The voyage of life is tempestuous—it is rough, and stormy, and serene.

Be it ours to prepare for the worst. But what shall fit us for the adventure? I might press this question upon all, individually. You have all felt the hollowness, the treachery of the world. Both young and old, and grave and gay, have had a chequered experience.

You have seen that youthful form—that brother, sister, friend it may be—you have seen it alter, and fade, and laid away. That form so vigorous once, so full of life and agility and spirit, you have seen the crimson glow of health depart from it—the light of the eye grow dim—and the whole that was there, changed, and emaciated, and fearfully ominous. The days now are anxious ones—the hours are heavy, foreboding, watchful. Oh! fast speeding time—that so soon puts the seal upon the lips, and spreads the solemn stillness over the household, till the first gush of outbreaking grief proclaims that the dire calamity is realized, and all is over.

How dreary and cold is all this world now! What little power of consolation in all that it can offer! But alas! these are but common instances. Go out into the sacred receptacle of the dead; two hundred years have added to that mighty congregation of the departed, and the stones that there rise, that there fall and moulder, and obscure the epitaph that affection engraved for the eyes of future generations—these all proclaim how many hearts have been wrung with anguish, how many broken, crushed, and killed with despair. What a field of contemplation there! Count, if you can, the families that have there been broken and scattered, and the mortal footsteps that have there wandered in a sad and solitary way. Count, if you can—but alas, who *can* number the sighs and tears—the hours and long years of mourning which that ancient and holy ground proclaims upon its mouldering and honored monuments. Two hundred years! And can the havoc still go on? Alas! and has it gone on, through the centuries that have passed, and will it be perpetuated to the sorrows of millions?

Then turn, my soul, from the vanities of time, for its very gaieties are thus dressed in mourning, and its giddy and fantastic joys rebuked. But what, I say, shall prepare us for the worst? What shall fit us for this adventure of life? Do not the young feel it, and put on the airs of meditative manhood? Search, then, the pages of time-honored lore. Pry into the archives of philosophy; and from volume after volume of the dusty relics of human ingenuity, extract the balm of Gilead for the sorrows of life. Alas! 'tis but too evident a mockery! Let the sages of heathen antiquity answer. Scarcely any of them, except Plato and some of his disciples, could stand firmly upon any consolatory ground of hope for a deliverance from these evils. Firmly, did I say?—but even these had no firm support. All was uncertainty, doubt, and fear. All must, necessarily, have been so.

And where shall we come for the true Elixir of Life? You assent to the world's hollowness—you bow down, even in your gayest moments, under the conviction that man is a wanderer, that he is indeed, without some help, a wanderer in a wilderness where there is no way. Come, then, and for these peculiar circumstances of life—for these dark passages in your earthly existence, as well as for the guidance of the moral

principles in the ordinary passes, come, I say, and learn of the true Teacher. There is one 'in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.' In this vast storehouse of truths which he has opened to us, may we take to a refuge of hope and of faith, and go on life's way rejoicing. Rejoicing indeed it may not be in the very hour when the cloud of darkest destiny lowers down upon us. And we are not bidden to rejoice; nay, but rather to sorrow, so be it that we sorrow not as those who have no hope. Bold, bold indeed must be the heart which does not feel an aching void when the dearest of earth's treasures are stolen away—friendships broken—the strong ties of nature and of love harshly severed—and family endearments rudely swept away by the stern tyrant, Death. No, we are not bidden to rejoice in this. And even the proffered consolations of friendship fall cold and unmeaning and comfortless, upon the ear in such an hour. It were better to let nature rest awhile. Nay, it will have its course; and like Rachel of old, weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, so the heart of us, my brethren, after such a blow of bereavement, must—ay, 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not'—must, I say, for awhile, give way to humanity, perchance to a flood of involuntary feeling. But there is balm in Gilead. And to calm the sorrows of a mind now rational—now returned to itself—now past the first shock of frenzied desolation, there is, thank God, a consolation for humanity. It may be, then, that there is no help for the decree that has gone forth. It may be that the cherished form of a brother, sister, wife or husband, must now be surrendered to the dust; or the bright and blushing infant now moulder in unconsciousness away from its parent's arms; but oh! my soul, what the decrees of God hath thus done, the mercy of God hath now made bright and beautiful. Yes, bright and beautiful!

'On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

By the most glorious of all those treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Christ, is this truth now declared to us. I need not dwell upon the resurrection. It stands, as it ever will stand, the foundation of the hopes of men. And Jesus, the author of our wisdom, did not simply reveal this truth to the world. No, he exemplified it. 'He rose up,' says a fine writer, 'a moral giant from his grave-clothes; and proving death vanquished in his strong-hold, left the vacant sepulchre as a centre of light to the dwellers on this planet. He came forth from the grave, masterful and victorious; and the place where he had lain became the focus of the rays of the long-hidden truth; and the fragments of his grave-stone were the stars from which flashed the immortality of man.'

Here, then, is a fountain of consolation for the world. But I must close this subject. We see the adaptations of christianity. We see how it is fitted for the dark, as also for the bright passages of our earthly existence. We see it, in fact, suited for the whole man. It commends itself to the intellect; it is eminently adapted for the expansion and strengthening of the moral and religious powers of the soul; and it is most gloriously suited to his wants as a being of sympathy, of sorrow, of mortality. In Christ, truly may we say, are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge for man. And they are boundless treasures; they are inexhaustible blessings. Without these, we are poor, we are ignorant, we are foolish, though golden treasures glitter thickly in our way. With these we are rich, we are wise, we are sufficient, though earthly fortune frown, and poverty beset us. Nay, it must yet be learnt, that there is a commodity which money cannot purchase, and which possesses a far more sterling value than all that money can command. It is the wisdom of Christ. It is holy faith. It is heavenly hope. It is the joy of the better affections. It is spiritual riches. Come, then, let us possess ourselves of this wisdom—let us go on our way rejoicing. Soon shall there come a time when earth must cease to satisfy, and when, in the desolations of that time, the subject to which we have now attended, will commend itself to our minds. Let us seize it now, then; and may God Almighty grant that the richness of its treasures may be no longer hid from us, but be our portion in life, our wisdom in the last hour, our consummation in eternity.

THE VILLAGE GRAVEYARD.

BY CHARLOTTE.

Do YOU see yon spire with its glittering vane,
Through the trees that almost hide it;
And the simple, snow-white village fane
With the green church yard beside it?

'Tis a spot, where oft at daylight's close,
I love by myself to wander,
And on the varied fates of those
Who are sleeping beneath, to ponder!

I take my seat, where the grass hath grown
O'er the grave of some friend departed,
And think of those who have left me lone,
The young, the gay and light hearted.

In this still retreat I can never weep,
Nor give way to one pang of sorrow,
For those who have sunk to their earthly sleep,
And awoke to a heavenly morrow.

'Neath the mound at my feet, a fair child lies—
Our prayers were in vain to save it;
The spirit plumed its wing, for the skies,
And returned to the God who gave it.

Here, peacefully slumbers a gentle girl,
A creature of joy and gladness;
With a laughing eye and floating curl,
And a brow untouched by sadness.

She passed away while the summer flowers
With fragrance the air were lading;
Ah! who that looked on that *Flower* of ours,
Could have fancied the Rose was fading!

We laid her there in that quiet spot,
And planted bright flowers above her;
Oh was not hers a happy lot,
For, 'none knew her, but to love her?'

And here is the grave of an aged man,
Who was famed in his country's story;
His years, fourscore and ten outran,
And his name is his children's glory.

Here the old and the young lie side by side,
And the turf gay hearts doth cover;
The grave hath sundered the bridegroom and bride,
The blooming maid and her lover.

'Tis a holy place, and I love to stray
Where the quiet dead are dwelling;
For Jesus hath passed through the dreary way,
Its darkness and gloom dispelling!

And blest be our heavenly Father's name,
Whose promise to all is given,
That though 'dust return to dust' whence it came,
The spirit shall *live* in heaven!

Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM'S WIFE.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her!'

'Faith! Will, that was a handsome girl that just passed us! Did you see those ruby lips, and coal black, brilliant eyes?'

'No, Charles, I did not see anything so very brilliant, and I dislike black eyes; for I never knew a black eyed beauty who did not have a proud, deceitful, or jealous disposition. There is Maria G., who has what you would call a splendid pair of eyes; and though her manners seem so winning and gentle, they say she is a complete fire cat if anything opposes her will; and Ellen F., too, with her demure downcast look, and eyes that like those of the rattlesnake, charm many who come too near their glance, and you know how she wounds with her tongue all who attempt to escape from her toils. Save me from black eyes! If I should ever think of marrying, I will choose me a wife with blue eyes and light brown hair.'

'Whew! Will! one would think you had been jilted by a gipsey, to hear you thus disparaging the distinguishing feature of that race; but now I know, by this same token, that some blonde beauty has made a looking glass of your heart, where nothing is reflected but her own perfect self. Hear the fellow talk! What affectation! "If I should ever think of marrying," now that's good! just as though your thoughts by day, and your dreams by night, did not all centre on that same subject. Did you ever draw on a boot, or tie a cravat, or curl your whiskers, without having your ideas in some way connected with the important event of marriage? What are boots, cravats, and whiskers made for, but to set us off to the best advantage, and help us to "lead captive silly women?" I don't believe we should ever trouble ourselves with such troublesome articles, or pay any regard to dress, and personal appearance, if it were not to gain favor in the sight of the gentle sex. What savages we should be without them! but sometimes I wish them as far off as the stars, they are so bewitching and provoking. But pray, Will, let me advise you in all seriousness, not to choose a wife by the color of her eyes, for you will rue the day, if you do. Never put your trust in mere outside beauty. If a wife was something to be shut up in a glass case, and kept merely to look at, it might do to be fastidious about the color of her complexion, hair, eyes, &c., though time would soon lay his ruthless finger on the fairest face; and we might better have a waxen woman to gaze upon, if we wished merely to gratify our sense of sight. If *I* ever marry; and hang me if I don't! I shall never be taken in by a piece of painted flesh, that's certain! not but what a beautiful face is a good recommendation, and very desirable if joined to other advantages; but I care not what color my lady's eyes may be, if her soul looks out from them; I should sooner examine her "phrenological developments," than criticise the hue of her hair; and I would not waste a thought on damask cheeks, or coral lips, if her countenance was written over with pure thoughts, and sweet and gentle emotions. When I begin to think of choosing a wife,—deuce take it! I've thought of nothing else since I came to "years of discretion," and I don't know how long before—but what I mean to say, is, if I meet a young lady who seems to possess those qualifications which I consider necessary, I shall be wary in yielding up my heart, till I have met her in other than public places, the gay party, the ball room, or the street. I will see her at home, and at hours when she does not expect me; and if I find that she is always idling away her time, making and receiving calls, and flirting with a train of admirers; and is never engaged in study, meditation, domestic duties, or any improving and useful occupation; were she ever so charming, I would leave her to others, for such an one is not the wife for me. So you see, Will, how I intend to manage, and I advise you to take the same course with your soft, sentimental, blue eyed beauty. Don't marry her till you have seen her mend a stocking. I heard a silly girl the

other day, telling some one how she once swept out the parlor, and the broom blistered her hands. Pooh! what a chicken! she told a falsehood, beside making a fool of herself. Such delicate hands would not do for the mistress of a family in our republican land, where servants sometimes cannot be procured for love or money. Save *me* from ever marrying such a simpleton as that! But I am detaining you, am I not? Where are you bound this evening?'

'No where in particular, at least not till I have given back some of your good advice, and let me say first, that very cautious people sometimes get taken in; for the girls will be sure to find out your notions, and you will be deceived by the most artful one among them. For my part, I had rather marry a simpleton, than a deceitful or bad looking woman. Give me a handsome wife or none, for I could love no woman but a beautiful one; and I would rather she should talk to me, if she could not talk anything but nonsense, than have her poring over musty books, or musing and moping in the corner. Now as we have each given our individual opinion, let us take the direction which best suits us, in search of a wife. You turn to the East I see, because the "wise men" came from that quarter, but I shall go West, for beauty dwells with the sunset. So success to you my most wise mentor, and I bid you a kind good even.'

I have often observed that there is nothing held in much lower estimation, by people in general, and young people in particular, than what is called *good advice;* and therefore, as might have been supposed, William profited nothing by the well meant counsel of his friend Charles. I cannot but wonder why this commodity is so plenty, and so little valued. To be sure, everything besides *money*, is *cheap* now-a-days, but this is the cheapest of all. Self conceit must be at the bottom of it; for we all think we know more than our friends or neighbors, and though we sometimes so far condescend as to ask the opinion of another, it is only to act contrary to it, if it differs in the least from our own. If all the wise counsel which is bestowed on young people, by careful parents, and kind bachelor uncles and maiden aunts, were treasured up and put in practice, what patterns of perfection we should see, in every youth who sports a cane, or smokes a cigar, and every girl who flirts a fan, or carries a 'sun shade.' But alas! for the wilful and perverse ones! when shall we see 'old heads on young shoulders?' Alas! for the good advice which is literally thrown away! when will it be thankfully received, and used, even by 'poor folks'?

Hear the anxious father discoursing eloquently to his hopeful son. Does the youth treasure up his words? No, as soon as the good man's back is turned, he throws them all away. See him figuring before the glass, criticising the cut of his coat, and arranging his hat so as to display to the best advantage, without discomposing the set of his curling locks. Is there anything for *him* to learn from the aged and the wise? Oh no! nothing at all! The Pharisees were not more self-righteous than he is wise in his own conceit. There too, is the young lady; hear her tender mother's counsels and cautions. Surely, she gives some heed to all this! but no, not she; if she takes the advice at all, it is only to wait for a better opportunity to throw it slyly away. She sees her own pretty face and figure, in her mirror, and wonders what more is necessary to recommend her; and she wishes mothers, grandmothers, and old maids, would not be forever 'telling their experience,' for if they will only let her alone, she knows enough to take care of herself. We might go on multiplying examples, but these will answer for the present; and now let us go back, or forward, to our friend William.

He laughed in his sleeve, when Charles turned away to pursue his walk in a different direction, while, without even looking round to see whether his friend was observing him, he deliberately scattered every word of his advice over the pavement; and then, with that self satisfied air, which one is apt to assume when he is conscious of having performed a good action, or made a good disposition of anything; he passed on with a quickened step, and entered a pleasant residence, where, from the manner of his reception, one might judge him to be on a friendly footing. And there he was welcomed with smiles by the 'blonde beauty,' who, as Charles rightly conjectured, had made an impression on his heart: in fact, he had declared his preference for the lady, and been accepted as her future husband. We will not try to amuse any one with what passed in the interval between their engagement and marriage, for such things are entertaining to none but the parties concerned; but we *must* say, that if Mr. Shakspeare tells the truth in his play book, theirs could not have been 'true love,' for it '*did* run' very 'smooth.' There was nothing to obstruct its course in the shape of opposition from friends, painful partings, or even interesting little quarrels, such as sometimes spice and pepper a courtship; and as we do not care to trouble ourselves, or any one else, with a detail of such monotonous proceedings, we will pass on to the time after the two had been made one.

Sarah; for that was the name of William's wife, *was* beautiful to look at, though many would have thought that a face so calm and devoid of expression, could not belong to one who possessed a very warm and feeling heart; and it was not long before her husband became sensible that the beauty of her face was her greatest recommendation, and that this alone could not make him happy. He might have found it out before, but 'love is blind, they say.'

There was nothing very remarkable in her character to be described; for she was no more vain and foolish, than a thousand other young women, who have been fashionably brought up, and who waste youth's sunny season in pursuing what the unthink-

ing call gaiety and pleasure, while the swift hours hasten on, taking life from the heart and brightness from the brow, without storing the mind, in exchange, with wisdom's precious jewels. Her sensibilities were not very acute; her heart had never been softened by any sorrow of her own, and she did not feel much sympathy for that of others; and when William, wearied with the care and toil of his profession, and weighed down with those despondent feelings which sometimes come to the mind over tasked, would have sought relief by sharing his thoughts with one who should have been the partner of his joys and sorrows, he received no lively sympathy, no sweet encouragement, from his inanimate and soulless wife. In short, he soon learned to his sorrow, that he had made a grand mistake in his calculations; when, in looking for a fair face, he failed to secure a companion possessed of those qualities and affections of the mind and heart, which make a plain person loveable and lovely, and cause even beauty itself to appear more beautiful.

Charles pitied his friend, for he saw that he was unhappy, though he could not know half the pain his unwise choice had cost him; and he has been heard to say, that he would rather be an old bachelor all his days, hard and luckless as he should consider such a fate, than wed a fair creature who had no soul; and that he would not give a fig or a button, for such a woman as William's wife.

Hartford, Ct.

GOODNESS NOT PERISHABLE.

BY IONE.

'THAT which now is, in the days to come shall all be forgotten.' ECCL. ii. 16.

IT is a solemn and impressive thought, that the cares, pleasures and interests which now engross us, in the days to come shall be forgotten. We ourselves shall lose their remembrance, if our pathway be long to the shadowy valley, and their record will be obliterated from earth, though recorded in uneffaceable characters in the archives of Heaven. Our busy recollections will soon be stilled by the hushing charm of death, and the world, in a brief space, will have forgotten our very names.

With the passing of the breath of life, our ambitious projects fail; our earthly anxieties are hushed forever; the voice of kindred affection lingers on the shore, while we pass over the Jordan with a numerous company, yet fearfully alone; and Time, with its unseen wings, sits brooding over the scene of our departure, often approaching the confines of eternity, but forbidden to stretch its adventurous flight where the spirit only can find an entrance to the throne of God.

Among the uncounted multitude that have passed away, how few have left a name upon the pages of history. The most interested scrutiny can detect no record of their individual thoughts and deeds; and they who once wept and smiled—hoped and feared as we do, have mingled with the common dust. The busy avocations of life which cast around us the heavy chains of care and anxiety, and but too successfully confine those thoughts to earth, which should rise often on the wings of faith and prayer to another and higher home, will lose much of their undue importance by the reflection that in the days to come they shall be all forgotten.

Amid the instability which so often wrecks our happiness, there is solace in the belief that there is a world which shall endure while the ages of eternity roll by in unending succession. The remembrance of gentle words, of elevated and purified affections, of patient toil for knowledge, of thirsting for the water of life, which is given only in answer to earnest prayer, will not pass away from our memory in the days to come. These are the riches which the soul shall bear with humble confidence into the presence of the 'Ancient of Days.' If then, amid so much that is transitory, there may remain within us an imperishable kingdom, what shall we say of the folly—of the madness of him who voluntarily neglects it, and nearly loses the consciousness of high and noble capacities for improvement, in his devotion to sensual objects, which fall back at the prospect of the grave and leave their deluded victim to enter the dark valley alone, with the poor and tattered drapery of neglected virtues! It is not enough that these perishable bodies are protected from the summer's sun and the winter's cold, if the immortal nature be left to pine for proper sustenance, and its high destinies and unlimited capabilities for good and evil are forgotten.

With what solemn joy should we receive the sublime idea of unceasing progression in the spiritual world! With what dignity is our nature invested when eternity must witness its constant unfolding, and its course must be onward, onward through the limitless ages of futurity, while a boundless vista constantly enlarges upon the raptured vision. The faint spark of immortality within us, kindled at the throne of the Almighty, and inextinguishable even beneath the incubus of passion, selfishness and envy, shall be fanned hereafter by the breath of Heaven into a flame, burning brighter and brighter, and gathering new strength and beauty in its unwasting energy. What views more ennobling and encouraging than these! The sun may go down in darkness irradiated by no gentle moon, the stars may veil their faces, the habitable earth may crumble and resolve into chaos, or pass away at the sentence of annihilation, but the soul shall pursue its uninterrupted flight unhurt amid the destruction of material things.

Oh! then let us be truly wise in making suitable

preparation for the untried scenes before us. We would not meet an earthly judge without self-examination and earnest desire for his approval, how then shall we stand before the Judge of all the earth, disfigured by sin and willing aliens from the holy influences of prayer and faith. God shield us from the sin of forgetting him in the day of his mercies, and may Jesus confess us his faithful followers before the throne of his Father.

Boston, Mass.

THE GOSSIP BIRD.

SELECTED.

'A BIRD of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.' ECCL. x. 20.

THERE is a little busy bird,
That everywhere is flying;
Whose notes at morn and eve are heard
On every breeze that's sighing!
'The live-long day' he soars away,
Save now and then alighting,
Where'er the sound of news is found,
His curious ear inviting.

But never will he tarry long,
Till truth can be attested;
But takes that meaning, right or *wrong*,
Which is the *first* suggested!
And swift to use the ill-caught news,
He flies in each direction;
Till here and there, and every where,
Is caught the foul infection.

Sometimes it comes in friendship's guise,
With airs so soft and winning,
And warbles out so sweet his *lies*,
They're trusted from beginning;
Then off he floats—while victory's notes
His merry voice is chanting!
Nor little heeds the heart that bleeds,
With arrows he is planting.

His specious song more times than one,
The dearest friends have parted;
While lovers, cheated by its tone,
Have withered, broken-hearted!
And of the cup, just lifted up,
O'erflowing bright with gladness,
His poisoning lay hath dashed away,
For bitter draughts of sadness.

But *all* the mischief he has done,
There is indeed no 'telling!'
And still his flight is going on,
And still the record swelling.
How many wrongs shall yet his songs
Inflict on this dominion?
How long soar still, intent on ill,
His dark, unfettered pinion?

Would that some sportsman of the quill,
Whose fame is in 'sharp-shooting,'
This gossip bird's life-blood would spill,
And hush his vile imputing.
Then once again, o'er hill and plain,
The peaceful dove careering,
When twilight comes, shall bless our homes,
With 'Olive-Branch' appearing.

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE. NO. IV.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

ELLEN STRATHMORE.

So EXTRAORDINARY and unexampled are some of the circumstances that I shall have to relate in this tale, that I have hesitated to place it among these 'Sketches from Real Life,' fearing that some of my readers may accuse me of not being true to the promise implied in the title, in telling so improbable a story as the following. I have, however, good evidence of its correctness, and I would remind those who may still be sceptical, that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

Somewhere towards the close of the last century, there resided in Scotland, Sir Graham and Lady Strathmore. He was the last representative of a noble and wealthy family, that had in olden times furnished many a brave highland chief,

'Whose deeds by flood and field are told,
In picture and in song.'

It will not be necessary to say much relating to the history of Sir Graham and his wife, previous to the time at which our narration commences, which is during the infancy of their only child—our heroine. They had, however, been some years married before the birth of the young heiress, and even among their friends bore the reputation of being 'rather odd kind of people.' It has often been said, (and probably in many cases with truth) that women in the higher circles of Europe, frequently evade the duties and cares which naturally devolve upon the mother during the infancy of her child, by entrusting this arduous yet tender task to others. But Lady Graham was not one of these fashionable mothers. When she first clasped her babe in her arms, and bedewed it with joyful tears of welcome, she resolved to devote her future life to her child; and strictly indeed she performed that promise. Her husband, who cheerfully approved of her determination, readily acceded to her request, that they should no longer continue to reside the principal part of their time in Edinburg, (as they had previously done) but that they should at once give up their splendid mansion, and retire to one of Sir Graham's family estates, Strathmore Place, situated in a beautiful valley, at the base of the majestic Ben Lomond, which though it forms a part of the Gram-

pian Hills, that separate the Highlands from the Lowlands, is by far the most agreeable as to climate, laying as it does in the western part of the county. The most famed and lovely of the Scottish Lakes, Loch Lomond, winds gracefully along the base of the mountain. Its shores are singularly wild and picturesque, and it is studded by a number of small islands, some of which from their minuteness and romantic beauty, might almost be imagined to have once been the homes of wood nymphs and naiads. Ben Lomond too presents a prospect, the interest and grandeur of which is seldom surpassed. But to our tale.

The little Ellen was a beautiful and intelligent child, and her parents soon felt that they were well rewarded in exchanging a life of vain and heartless intercourse with the world, for the pleasing task of watching from day to day, the developments of her young mind, and the increasing loveliness of her person. They loved her deeply, and could scarcely ever bear her to be out of their sight. I must now hasten to mention the singular result of a long series of consultations and deliberations, between Sir Graham and his lady respecting their daughter. But as I am unacquainted with their conversations on the subject, I cannot do justice to the reasoning which I suppose was advanced, before her parents came to the conclusion that Ellen should never marry! I have, however, heard this strange resolution ascribed to various causes; but I cannot vouch for the correctness of any. Some said it arose from the selfishness of her parents' love, that could not endure the idea of a rival in their daughter's affections. Others said no, that they had her happiness in view, believing that those who pass through life with the fewest affections, thus presenting the fewest vulnerable points to sorrow, would be the most free from care. This determination being formed, the next question was, what course should be adopted in order to prevent any circumstances from transpiring that might prevent its accomplishment, or render it difficult to do so—what if the young lady should take it into her head to fall in love? as some otherwise dutiful daughters have done, contrary to the express commands of their parents. Every possible precaution was taken to provide against such an accident. They had an immensely high wall built round their extensive domain, and made their residence in future a kind of nunnery, as it contained no male inhabitants, but Sir Graham, his aged steward, and two men servants, who had also grown gray in the service of the family. They would never admit visitors, or go out beyond their own precincts, except to 'the kirk,' where they had a private door leading immediately into their own pew, which was surrounded by a thick green silk curtain, which effectually prevented either seeing or being seen. Ellen's parents took the sole charge of her education, and as her father was an highly educated man, and his wife mistress of the fashionable accomplishments of the day, they were well qualified to impart instruction to the young mind of their daughter, who from being debarred from the society of those of her own age, and associating only with her parents, was more serious and thoughtful, and manifested a precocity of intellect beyond her years. Sir Graham possessed a very valuable and extensive library, from which he selected with care such books as he wished her to read, and it is hardly necessary to say that such works as treated of love and marriage were carefully excluded. Ellen at the age of eighteen was a very lovely girl, kind, gentle, and affectionate, and was idolized not only by her parents, but by the whole family. As she grew up, she became aware of the singular seclusion in which they lived, and she had occasionally ventured to allude to it, but she soon ceased to do so, as she saw that the subject seemed to occasion some embarrassment. She supposed, however, that some urgent reason existed for it; and it was really singular that by some means or other, she did not become acquainted with the true reason. Although her parents anxiously adopted every means by which they could promote her gratification and amusement, (and as their wealth was great, every luxury that money could procure was theirs) yet Ellen often instinctively sighed for the companionship and sympathy of those of her own age. She would at times tire of her birds and flowers, music and books, and though she fondly loved her parents, and was usually happy in their society, yet youth and age have so few feelings in common, that she yearned for the communion of some kindred spirit, 'even as the hart longeth for the water brook.' And sometimes when her mother would gaze unseen upon her thoughtful countenance, and feel assured by the unbidden tear that trembled in her eye, that her Ellen was unhappy, a pang of regret would steal across her heart for having debarred her child from the society that she so naturally sighed for. She said nothing to Ellen on the subject, until she had spoken to her husband of the change she had observed in her daughter, and she proposed, with his concurrence, to procure a young lady to reside with them as a companion to Ellen. But there appeared an objection to this plan, as probably few young women would be willing to conform to the secluded habits of the family. It was, however, finally decided, that they should employ a friend in London to advertise for a young lady who would engage for a year as a companion, and who would have no objection to pass that time in strict retirement; and as an inducement, a very handsome salary was offered. The notice was soon answered by a lady who gave 'unexceptionable references,' and who was at once engaged, and in a few days took her departure for Strathmore Place.

It will now be necessary to say something of this person. Lucretia Clinton was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant in London, who had received a good education, and though not possessed of beauty,

was a general favorite with all who knew her, from her amiable disposition and pleasing manners. She had early lost her mother, and this circumstance seemed to add a double strength to the ties that bound her to a most affectionate father, and a brother, a few years her senior. Mr. Clinton, by one of those reverses of fortune so common in the mercantile world, became a bankrupt some months before his death, and left his two children almost penniless. His son Richard was then a fine promising young man, about twenty-three years of age, and had just finished his studies at the University of Oxford. He had imbibed a strong predilection for a military life, and through the instrumentality of a nobleman, to whom his father had once rendered an important service, he was presented with an Ensign's commission in the 83d regiment of foot, which was at that time under orders to join the Duke of Wellington on the Peninsula. With a heavy heart did poor Lucretia (now in her nineteenth year) assist in preparing for the departure of her beloved and only brother. He would willingly have provided a home for her, had his means permitted it, but an Ensign's pay and allowances, will with economy and good management barely suffice for his own individual expenses, when (as in this case) he has no other pecuniary resource. But his mind was at ease on his sister's account, as a near relative of his father's in the vicinity of London, had kindly invited her to reside with her; and taking it for granted that she would do so, her brother bade her farewell, kissing away her tears, and saying that he hoped soon to return, covered with glory, and possessed of means to ensure for her a happy and comfortable home. But alas, these hopes were not destined to be realized, and they parted, to meet no more on earth.

O war, war! Thou art a faithless phantom! Showing thyself to the imagination of youth, with thy bright lances, thy nodding plumes, and gorgeous equipage—attended too, by thrilling sounds of melody, and holding out as a lure in the dim perspective, a crown of laurel, at once the reward and the glory of the soldier. Thou art a '*whited sepulchre*!' And those who would see thee as thou art, must follow thee to the battle field, where death, devastation, and destruction, are thy attendant ministers. And the voice of the trumpet, and the pealing drum, are there sounding forth their loudest strains, to drown the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying! And see, the laurel crown too is steeped in the warm blood of man, and the cry of the lonely widow, and her helpless orphans, is heard even above the surrounding din and tumult. Glory! thou art most falsely named!

The long marches, and various privations to which troops engaged in active service are constantly exposed, were very tedious and harassing to our young friend, and presented a vivid contrast to the luxuries with which the handsome income allowed him by his father, permitted him to surround himself, during the several years that he trod the 'academic groves' on the banks of the classic Isis. But the hope of distinguishing himself in the career he had chosen, cheered and sustained him under all the fatigue and hardships he was called upon to endure. His kindness of heart, social manners, and gentlemanly deportment, caused him to become a general favorite with his brother officers, and a warm friendship soon sprung up between him and his captain, a young man about his own age.

The wished for opportunity at length arrived; the English under Wellington, and the French under General Marmont, met at Salamanca. The former, it is well known, were successful, but alas! Richard Clinton heard not the cry of victory. Standing by the side of his friend, he was cut down by the first fire of the enemy, and fell mortally wounded. Conscious that his death was at hand, he requested Captain Musgrave to write to his sister, and inform her of his fate, and if possible to see her on his return to England, and then with a half uttered prayer upon his lips, he expired. His friend, who was so fortunate as to escape unhurt, endeavored to obtain permission to inter the body in one of the many cemeteries in Salamanca, but this favor being denied to a *Protestant*, he was buried in a retired spot on the banks of the Tormes, where a large tree at the head of the grave, is the only monument of the young soldier.

On her brother's departure, Lucretia remained for a short time with her relative. She had, however, previously determined to depend upon her own exertions for a maintenance, and much as she appreciated the kindness of those who offered her a home, she never for a moment thought of consenting to the proposal. She was a high minded girl, and of too proud a spirit to be dependant; and as her education had fitted her to instruct, she had no difficulty in procuring a situation as governess in a private family in the city, which station she had occupied about a year, much to the satisfaction of her employers, when on taking up a newspaper one day, and as usual eagerly searching for news from abroad, her eye met an account of the battle in which her brother fell, and she saw his name in the list of the 'killed.' The shock, as may be imagined, was indeed great, and the poor girl now truly felt that she was alone in the world. And although after the lapse of some months, she had recovered from the bitter and heart-piercing pangs that this blow occasioned her, yet she was so sad and dispirited, that she could with difficulty perform her daily duties to her young charge. It was at this period that she met with the advertisement for a companion for Ellen Strathmore; and after some reflection she determined to apply for the situation. A residence in the country, and change of scene, she thought would be beneficial to her, in tending not only to restore her mind to some degree of its former serenity, but also to improve her health, which had suffered from the

shock she had received, as well as from the continued confinement which her vocation demanded.

Before her departure for Scotland, Lucretia had the melancholy gratification of receiving letters from her brother's commanding officer, and from Captain Musgrave, relating the particulars of his death, and mentioning the esteem he had already won from all who knew him, and breathing a spirit of kindness, and sympathy for her loss, that was gratefully appreciated by the orphan girl. Captain Musgrave, however, omitted to allude to his promise to visit her on his return, perhaps because there was no immediate prospect of his regiment being ordered home.

Lucretia had not been long an inmate of Strathmore Place, before Ellen loved her as a sister, and the attachment was mutual. They had both (though very differently situated) felt alone, and sighed for that sympathy which is so necessary to the human heart, particulalry where the feelings have been refined by a cultivated and well directed mind. Sir Graham and his lady felt the awkwardness attendant upon receiving a stranger into their family under the singular circumstances in which they had placed their daughter. But they did not consider it necessary to enter into a full explanation with regard to their manner of living, and merely said they had reasons for wishing to remain in utter seclusion, and received no visitors, but they hoped Miss Clinton would be contented during her stay with them, and promised to assist as far as they could, in rendering her satisfied with the change she had made.

More than a year glided away very happily to the two young ladies. Although she had but seldom enjoyed them, Lucretia was an ardent lover of the beauties of nature, and the bold and picturesque scenery of the Highlands had a pleasing and soothing effect upon her mind, which had now regained its wonted buoyancy and cheerfulness, although she often shed many a bitter tear for the fate of her brother. And there is no saying how long the friends might have continued to live thus happy and contented, desiring no change, had it not been for the following circumstance. Captain Musgrave after being engaged in several actions, and winning a medal at the memorable field of Waterloo, becoming sick and tired of the din of war, obtained leave of absence to visit his friends in England. He was the eldest son and heir of Lord Musgrave, who was a specimen of a character now rarely to be met with, that of the 'good old English gentleman.' It must be confessed that he had one prominent failing, or rather weakness, as he prided himself on his Roman descent, one of his ancestors having accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and having secured his favor by the zeal which he showed in his service, he was with many others rewarded by a share of the domains of the English gentry, that William so liberally distributed among his followers. But we must not digress. After spending a few weeks with his friends, Captain. I should have said *Colonel* Musgrave, (for he had now attained that rank) went to London for the purpose of fulfilling his promise to his departed friend, and to his disappointment, found that Lucretia now resided in Scotland. And as he felt some inclination to visit that country, having some friends in Edinburg, (where he was once quartered) he immediately proceeded thither. On his arrival there he wrote to Miss Clinton, telling her that he should remain for a few days in Edinburg, and would then set out for Strathmore Place.

Colonel Musgrave took an early opportunity of making some inquiries respecting the family of Sir Graham, as he felt anxious to learn something of the people with whom the sister of his young friend was now domesticated. And he was not a little amused and astonished at hearing of the singular scheme with respect to their daughter. He could with difficulty credit so strange a tale; but on being assured of it as a fact, expressed his disapprobation of the same in no very politely measured terms. 'I never heard of anything so preposterous! ridiculous, absurd! selfish old wretches—such conduct ought not to be tolerated in a civilized country! Handsome too, did you say, Percy?'

'Yes, so report says, and that she is not only beautiful, but highly accomplished, and this too with the disposition of an angel; and I am sure it puzzles me to think how this has been found out, guarded as she is by bolts, bars, and high walls, besides for aught I know, a company of dragons hired for the occasion! She is an heiress too, the Strathmores are exceedingly wealthy, and I don't know that if I did not happen to be otherwise engaged, I should be tempted to emulate the heroic deeds of the chivalrous knights of old, by raising the cry of "to the rescue," and after killing the dragons, scale the walls, force my way to the lady's bower, and carry her off mounted behind me on my brave steed.'

'Very well said, but not so easily accomplished, I should imagine; but I must confess that I am not a little interested in the captivity of this fair damsel, and as I am not so happy as to be *disposed* of in the same manner as yourself, I have a mind to attempt something that may lead to her freedom, and if I cannot signalize myself in the way you have suggested, perhaps I may successfully support a prominent part in the play of "Love laughs at Locksmiths,"'.

Thus ended the conversation between these young men, but not so all thoughts of Ellen Strathmore on Musgrave's part. He was much struck with what he had heard of the singular manner in which she had been educated, and the account of her charms of mind and person increased the interest she had excited in his mind, and he made up his mind to gain a sight of her, if it was in the power of man to do so.

On the receipt of Colonel Musgrave's letter, Lucretia was embarrassed as to what course she should pursue, knowing it would be in vain to expect him to be permitted to call upon her. She therefore showed

the letter to Lady Strathmore, mentioning her desire to see the young man who had closed the eyes of her only brother, and who at his request, now sought an interview with her. After some conversation upon the subject, and several expedients had been at once suggested and refused, it was agreed that Sir Graham should request the minister to do them the favor to write to Musgrave, and invite him to 'the Manse,' mentioning that they received no visitors on any occasion at Strathmore Place, otherwise they would be happy to entertain the friend of Miss Clinton's brother; and that Lucretia being well acquainted with the minister's wife, whom she occasionally visited, would have an opportunity of seeing her frequently during his stay.

Now, gentle reader, if I was to present you with a circumstantial relation of what took place during the two following months, it would make my tale as long as a fashionable novel; besides I should certainly be accused of giving free scope to my imagination, were I to tell you how Colonel Musgrave drew from Lucretia a description of her young friend, and that they mutually expressed their dissatisfaction that so fair a flower should be 'born to blush unseen,' and how he prevailed upon her to show him a miniature, which he discovered she had just completed, in which Ellen was represented in the becoming and picturesque garb of a Scotch shepherdess—how that this achieved the business of captivating his heart. And how that he ventured upon the bold expedient of writing Ellen a letter, in which with all a lover's eloquence, he duly set forth the tender feelings with which her situation, her character and beauty had inspired him; and how that the lady was at first angry, then astonished (for thus it first became known to her) to learn the true reason of her seclusion from the world; and finally, that she condescended to reply, refusing, however, to listen to any farther overtures on his part. But the brave soldier nothing daunted by a repulse on the first attack, so successfully followed up the advantage he had gained by receiving an answer by no means couched in angry terms, that the result was, an escape from her confinement, and a rapid journey to Gretna Green, where the village blacksmith, so well known as having long officiated there as the priest of Hymen, tied them fast in the bonds of matrimony. Her parents, as might be expected, were well nigh distracted at being thus outwitted, but when Ellen, after a few weeks absence, returned with her husband, and threw herself at their feet, soliciting their forgiveness, it was readily granted, and afterwards they became much attached to their son-in-law. Our heroine is said never to have repented of her singular marriage, and that year after year seemed but to add to the attachment of her devoted husband. We knew a friend who met her one winter in London, where she was then 'the observed of all observers,' no less for her beauty than for the romantic and strange circumstances under which her marriage had taken place. Lucretia also married,—but as the history of her future life may perhaps appear in another 'Sketch,' we will say nothing of her at present.

East Randolph, Vt.

AMERICA.

BY IONE.

We love thy broad and rolling streams, fair land!
Thy noble forests in their robes of green,
The restless waves that wash thy pebbly strand,
Thy mountains from the far-off ocean seen.

We love the story of thy wrongs and strife,
Thy battle fields and monuments of pride,
The dauntless men with every virtue rife,
Who fought and prayed for thee, and nobly died!

We love the temples learning's hand hath reared,
And through their portals press with eager foot.
The fount within—by none but tyrants feared—
Sends its pure stream to nourish freedom's root.

We love the consecrated house of prayer,
Where weary spirits find a calm repose;
The peal of Sabbath bells which rends the air,
And all the holy thoughts which round them close.

Thy daughters love thee, for their homes are bright
With pure affection's softly beaming ray;
No tyrant hand with unresisted might,
Shatters our heart-strings in its ruthless sway.

Home of the exile, blessings on thee rest!
Ring out thy watchword till the mountain side
Sends back the tone which fills each freeman's breast,
Till liberty hath claimed its throne of pride!

God of the pilgrim! to thy gracious hand
Our noble heritage we give with prayer!
Encompass with thy love our favored land,
And guard our freedom with a holy care!

Boston, Mass.

MUSIC VISIONS.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

Sayest thou, mine own, that there is no *music* here, that the magician is away, and the spells of our necromancy are dissolved? Nay, believe it not. The piano, with whose tones we once summoned up phantoms, may now be thrilling to other hands, yet knowest thou not there is magic mightier still, and spells that may not be dissolved by any change save that which lays its finger on the mind? Within, ay, at the very fountains of thought, is the throne of the enchanter who controls the shadowy realm, and sends forth visionary throngs that make the living beings

of every day sight more unreal than they. Very solemn is his realm, for the dead are there, and those who are as the dead to our hearts; and very beautiful is it also, for he is vowed to dwell only among the true, and the good, though he can raise at will the darker shadows whose office it is to warn and reprove.

There is music even here, and it hath thrilling power. Wherever there are sounds that speak to feeling and thought, that rouse sweet fancies, and vivid emotions, or soft pictures of the imagination, *there* is music, and it needs not the chords of an instrument to awaken the most touching melody.

Now, draw thy chair to this open window, and shut thine eyes. The breath of this fresh foliage will be as balm, and the sweet sounds that are floating by shall be the spells of the magician I am summoning again to unfold the past.

There! hearest thou not the gathering of the phantom-host? The magician is at his work, and already dim, and vapory forms are flitting confusedly before mine eyes. Hark, to that full, clear note of the bird on yon oak! The visionary forms are assuming a reality. Look now with mine eyes, for the oak and the pines are gone, and we stand in the setting sunlight beneath the shadow of old, drooping elms. Before us is a time-worn mansion, and tall lilacs, and roses are veiling the windows with their fragrant blinds. You have seen it before, many times; but the air grows dim. Twilight is on the scene. There is a dusky gloom on the bending boughs of the tall trees, and the stars come forth. The little yard in front of the mansion is solitary no longer. A tall, noble looking figure advances with a mathematical instrument in his hand. He plants it on the ground. There is a merry group of children playing on the smooth sward; one hath left her companions, and steals quietly to the side of the manly figure. She looks at him with attentive eyes. He shows her what he is doing. Now she is at the instrument, and the high, intellectual head is bent to give instruction to that pale, slender child. He is teaching her to take the altitude of a star. She heeds not the call of her companions. Even that young mind cares not for its common amusements, for it is learning the skies. Night comes on. The direction of the instrument is changed to another quarter of the heavens, and lo! they are watching that glorious wanderer of whose mysterious nature science hath yet all to learn. Doth it not look like a spirit-visitant, with its long, glowing train, sweeping far away into the gloom? In the soft evening light the face of that child is full of awe almost allied to fear. The father is speaking to her of things she will hereafter find in books, and of other things that schoolmen may not teach,—of the soul and its sublime destiny,—how possibly when it is gone from the clay, it may traverse those shining worlds, even as a thought. He speaks to her of the SUPREME who made and controls all things, and bids her love him, and do his will, when he hath gone to be nearer that good and mighty One.

Years hence, when those kind eyes are hidden from her sight, will not the summer twilight be full of their soft radiance? Will not that smile ever come to her on the star-beam, and the comet bear to her ear these words as a message from the dead? Life can never be to her utterly lonely, for the heavens will hold out hallowed companionship. It hath been truly said, that *that* mind can never be made misanthropic by the heartlessness of the world, whose childhood hath left only pleasant memories.

Hearest thou that shrill whistle of the locust among the trees? It hath ever a sound of intense summer. That too is a voice of the past, that calls upon a crowd of phantoms.

See a darkened room, with a coffin lying near us. A mirror hangs above it, veiled, as if it were feared the shrouded corpse had enough of earthly vanity to rise and view itself in its death-gear. Draw nearer. The lid is raised, and we see a young face, but all beauty hath left it. Livid spots are gathering over it. The process of decomposition is going on. If it were not for our faith in immortality, how would we shrink in horror from that seal of the grave! A few months ago, when thou sawest that form in white satin, and blonde, didst thou dream of *this*? There were flowers in her hair, but her cheek was brighter, and there was no lighter step in the dance, and adulation was too familiar to be prized;—now the friends weep silently—the short prayer is read over that fearful looking clay, and the hearse hurries with it to its hiding-place. The mourners have all departed, and there is no sound but the rustling of the wind through the geraniums her hand hath nurtured—perchance they too wail for the beautiful, the lost, the dead.

The vision hath gone, but there are sadder ones than those that recall the dead.

This is a sweet, still scene, this long, ridge-like avenue in the summer woods. The branches unite overhead, and down, on either side of our path, are green, shady dells, with a softened gloom our eyes cannot penetrate. Very beautiful is this spot in its dream-like repose—fit nursery for young romance, and those delicious dreams that ever constitute early love the oasis of the mind. Now the path seems at an end—now it stretches away till it is lost in another bend, and then it opens on one of the loveliest ponds that ever mirrored the sky. There are three figures flitting along its windings. Mark that one with the chestnut hair, her laugh rings loudest through the solitude. The gaiety of her innocent heart hath broken all restraint, and will have its own way.

That vision fades, and thou seest a wild spot among the mountains. Fearful precipices crowned with the melancholy fir-tree, are there, and arm in arm, walking almost on their very verge, are a youthful pair.

They heed not their steps. Alas, when did passion *ever* heed the danger in its path? They are *lovers* who should only be *friends*. Honor, duty, all moral and social obligations forbid any other tie, but passion trifles with all these; thou wilt see its inevitable penalty. Look at the female figure. Thou hast never seen her but in vision—thou wilt behold her once again, and then shadows will fold her forever.

Hast thou forgotten the merriment that rang through those summer woods far away, when those auburn curls waved over an innocent and peaceful brow? Alas for her now, for *she* is trusting, and a worse than serpent fascination is around her—the wiles of artful and reckless selfishness!

The mountain scene hath disappeared. Thou seest now a pleasant chamber that looks out on rich gardens, and luxuriant fields, but she who is sitting there with her face buried in her hands, hath lost the enjoyment of all beauty. The wan, thin hands, cannot hide the furrowed face. Crime and remorse have done a sadder work than years, and the chestnut hair is prematurely gray. Day after day she hath sat thus in listless despair, and year after year. She is mild and docile, but will not look on those she knew in better days. They call her *maniac*, as she thus mournfully broods over the wreck of her life. She hath long ceased to love him, the *seducer*—she cares not that he sleeps in the grave his selfishness hath finally dug for him, yet she will quiver like an aspen leaf at the slightest mention of his name. Love, the unsanctified, *can* meet with but one doom, but remorse grows more vigorously from its decay.

Away, mournful vision, this is not thine hour. Go watch the moments of human weakness, and lift the Medusahead when sin puts on its beautiful mask. Away, poor phantom of the broken-hearted, thy days, thy destiny, are watched by heaven.

Twilight is creeping along the woods, and there is a murmur among the pines. Nature is welcoming the hour of her rest, even as the tired life-journeyer looks to the period that shall end his toils. When refreshed, he shall journey anew, and be weary no more. There is a tranquil voice in this thoughtful hour, the gentlest, the sweetest, the most solemn one of the day, and on its low whispers come the holiest visions of the beautiful past. The shrill noise of the cricket is on our ear; sayest thou there is no music in those querulous notes? I tell thee the harp or flute hath not such potent spell over the phantom-realm.

It is a quiet country village far away. See, how softly the moonlight sleeps on the white dwellings, and the trees are the very emblems of repose. What a spiritual thing is moonlight! How it glides down from above and enters the soul, till every feeling is assimilated to its purity and peace. Look! how that old mansion hath won a cheerful air as the quiet beams find their way through the branches of those towering trees. Thou wouldst think its portals had never echoed to a ruder sound than that of the cricket beneath the worn door-sill. There are two figures leaning over the white paling. Thou wilt recognize those faces so full of tranquil happiness. Surely this is the fit hour, and scene for love the pure, and the betrothed!

There is a change—a darkened room in a busy city, yet no sound disturbs the pale form that is lying there to show how gentle and easy a thing it may be *to die*. Thou hast beheld the decaying corpse; thou wilt now see the approach of him so falsely called the King of Terrors. Yon sorrow-stricken group will soon be orphans. But look at the dying one. Thou hast known that venerable face in its health and joy; sawest thou ever upon it such an expression of calm happiness as now gleams through the shadows of the advancing grave? The eyes are closed and the breath comes faintly from its failing source, yet that soul hath no thought of pain, or regret, and most blissful are its visions whether of earth or heaven. Well may *her* death be calm, and gentle, for the beauty of a meek and docile spirit was around her life! Well may heaven send glorious visions to her last hours, for all she sought was *to know* her duty, and *to do it*. The feeble flame is yet more feeble. The pulse hath left the pale fingers, that cold hand will never move again, and the breath comes yet shorter from the ashy lips; yet still that peaceful expression tells that the soul is dwelling amidst exceeding loveliness, of which we may only surmise by the reflection that gleams along the clay. And this is Death, the dreaded and the shunned, this peaceful transition of the soul to its kindred! Wouldst thou shun it *now*, even for the chariot of flame that conveyed the righteous of old to their immortal dwelling place? Wouldst thou not rather pass through the change thy Father hath seen good to appoint, when he calls home his children? Verily we are as on the verge of the world of spirits, and can almost see the disembodied, and hear their exulting hymns. Who can stand by such a death-bed, and ask one other proof of a higher and holier life? What language can shadow forth such blissful assurance?

The last moment hath come. That gentlest of all motion on the lips was the ceasing of the languid machinery of life. Sawest thou ever aught so calm, so beautiful; and hast thou known in the long and fortunate life of that quiet sleeper, one hour of such seemingly unbroken bliss as this last? We will strive to live like her in the 'beauty of holiness,' and pray that death may come to us as lovingly and serenely.

The visions are gone. Night is on the earth, and the magician will no more exert his power though the cricket still sends his notes through the gloom. Sometime again he will awaken the realm of *the past*, and thy leisure hours shall once more be filled with *Music Visions*.

VIRTUE AND PLEASURE:

AN ALLEGORY.

Roland and Peterkin were twin brothers. They had been educated alike; but their dispositions were dissimilar. Roland was disposed to do that which was right, however opposite such a course might be to his present interests; but Peterkin preferred, on every occasion, that which was most easy and pleasant.

The estate on which they lived had been, for a long time, deteriorating in value, and finally a portion of the sea had deluged the greater part of their land, and swept their mansion from its foundations. It was about this time, that a messenger arrived in that part of the country, having been sent by the Prince of a distant land called Elysium, and it was his duty to inform all those who had suffered from the flood, that joy, peace, and an abundance of every thing that was good, could be found in the land of Elysium, and that whoever chose to undertake the journey and accomplish it, might be accommodated there. He also declared that in this glorious land, the sun never went down, that the air was pure and serene, and so beneficent and beautiful was the Prince that flowers sprang up wherever he trod. Fruits that never palled the sense grew there on trees that blossomed with golden flowers, and beside the crystal streams grew willows under which the most sumptuous banquets were daily prepared by the servants of the Prince, for the use of those who had come from the borders of the sea. Birds of surpassing beauty poured their melody from every grove, and weeping, sighing, pain and sickness were unknown throughout this happy land. Those who had mourned were comforted here, and all tears were wiped from their eyes. These things were told to those who dwelt on the sea-board. Roland and Peterkin sat on a rock by the sea-side grieving over the wreck of their inheritance, when the messenger suddenly presented himself to them—'Why seek ye the living among the dead?' cried he—'Behold I bring you tidings of great joy to all people. Arise and depart from this place, and seek a country which lies far toward the rising sun, and from which I have just come. There, you shall be cheered by the voice of love, and the beam of the sun shall be a crown of glory to your heads.' They looked at the stranger, and saw that his countenance was radiant with truth, while his locks glittered like burnished gold. His garment was of fine linen, and his voice was more musical than the harp that is stricken by the hand of a cunning minstrel. His sandals were not soiled by the slimy ground, and his eyes beamed with happiness. Then the two young men made many inquiries respecting that other country, and finally consented to become pilgrims and strangers on the earth, for the hope that was set before them.

The bright messenger took them by the hand, and led them up a steep ascent, until they had reached the highway, when he gave them a parting injunction, as he must needs return to seek others, and put them on the road to Elysium.

'Continue to walk in the highway,' said the messenger, 'turning neither to the right hand nor the left. Listen not to the daughters of music by the wayside, and pause not to gather the fruits and flowers which grow beyond the path.' Then he blessed them and bade them God speed. The youths stood gazing after him, until they saw him descend the rocks and wend his way toward the plains where the inhabitants dwelt, and they then addressed themselves to their journey.

As they walked along together, Peterkin said to Roland, 'If what the messenger has told us be true, this is no fool's errand that we have set out upon.'

'I should desire no greater evidence of its truth,' cried Roland, 'than the manner and appearance of the good messenger. As a man's face answers to that in a mirror, so does truth find an answer in the heart of those who love it.'

'I am not of a suspicious disposition,' answered the other, 'but there are many plausible deceivers in the world. Why could not this messenger have given us a view of the happy land? At least he might have shown us a chart or drawing of it. Behold we are travelling onward, and every thing appears the same. We see a simple road, and as far as the eye can reach, nothing but a road is to be seen.'

'I find encouragement at every step,' returned Roland. 'Do you not perceive that the atmosphere is pure and wholesome, so much different from that of the plain, that we feel as if we were already in a new world? I understood from the messenger, that this road was called Virtue, and it is certainly a way of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace.'

'The way is well enough,' said Peterkin, 'but I am impatient to see the end of this business. It is not enough that the air is healthy and our spirits are good. Behold, here is a high rock! I will ascend to the top of it, for peradventure I may be able to see the towers of the land whither we are bound.'

'But the rock stands out of our path,' returned Roland, 'and we may not leave the highway on any consideration.'

'I see it is written upon,' answered the other. 'The words are, "This is the rock of Presumption." It can do no harm to ascend it.'

Peterkin then bounded away, and climbed to the top of the rock. He looked around him on every side, and then he called out to his brother, 'Come up here, Roland, and feast your eyes with delights. We must have reached the land of Elysium already. I can conceive of nothing more lovely. Delicious fruits are ripening in the golden rays of the sun, and in the distance are groves of wondrous beauty. A real para-

dise lies on both sides of us. Yonder are fertile valleys watered by a thousand streams, and the little cascades pour their cooling waters from every rock.'

For a moment Roland was staggered by this burst of admiration, and wondered whether they had, indeed, arrived at the end of their journey. He, however, determined not to decide in haste, but to wait until his brother came down from the rock, and inquire more particularly about the surrounding country.

Peterkin hastily descended; but before he had quite got clear of the rock, Roland saw a copper-colored serpent thrust his head from a crevice, and heard him hiss, as he fixed his fiery eyes upon Peterkin.

'Hasten, brother! descend quickly, Oh! Peterkin!' cried Roland—'for you are pursued by a venomous reptile.'

Peterkin turned and saw the serpent gliding from his hole. He was so much alarmed that he suffered himself to slide swiftly down the rock, with utter disregard of his own safety. In consequence, he reached the bottom of the rock covered with bruises. As he lay on the ground, he cried: 'Help me, Oh! Roland, for I fear I have fallen to rise no more!'

Now Roland recollected that the Messenger had charged them not to quit the high road, and he could not go to his brother without leaving it. Yet how could he think of deserting Peterkin in his extremity?'

'Rise, Peterkin,' exclaimed he, 'and come hither. I think you have sufficient strength to gain the road, for it is but a few paces from you.'

What Roland said was true. His brother might, by a little exertion, have gained his feet: but he preferred to call upon Roland, unmindful of the fact that Roland must deviate from the straight path if he came to his assistance. Therefore he cried out again, 'Come to me, Roland—my bones are all broken, and my head is bruised. Come hither, before the serpent devours me.'

Roland could resist no longer; he sprang to the assistance of the fallen youth. He found that Peterkin had fallen into a bed of reeds which grew higher than his head, and from these reeds he endeavored to drag him. But the highway could not be seen from that spot, so thick were the reeds and the underwood. Roland, therefore, conveyed his brother in the wrong direction, and before they could find the highway again, the night set in, and all was darkness on every side of them. Peterkin, who had risen to his feet, could travel but slowly, on account of his bruises, and he at length said to Roland, 'Make me a bed of leaves, and let me lie down and sleep here until morning, for I am weary, and need repose.'

'I would not sleep till we have regained the road,' answered the other. 'O that you had never left it, then this wo had not come upon us. But now we wander we know not whither, and unless we soon regain the path, we may never find it again. Then Peterkin wept bitterly, and he said, 'Now I see, brother, that I ought to follow your advice, and henceforth I will always take you for my guide.'

'Not so,' said Roland, 'I must be a poor guide since I have strayed from the road myself: but let the counsel of the messenger be our guide, for he is true, and we are full of error.'

Now the darkness increased, and Peterkin perceived that they were wandering over rough places, and his feet were sadly cut by sharp flints. Onward they went, groping in the darkness, and hoping to reach the highway, but instead thereof, they now heard the loud roaring of the sea, and feared that they should stumble unawares into its boiling depths, or be dashed to pieces by a fall from some precipice. Then they both feared and trembled exceedingly, and at length, falling on their knees, each one cried in a loud voice, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Then a bright light appeared at a great distance in the heavens, and Peterkin was afraid; but Roland said, 'Be of good cheer, brother, for if I mistake not, that is the Star of Bethlehem of which the Messenger told us, which should guide all sincerely repentant wanderers to the path from which they had strayed.'

They accordingly changed their course, and walked in the direction of the star. Very soon they felt the serene and reviving gales fanning their wan cheeks: the air became more pure, and their spirits revived.

When they had nearly reached the highway, they found a high embankment which they must ascend before they could recover the true path. Then they saw that it was more easy to deviate from the path of virtue, than to return to it. While they stood looking for the best place to ascend, they caught sight of a booth, visible in the morning twilight, festooned with flowers, and fancifully arranged under a wide spread tree. As they looked upon it, a man issued from an aperture in its side, and politely saluted the young travellers. He signified that before they could reach the highway, they must climb the embankment which would prove an arduous undertaking. He, therefore, advised them to step into the booth, and take some repose, previously to venturing up the steep ascent. He said that he had wines, cordials, and various fruits which would revive their drooping spirits, and give vigor to their limbs. Peterkin looked wishfully toward the booth, but Roland said to the man, 'we may not tarry a moment until we have regained the highway. We hold all men as enemies who would detain us on this side of the true path.'

Perceiving the firmness of Roland, and having no hope from that quarter, the man began to ridicule the two youths, and several evil looking persons, with bloated countenances, then came out of the booth and joined the man, heaping all manner of epithets upon the two travellers. The name of this man was Dissipation, and those in his train were persons whom he had persuaded to rest a moment in his pavilion,

but who having been once saturated with his fruits and liquors, could never ascend the hill and regain the highway.

As the two young men began to ascend the bank, Peterkin halted, and complained of fatigue. 'Stay, Roland,' said he, 'let us rest, if but for a moment, in the bowers of Dissipation, for I am sore and weary.' Hereupon Roland reprimanded his brother, and bade him take warning from what they had already suffered. After a long struggle, they reached the highway once more; and here they sat down, under the shadow of a large tree to rest themselves. Peterkin was now glad that he had not halted in the tent of Dissipation, especially as the leaves of the tree, under which they sat, were found extremely salutary, and healed his wounds. After needful repose, the young men again addressed themselves to their journey. They walked forward together many days, and still they gained no sight of the city. They enjoyed good health and spirits; the air was invigorating, and they enjoyed the consciousness of being in the right way. The birds chanted their melodious songs on every side of them. There were cool and refreshing shades, with streams of pure crystal water in which they slaked their thirst, and bathed their bodies. They plucked excellent fruits from the trees, and enjoyed all the blessings which temperance could desire. But Peterkin began again to exhibit his impatience. 'We have travelled a great way,' said he, 'and yet I see nothing of that country whither this road is said to lead. I fear it will be ever thus, and that we shall find we have been beguiled by an idle tale. I see not the happy land.'

'Forbear these murmurs,' Roland would say, 'and remember that having commenced this journey, we cannot deviate with safety. Dangers lie on the right hand, and on the left hand of us; and we can hope for happiness only by continuing in the path. What have we to complain of? Is not the air salubrious and the travelling good? Are we not provided with food convenient for us; and why should we murmur? Is it because we cannot see the end of our journey? We may not expect to see it until we have arrived thither.'

Peterkin was silenced for a moment by these words; but soon afterward the spirit of discontent was visible. He wanted something more exciting; he wished to be entertained and amused. The complaints of Peterkin rendered Roland unhappy, and oftentimes made the journey tedious; for after the former had seemed perfectly satisfied, he would break out with fresh murmurs, and task Roland's ingenuity to find out new answers to his objections. Thus they had travelled together some time, when they arrived at a delightful watering-place. Here they refreshed themselves, and Roland took occasion to point out the beauties of the place to his brother. Peterkin could not deny that it was a most lovely and romantic spot, and that the waters were invigorating, and the fruits which hung over them were delicious; but a cloud still rested on his brow.

As they came up from the waters, a troop of young women bounded from one side of the highway and crossed their path. They were apparently very beautiful, and arrayed in the most gorgeous manner. They had wreaths of flowers which they waved over their heads as they danced along, and by the most fantastic contortions of their persons, they seemed to invite the attention of the two travellers. Roland himself, at first, imagined that they were some of the bright inhabitants of the happy land; but Peterkin was in ecstasies, and seeing that they were crossing the path, and would soon be out of his sight, he called out to them to stay awhile and tell who they were. 'We are the daughters of Pleasure,' said one of them. 'Those who follow in our train are happy all the day. They drive dull care far from them, and have nothing to do but to enjoy the delights of existence. We dwell in those beautiful groves that you see at a distance, and the insipid fruits that grow here by the highway, we do not taste. We live upon milk and honey, and our bowers are delightful.'

Then Peterkin's countenance brightened, and laying hold of Roland by the arm, he said, 'Come, brother—now is our time; for behold they are moving off, and unless we embrace the opportunity, they will soon be out of our sight.'

'Nay,' said Roland, 'but they would entice us from the highway,' and he endeavored to restrain Peterkin; but in vain. The infatuated youth bounded over the wall, and followed the daughters of Pleasure until they were out of sight. Then Roland sat down and wept. He had wept some time, when suddenly he perceived a great light about him, and looking up, he saw the Messenger who had first put him and Peterkin in the right path.

'Cheer up,' said he, 'and pursue thy journey alone, for blessed are those that mourn; they shall be comforted. Fear not, but continue steadfast unto the end.'

Having said this, the Messenger departed, and Roland felt strengthened to go on his journey, in the full belief that he should reach the happy country, and find it no fable.

Then Roland arose and journeyed forwards many days: but he was not happy. He felt the loss of his brother and companion, and was also fearful of what might befall him, knowing that there was no safety but in the path of virtue. Accordingly he strewed the way with his tears, and continually imagined that Peterkin was in distress, and vainly calling upon him for assistance.

At length after many days, Roland perceived that the air grew still more delightful; the fruits were more luscious, and the brooks were more plenty. He beheld many beautiful birds of a plumage different from those which he had formerly seen. Soon after-

ward, he beheld golden clouds in the distance, and then the lofty spires of a city. Then he met two bright beings who took him by the hand, and led him through a dark passage between rocky heights. When he emerged from this place, he found himself in a glorious country, more delightful than the heart of man can conceive. He was taken directly before the Prince of this land, who ordered that he should be clothed in fine linen, and receive the honors due to a citizen. When this was done, the Prince said to him, 'Where is he that came out with thee from the sea-shore?' Then Roland told, with many tears, how Peterkin had been seduced by the daughters of Pleasure, and added that he feared he had perished miserably in some morass, or had fallen down some precipice. 'In this land,' said the Prince, 'every desire of the heart is gratified; therefore, mourn no more. I will send my messengers to save the young man, and to bring him hither that thou mayst be at peace.'

Two bright beings were immediately despatched to look for the wanderer. They found him in a wretched condition, surrounded by briars from which he could not extricate himself, while he was covered with filth, and his body was fearfully swollen from the bite of serpents, that had secreted themselves under the rose-trees. They washed him clean, and healed his wounds, before they set him before the Prince. Dreadful had been his sufferings, but all tears were now wiped from his eyes, and in company with Roland and other beatified beings, he wandered through the groves of Elysium, magnifying the good Prince, and enjoying delights which palled not the senses, and which were infinitely superior to any which he had found in the bowers of Pleasure.

LET US PRAISE THEE.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

Let us praise thee, God of heaven!
Thou hast made this beauteous earth,
And to us thy creatures given,
Heritage of heavenly birth.

Let us praise thee, God of power,
For the gospel's sacred word;
Dark would be the brightest hour,
All thy love and truth unheard.

Let us praise thee, thou hast given,
Christ thy Son, that mortals may
Learn of him the path to heaven—
Him the life, 'the truth, the way.'

Let us praise thee, O our Father,
Firm and strong thy promise stands,
'All things' thou wilt surely gather,
From christian and from heathen lands.

Let us praise thee, thou hast said it,
Every human soul is thine;
For thy 'glory' thou hast made it,
For a destiny divine.

Let us praise thee, when the morning
Dawns in beauty on our eyes;
By the lark may we take warning,
Haste to pay our sacrifice.

Let us praise thee, when the evening
Shades are gathering in the sky,
When the setting sun is beaming,
And in glory seems to die.

Let us praise thee, when in gladness
Lightly on the sea of life,
Free from care, and gloom and sadness,
Our bark feels not the tempest's strife.

Let us praise thee, dark and dreary
Though the clouds of sorrow roll—
Thou wilt aid the weak and weary,
Thou wilt stay the fainting soul.

Let us praise thee, in our living,
Worthy of our high estate;
Mind, and soul, and heart all giving,
All their powers on thee to wait.

East Randolph, Vt.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. NO. II.

BY CHARLOTTE.

THE MAY QUEEN.

'LEAD us not into temptation.'

I.

IT was the first of May, a bright, beautiful, balmy morning, and as the first gray streaks of dawn tinted the horizon, from almost every dwelling in the little village of Lynmere, might be seen issuing youths and maidens in holiday attire, who bent their way through the different lanes and coppices, and in a short time re-appeared; and soon a merry and smiling group was assembled on the green, open space with a large old oak tree in the centre, to which the villagers had given the name of the 'Common.' Each of the party had gathered a supply of the early spring flowers, a portion of which were formed into boquets by the young men, while others were twined into wreaths by the fairy fingers of the girls. Ever and anon an anxious glance was cast towards one of the by-paths leading to the outskirts of the village, as if they were expecting to see some one approach from thence. In a short time their wishes were answered, and a joyous welcome greeted the appearance of a bright, blooming maiden apparently about sixteen years of age, attired in a simple white dress and a straw hat trimmed with pale pink ribbon, the simplicity of her dress heightening the effect of her rich, glowing and sparkling beauty. Her arrival, it would seem, had

been the signal for commencing the business of their little election; and judging from the admiring and affectionate glances cast upon her, it was not difficult to guess upon whom the choice would fall. The vote in her favor was unanimous, and in a few minutes the floral crown, composed of dewy violets, harebells and lily of the valley, interspersed with a few pink and blue hyacinths, the gift of a fair amateur in flowers, was entwined amid the luxuriant raven curls of the beautiful May Queen.

As the first beams of the rising sun gilded the slender spire of Lynmere church, the little procession bearing garlands, bouquets and May poles, and headed by their Queen with her flower-wreathed sceptre and crown, the rays of sunlight glittering on the dew drops and making them flash and sparkle like diamonds on her brow, took up their line of march through the village streets, where they were cheered with unaffected delight by the inhabitants, young and old. At length they turned off from the main road, and pursued their way down an elm shaded avenue till they came in sight of a neat, pretty dwelling, with a light piazza in front, ascended by a few steps from the garden, which was already rife with the fragrance of hawthorn and apple-blossom. As they approached the gate, an old man, who had been standing on the piazza, came forward to meet them; and had even a stranger seen the look of devoted affection with which he greeted the lovely May Queen, it would have needed no second glance to tell him the relation in which they stood. The cordial invitation of the proprietor of the mansion, to enter, was cheerfully accepted, and the neat and skilful hands of Marian Shaw soon prepared a simple but plentiful repast, enlivened by the mirthful conversation which was rather aided than checked by their worthy host, and received additional zest from the loveliness of his daughter; for the beauty of Marian Shaw, the woodland rose, was the admiration and toast of the country for miles around.

When the meal was concluded, the party once more resumed their route, and while they are pursuing it, we will endeavor to learn something of the parentage and history of the fair May Queen. At five-and-forty the father of Marian Shaw was still unmarried, and quite undesirous of changing his single estate; and mothers and daughters tired of the vain attempts to captivate him, had at length deserted the old bachelor to open their battery of charms against some easier-to-be won citadel. It was then that accident made Mr. Shaw acquainted with a beautiful Italian orphan, who occupied the post of nursery governess to the children of an old friend whom he was visiting. Therese Cellini had emigrated to America with her father, whose constitution formed and nurtured amid the genial airs of the sweet South, was unable to withstand the inclemency of our more rigorous climate, and a few months after their arrival he died, bequeathing his daughter to the tender mercies of a race of strangers in a foreign land. After many fruitless attempts to gain a livelihood, Therese had been rescued from want and misery by the gentleman in whose family she now resided. Her brilliant beauty and graceful manners attracted the attention of Mr. Shaw; her unprotected, orphan state, called forth his sympathies, and the interest thus excited, soon ripened into a deep and earnest affection. Though no longer in the hey-day of youth, he still retained much of its romance, and with his handsome person, lively talents, gentlemanly deportment, and benevolence and kindliness of heart, he could scarcely fail to wake a corresponding emotion in the object of his attachment. Ere his friends and acquaintances had time to wonder, the friendless orphan, Therese, was the wife of the ci-devant bachelor. Mr. Shaw was not rich, but the small fortune which he inherited from his father, had been carefully used; and now that another was to share it with him, he doubted not that the same prudent management would make his modest competence sufficient for all their wants.

The pretty house before mentioned was their bridal residence, and there did they look forward through the long vista of future years, to a life of cloudless happiness. But their dreams were not destined to be realized. One short year of perfect enjoyment was alone allotted to them, and the same hour made Mr. Shaw a joyful father and a disconsolate widower.

Ere poor Therese had been a week an inmate of her narrow dwelling, the officious gossips and busy bodies of the village had prophesied that before a year elapsed, Woodland Cottage would have another mistress, and perhaps it might have been so, had he been a younger man. But could they who thus lightly spoke, have looked in upon that darkened chamber, where by the bedside on which *she* had died, and from which her dark, loving eyes had gazed with unquenchable fondness upon him, in her last struggle, he knelt in utter prostration of spirit; could they have seen the shreds of gray that mingled profusely among the bright brown locks, which a few days before had been unshadowed, and heard the sobs wrung by his agony from the very soul of that strong man, they might, perhaps, have felt and known that his was the first and only love of a man, too old to change his affections easily.

From that hour of intense anguish, when the low-breathed farewell of her who was dearer than life, had wrung every nerve and fibre of his heart, and the faint, feeble wail of his child had awoke a fount of new and delicious feeling, had he vowed to devote his future life to the little pledge of their love. Faithfully and well did he execute his task; and with a gentleness almost womanly, he watched over her and administered to her wants; all the wealth of affection which he had lavished on her who was gone, now gushed forth in deep and fervent tenderness for the little Marian, a sentiment increased, if that were possible, by

her resemblance to her dead mother. But while he watched, with admiring love, the rapidly developing beauty of her person, he never for a moment neglected to cultivate the better qualities of mind and heart; and the Woodland Rose grew up, pure and gentle, simple and affectionate, and reverencing her father with an exclusive affection bordering almost on idolatry. Though motherless, she had never yet realized the full extent of her loss; for though her attention had been first of all directed to the portrait of her young mother, and her beauty, virtues and goodness, had been the theme of many a long and well remembered conversation with her father, yet so devoted and watchful had been his tenderness and care, that Marian could not imagine a relation more endearing. Even as he doted upon her, so did she regard him, and this trait, combined with her sweetness of disposition, attracted all hearts towards her, even more than did her exceeding loveliness.

Never was title more aptly bestowed, than when Marian Shaw was styled the 'Woodland Rose;' she inherited from her mother the brilliant complexion of blended olive and carnation which distinguishes the women of southern climes; she had the same large black eyes, full of dreamy languor when at rest, and when excited, sparkling, passionate and more eloquent than many words; abundant jetty lashes, shining hair and delicately pencilled eyebrows of the same ebon hue, finely cut features, and red, luscious lips, and withal a form of perfect symmetry and a softness of manner that communicated itself in some measure to all who came within the sphere of her influence. Such was Marian Shaw at the time she was introduced to the reader as the Queen of May. Alas! that day was destined to be one of great and eventful importance to her! The May day festivities were usually concluded by a dance in a shady grove belonging to a wealthy farmer, and thither the procession, having completed their route, adjourned to rest and refresh themselves; in the course of the afternoon they were joined by a party from the village, including a few strangers who wished to look on and perhaps share their merriment. Among these were two young men from a distant city, of genteel appearance, and one of them extremely handsome and prepossessing in manner. Marian's beauty instantly attracted his attention, and profiting by the familiarity attendant upon social parties of that kind, he entered into conversation with her, and when the signal was given, led her in triumph to the head of the old fashioned contra dance, to the evident chagrin and envy of numerous rustic competitors.

When at length the falling dews and the deepening shades of twilight warned the gay party to disperse, and Charles Hamilton bade the fair May Queen adieu at the gate of her father's dwelling, it was evident that he had made considerable impression on the fancy at least, if not on the heart of the guileless and simple minded girl. Week after week went by; the elder of the two strangers departed, yet his handsome and more fascinating companion still lingered, a frequent visitor at Woodland Cottage, and the devoted admirer of fair Marian Shaw. At first her father had appeared to enjoy the society of young Hamilton, but after a while, his manner towards him, apparently without cause, became cold and constrained, till finally he expressed to Marian his disapprobation of the young man's principles, and decidedly, though affectionately, forbade her to receive his visits. But kindly and tenderly as they were said, his words fell like an ice-bolt on the ardent and passionate temperament of the daughter of an Italian mother; and for the first time in her life, Marian murmured at her father's will. When at evening she stole forth to keep her tryst with Charles, and with sobs and tears made known her father's edict, and listened with trustful fondness to the eloquent protestations of undying love, from lips whose truth she could not question, it was little wonder, that overpowered by his arguments and entreaties, and influenced probably by her own passionate attachment, she should at length yield to his request to receive his visits clandestinely after her father had retired to rest; for Mr. Shaw was a stedfast adherent to the old maxim, 'Early to bed, and early to rise.'

It is not to be supposed that Marian glided at once and without a struggle into the path of disobedience and error; many a sleepless night and many a bitter pang did it cost her, but as is usually the case, the farther she progressed, the easier became the task of deception.

II.

It was the latter part of August, a clear and cloudless night, and the moon was pouring down a flood of silver radiance on the pretty village of Lynmere. On that evening, in a small, but light and airy apartment of Woodland Cottage, opening by a glass door into the garden, the moonlight streamed in and cast its mellow rays upon the figure of a youthful maiden. Her small head, with its bright raven curls was bowed upon her hands, and though no sound escaped her, it was evident from the convulsive movements of her frame, that she was weeping; while on the table beside her, lay a straw hat and a large, dark bundle. Soon a slight rustling was heard among the bushes in the garden, and a tall, manly figure stepped noiselessly into the room and in an instant was at the side of the weeping girl.

'Nay, my sweet Woodland Rose, this must not be,' said her nocturnal visitor; 'why should you weep, when you are about to unite your destiny with that of one whom you love, and who adores you so devotedly?'

'But my father,' sobbed the girl; 'Charles, I *cannot* forsake my poor, old, gray haired father! it would

break his heart, if his only child whom he has doated on so fondly and cherished so tenderly, should leave him alone in his age. How often has he told me, how my mother, on her death-bed, gave me into his hands, and prayed that I might live to become a blessing and comfort to him in his declining years. And oh, Charles! when he blessed me to-night and kissed my brow, and spoke of my dutiful affection towards him, I felt ready to sink beneath the weight of guilt and falsehood that oppressed me. I could have fallen at his feet, and confessing all my sins, have begged his forgiveness, but I thought of you and hushed my throbbing heart, and left his presence, knowing that I had received his benediction for *the last time*. But that must not be—indeed dearest Charles, I cannot go, I must not leave my father!' and with a fresh burst of sorrow the girl clung to the arm of her dangerous companion, and looked up into his face with such pleading and earnest eloquence, that for a moment a shadow of self reproach passed over his handsome features; but it quickly disappeared, and by soft, yet passionate terms of endearment, he sought to hush the 'still, small voice,' which was vainly essaying to save the deluded maiden. But the love of a stranger triumphed over the long tried and devoted affection of years—over the tenderness which had watched and shielded her motherless infancy, and the watchful care which had prayed that she might resist temptation. With the tears not yet dried from the soft cheek, and still glistening on the long silken lashes, and firmly supported by Charles Hamilton, the half fainting girl was borne through the garden, the gate of which opened into a by-path leading to the high road of the village, and entering the carriage he had procured, Marian Shaw was an alien and wanderer from the happy home of her childhood.

The widowed and now doubly bereaved old man arose the next morning, unconscious of the anguish that awaited him, cheerful and happy; in his orisons his beloved child was earliest and fondest remembered, and he descended to the breakfast room with a blessing on his lips. He was a little disappointed at not finding her as usual ready to greet him, and fearing she must be ill, he returned up stairs, and was about to tap at her bed-room door, but finding it ajar, he entered. The bed was smooth as though it had not been disturbed the preceding night, and on the snowy pillow lay a sealed note. He opened it, and read—'My beloved father! even while I write to you thus, I am about to forsake you, to break from all the ties that bind me to you and home, to follow the fortunes of one of whom I know little more than that he is handsome and fascinating and that I love him more than life! I have struggled, dearest father, to break from this spell, but it is impossible, and before I go I have a confession to make to you. When first I became acquainted with Charles Hamilton, you appeared to like him, and encouraged our intimacy, and when at length you forbade me to notice him or to receive his visits, I had no longer the power or the will to obey you. For many weeks I have met him, and he has been here unknown to you; he has urged me with an eloquence I cannot withstand, to fly with him, and though "I know the right, I yet the wrong pursue," for something unseen yet mighty, seems hurrying me on to ruin. Farewell, dearest father, do not curse me, for the sake of my dead mother; and even yet your last benediction is ringing in the ears of your ungrateful Marian.'

The letter dropt silently from his hands; he did *not* curse her, but he buried his face in the pillow where she might never again lay her head in the stainless purity of girlhood, and that gray haired old man wept like a child, for the idol of his heart, the hope of his age had forsaken him.

III.

Just ere the dawn of that morning was breaking, a carriage stopped at the gate of a little demesne in a pretty village many miles from Lynmere; it was far from the public road, and as secluded as if it had been in a wilderness, while the cottage itself was almost hidden by a massive grape vine which threw its graceful tendrils over the roof, and hung its rich, tempting clusters almost within the muslin-curtained windows. Thither did Charles Hamilton bring the beautiful and deluded victim whom he had lured from the path of duty, and from the home of purity and happiness; and for many months even the reproachful voice of conscience, whispering of the grief of the deserted old man, was drowned in the overwhelming flood of that all-engrossing passion for her betrayer. But as time wore on, Charles' absences became more frequent and prolonged, and Marian was left for days and even weeks alone; it was then she began to dwell oftener and more painfully on her degraded situation, and her ungrateful desertion of her father. But not till she became herself a parent, did she fully realize the anguish she must have caused him; and even then, she could scarcely compare her own newly awakened feelings with those of an aged man who had reared tenderly an only child from helpless infancy to blooming and beautiful womanhood, only to have his dearest affections outraged and betrayed. Her situation too was now becoming painful in the extreme; her feelings, rendered acutely sensitive by her peculiar circumstances, were continually wounded by the scornful look and ill-suppressed sneer, with which the matrons of the village passed the unwedded mother. They who should have sought out the isolated young creature, and by kindly words and gentle counsel, endeavored to win her back to the path of virtue; for the villagers had long since surmised, and had not cared to keep their conjectures to themselves, that Marian was *not* the wife of the man with whom she resided. Often did the poor girl turn away with tears of real agony,

when the young maidens of her own age carefully avoided her, for *they* were still pure, and her touch might contaminate them; often did she long to say to them, 'Once *I* was pure, and lovely and beloved even as ye now are; take heed while ye stand, lest ye too fall and become even the despised and guilty thing that I am now.' As the winter approached, her nervous sensitiveness increased, and she begged so earnestly to be removed from her present residence, that he who had brought her to shame and disgrace could not resist her supplications.

'Take me from this place, dear Charles, carry me any where, so that *their* dark, scornful eyes can no longer make me shrink and tremble, and I care not what trials and privations may await me.'

Ere the autumn blasts had ceased their mournful requiem among the leafless trees, Marian was established in a narrow street, leading from one of the great thoroughfares in the wilderness of New York city. What a change for the child of nature! Who would have recognized in the pale cheeked, slender young mother who sat in that stived, though luxuriously furnished apartment, singing in melancholy tones to her child the gay songs of her happier days, the light hearted and beautiful May Queen, the pride of the village of Lynmere. For the want of fresh air and the clear sunshine in which she had revelled from her infancy, added to the sorrow and remorse that preyed upon her mind, had soon faded the bloom of the bright Woodland Rose. Still Marian murmured not, and she would have been content, and have striven to be happy, could she have felt that the love for which she had sacrificed all, still remained unchanged, intense and devoted as of old; but she could not shut her eyes against the conviction that Charles Hamilton was no longer the ardent lover, who, with soft words and passionate eloquence, had won the heart of the gentle May Queen. Yet there were times when all his former tenderness would return, and while his arms encircled her and her child, the poor girl would chide herself for having ever doubted his affection, and would look confidently forward to the time, when he would repair in a measure the wrongs he had done them.

Since they had resided in New York, Charles had not only attended many convivial meetings, but had frequently invited his friends to his house, and it was during one of the brighter intervals in his intercourse with Marian, that he requested her to superintend the preparations for a small party who were to dine with him. It was at a late hour that evening, when Marian having watched by her child till it sunk into a profound slumber, and feeling no disposition to sleep herself, stole quietly down stairs to procure a book. The library joined the dining room, and the revellers were too busy with their wine to have heard her, even had her step been heavier; but as she passed into the room, the folding doors were not wholly closed, and she heard her own name repeated by an unknown voice. Startled, she paused, and in another moment the same ribald tones proposed as a toast,—'Hamilton's pretty lady-bird, the fair Marian Shaw.' Then followed the coarse jest, the bitter sneer, and the name and history of the once pure and lovely May Queen were bandied about, and made the theme of jibe and jeer by a set of unprincipled and half intoxicated men. And *he* sat there, with a smile on his lips, *those lips* whose wily accents had lured her from duty, innocence, and respectability—*he* sat there and heard it all, yet uttered *no* word of rebuke, and lifted not his hand to fell to the earth the slanderer of his victim,—*he*, the beloved of her girlhood, the destroyer of her peace, the father of her child. Alas! *she* had not the claim of the insulted but virtuous wife—*she* could not claim redress, outraged and insulted as she was; she was his mistress, the shunned, despised and degraded, the mother of his child, but *not* the wife of his bosom.

With a noiseless step she glided back to her own apartment, and threw herself in the wild abandonment of grief beside her sleeping child. It was the embodiment of guilt and innocence. That beautiful young creature, kneeling with clenched hands and dishevelled tresses, the veins in her smooth forehead swollen and distended, and her large, black eyes flashing with terrible brilliancy, while beside her lay the sinless one who was to receive the heritage of a *mother's* sin and shame. One little dimpled hand lay beneath the fair and delicate cheek, over which floated a single glossy golden ringlet escaped from its confinement, and a sweet smile so like that which had won poor Marian's heart, parted the soft red lips, and disclosed the pearly treasures within. As the heart-stricken young mother gazed on the calm, tranquil beauty of her darling, by degrees that strange brightness left her eyes, that bitter smile forsook her lips, and amid her gushing tears went up the voice of deep, earnest prayer. Since the night she left her father's roof, Marian had never dared to pray, for ever, when she attempted it, the image of the venerable old man would rise before her, and the memory of her disobedience and ingratitude would check the devotional impulse; but now she prayed even as when in the days of her childhood, at that father's knee, she had lisped, '*Lead us not into temptation*,' and she arose from her knees calmed and stengthened.

When some two hours later, his guests having departed, Charles Hamilton entered Marian's apartment, she was apparently sleeping, but as the partially shaded light from the lamp fell on her face, he saw that the dark lashes were gemmed with tears, and that their traces were yet left on the soft crimson cheek. For an instant an expression of remorse and pity came over his countenance, and bending, he pressed his lips to hers and murmured 'My poor Ma-

rian,' then going towards a table, he took a slip of paper from it, and after pencilling a few lines he laid it on her pillow and left the apartment. Ah! that caress, those few kind words had almost overturned Marian's resolutions; she had been tempted to look once more on that beloved face and to forgive and forget all, but the scene she had that night witnessed returned to her mind. A single glance through the small aperture left by the doors had been sufficient to reveal in the scoffer at her name, the form and features of him who had accompanied Hamilton on the day of their first meeting. With that image came up the well remembered May day party and all that had followed that ill-starred acquaintance, and the temptation was resisted. Marian listened till the last sound of Charles' footsteps had died away, and then with trembling hands she took the slip of paper and carried it to the night-lamp. It contained but a few words, merely informing her that he was to start in half an hour to join a party who were to be absent several days.

'It is well,' said Marian, 'surely Providence is favoring my plans, and aiding me to keep my resolution.'

In a short time Hamilton again descended the stairs, and as the hall door closed after him, Marian felt that they were parted forever. She had determined to leave his house, and to remove with her child to an humble but more honorable home, trusting to gain a subsistence by her industry, for herself and her helpless charge. In all that great city she had neither friend nor acquaintance, for remembering but too well, all she had endured in her former place of abode, she had shrunk with real terror from the coldness and scorn that would follow a knowledge of her situation. But in her daily walks she had often noticed at the window of a very humble dwelling in the suburbs of the city, the pale, meek face of a woman, considerably advanced in years, and had been struck with its resigned expression; the woman had evidently noticed her earnest gaze, and had latterly returned it with a benevolent smile. With her, though not a word had passed between them, Marian felt almost acquainted, and to her she resolved to go, and after making her acquainted with all her history, to ask her counsel and advice. Her breakfast was hastily despatched, and having dressed her child, she put on her bonnet and proceeded to the dwelling of Mrs. Lewis. Her light tap at the door was answered by the same meek-faced woman, and Marian was kindly invited to enter. The benevolent looks of the poor woman, soon opened the way for her visitor's recital; it was listened to with true and earnest sympathy, and the friendless girl felt that she was no longer alone.

'You are indeed young, to have seen misfortune,' said the kind-hearted Mrs. Lewis, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, 'yet I rejoice that you have at length resisted temptation, and broken the tie that bound you. You asked me for advice, and I can only say, return to your father! to the dear old man, who was father and mother both to you in your helpless childhood, and who now requires from you those attentions which none other can repay. Go to him my dear, confess to him your folly and sin, and tell him all that you have suffered—he will forgive you, I am sure he will, and restore you to the place you have forfeited. Alas! *I* too had once a daughter, as young and almost as beautiful as yourself; tenderly did I watch over her, for she was my all—yet she left me for a stranger, forsook the quiet of our humble, but happy home, to lead a gayer but less respectable life with him who had so basely deluded her. She left me, but she never returned. I never saw her again till she lay in her coffin—on her death-bed she had yearned for my forgiveness, but I was not there to bestow it. Oh how gladly would I have received her again, and have forgiven all, but it was not permitted me to do so. She has left me alone in the world; would you that your gray haired father should be left thus? Return then to him ere it is too late, lest death shall have sealed those lips ere they have uttered the blessed word "*forgive;*" the fountain of love is not dried up in his heart—the weeds which absence and neglect have allowed to grow there, may have choked its source, but the careful hand of repentant affection will soon pluck them thence, and the full tide will gush forth freely and clear as ever.'

Thus comforted, strengthened and advised, Marian set out on her return home, to make some little arrangements ere she quitted it forever. A small bundle of necessary clothing was hastily tied together, and she was about to leave the room, when a glance at her ungloved hand reminded her of something which in her haste, she had nearly forgotten. In the earlier days of their love, Charles had delighted to adorn and render even more brilliant, Marian's sparkling beauty, and he had lavished upon her many rare and costly ornaments. She sighed as she drew the sparkling gems from her fingers, for each had a little history of its own to her heart; one only she retained—a small pearl ring which he had given her on the night when she forsook all else to cleave to him; *that* was sacred to the misguided girl even as is the marriage-token to the lawfully wedded wife, and she could not return it, for to her it would have seemed like divorcing their spirits. Her watch, brooch and bracelets were placed carefully in their cases, and but one more ornament remained. Suspended from her neck by a small, exquisitely wrought chain of gold, was Charles' miniature, and as she gazed upon it, the deep blue eyes seemed to look up at her with the same passionate fondness as in the days of yore, and that smile seemed beaming upon her which had lured her confiding heart to ruin. That, too, she could not leave, he had hung it around her neck in the hour

when first her young ear drank in the intoxicating words of love; she had worn it ever since, and disengaging it from the beautiful chain, she placed that in the casket, and attaching the picture to a black ribbon she returned it to its former place. Her last and hardest trial yet remained;—she could not go without bidding him adieu, him who for three years had been all in all to her, and whom she was never to look on more. Many a sheet did she commence and throw aside, and at length a few simple but touching lines told him of the events of the preceding night, of her resolution to see him no more, truly and devotedly as she yet loved him, and with one gush of tenderness, one outpouring of sorrow, she bade him farewell! The letter was left on his dressing table, and taking her bundle beneath her cloak, for it was now winter, she cast one lingering look around, and returned to the abode of her humble friend.

IV.

It was early in the evening preceding the good old festival of New England—Thanksgiving, when the stage-coach drove up to the little hotel of Lynmere village, and discharged its passengers. Among those whom the driver assisted to alight, was a female closely enveloped in a cloak and hood and with a child in her arms. She had entered the stage at the half-way house of their route, and appeared weary and exhausted; as the driver handed her a small bundle, her only luggage, he kindly offered to assist her in carrying her child to the place of her destination, but she firmly though gently declined his escort, saying that she had not much farther to go and the child was not heavy, and taking her bundle she proceeded. While she is thoughtfully treading the well-known street, and shrinking from the notice of the passers by, we will take a rapid glance at the neat, comfortable parlor of Woodland Cottage. The fire blazed brightly on the ample and well swept hearth, the curtains were closely drawn, and the light from the shaded lamp fell on the silver locks and lofty, furrowed brow of an aged man; his evening meal stood untasted beside him, and it was evident that his thoughts were not upon the contents of the newspaper in his hands. Ah to him the morrow was no anticipated day of festivity or joy—the memories of the past forbade it—his thoughts were with the long since dead, with the ungrateful and guilty living, the wife of his bosom and the daughter of his old age! Poor old man! he was sadly changed since we saw him last—the hale, hearty look had departed, his brow and cheek had many additional wrinkles, and the lines of grief and care were even more visible than those of time. He was startled from his reverie by a low, gentle tap at the door, and in answer to his mild invitation, a female entered, leading a child some two years old, and ere his perplexity and surprise would allow him to speak, the cloak dropped from her shoulders, the hood was thrown back, and Marian Shaw, pale and wan, yet beautiful still, sank at the old man's feet, unable to utter aught save the single word 'Father.' But that word was enough. It had touched with a master hand the right chord in his heart; the long-sealed fountain was stirred, and the very depths of his soul were thrilled by the imploring glance of those up-raised, tearful eyes, and by the soft, pleading tone of that voice, whose music had been wont to fill with joy and gladness, his now lonely dwelling. He did not speak—words were too impotent to express his emotions; but as he raised the kneeling girl and clasping her fondly to his breast, mingled his sobs and tears with hers, the Magdalen *felt* that she was forgiven.

V.

Have patience with me, dear reader, yet a little longer, and I will bring my story to a close. I have another scene to present, but in order to do this, you must give imagination a broad sweep, and suppose seven years to have intervened since Marian Shaw was first introduced to you, as the pure hearted, simple minded and lovely May Queen, and three or four since we left her a returned prodigal, a forgiven penitent in her father's arms. It was the sunset hour; the air was unusually mild and balmy for the season, and on the piazza in front of Woodland Cottage, two persons were leisurely and silently promenading. One was a tall, fine looking man, who had well nigh numbered his threescore years and ten. His long silver locks were parted smoothly on his broad, high brow, the ruddy hue of health was on his cheek, and his eye was bright with happiness. He leaned on the arm of a graceful young female, and his features were lighted up with a smile of affectionate admiration as he gazed on the sweet, chastened loveliness of her face. They had paced up and down the length of the piazza several times, when he at length exclaimed, 'Why are you so silent and sad, Marian? For half an hour you have not opened your lips, or raised your sweet eyes from the ground. I remember me of a time when a gorgeous sunset like this, would have called forth the most rapturous exclamations of delight from you; and when the trees, flowers and singing birds furnished you with abundant sources of amusement and conversation.'

'Very true, dear father, but those were the blessed days of my innocence and purity, days to which I look back with such longing and heartfelt yearnings; that happy season ere my feet became entangled in the scenes of the tempter. Yet I have been highly favored, and I sometimes feel as if my sufferings had not been sufficient to expiate my sin. I scarcely dared hope that even *you*, my dear father, would receive me, gentle, kind and forgiving as you were, and yet not only have I and my little one been taken to your bosom, and fondly cherished, but even my old

friends and acquaintances, whom I so dreaded to meet, have never wounded my feelings by one scornful word or look, nor cast one slur upon my child. Very kind have all been to me, and ungrateful indeed should I be, did I not deeply feel and understand it all, and pray nightly and daily for their happiness and welfare. But when you spoke of my sadness, father, you forgot that it is the first of May, and that with that day many mournful thoughts and recollections are connected; my wasted youth, blighted hopes, and the dishonor that attaches, not to myself alone, but to my pure, innocent little Dora.'

'Do not afflict yourself, thus, Marian, or grieve so deeply over the events of the past. Has not your deportment since your return, been such as to call forth the admiration and esteem of all who know you? And I am sure there is not one in the village who does not cordially respect and love you; and for our sweet little Dora, is she not the joy of our hearts, and the pride of the whole village! She is a lovely creature, and yet I cannot help wishing her face were like your own.'

'She is very like her father, and I often think I love her even better for that very resemblance. Poor Charles! shall I never see him again? was that parting indeed forever? has the grave claimed him in all the pride of his manly beauty, or has he forgotten the loving and simple girl whose life was boundless in *his* love?'

'Do you then still love Charles Hamilton, Marian? were he now to return willing to repair, as far as he can, your wrongs, would you freely and willingly become his wife?'

'Would I not? Most willingly, nay rather, most gladly would I—I should deem it my duty to Dora and myself, and even setting that aside, I love him as deeply and truly now, as when six years ago I sacrificed all else *for* him. Surely, dear father, you would not have me act otherwise?'

'Not if it would secure your happiness, dearest;—but see, the juvenile May party has dispersed, and here comes my darling,'—and as he spoke, a beautiful child bounded along the gravel walk, and the next moment her arms were entwined alternately round the necks of her mother and grandfather. She was indeed, as Marian said, very like her father. She had the same fair, delicate complexion, deep blue eyes, and regular features, which would have rendered *his* beauty, perfect as it was, almost effeminate, but for his dark, abundant hair, and tall, manly figure; and as the child stood there, with her straw hat swinging in her hands, her bright golden curls wreathed with flowers, floating on her plump white shoulders, and an arch smile lighting up her whole face,

> 'She seemed too fair and bright a thing,
> To dwell 'mid sin and suffering.'

They had continued their walk but a few moments, when a lad from the village approached and placed a letter in Marian's hands. She started and turned pale as she glanced at the superscription, and leaving her father and child together, she entered the house. She bent her steps towards a small apartment of which we have spoken in the earlier part of our narrative; the same which witnessed the struggle between filial love and ardent passion, and throwing herself into a chair, she opened the letter and read:

'Mine own Marian:—My best beloved, though bitterly wronged and betrayed,—do not cast this from you till you have perused it, and attentively considered what I have to say. Marian, I am here once more—here on the spot where seven years ago I first saw you in all the radiance of your young beauty; I have seen you now, in your subdued and chastened, but not faded loveliness, and I could have fallen at your feet and asked your forgiveness; and more than this, Marian, I have seen one whom my heart told me was my child, mine—I have looked on ye both, when ye saw me not, and my soul yearned towards ye. Marian! deeply and bitterly have I sinned against you, but could you have known my sufferings from that day when I returned home and found it deserted and desolate—could you have witnessed my agony and remorse when I read the few lines you left, to tell me that we were parted forever—could you have seen me as I lay for long weeks afterwards, on the bed of sickness and suffering, with none but the hands of hirelings to minister to me, and calling even in my delirium upon your name, you would have pitied me, even while you felt that it was but a just retribution for my sins. During my recovery, I had ample time for reflection and repentance, and I went forth once more into the sunshine a wiser and better man. I made vigilant inquiries and ascertained that you had returned to your father, and had been, as I doubted not you would be, joyfully received; but I determined not to seek you or endeavor to see you till I was enabled to do so conscientiously and honorably. From that time no inducements could lead me back to my former pursuits. I was proof against the flatteries and entreaties, as well as the sneers and mockery of my old companions. I foreswore the wine cup and the dice box, and resolved to commence a new course of life. Just then, I received an offer to go out to India, as supercargo of a richly laden vessel, and I thankfully accepted the offer. I have remained in that situation ever since, and by enterprise and industry I have gained, I think, enough to ensure us a competence; and now that I have told you all, will you forgive me—will you be my wife, my own? We have *both* suffered, Marian; I read *that* to-day, in your pale cheek and saddened eyes; and by the memory of our early love, and the hours we have passed together—for the sake of our own peace and the welfare of our child, I implore you to accede to my wishes. I do not ask you again to forsake your father; I must have *his* for-

giveness also, and if you plead for me and with me, he will not refuse. We will all live together, and I will emulate you in your attentions and devotion to him. Should your answer be yea, I am yours heart and soul forever—if nay,—but I will not doubt; write to me, Marian, and let your words be ministers of love and joy to CHARLES HAMILTON.'

For a few minutes Marian sat motionless with the open letter in her hand, completely overpowered by the rush of emotions that swept over her; then sinking on her knees, she breathed forth in low, fervent tones, that beautiful petition, which seems to comprise in its small limits, the sum of all the wants of the human heart—The Lord's Prayer. As she concluded, a rich manly voice joined in the Amen, and starting to her feet, Marian again stood face to face with Hamilton.

Reader! would you know more of Marian? Go to Lynmere village, for there she is best known, loved, and appreciated; they will tell you of her untiring devotion to her aged father, of her idolizing love for her husband and child—of her kindness to the poor widow, Mrs. Lewis, who has long dwelt in the sunshine of prosperity, in the home of her in whose misfortunes she sympathised, and whom she so kindly and wisely counselled. They will tell you of her beauty, gentleness and benevolence, but far more will they dwell upon her meekness, humility and christian charity, for gently as she has been dealt by, Marian Hamilton has never for a moment forgotten her early temptation and transgression. In silence and in bitterness of spirit has she mourned over it, and her tears and prayers have not been unavailing, for she has come forth from the furnace of affliction, purified and refined. Those whom she most wronged, her father and her child have freely forgiven her, and should others be inclined to bring forward and display on the page of her life the *one* blot which mars its purity, or deem that her sin was too easily palliated and overlooked—to them we would say, as did our blessed Lord to the accusers of old, 'Let him that is *without* sin among you, cast the first stone.'

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY MRS. S. BROUGHTON.

A SOUND of woe is on the summer air,
A note so fraught with sadness, that the wing
Of the light whispering zephyr seems to droop
In sympathy, and from the wild-flower bells
Wakens low, mournful echos, such as erst
Trembled amid the pale green olive leaves
Of Bethany, when Mary's stricken heart
Breath'd its sad plaint above her brother's grave.

Oh who hath known the agonizing pang
That rends the mother's heart-strings, when the shaft
Of the unsparing archer hath cut down,
In all the pride of loveliness and truth,
Some fondly cherish'd blossom?
Who hath mourned,
When some beloved idol hath been reft
From the fond bosom's shrine, and lowly laid
Within the silent chambers of the grave?
Come drop the pitying tear with her who weeps
Above the fearful wreck of garner'd hopes—
Hopes, that had strengthened with each rolling year,
Twining so closely 'mid her being's cords,
It seemed they could not fail her. But alas!
In the bright blooming bowers of sunnier climes,
Where moan the light winds thro' the orange flowers,
Freighting their pinions with the sweet perfumes,
And nature in her richest vesture smiles
Beneath the ardent sunbeams; stranger hands
Have smooth'd the pillow for her dying son.

Oft when the rosy dawn has spread her plumes
To gild the eastern sky, and herald on
The day-god's flaming chariot, shall she list
To catch once more the deep-toned melody
Of that lov'd voice that trill'd so sweetly forth
His matin hymn of gladness.
Ah no more,
Within the dark, sin-blighted bowers of time,
Its silvery tones shall glad her yearning heart,—
Oft when the gorgeous sunset tints the sky
With the rich hues of glory, and the waves,
Of the glad river gleam like molten gold,
Ting'd with the mellow light, as if the wing
Of cherubim had rested in its flight,
And shed its radiance o'er the glancing stream,
Which, like the tide of human destiny
Rolls swiftly on, to the vast ocean-bourne;
Unconsciously her musing heart shall wait
To greet his well known footstep.
When the shades
Of lingering twilight deepen into gloom,
And the cerulean glows with diamond-fires—
Pure altar-lights, lit by the hand of love
To beautify the solemn fane of night,
And woo the earth bound spirit up to God;
Then how the thronging visions round her press,
As memory backward rolls the vanish'd years,
And brings again her loved one smiling fresh,
In cherub infancy. His merry laugh
Rings on the ear in cadence clear and wild.
The whispering breezes lift the floating curls
That shade his star-like eye, where brightly beams
The mind's immortal signet. The warm gush
Of fond maternal tenderness and pride,
Impearls her drooping lids with crystal gems
More precious than the diamonds of the mine.
But ah! th' enchanter's wand has touch'd the scene!
Chill, chill and dark the pall is gathering now,
Above those hallowed memories. Far away,
Within the stranger's home, the death-scene spreads
Before her aching vision. Pale, and low,
The cherish'd idol of her stricken heart
Is grappling with the fearful conqueror.
No sister near, with kindly ministries

To buoy the shrinking spirit in the strife
Of mortal agony. No mother kind,
To wipe the death damps from his pallid brow,
Or with the fond maternal kiss to close
The glazing eye.
O what a weight of woe,
Of deep and untold sorrow rests upon
Her bosom's quivering cords, as fancy lists
To the dull echos of the falling mould,
That curtains up for aye, from human sight,
The son, so fondly loved! the south wind's sigh
Comes laden with a sadly moaning wail,
That thrills her being's core. The summer bowers
When flowers from every glen and mossy nook
Fling out their perfumes to the passing gale,
Like the sweet incense of unsullied hearts
On nature's sacred altar, wear a gloom,
To her sad vision. In the balmiest hours,
When bloom and beauty deck'd the fragrant vales,
Her loved one perish'd, in young manhood's prime.

Father, thy counsels are unsearchable;
Deep and mysterious, past the scrutiny
Of our weak visions; yet we humbly bring
Our chastened hearts, and rest them on the shrine
Of thy unchanging goodness; for we know
Thy love is never dim or clouded, though we see
In a glass darkly, as we journey on
Through this sad wilderness of woe and tears,
Above the atmosphere of cloud and storm,
In glory unapproachable, thy throne
Stands based upon the eternal rocks of Truth.
Mercy's bright angel ever ready stands
To bear thine embassies of love afar,
To all thy sentient offspring; and her tones
Have sounded o'er the dreary wastes of sin,
Where death's dark angel spreads his shadowy wings,
And ignorance and error cast their mists
Above the spell-bound spirit; and thy hand
Hath rent the intervening vail that hid
The glories of our future destiny
From mortal ken. Faith with her shining wand
Hath swept away the interposing gloom
That frown'd above the portals of the grave.

Now through the opening vistas we behold
The never-fading verdure of those bowers
Where in perennial beauty ever shine
The ransomed ones we mourn. The radiant crown
Of glory gilds their ever-beaming brows,
Redeem'd forever from each darkening tinge
Of sin or sorrow, that so often shades
The pilgrim-spirit on life's desert waste.
Beneath th' ambrosial shades of living bloom
They walk the star-paved avenues, beside
The crystal waters of eternal life.
Bereaved one, mourn no more; th' appointed hour
Is hastening on when we may join the chant,
Whose ever pealing echos thrill along
The golden arches of that holy fane
Where Zion's Dove the radiant wing unfurls;
Above whose pearly gates forever waves
The flaming banner of that quenchless love,
Which brought the tidings of salvation down
To guilty, fallen man. Then mourn no more,
The spirit-pinion soon shall be unfurl'd,
And thou shalt join thy loved ones in that clime
Where fall no shadows on the living stream,
Where discord never jars the blissful song,
But living flowers, in ever vernal bloom,
Shed their ambrosial incense on the air.

Malone, N. Y.

STUDY TO BE QUIET.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

'We beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more; and that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands.' 1 Thess. IV. 10, 11.

In the fourteenth century of the church, a peculiar sect arose which were called Quietists—a proper name for such characters, as quietness, devoid of activity, was the whole of their religion. It was their custom to sit for a long time every day, with their eyes fixed immovably on some particular object, and in this situation they professed to receive heavenly visions and to behold a glorious light surrounding them like that which surrounded the Lord on Mount Tabor at the transfiguration, and which sent to their hearts the most delicious sensations of pleasure. They were content with this intense contemplation. It was religion enough for them, and led them to disregard the external world, and care nothing for those parts of religion and devotion which appealed to the senses. They were greatly opposed by other parties, and as their habits kept them from making any outward resistance to their enemies, and rendered them in appearance stubborn and wilful, the opposition triumphed in cruelty, and many suffered painful death.

With neither of these does the christian spirit harmonize; for while on the one hand it teaches us to rightly use the world, it on the other guards us from selfishness and intolerance. It bids us be ever active, and yet requires us to be quiet; and as its teachings are dictated by one spirit, these requisitions must coalesce and be free from any contradictory tendencies. It is important that we understand this, and recognize the true genius of our holy religion.

We turn to our motto. The Apostle had been speaking of brotherly love, declaring that there was no necessity for his inculcating that duty, as they were taught it of God. And indeed it was so. They were taught this of God by the revelation he had made of his nature, of the great plan of Redemption, of human relationship and the necessary means for happiness. In all this the truth was seen—that man was made to love—to love as Jesus loved—to love as human progress absolutely requires. He would not stop to define this duty, but took it for granted that the Thessalonians understood what brotherly love meant,

and its beauty. He therefore exhorts them to 'increase more and more.' He *besought* them to do this, which implies an earnest feeling as active and filling the soul of the teacher with a holy warmth. He would have them realize the grand fact in our nature—the existence of an ever expansive capacity to love. He admitted to them that he knew they exercised love toward all the brethren in all Macedonia, and in the exercise of this amiable spirit, he would have them 'increase more and more'—keep it perpetually active, ever enlarging its expansiveness and warmth, and thus carrying out beautifully the teachings of God.

On this requisition, he knew every thing depended. It was and is the essential spirit of all true progress, infusing so much of its own nature into every mental faculty as to mould and temper it in harmony with the highest good. 'Increase more and more!' is the ever sounding voice of our religion. We have no time to halt—even our sleep should contribute to our growth and strength. The vital spirit should make us like the oak, which at first sprung from a small seed which the light wind could roll as it pleased, and is now a lofty monarch, having braved all seasons, and partook of all influences that contribute to growth and perfection. There it now stands firm, strong, noble, majestic, and yet beautiful. Even so it should be with the christian. The believer should not imagine that he can become an oak in an hour after the acorn of truth finds its deposit in the soil of the heart.

'Here a little and there a little,' must be the order of its expansion. Now and then will come times and seasons when a mighty impulse will be given and the increase be great. But after all, the great hope must be in the continuous though imperceptible enlargement, as a bud unfolds, or a fruit is formed.

'Increase more and more!' is the command—the command of Him who formed the mind, and gave to every capacity the power of expansion, by which there is a greater force locked up in the human soul than is concealed in the bosom of the sea. Man boasts of that science and philosophy by which he dips from the great reservoir a little of the element, confines it as it suits him, and then he stands as the genius of art leading on the mighty train with the speed of the wind. A powerless body that water seemed as it passed from one receiver to another, but science applied its magic, and lo! its expansive force is wonderful! Christianity is a better science. It deals with a better element, in union with more precious and delicate mechanism. It would combine love with our whole being—fearfully and wonderfully made; and so operate as to make man a leader of humanity, with the vast train of social existences, onward over the grand way of righteousness and truth. O it is a wonderful science! coming with its simple and winning proposition to the little child and swelling his young heart with the affections it expands, and giving the mightiest elevation to the lofty spirit of him who has entered into the far depths of Truth's mysterious temple, who communes with the stars as one that reads distinctly the illumined page of Night, and treads the earth as its lord. It has its dew drop for the babe, and its rolling worlds for the philosopher. It has its delicate and fragrant rose for the invalid, and its heavy task to draw out to the fartherest tension the muscles of the ponderous arm of the mighty. It is the science of God, of Humanity, of Destiny! To be learned in that is to be learned indeed, though infinitely less is the grandeur and glory of his increase who is but a theoretical student, in contrast with him who is a practical christian philosopher. The least in the kingdom of God—in the ranks of the followers of the Regenerator in the Regeneration, is greater than the greatest under John the Baptist—the pioneer to Truth—to the Way and the Life! 'I beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more. And,' continues our Teacher, 'study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands.' Important matters for consideration—important matters for practice. Let us not turn from them.

The peace and prosperity of the Thessalonian christians were greatly injured by what the Apostle terms 'disorderly walking,' in those who were 'busy-bodies, working not at all.' These busy-bodies worked enough in their own way, as their name implies. But it was work unproductive of good and hurtful in the extreme—hurtful to the individual in the disposition it cherished; hurtful to the church by the dissensions it created; and hurtful to the unbelieving world by the reasons it gave for reproach of the christians. It might well form a subject of concern in the Apostle's mind, and demand from him the counsels it did draw out. These counsels are for our good, for a slight glance at what makes up the variety of our bustling, busy world, is sufficient to teach us that we need the injunctions referred to. There is too much busy idleness in the world around us—people busy in what does not concern them as duty, and idle in reference to what they should do. These are discords in the social hymn, and spoil many a beautiful harmony—as disagreeable as a creaking door when the conversation must be in whispers.

Here I pause to disclaim all admiration for selfish Quietists, who wrap themselves up in themselves and care not for the struggling world around them. These take as wild an extreme as the others, and lock themselves as truly in a monastery as him of the cowl and beads. They know not the great purpose of their being; they judge the world too much from the study, and too little from mingling where they hear the low sound of beating hearts, as the throbbing of far hidden, exquisite enginery. They do not magnetize their hearts with social sympathy, so as to have the spirit of acute penetration. Society would stand still, if they were its main wheels. I speak not of the

physically infirm, whose hearts beat strong in feeble casements, though society never hears them. God hears them and they have his blessing. But I speak of the mentally indifferent, who are ever thinking of the lion in the street, and of being slain if they venture out, and who never pray for Samson strength to struggle with the foe, that they may repeat the riddle—'Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.' Had they been with Moses in the wilderness, many times would they have been of those who tempted him to return to Egypt, forgetting the command received when the Lord said: 'Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward!'

Let it be remembered that the Apostle does not, in the motto, commend as a virtue the natural temperament which makes quietness a pervading feature of the characters of some—a sluggish movement of the blood and a delicateness of habit which requires a world where no thunder and lightning are generated; for he frequently speaks of the christian as a soldier—a warrior clad in full armor and with great determination of spirit and boldness of courage, prepared for the stern conflict, as well as for the affectionate and silent communion with the God and the Prince of peace.

We must recall Paul's example, as we meditate on his words, and understand the quietness he loved, to be a quietness compatible with the noblest activity—with the exercise of every manly attribute, and full devotion to social good. There must be jars and crashes, and we must prepare our nerves for them. There are fierce spirits to be met, and we must be ready not to quail. There are grievous sights to see, and we must not turn from them. We must be like the true son of the sea. He knows what to expect. He contrasts himself with what he has to deal with and feels humble;—he thinks of God and his promises, and becomes strong. He knows who rules above both storm and calm, and willingly meets them both. And both do him good. They form the variety of his character; and his history is as rich in instruction as in incident. When you see him, you know him. You connect him at once with the sea, and think of what he has been familiar with—face to face. You see one whose motto is—'Duty is ours, events are God's!' and its spirit being made a part of his life, causes him to enjoy richly the soft loveliness of the calm, to find exquisite pleasure in contending with a good spirit with the rude and various powers of the most excited time, and with bold and honest courage to meet the stern trial, waiting the worst and hoping the best, strong through the consciousness of duty done. So is it with the christian and the ever restless and ever changing sea of society. He adds not to needless noise and confusion; he seeks to do his own business, and not leave the work he ought to do to others.

The first duty enjoined—'*Study* to be quiet,' implies a necessity for effort and continued application. To *study* requires application of the mind according to certain rules, or appropriate means; and the earnestness of application must be in accordance with the difficulties to be contended with and the importance of the matter at issue. In order to claim the character of a true student, there must be the manifestation of persevering and careful diligence—a willingness to submit to necessary processes of thought and experiment, and a due regard to every step from first premises to final deductions. And more than this;—he must continue his studies as long as he has any thing to study, or power of mind to engage. When he ceases to study, he ceases to be a student. He dreams he is perfect—that he has 'finished his education'—and reads not the great moral of the ever changing of the aspect of society, which requires a continuous studious spirit to understand the application of christian principles to the exigencies of the present time, in view of the future. We must be practical, as well as theoretical students, for thus only can we be of his disciples who bade men follow him in the Regeneration—the remoulding of the social elements.

Thus we must see that the quietness required, is compatible and must be united with an energetic activity, both in the individual and in the social. And here let us think of who wrote our motto, and we shall see the subject illustrated. It is Paul—Paul the ever enthusiastic apostle, continually surrounded with stormy elements and most fiercely opposed at every step—now stoned, now beaten with rods, now clamorously assailed, now imprisoned, now singing and praying amid an earthquake. This taught him that study as he might, he would not be able to be quiet—he could not cease to be an agitator—he could not fold his hands and say—Done! Yet how do we see him act amid this rage of the elements of storm and fury? As doth the son of the sea, to whom we have alluded. He maintains a noble self-possessing spirit, as conscious that if he gives himself to the storm all will be lost—his companions sacrificed, and the ship he commands foundered. The winds must blow, and he must think quick, resolve with rapidity, and act with decision; and as thus he does, he appears the genius of quietness amid the fury around. Thus it was with Paul. He never created a storm through an angry spirit—through a meddlesome disposition—through an idle disregard of real usefulness, but studied to be quiet. Yet when a storm arose, he did not shrink into himself—he did not sacrifice principle for a momentary and deceptive peace, nor did he give up any attribute of manliness. He stood and studied to be quiet. He acted according to his study, and one great moral of his history is—that the true Reformer amid the stormiest seasons of contending minds, will prize dearly what contributes to love and peace, and will aim to win man as well as to advocate principles.

The Apostle thus spake the truth in love, kept to the great objects of his mission or business, and worked with his own powers as one that loved to work, true to his own advice—'As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.'

And wherefore is all this enjoined upon us?

1. That we may be men of principle and hold fast to truth as the only conservative spirit that can produce desirable and lasting peace. God is unchangeable, because he is true to principles and adheres thereto through all seasons and all ages. And only thus can our ways be as the ways of God, though evermore infinitely removed in perfectibility. In this we should increase more and more. In devotion thereto, we should possess our souls in quietness; do what we can for the order of home, society, and the church, and rejoice in hope, whatever be the indications of present ill fortune.

This we need in many relations, as continually we are tried by what we cannot control. We may illustrate the application of this truth as it relates to business, to politics, to social life, to the various associations for reforms, by alluding to what, as Universalists, we are called to meet. Against us there is, and probably will be, the most unprincipled opposition—the worst and most disgraceful weapons and means employed, and the most censurable disregard of all honorable modes of mental warfare. We are classed with the vilest of the vile; all true love of spiritual things is denied us; and our name is bandied about with every vulgar epithet, so that we are often compelled to say to our brethren in James' words: 'Do not they blaspheme that worthy name by which ye are called.' Broad upon the folds of our banner, which we erect on the tower into which even 'the righteous' are forced to run in the time of trouble, we inscribe—'Universal Salvation!' The ultimate salvation of undivided humanity from error, sin, and death. And yet we are styled lovers of sin, crying peace to the wicked, and every circumstance that can be used to our disadvantage is circulated with eagerness, is believed with all the colorings given by those who love to paint man as depravity personified. All the evil in their own ministry is wept over as the mournful effects of the lingerings of Adam's sin in the constitution and the violence of Satan's attacks upon the children of God; while all the evil seen or imagined in our ministry, is traced direct to the licentious tendency of our principles. And thus it will be. Thus we must be tortured. Thus our sensibilities will often be outraged, and our hearts sicken at what we hear and read. But what is our duty? Is it to grow weak and despair, because of this? No! Our duty is to fall back upon our principles and by them be strengthened anew. Thus has it been with many a Reformer, when the reverberating echo of a world's laugh and scorn perpetually sounded on his ear. The sneers and mockery of congregated thousands cannot affect the life of great principles of Truth, else christianity were dead when the Lord of life and glory was crucified and slain. O Jesus on the cross was destined to hear and see worse than we do, and never can we be racked as he was. See him there! thou who faintest! Think of what he saw—think of what he heard—think of how he acted—acted when hands and feet were nailed and his head drooped! Think of those eyes whose light no enemy could utterly dim—think of those lips wreathed with a smile of mercy, while agony of body would make them quiver and purple! O my brethren, glory in the spirit of the Cross! Study to be quiet as your Master was. Let the enemy nail us to the accursed tree in company with thieves, if they will; but let us so prove the divinity of our religion, that that cross of shame may be changed to a symbol of conquest and glory.

Thus shall we obey the exhortation following our motto, to conduct ourselves honestly towards those who are without and have lack of nothing.

And we are to think of those within—to study to be quiet in reference to the brotherhood of Faith. Every christian grace and virtue thrives best in peace, and to preserve peace should be our constant and earnest study. Dissensions within will weaken us more than opposition without; and therefore the Apostle often repeated to every church the exhortation, to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. With earnestness and tears he often called them to think of the humbleness and lowliness of Jesus, how he pleased not himself—thought not merely of his own gratification, and how he labored to illustrate the law of love and union. We must be united in reference to the great objects of our cause, and not permit things of minor importance to distract and confuse us. We must remember that we are laboring for the future—that we are to add stone after stone surely and harmoniously to the walls of the glorious and indestructible temple, in anticipation of the time when the universal cry shall be—'Grace, grace unto it!' Things of the present hour should be lightly weighed, when compared with the importance of those which pertain to the permanency of the church; not that the latter require a relinquishment of principle—a desertion of aught honorable and good, for they do not; and I speak only of matters of feeling and taste, when I speak of things of the present hour.

I should not be misunderstood, and I cannot be, if the general sentiment I have advanced, be candidly considered in union with the present proposition. When we hear of persons who are said to have 'an understanding one way, and a feeling another,' we know what is meant. We know that this explains why professors of the loving and generous principles of christian truth, sometimes allow themselves to be carried into paths never pointed out by Jesus as leading to unity and success. In their hours

of calm reflection, they know what their principles require of them—they know what human nature demands of the generous and candid, and they think they realize the beauty of consistency of principle and conduct—the beauty of Christ and the glory of God. But their feelings carry them too soon astray. Before they are aware of it, they have looked as stern and answered as coldly as in the past; and though in the secret retirement they weep in bitterness, yet as soon as they are out in the world, they are again lost, and love's law is violated. The subordination of the sensitive to the intellectual part of our being, is the most difficult portion of the task of properly balancing our powers, but is attended with the most important results. We would not lessen the sensitive, but cultivate the intellectual and religious, and thus control it—thus study to be quiet. The wise man saith—'only by *pride* cometh contention.' Is it so? I will not venture to deny its truth, but repeat the Apostle's exhortation—'I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly'—with deliberation and not with undue warmth—with remembrance of one's own failings and not as though he himself were perfect—with a desire not only for individual opinion and taste, but for the general good. There is indeed a holy meaning in the Apostle's language when he bade the disciples to submit themselves one to another in the fear of God. Not that one or some should erect a confessional to which all should come, or a test by which all should be tried, but that the whole should regard their relative duties, be advised and advise, and work together for the furtherance of all that is truthful, good, and blessed. Even so be it with us.

Providence, R. I.

THE WRECKED MARINER.

A LEGEND OF MARBLEHEAD.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

All night the fearful storm had swelled
Along the rocky coast,
And high against the blackened cliffs
The foaming billows toss'd.

The booming of the minute gun
Blends with the thunder's roar;
Woe! to the bark that's struggling now
Upon that dangerous shore.

The Indian started from his couch,
As the wild sounds swept by;
Was it a dream? or did he hear
The great Manitou's cry?

The foot of 'pale-face' ne'er had pressed
The sod his people roamed,
Nor tall ship ventured there, where now,
The angry surges foamed.

Again it comes! unknown before
His warrior breast to fear;
But now he quailed; he who had stood
Unmoved when death was near.

Unea, of the sunny eye!
An Indian maiden bright,
Sleepless within her tent had lain,
Thro' the tempestuous night.

She was the glory of her tribe
A beauteous Indian belle;
With eyes—such as are only seen
In the glorious gazelle.

Her step was fleetest in the chase,
And lightest in the dance;
And round her like a halo fell
The light of her soft—glance.

The morning dawned—cloudless and clear
As faith's serenest sky;
She strung her bow and wandered forth,
Unheeding—listlessly.

Her bounding feet had scaled the rocks
Ere she was half aware;
But oh! the startling sight that met
Her hurried glances there.

A being clinging to the cliffs
Formed like her own brave race;
But oh! how different the hue
Of his unearthly face!

Breathless she stood—her dark eyes bent
Full on his kneeling form;
Could it be *his*—that fearful voice;
Borne on the last night's storm!

Yet there was something in his eye
That brooded like a spell
Upon her wild untutored soul;
Gently her footsteps fell.

As timidly to his side she drew,
He pointed to the wreck,
There lay, between the rifted rock
A fragment of the deck.

With all the quickness of her race
She felt his mute appeal;
And marked the flush of agony
Across his pale brow steal.

She led him to her Father's lodge,
And tended him with care,
With herbs and spells she healed his wounds;
Did not *love* spring up there?

Oh, yes! she'd say, when in her moods
Of wild idolatry—
I wonder not the deep sea moaned,
In yielding one like thee;

For she could never comprehend
The voices of that night,
But still thought 'twas the ocean's cry,
For the young pale brow's flight.

She taught him with unerring aim
To hurl the fatal dart;
And he—what gave he in return?
The birth-right of the heart!

A brave young warrior long had sought
Unea, for his bride,
And saw with frowning—jealous eyes,
The pale-face by her side.

He sought her tent; the old chief plucked
A wild rose from the tree,
His bride—he said—who hits this flower,
Shall the young maiden be.

Unea, rose; father—the rock!
There let the trial be;
For there begun—and there shall end,
My web of destiny.

Quick thro' the lodge the tidings flew,
And ere night-fall drew near,
A dusky throng was gathered there
With hunting-bow and spear.

The last rays of the setting sun
Illumined rock and flood,
And statue-like within their midst
The young Unea stood.

One hand was resting on her bow,
The other slightly placed
Beneath her robe; a heron's plume
Her queenly forehead graced.

A sapling—crown'd with regal rose
Was placed upon the rock,
Frail flower! not thou—nor maiden's heart,
Can stand the rude spear's shock!

The young brave drew his arrow forth
And strung his pliant bow;
Swiftly it sped, oh! joy! 'twas lost
In the glad ocean's flow.

A murmur broke; the pale face rose,
And all was hushed again.
Again it swells! arrow and rose
Sweep o'er the glowing main!

A wild shriek from Unea broke,
She sprung—but oh! too late!
An arrow from the warrior's bow,
Had sealed young Henri's fate.

Her heart forboded this, she knew
The deadly hate he'd feel;
And hid beneath her star-wrought robe
The swift avenging steel.

Quicker than thought—aye! quicker far
Than lightning words can tell—
She hurled the glittering tomahawk,
And the brave warrior fell.

With one light bound she gained the verge
Of the terrific steep,
Great Spirit! forgive the deed, she cried,
And plunged into the deep.

SKETCHES FROM THE MEMORY. NO. II.

BY REV. T. P. ABELL.

'And snatch the faithless fugitives to light.' ROGERS.

BEHIND TIME.

'Too late! the curse of life! could we but read
In many a heart, the thoughts that inly bleed,
How oft were found
Engraven deep, those words of saddest sound—
(Curse of our mental state!)
Too late—too late!'

Philosophers and sages, as well as poets and gentlemen of easy fortunes, are singularly unanimous in the opinion that life is altogether a haphazard affair. Once in a while, besure, we meet with an individual who will affirm that we may at our own will, 'make or mar' our respective destinies,—that, especially we Yankees, may take dame Fortune by the *left* ear and lead her whithersoever we please. Such persons are unquestionably superb dreamers,—nothing more. And it is a fact worthy of particular mention in this veritable document, that their encouraging visions are seldom realized in their own history. Credit them for their benevolence; they dream for others. Say what they will, life is one grand scene of mishaps and blundering casualties,—generally shifting itself along in a beautiful serio-comico manner, just as the little cogs of the 'wheel within a wheel' chance to match in harmony with their fellows.

It is the part of philosophy to view nothing as strange, however unaccountable it may at first seem. But certainly it was a little strange that Solomon Sleeper was ever cognominated Solomon Sleeper. He was always,—that is in the former part of his career,—an exceedingly wakeful and stirring gentleman. His name was therefore a most glaring misnomer. It was a sort of paternal libel, which he had been ungenerously doomed to carry forever about with him. As the faithful chronicler of some of the most important events of his life, we must here premise that, after long and, we think, mature deliberation on the subject, we are convinced that many of his misfortunes are justly attributable to the undefinable agency of his personal appellative. Ah, what is there not in a name?

Solomon Sleeper, in early life, was a lad of great

promise. At least, such was the profound judgment of his parents and the impartial domestics; and who should know better than they? We pass over the history of his earlier school years by noting only, that Solomon was successively eulogized by his kind instructors, though, in conclusion, they generally mingled some hints about 'tardiness' with their superfluous praise. 'Never mind,' the mother would self-consolingly remark, 'his father was so before him, and was none the worse for that.'

In due time Solomon became a sophomore. He sported an ivory-headed rattan,—each ear was buried beneath a brush-heap of chestnut locks,—and a gold repeater laid in his fob on his left breast, and beat beside his beating heart. On the whole, his appearance was rather promising, and he found himself in agreeable company. But Solomon was studious. He did not suffer the novelty of his situation to attract him from his books. Indeed, he was not content to follow on in the regular course of his class. He was ambitious. He therefore voluntarily multiplied his labors far beyond the usual extent. He consequently soon found himself embarrassed for want of time. He was frequently unseasonable in his attendance at the recitations. An occasional lecture from the Professor was found insufficient to cure him of the vice, not of studying too little, but too much. Great indulgence was extended to him. It was acknowledged by the faculty that he made truly praiseworthy proficiency. But he became more and more unobservant of the regulations of the Institution. Such a practice could not be allowed. It would corrupt the 'young gentlemen' who, it was confessed, were generally less book-inclined than Solomon. Therefore, just after entering upon the third year of his collegiate studies, Solomon Sleeper was expelled for tardiness.

'La me!' said the mother, as she placed her glasses across her olfactory tunnel preparatory to reading the letter announcing the fact of her son's expulsion, —'la me,' said the mother, 'Solomon is a *genus*, and how can they expect him to conform to the petty rules of that little school?' And thereupon the unfortunate young man was affectionately invited to visit his mother.

Students from college,—especially when sent home in disgrace,—are peculiarly apt to fall in love. They want, above all things else, human sympathy. They say:—

> 'In science do we wildly seek
> What only withering years should bring,
> The feeble pulse, the languid cheek,
> The spirits drooping on their wing.'

The heart yearns for a fellow heart to lean on. Solomon Sleeper had strange sensations of loneliness and desolation. He had been profligate of the midnight oil,—for long days and nights—nay months—nay, again, for years, he had fevered, boiled his delicate brain; and now he had found only degradation and desertion. Of what avail were his heart-wearying toils, while no eye beamed kindly upon him, and no fair, soft hand, in the warmth and truth of friendship, sprung forth to clasp his own? 'O,' he exclaimed, as he laid his lank hand upon his bosom, 'oh for one drop of the waters of affection to quench this parching thirst.' And Solomon Sleeper was ready to fall in love.

The stage wheeled around in front of the boarding house. It was on a bright sunshiny morning in June.

'All ready?' said the gentlemanly driver, as he opened the door of the coach and moved back the end of the centre seat.

It was a very singular phenomenon that Solomon found himself seated directly opposite to a young lady of very rare beauty. He had observed her in the outset of his cursory survey of his fellow passengers. The second survey seemed necessary, which was accomplished with less haste. It was wondrously satisfactory, especially the conclusion, it having been performed in a reversed manner from the preceding, terminating where the other commenced. At first his breath grew slow and heavy. Then he *did* move. He twirled his thumbs, and then the tassels of his umbrella. He looked at the face of his watch, and then at the face of ——. Heavens! their eyes meet. We pass on.

The pleasing predicament was evidently mutual. The use of their tongues seemed a pastime as delightful as it was unremitting. Solomon was confident that he had never met with so many striking qualifications and accomplishments in any one lady before. And when the stage drew up at her father's gate, near sunset, he had positively promised, in passing that way again, which would be *soon*, to call upon her. The parting glances were flashed off, and on whirled the stage. Solomon took the vacated seat, leaned back his head, and closed his eyes. In a moment more, he was plainly far away among the castles and paradise-bowers of Dream-land.

The next day Mrs. Sleeper welcomed her son. But she was surprised at his strangely altered appearance. Undoubtedly, thought she, his ill treatment at college greatly afflicts him. Ah, what secrets hath the young heart that may not be revealed to the elder generation!

But home had unquestionably lost its charms for Solomon Sleeper. Every thing appeared so different. He cared for nothing now that he used to love. All had changed. At length, however, he unpacked his books. *They* seemed like old familiar friends. He resumed his studies. But alas, not with the same cheerful alacrity and resolute determination as formerly. There was a dreariness in his room which he had never experienced before.

After some few months of fruitless effort, Solomon, at the close of a beautiful autumnal day, while his

parents were seated in their snug little parlor, remarked to them in a very indifferent tone, that he had finally concluded to marry.

'Marry!' said the mother, as her glasses, which she had just wiped and was about replacing, fell from her hands upon the floor, which slight accident freed them from a few weeks' service.

'Marry!' said the father, and he overthrew his chair as he rose to pace the floor.

'Marry!' repeated the son, 'and what is there in such an act that should so frighten you?'

It was all to no purpose. Solomon Sleeper had determined to change his condition 'for better or for worse.' And on the next day he was journeying toward the residence of the interesting stage acquaintance of whom we have just spoken. The lady received him very politely, and Solomon thought, with some demonstrations of pleasure. But they might have been equivocal. After an hour's conversation on common topics, Solomon proceeded to make known to his fair friend the object of his visit. She heard him at first very attentively, but soon interrupted him by remarking that she was 'sorry to occasion him any disappointment, but it was necessary that she should inform him that she was yesterday married to a young gentleman to whom she should be very happy to introduce him, if he would tarry awhile and favor them with his company at tea.'

'*Tarry!*' said Solomon very significantly, as he took a 'French leave' in a very un-Frenchified manner.

'Tarry a while,' he muttered, as he sought the nearest hotel, 'I have tarried too long already;' and from that confession he endeavored to extract the balm of consolation.

Again was Solomon an altered man, on his return home. He now seemed cheerful and happy. No allusions were made to *the* wife. His parents appeared quite as unconcerned on that subject as he could wish to have them.

Solomon Sleeper, on awakening from his enervating dream, found himself yet without any chosen pursuit or calling. This subject gave him some anxiety. He determined at length to mark out some regular course of duty, and vigorously to follow it. And so, after long meditation, finding himself strongly inclined to the pursuits of literature, he decided on becoming an author! By way of initiating himself into some of the mysteries of authorship, he engaged to furnish the publisher of a very popular magazine with a stated quantity of manuscript matter. But alas, Solomon knew nothing of the voraciousness of printers' imps. He was unfamiliar with the sounds of the eternal cry after 'copy, copy.' He must have 'time,' 'time.' He could not furnish the stipulated supplies without. It was all very delicate work. He could labor only when the god moved within him. Too much was at stake to allow of haste or carelessness. He must have time. But the printer, also, must have 'matter.' Types and steam are impatient of human delay.

Solomon Sleeper was in trouble. He had been in trouble before. But his present difficulties were new, and they were, moreover, quite as annoying as any previous ones. They had a much wider bearing. The public was connected with them, but more intimately, and which was the darker feature to him, the reputation and pecuniary interest of the responsible individuals were also affected.

After occasioning frequent vexations and delays, though great forbearance and kindness were exercised toward him, he received the following laconic epistle from his publisher:

'To Solomon Sleeper, Esq.—Dear Sir: I have so often reminded you that "procrastination is the thief of time," that I am unwilling any longer to subject myself to this trouble. It is not without much regret that I take this step, but duty to myself and the public requires it. You will therefore consider our engagement hereby disannulled.

Yours, &c. —— ——.'

Alas, poor Solomon Sleeper! How was he forever wound up in the meshes of his industrious indolence! How were his glorious dreams of scholarship, and of love, and of ambition, turned into wormwood and gall, from the simple fact that Solomon Sleeper, Esq. was so unfortunate as to be a little BEHIND TIME!

Haverhill, Mass.

THE OFFERING.

BY JULIA.

What offering shall I bring to Thee,
My Father and my God!
Thou who hast blest the varied path
That I so far have trod.
Thou hast been with me in the hour
Of trial, pain and care,—
What grateful offering unto Thee,
Most humbly shall I bear.

I bring not Joy—though few the years
That I have known on earth,
My heart has lost its lightsome mood,
My lip its wonted mirth;
For mournfulness hath dimmed my eye
And shadowed o'er my brow,
And tones that spoke of nought but joy,
Speak but of sadness now.

I bring not Beauty—all too dim
This tearful eye hath grown,
And from my cheek the pleasant light
Of other days is flown;
I bring a prayer for added strength,
Whate'er may be my lot;
I bring an humbled, contrite heart—
Father! reject it not.

Philadelphia.

THE GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

HOUR SECOND.

Well, the idle hour has come again—the idle, dreamy summer hour. Not now am I snugly reposing in the arms of my Tabby-velvet, and gazing out upon that quiet village scene. This parlor rocking-chair, of crimson velvet, (not an unwelcome substitute) commands a far different view—a view of jostling crowds, and brick pavements, and vehicles of every form, and character, and device; of bearded manhood, and budding childhood, and laughing beauty; of tottering eld, and creeping invalidity; of all the indescribable varieties of human being and human action.

What a contrast between city and country life! How different the objects that claim our admiration and awaken our interest. *Here* Art is queen of the kingdom. She erects her arches, and rears her turrets, and cuts out of the shapeless marble, statuary of surpassing beauty. We look through the dusty pane into the dark and cheerless apartment of the sculptor. Forms of breathless beauty are around him—the creations of his own soul, the visible manifestations of the loveliest ideals of a human spirit. Through the bow-windows of the shopman glitter the costliest jewels, and fabrics of the richest material, and rarest workmanship. Wherever we turn, *all* is Art.

But *there*, in the green and breezy country, Nature has established her eternal rule. Her domes are the spreading branches of giant oaks and lofty sycamores; her columns are the moss-painted trunks of century-old trees; her altars are grass-grown banks, jewelled with golden dandelions; and upon every nodding bough and in every tuft of sedge, sit her wild and tuneful minstrels, pouring forth their lays of melting sweetness, or gathering into their little hearts themes for a thousand future songs.

And yet, despite the contrast, one grows, in time, to love the city, even if it be only from a love of his own kind. One grows, even, to love the very streets; not that they are beautiful, save in the living beauty that trips over them; but there are *associations*—associations without which the most glorious scenes in the universe are dull, and speechless, and tame. It is *not* the love of the physically beautiful which makes the charm of human existence; it is *not* outward loveliness and glory which makes one spot of earth dearer to us than another. There is something within, and beyond all this. There is a *spirit* as well as a form, necessary even to inanimate things—a spirit of memory and of association.

The most magnificent residence in the vicinity of our metropolis, would be less dear, and less lovely to us as *strangers*, than the dirtiest, and meanest, and gloomiest of its streets, if only kind hearts had beat for us there, if only gentle eyes had smiled, and voices had uttered their words of love, and the feelings of our own souls had been holy and pure, around its most desolate hearthstone.

Those old trees across the street, with their crooked branches and deep green foliage—how well I have grown to love them from the very simplest of associations! I love them *because I watch them*—because they are ever before my eyes through the day, and the sound of their waving leaves is in my ears through the night. I love them because they are benefactors to the race that bustles around them; because they cast their cooling shade over the dusty and weary plodder; because they cheer the invalid's eye, and speak to finite perishing man, of the Infinite and Imperishable God.

HOUR THIRD.

Night in this great and bustling city! beautiful, glorious night! The country is grand, gloomy, and solemn now, but the city is a scene of most impressive magnificence. Look forth with me from this lofty window, into the long and glittering street. The gas-lights glare on either hand, and floods of radiance stream from the windows of lofty dwellings and gild the black and wavy branches of those giant trees that overshadow the Mall, illustrating in *mezzotint* as it were, the gorgeous descriptions of the Poets of the Orient.

Night in the city! The billowy mass of human life that has been sounding its ocean-like anthem through the long, midsummer day, is as hushed and quiet now as though its great heart had ceased to beat. The hoarse bay of a watch dog from a neighboring stable, the half-smothered cry of a restless infant, the hollow cough of some sleepless invalid, the heavy tread of the muffled watchman,—these are all the sounds that give token of the presence of life in this great and crowded city. How impressive is this silence! how solemn! It awes me more than the crashing thunder, or the roar of the storm-king upon the ocean. The spirit fancies itself alone in the universe—human life all dead, and no companion save the glittering stars, whose rays of light come to our souls with as sweet an influence, almost, as messages from the absent whom we love. Never do we so truly feel the presence of the Infinite as now. Never are we so conscious of the sway He holds over our spiritual being. Hushed, and reverent, and thrilled with holy love, we bow down before Him, and his blessing fills our souls.

Boston, Mass.

Let christians as a body, without distinction of name, marshal themselves together in Union's friendly host, and plant the banner of freedom on the broad towers of Humanity's Love—the Cross! PR.

MRS. ABIGAIL HITCHINGS.

An obituary of Mrs. Hitchings has been forwarded to us for preservation, and we are happy thus to let the dead still speak. 'Their path shineth after them'—a glory in the West tells of the brilliant agent of God that has departed, and to give the soul to holy musing is a natural dictate of the feeling heart. It is for the good of the living, that we speak of the dead. It is that we may emulate the virtues that embalm their memory, and from the tomb may come the voice of the Resurrection. Let us heed it, and press on animated by the encouragement—'Be faithful unto death and I will give you a crown of life.'

'*Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*'

'If any woman ever lived in Lynn, who deserved to have "a tomb of orphan's tears wept over her," it was she whose name is at the head of this article. She was truly a "Mother in Israel," and has perhaps done as much practical good as any other woman who ever resided in the town. This is not an unmerited eulogium, poured like a thousand others over the undeserving dead. We say it, because we have known her from the earliest hour of our remembrance, and we never saw more practical good sense, extensive intelligence, and active benevolence united in a woman.

Abigail Robinson was born on St. John's day, 1760; and she was eighty-two years of age at the time of her decease. She married twice. Her first husband was Mr. Isaac Meachum; her second Major Ezra Hitchings, well known as Post Master of Lynn for many years. She had no children of her own, but she had the nurture and bringing up of more than twenty others; nearly half of whom were orphans, whom she took in charity; and the care which she took of their physical, moral and mental culture, has entitled her to the gratitude of numerous families in this and other towns. There are many men living who have been acquainted with her for many years, who will bear witness to the truth of the remark, that a kinder, more intelligent and careful teacher and governess, could not at that period been easily found. Her dignity of person, her sobriety of manner, her purity of moral character, her extensive acquaintance with the world, her intercourse with the best families, her respect for the high, her regard for the poor, her rich understanding, her store of learning, and her uniform propriety of expression, all directed by her plain good sense, rendered her eminently beloved, respected and useful. She retained her faculties to the last; and her society, even at that advanced age, was sought by many of the best informed minds, who appreciated and enjoyed her cheerful, intelligent and soundly sensible conversation. She looked with an eye of admiration on the beauties of nature, and she enjoyed with a heart of love the goodness of the benevolent Creator of all things animate and inanimate. There was a natural vein of piety running through her whole life, and she never neglected that devotion which is of the heart. We regret that the few past hours of her long and useful life were disquieted by the superstitious zeal of a few selfish spirits, who wished to unsettle her confidence of the universal goodness of the Deity, and to send her hopes drifting down the uncertain channels of bigotry. There are some of these rigidly righteous, who talk to us of certain stones being unfit for the workmanship of the temple, because they cannot be wrought into their selfish fabrics; but when the Lord comes he will know what to do with them, and we believe that many of these rejected will be found to be precious gems, fit for the Master's use, and all the more valuable, because their inherent beauty and worth have not been marred and distorted by being wrought into buildings made by men's hands. Among all these agitations her faith remained unshaken, and her reply to their importunities was, that 'Religion was a thing between God and the soul, and that she was willing and ready to settle with Him." She said that "Christ suffered not for a handful, he died for all." Noble spirit! thou hast gone to thy reward, and transcendently blessed will those who troubled thee be, if they arrive at thy beatitude! May thine eternity in Heaven be as happy as thy days on earth were useful.

In a good old age she has passed away,
And gone down to sleep with her kindred clay,
But her spirit shall rest, in the hope to rise,
With the good and the blest, to her native skies.

ALEPH.'

A HAPPY DEATH SCENE.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

The following lines were written in the excitement of a death scene at Towanda, more than a year since. They are now first published. The lady to whom they were addressed was a member of the Methodist church—but died in the triumph of that faith which teaches us that God is the Father and Savior of all. She had been much troubled in mind for several days, from a wavering and unsettled faith. The night previous to her decease, she sent for Mrs. Scott and myself to visit her. She told us her doubts—and said that a great many of her Methodist sisters had been there, and had 'worried' her by their talk. She wished *us* to talk—she could not, could not die so unhappy. We spent the night at her bed-side, conversing with her, and reading from the Bible. 'O don't stop! *do* talk,' she would exclaim, at every pause—'you don't know how happy it makes me to hear you.' We left her in the morning, calm and hopeful. At night

again, we visited her. A group of Methodist and Presbyterian church members surrounded her. She was addressing them in the most affectionate and consoling language. 'Do not weep,' she said, 'do not weep when I am so happy. We shall meet again soon—meet in heaven. God's grace is sufficient for us all. O my friends, I am *very* happy! I want you should sing with me—sing "I would not live always."' They sang—but with choked and trembling voices; hers rose up clear and strong and triumphant above them all. 'Yes, dear ones,' she said, when the hymn was through—'yes, "the smile of the Lord *is* the feast of the soul!" It is indeed!' After singing several other hymns, Mrs. S. and I left her for a few minutes, during which time these lines were written; when we returned she was lying so hushed we thought not best to speak to her; she had previously kissed us and bade us farewell—and had taken leave of each member of her family. Perfect peace had possession of her soul; she needed no consolation. Young, beautiful, and beloved, she passed away from the earth without a sigh—passed, indeed, with songs of triumph and hallelujahs upon her lips.

LINES TO MRS. CLEMANA ELWELL,

On the evening of her Death.

STRENGTH! dear sister—God is nigh thee—
His kind arm is round thee thrown;
Sister-angels, too, are by thee—
Feel that thou art not alone.

No, thy Savior will not leave thee—
He has passed the same dark way,
And his loving arm will save thee—
Lean on him—thine only stay.

Soon with happy spirits blending,
Thou shalt see and know his charms—
Guardian spirits round thee bending,
Wait to bear thee to his arms.

There through long, long years of gladness,
Thou shalt live in love and peace—
Not one hour shall tell of sadness—
Songs of joy shall never cease.

One by one thy friends shall meet thee,
Coming from this world of sin,
And with smiles of joy will greet thee—
Thou'lt be there to lead them in.

Farewell, sister—God is nigh thee—
Fare-thee-well!—we'll meet above;
Jesus, ever watching by thee,
Will receive thee to his love.

DO RIGHT. In all thy dealings, reader, do right!—many a serious evil has occurred, from even a very trivial omission of doing right. Be cautious of trespassing on others' rights, and thou wilt secure thine.

INVOCATION.

BY IONE.

LIGHT for my darkened soul,
Father Almighty! 'tis the boon I crave,
These wildering dreams that mock my vain control,
Lead me a blind but unresisting slave!

Strength for the weary wing,
Seeking a pathway that no eye can trace,
To bear the spirit to the living Spring,
O'er the blue fields of clear, unbounded space.

Hope for the lonely heart,
Whose earthly shrines have crumbled into dust!
Bid angel ministers that peace impart
Which fills the doubting with sustaining trust.

A mighty realm within
Each human breast, thou, O our God, hast made;
There can we turn amid a world of sin,
And hear thy thrilling voice, 'Be not afraid.'

Grant that no shadows sweep
O'er the horizon of this world unseen;
May angel-guards its holy portals keep,
While faith triumphant, lends it ray serene!

ELOQUENCE.

PETER the Hermit was a man who spake from the depths of an earnest spirit, and though he knew nothing of the graces of the schools, his eloquence entranced the attention of thousands and swayed the energies of great multitudes as he pleased. True eloquence, therefore, does not originate in, neither does it belong exclusively to the intellect. It springs from the heart—from the seat of emotion—from the fountain of deep feeling. When a man speaks what he feels, he cannot but be eloquent; words, deep, thrilling, moving, burning words, *will* come forth, to answer the requirements of this emotion which a man cannot suppress. This is inspiration. Truth, felt and endeared to the moral affections, is always inspiring; Christ was inspired as none others ever were, because he felt truth deeper, and it was more fully endeared to his moral affections, than it was felt by, or endeared to others; therefore he spake as never man spake—with an authority before which the teachings of the Scribes were but school boy repetitions of lessons learned. If, then, a man would be truly eloquent—and who does not wish to become so?—let him strive to obtain clear conceptions of truth—truth of the most lofty kind; and this he will find in those subjects which treat of God and man's nature and destiny. Let a man not studiously *learn* to feel these truths, but let him perceive them—let him realize that they are—and the very contemplation of them will rouse the dormant energies of the soul to the most intense and powerful action. H. & D.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

Our own Work. Notice of it.

Of our own work we must speak again to thank the many editors who have generously noticed the improvements and highly commended its literary and religious character We hope to continue to merit these approvals.

Some of our subscribers have entertained the idea that *a plate each month* was promised. Where they received such an impression we cannot tell—the Prospectus was plain enough, and that stated plates would be given—as they will be—once a quarter.

Br. Grosh—who has always been our steadfast friend and encourager—faults the work because the plate given has appeared in the 'Rose of Sharon.' We would state that the circulation of that work is very small compared with our own, and few of our patrons have seen the plates. The cost of having like engravings got up expressly and exclusively for this work, would *very far* exceed the most lavish outlay which could be justified by the present subscription. The Publisher does nobly, as matters now are, and every person that could be made acquainted with the financial concerns of this publication, would coincide with us. Every editor that has noticed the work, save Br. G., has seemed to realize this fact; and we do not in the least suppose that he would advise any more outlays should he look on the subscription books. For his many expressions of generous interest in the Repository, we tender him unfeigned thanks.

'*The Rose of Sharon, for* 1843. Edited by Miss S. C. Edgarton.'

The *Rose* for 1843, is passing into the Binder's hands. We have had the opportunity of examining a good portion of the pages, and are well satisfied of the excellence of the literary department. The plates are original, and will be finished in good style, while the whole of the mechanical execution of the work will prove to be of a high order. The paper and print are exquisite; and a new embossed cover has been obtained, more costly than that heretofore given, adding much to the elegance of the exterior. Several new contributors will be introduced to the reader, and from the most, if not all, of those whose articles have given value to the work, papers may be expected. Miss Edgarton still continues as Editor, and she will attend to her duties, no doubt, most faithfully. The cost of the work will be the same as heretofore, although the expenses of publication will be very greatly increased. It will be issued next month by the time of the meeting of the General Convention, that persons from a distance may send for it, who otherwise might not be able to obtain it.

We hope that Editors friendly to the work, will be kind enough to give some notice of the above in their respective publications.

The Life and Times of Martin Luther. By the author of 'Three Experiments of Living,' &c. Pp. 324.

We have just finished the reading of this most interesting work, in which, according to our conceptions of what Luther was, his character is graphically portrayed. It is not a dry detail of the events that developed the energies of the Reformer, but affords fine sketches of his times, historical pictures being linked in with the portrait of Luther in the various positions he sustained. It will carry the interested mind back to the age of darkness, and show the cost at which those privileges were bought, which are now free as air. The work is handsomely executed.

Views of the Architecture of the Heavens. In a Series of Letters to a Lady. By I. P. Nichol. N. York: H. A. Chapin & Co.

Here is a work that does the soul good to read, so abundant is the mingling of fresh religious feeling with the loftiest intellectuality. In this respect it is unlike any scientific work on Astronomy we have ever met with; and because of this peculiarity we wish to commend it to our readers. It is not a general treatise on Astronomy, but is designed to set forth 'what recent times have evolved concerning the vastness of the universe,' and certainly the author has proved himself worthy of the professorship of practical Astronomy which he holds in the university of Glasgow. The work is enriched with many plates—of which the author says: 'In most cases they will amply compensate for the want of powerful telescopes.' The American publishers have added some valuable and interesting notes, and a glossary, which will greatly assist many readers in appreciating the work. It is published at $1,25, and though but 158 pages, duodecimo, it is worth more than many huge volumes.

The Two Admirals. A Tale. By the author of 'The Pilot,' 'Red Rover,' &c. In two vols.

Mr. Mussey has kindly sent us this last work of our greatest American novelist. As the title indicates, it is another of his fine sea-tales—a class of fiction in which he seems made for pre-eminence.

The evolutions of fleets, as well as all the other mysteries of nautical science, are far beyond our ken; but we love the sea—and, doubtless, had we lived in the days of the Skioldmeyer, the stormy Baltic would not have been ignorant of our naval prowess. As it is, we are fain to content ourself with sitting in a quiet cabin on *terra firma*, and enjoying, in imagination, the stirring deeds of the naval heroes of Mr. Cooper.

The Two Admirals are masterly delineations;—they are living, breathing, acting *men*. It is against the rules of sentiment, we believe, to love more than one object at a time; but 'twas vain to resist—we were heartily in love with both Admirals at once;—and after all, it may have been no infringement of the aforesaid law, since these two were in all things inseparable. We should judge Sir Gervaise to have been the favorite of the author—to restore the balance, therefore, *we* may be allowed to incline a hair's breadth toward 'Dick Bluewater'—God bless him!

Without alluding to characters in detail, we pronounce them every one worthy of their author—and this is praise sufficient. He who drew the character of 'Leather Stocking' could not be guilty of an unskilful delineation.

We will close this brief notice with the following quotation—which is not the first place in which similar sentiments have been expressed by our author.

'I am resolute,' says Admiral Bluewater, 'to see that this world, for once, afford some compensation for its own miseries.'

'Never doubt that, Richard Bluewater,' replies Sir Gervaise Oakes, 'never doubt *that*. So certain is vice, or crime, to bring its own punishment in this life, that one may well question if any other hell is needed. And, depend upon it, your meek, modest ingenuousness will not go unrewarded.' S. C. E.

The Trumpet and Universalist Magazine. Boston, Mass.

This most popular of our weeklies, has entered upon a new and improved volume. The size of the paper is considerably enlarged; the type is new and handsome, and the mechanical execution is highly creditable to the taste and skill of the printer. We like the appearance of the first numbers very much, and trust that the talented editor will give to it a dignified character that shall command the respect of the liberal of all sects. He has our best wishes for the most desirable success.

Universalist Watchman and Christian Repository. Montpelier, Vt.

Here is before us the first number of a sterling paper of

few pretensions. The *Watchman* has always borne evidence of the industry of its present proprietor and editor—Rev. Eli Ballou. It has always had a good list of contributors, and we should judge that it must be highly valued by the friends of true evangelism in the Green Mountain State. The new volume is an improvement on the last—a smaller type is used. It announces Revs. R. Streeter, K. Haven, L. H. Tabor, and J. Baker, as Corresponding Editors. We hope this will amount to something, and that they will be faithful to their office. We hope that the excellent suggestions of R. S. (second article under editorial head in the first No.) will do good, and acting upon them, may the conductors of the Watchman be the agents of much good to their readers.

Balm of Gilead and Practical Universalist. Concord, Manchester, and Nashua, N. H.

This is another enlargement. A fine sheet in quarto form is now presented to us, printed in good style, and making a very good appearance. It is to be issued weekly, and is to be edited—so it is announced—by Revs. J. F. Witherell, L. C. Browne, G. W. Gage, M. Ballou, and C. Woodhouse—quite an array, surely. We hope that the success of the work will be such as to encourage the conductors to make good exertions to give a truly useful and honorable character to their publication. It has an eloquent name, and we trust it will be eminently worthy of it. Let it be generously sustained.

The Olive Branch. Boston, Mass.

The Olive Branch is a good family paper, albeit friend Norris is a Reformer and a Methodist, and has no great love for Universalism. His paper is always interesting, and is every where well spoken of so far as its literary character is concerned. His co-worker, in his notices of the Repository, has a stereotyped phrase that all our contributors keep their eye on Universalism while they write—intending to carefully set forth that ours is a decided sectarian work. Our *name* settles one part of that matter, but yet the fact is that 'the most of the pieces' might be published in any liberal religious periodical without being recognized as embodying anything but the essentials of liberal christianity.

Light of Zion and Sabbath School Contributor. Boston, Mass.

Want of space alone prevented us from making honorable mention of this useful work, in our last, and from expressing our satisfaction that it has passed into the hands of Rev. John G. Adams, as editor. He will make it a very useful publication, and adapt it to the interests of the Sabbath School enterprise. It should be made—we think—a distinct Teacher's and Children's paper. Heretofore it has attempted too much in a certain way, and too little in another. It has not copied the excellences in papers of a similar character, and the influence of each article on the young mind has not been thought of. The future will no doubt be an improvement on the past, and we hope the work will not only be highly useful, but well sustained.

Uncle Sam's Recommendation of Phrenology to his millions of Friends in the United States. In a Series of not very dull Letters. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1842.

Here is a book of pleasant things about Phrenology. We love to meet with pleasant faith in any thing, for good humored argument, if it does not convince, will not wake up bad and injurious feelings. It is a *unique* book, and we commend it to all who love to smile and who desire to know the teachings and tendencies of Phrenology. We are indebted to Mr. B. B. Mussey for our copy. He is the Boston agent of the Harpers.

A Theological Discussion, between Rev. Mr. Henson (Methodist) and Rev. Mr. Ingalls (Universalist). Held in Southhold, L. I., Jan. 25–8, 1842. New York: P. Price.

This discussion appeared in the columns of the Christian Messenger, and now makes a neat pamphlet of 111 pages. We commend it to those who like this kind of reading. They will find some shrewd answers in it. Br. Ingalls performed his part with great credit. Patience must have had her perfect work.

The Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, Considered and Explained. By Rev. W. E. Manley.

We have not read this pamphlet, but presume it is a well written exposition of the ever-to-be-debated Parable. It was printed at the office of the Magazine and Advocate. Pages 24.

The Democratic Review. New-York: J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham St. Monthly, with a portrait. Pp. 110. $5 per year.

As a political work, we have no comments to make on this publication, but as a literary journal it ranks high among the periodical literature of the country. Among its contributors are some of the best writers in America, and many able papers, of general interest and great importance, it has sent forth to the public. It is beautifully printed; and a bright constellation of talent will glitter before the reader, now that it is, as we understand, to be united with the Boston Quarterly. The July No. is a rich one, giving a very fine portrait of Theodore Sedgwick. The work can be ordered through A. Tompkins.

Letter to the friends of Rev. F. T. Gray and the Bulfinch Street Society. Boston: James Munroe & Co. Pp. 64.

Some person unknown has sent us the above pamphlet through the Post Office, and we suppose we ought to thank him. However, it has only strengthened our sober conviction that the society matters in Bulfinch Street, can never be straightened without the frank avowal of duplicity on the part of Rev. F. T. Gray's friends. Capital is made out of small matters in this pamphlet, and some of the statements are as lucid as the Egyptian hieroglyphics on a mouldering pillar. The final argument is not yet made, and we wait till it is, before we fully decide on all the controverted matters.

Lectures to Ladies on Anatomy and Physiology. By Mrs. Mary S. Gove. Boston: Saxton & Pierce. Pp. 300.

This is a useful work. The author has made no attempt at flourishing, but has written in a simple style the most important truths connected with physical happiness, and by consequence, of intellectual developement.

We learn from the preface that by continued ill health, the attention of the author was directed to medical works, and she became deeply interested in them, and by diligence acquired knowledge which she felt moved to offer to her sex. She has lectured to ladies with considerable success in many places, and this book is the sum of them. We commend the work to the attention of our readers. It can be had of A. Tompkins. Price $1.

The Twin Sisters; a Tale for Youth. By Mrs. Sandham. From the *twentieth* London edition. New York: B. Appleton & Co. Pp. 176.

For this—another of the series of 'Tales for the People and their Children'—we are indebted to Mr. Mussey, the Boston agent. Two of our young friends have diligently perused it, and they pronounce it 'Beautiful!' and their decision we regard as of worth and importance. The work is very beautifully printed, and deserves the attention of all seekers after good juvenile works.

☞ *See Notices on the third page of Cover.*

THE

UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER 1842.

THE SEA.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

AMELIA. 'To me the sea is dreadful.'

ELLINOR. 'To me 'tis glorious to behold. I revel in its beauties, and great thoughts swell my brain.'

AMELIA. 'Rejoice then—I must weep.'

ELLINOR. 'Weep then as the *hopeful* weep.'

PASSAGES of scripture singled out as texts, or as suggestive themes, are in one sense like beautiful landscapes which awaken feelings and emotions corresponding to the state of mind with which we view them. Thus a scene which to-day heightened every glad feeling, increasing the vivacity of heart, and kindling elevating thoughts in the soul, may to-morrow have the contrary effect, seeming to sympathize with us in our grief and sigh over our disappointments or affliction; thus realizing to us the justness of the poet's words:—

'To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.'

Thus it is with a passage of scripture. We may read it when health runs in merry streams through our veins, and we have nothing to do but be happy, and it will awaken kindred thoughts, breathing upon the soul a power to enjoy more, by giving it a better wisdom to improve the means of happiness. We may take up the same portion of holy writ when sickness has weakened us, and we are pent in the darkened chamber, and it will suggest altogether different, but equally appropriate thoughts and feelings. And hence it is that the Bible is ever the best book—the book to be read in the time of rejoicing, that we may learn the necessary restraint, and to whom we should be grateful for what we enjoy; and to be no less earnestly perused in sickness and adversity, that we may remember that the 'Father of mercies' is the 'God of all comfort,' and that he will strengthen the soul to bear whatever he, in his providence, calls that soul to meet.

Are not these remarks applicable to the views different minds will take of the following passage? 'Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.' Let us see how different minds will look upon this. Ps. 77:19.

There is a continual coming and going of those who do business on the great waters, and as we listen to their stories of the sea, we learn the vicissitudes of the life of the mariner. One comes to us full of the romance of the ocean, expressing his feelings in the very language of poetry, and in rapture from the remembrances of what he has seen. He has felt that God's way is in the sea, and he has gloried in the manifestations there of Him whose footsteps are not known—whose course of dominion is untraceable. And the memories of the sublimity of the works he has beheld, the infinite variety of changes on the deep in the form, colors, and brilliancy of the waters, and the wonderful creatures that live therein, give him the lip of true eloquence, and we love to sit and hear his tales and marvels. He looks, as the poet and the lover of romance look, upon the sea.

But turn from him and mark how different are the impressions of another. He talks of what a tremendous agent of power the deep is, and how it is the beating heart of the material world, sending the element of life through every vein of nature. He will tell how lofty were his thoughts of the goodness and wisdom of God, as he considered the vastness of ocean's expanse and its relations to the earth. How the exhalations therefrom formed the clouds that give beauty and sublimity to the heavens, and sustain by their bounty all existence through the means appointed of God. He will enter into an analysis of the size, form, depths, currents, tides, taste, and all that enters into the physics of the sea, and from all these he will draw illustrations of the way of God's wisdom being in the great waters. And as he owns the mysteries yet unsolvable, which will afford study to the scientific for centuries on centuries, he confesses that the Deity's footsteps are not known.

Turn from him and consider how different are the impressions of another. He loves the idea of activi-

ty, of business, of the commerce of nations. He looks upon the sea as a grand highway by which nation interchanges with nation—by which man becomes acquainted with the vast variety in the human race, learns their peculiarities and the differences of climate and production, and has his ideas of the extent of the world enlarged and enobled. By commerce beauty is found everywhere; what one clime refuses, another yields; and wherever man is hailed, he is discovered to possess one common feeling—the love of country. God's way is thus in the sea, and the lover of the fruits of commerce adores the wisdom of the Creator in the wonderful endowments conferred on man by which he fashions the craft and navigates it to parts known and unknown, spreading the blessings of civilization and drawing out varied talent that otherwise would have slumbered in inactivity. But he confesses that the footsteps of the Deity are not known—he knows not to what all this tends, how the associated evils are to be overcome or corrected.

Turn from him and hear how different are the impressions of another. He loved the sea from a child. He sported with it as a babe doth with a giant. The tones of its voice were ever rich to hear in the distance, like the rumbling noises of a city heard in the quiet country; and not only thus, but when he looks upon the ocean-organ and thinks, as he hears its deepest bass, of the pealing hallelujahs of the redeemed hosts which to the Revelator were like the sound of many waters! And no less doth he love the sight of the sea, reposing in calm, or riding like ten thousand thousand horses and chariots of strength in majesty and irresistible might. He has sported with its foam as with pearls sparkling beyond the jeweller's art, and ran with a shout of rapture up, up the rude rocks where the huge billow came with the thundering crash! and then as rapturously followed it when it speedily retreated in glory, forming a thousand cascades and waterfalls as it rushes back to its home, like glad white spirits from the presence of the dark and repulsive crags where evil might dwell. Thus he learned to joy in the sea—to give ear to every tale of its wonders and beauty from afar or near, and his young heart was early won to delight in the thought of a sea-life.

And now that manhood's soberer years have come, he is no less enthusiastic in his love and in his praises of the sea. He has known of the stern and awful trial when human skill and the mighty storm wrestle for victory, and he has wrought with firmest strength when he thought the next moment would be his last—when as he saw the tremendous wave rising in the distance and sweeping on like a huge mountain removed from its foundations, he felt that it would make and cover his grave; and does he not remember those times? Yes, indeed he does, for he can never forget them, nor cease to marvel how God had a way in the great waters to preserve him. He saw not the footsteps of the Almighty as he walked upon the mountain billows, but he confessed him near; and though it may be he has profaned many times that Deity's name, yet in his heart there are blessings unutterable to him who keepeth alive the exposed and struggling mariner! All this he remembers as he praises the sea—as he exults in the field there spread for noble exploits, for courageous exposure and daring, for the display of skill and the developement of what is in man.

He knows too, what he labors for, and as commerce is essentially connected with civilization, he feels that his mission is an important one, and that few know the obligations of society to the sailor. These are thoughts that make him willing to exult in the sea, though storms must come. He knows that man does not generate them—that man never ordained them, but a higher and an infinitely wiser Being; and that that Being constituted relations between them and the health of the globe, and knew how man exposed to their might, must suffer—how frequently he must be overwhelmed. And as this thought springs up in his mind and causes him to see the tossing and broken ship, whose crew have sunk in the waters, he reverentially looks up to heaven and feels, if he does not utter it, that God giveth his angels guard over the spirit of the poor drowned mariner, as over the soul of him who dieth on the princely couch of down, in the splendid palace, with many in attendance. And this thought reconciles him to the death on the sea, if so it be ordered—with the blue waters for his winding sheet, and the wind to sing his dirge. And he thinks and feels also, that the natural associations of such a death will waken kinder feelings, and keep him longer in the memory of others, than if he died elsewhere. It may not be so, but thus he will think—he will think that as oft as he is remembered, they who remember him will recall the associations of his death—afar from home, on the stormy sea, whose depths are his grave; and that thus they will be impelled to speak of him tenderly and generously, more ready to recite something good than ill of him, and perhaps to say—'Peace to the poor fellow's spirit!' Yes, his heart will feel, God's way is in the sea to save and redeem the soul as on the dry land, and that equally in the one and the other his footsteps are not known! And precious to him will be the song of the Psalmist,—'Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in the depths, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right shall hold me!' God is everywhere, and whereever he is, may we not reverently recall John's words 'God is Love!' And under whatever circumstances we are placed, may we not remember and act upon the direction of Jesus!—'After this manner'—this

sentiment and feeling—'pray ye, Our Father who art in heaven!' A true father never—come what will—never deserts the child he has called into being. Therefore does the son of the sea still exult as he views the wide waters; and if you speak to him of storm and trial, he will ask, Where, this side of heaven, are not storms and trials known? In vain, he will tell you, in vain is it to attempt to make heaven on earth—it cannot be. Hope must not rest here; it must take hold of something within the veil—beyond the visible, as the anchor goes down beyond the veil of waters.

He that hath not the christian's hope—the gospel hope—the unspeakably joyous hope, full of glory, is not prepared for life, much less for death, on land or sea. He does not realize that God has a sovereign way throughout the universe, and that often the command is repeated to man—'Stand still, and know that I am God!' This ignorance of God prevents right preparation of soul, christian discipline of heart, and when the storm of adversity comes, man discovers that he has been a dreamer, that he has rested hope and expectation on unstable things—that he has built on the sand, and one wave of change has swept the whole away, beautiful though the fabric may have been. Where shall we go to, to escape from the influence of earth's vicissitudes? Where is the asylum of peace? 'The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me. Neither is it found in the land of the living. God understandeth the way thereof and he knoweth the place thereof.' And he has revealed of his understanding and knowledge sufficient for our good; and to christianity we are to give our hearts if we would rightly number our days, or estimate our life, and apply our powers to the possession and practice of the highest wisdom. Then come storm, come calm, come all the varieties of life—we shall be ready, and strong in the strength of a glorious hope, we shall do our duty and leave events with God!

But we must turn from the ever active and hopeful son of the sea, and hear of other impressions—other thoughts and feelings awakened by the sea. It is recorded of one who has done much to sanctify the affections by song, that 'the sight and sound of the sea were always connected in her mind with melancholy associations, with images of storm and desolation, of shipwreck and sea-burial.' And these associations are by her biographer called 'undefinable,' because 'she had not suffered any calamity at all connected with the sea.' The writer did not think of her strong and intense human sympathies in connection with her powerful and melancholy imagination. She had heard of others' calamities, of hearts rung and homes desolated, and with the suffering she sympathized; and it was these sympathies that brought the images of shipwreck and sea-burial to darken the beautiful and sublime pictures of the sea. She took part with woman's sorrows—with the waiting bride sitting on the lone rock, singing in her grief—

'Come back, my ocean rover! come!
There's but one place for me,
Till I can greet thy swift sail home,—
This lone rock by the sea!'

With that young heart swelling with its grief, she had sympathy that made the same pictures of the sea present themselves to her imagination, as came in terror to her who must wait in vain for the coming of the loved and lost. The deep mystery of God's way in the sea, is thus felt—felt by the wife whose little ones have asked after a father that cannot come to them, and by the parent whose son can no more visit her hearth. Speak to them of the power of the sea, and they feel that it is too mighty, for it drew down the noble ship, and all the might of the brave was but the wrestling of an infant with a monster. Tell them of the beauty of the ocean, and they think only of those who never more can enjoy that loveliness, and who admired it better than they could ever find a heart to. Converse with them of the sublimity and grandeur of the towering waves and the music of the wind in the storm as it plays with the chorded harp of the shrouds, and they think only of that tremendous billow that overswept all dear to them, and the gale that shattered, crashed, and tore to atoms the craft which bore the well known name. Talk to them of the succeeding calm, of the sweet repose of the waters, and how beautifully they reflect the ever-shifting and glorious hues and clouds of heaven, and they will have their mind only on what is beneath that calmness, and that cannot enjoy it. What to them is the beauty of the place of death—of the very instrument of death! The silvery wave might seem to them a lovely thing, if it did not bear the image of a ghastly look—the last of the dying; and the sportive breeze as it comes laden with sweets from many isles 'in lone, wild, beauty drest,' might be welcome, did it not remind them of what it might have saved for them had it come earlier in answer to the prayer of the despairing. And thus with all that the lover of romance, the philosopher, the friend of commerce, or the almost worshipper of ocean glory, might say. The melancholy of their souls would color all that could be remarked, and turning away from all, they would address the sea itself,—

'Yet, O blue deep!
Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,
Never to thee did love with silvery chain
Draw my soul's dream, which through all nature sought
What waves deny,—some bower of steadfast bliss,
A home to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,
As with sweet flowers; but christian hope for this
Now turns from earth's green valleys as from thee,
To that sole changeless world, where there is no more sea!'

And thus should the perishing of earthly hopes lead the soul to the imperishable; and the beauty, sublimity and grandeur from which the heart in melancholy

turned, will become once more welcome to the mind, as they become symbols of God and eternity! And thou, O ocean, with thy voice of power, wilt speak of Him who limits evil as he bounds thy course; who can give to the spirit of man a life of beauty and glory after the struggle with earthly elements is over, as he breathes peace upon thy troubled waters; and whose mercy is like the ever wasting and the eternal fullness of thy depths, always giving forth for the life of the world, and yet weakened not.

In God's holy word, the might and majesty of the sea are used to symbolize His power and sovereignty; to awaken lofty and honorable thoughts of his control; and to breathe into us a trust in a wisdom that rules for generations and ages, and not for mere times and seasons. And it should be so to us. We cannot trace out the ways of God entirely. We know when he has passed before us, but his footsteps we cannot see. He made and maketh darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him was and is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne! And in that should be our hope and trust reposed—that however much God draweth the veiling clouds of mystery around his habitation, still the foundations of his throne, the glories of his sovereignty, are righteousness and equity; so that if we cry with the prophet, 'Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself!' we may also with the prophet cry, 'O God of Israel, the Savior!'

Look abroad as we may, and note as we can the evidences of the Being and Activity, and Goodness, of God, and still if we honor him aright, we shall confess in humbleness of soul—'Lo, these are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him! but the thunder of his power who can understand!' Ay, who could bear with the frail union of mind and body that now exists—who could bear a full revelation of the thunder of his power—the Lord God Omnipotent! Who lives that would not be made deaf by it? Not one; for even now some separate illustrations of God's power almost make the brain reel and madden, and these at most are but the whisperings of his might. Yet he has revealed enough to cause us to say with the Psalmist—'God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this that power belongeth unto God.' And it should be in our hearts to continue the singer's words,—'Also, unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy; for thou renderest to every man according to his work.' Mercy, as well as power, pervades the acts of the divine Sovereignty, and give character to all his retributions. His mercy is equal to his power! O let the earth declare and the heavens repeat the truth—that Power *and* Mercy belong unto God—are twin attributes! O believe, man, believe, that where power acts, mercy shines—shines it may be as the sun behind mists and clouds, shines as the glorious stars above storm and cloud shine—but nevertheless shines in divine beauty! Believe that thou shalt see it in due time; for by it he shall awaken the adoration of thy soul, and make thee realize the solemn and happy truths—'He retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and will cast our sins into the depths of the sea.'

And when they have been thus cast, we shall be willing to let them lie there. We shall not mourn over them as over much that the literal sea has received. Yet why look to the sea for the departed? Their home is not beneath the blue waters; over the spirit doth not roll the cold and melancholy waves; neither over its abiding place does the good ship ride gallantly, or the merry song of the sailor ring. We may people, as romance and poetry teach us, the coral groves and the gem-lit caves of the deep; we may imagine as we please the symphonies that there might delight us; but the spirits of our dead are not there. The coral branch bends not over them; neither for them do the gems glitter, or the infinite beauties of the deep chambers of the sea reveal themselves. They are with God, and if ever they visited the depths of the ocean with the body, God's way is in the sea to lead the soul upward, as from Mount Olivet he took the ascending Jesus. O brother, whom on earth we greet no more, let the sea keep thy body! we joy that the spirit hath soared to the world where 'there is no more sea,' and where death is swallowed up in victory!

'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; *not so thou*,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!'

Providence, R. I.

PASSING AWAY. Is not change and mutation written as with an iron pen on all earthly things? Do we not witness this on our own bodies? See we not the constant process of matter assuming numberless forms of animal and vegetable life, yet all in a little while to pass away, and be succeeded by similar and dissimlar forms, each hastening on to the goal of decay? Even the waters of the ocean-seas are passing away!

PR.

THE STREAMS.

WRITTEN NEAR A WOOD.

WITHIN a solemn woodland's shades
A stream goes chiming on;
And in my solemn soul grave thoughts,
As waters, pass along.
I list the chime of stream and thoughts,
And tears are in my eyes;
I hear a dirge of one pure heart
Who in the dark grave lies.

Bright flowers spring up, as on the stream
Flows with its fruitful spell;
And in my soul sweet hopes spring up,
Whose speech I may not tell.
I cannot tell how much the flowers
Speak of God's love to me;
Words must be weak to tell the joy
Of hope of meeting thee.

Between these mossy banks a stream
Has always flowed on free,
Since here we wept that thou so soon
From our embrace must flee;
And in my heart a stream has flowed
Changing but yet the same;
One burden has these streams e'er sung—
They breathe thy precious name. LEANDER.

Providence, R. I.

DUTY AND HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

CHAPTER 1.

'My dear Ella, as a friend let me say you are too imaginative—too dreamy; you do not consider enough the true nature of mankind; you forget all that is common-place and much that is real, because it may be homely, making a world of your own—enshrining yourself in your own thoughts, so that the world does not comprehend you, nor you the world; and the result will be, if not already produced, you will mutually deride and speak ill of each other.'

'Well I cannot help it, Lucy, I care not for the world's opinion; what to me is the multitude—they are pleased one minute, and displeased the next.'

'Now my friend, I think you are mistaken. You do care for the world's opinion, although you may not be clearly conscious of it; you have feelings which urge you to try to win the favor of even the multitude. Why, if I cared nothing for the world, I think I should wish very soon to leave it. I know there are some who say they care nothing for the world, nor its customs, nor its opinions, nor its rumors, nor aught that belongs to it, and yet are its veriest slaves. Even as the fair Quakeress will lecture against the vanity and pride of the world and its fashions, and yet will look as demure from beneath her small, and as she doubtless thinks very becoming cottage, and step as gracefully in her well fitted garb, as the most devoted votary of fashion; and I question if there lurks not as much pride in the one, as the other. O we are very apt by being "wise in our own conceits," to deceive ourselves.'

'You are inclined to be severe in your remarks.'

'But am I not just? I trust you will not be offended at my freedom. I know very surely, that a mind like yours, if not regulated and biased aright, will be the cause of much unhappiness. You are not alone, there are many with just such views as yourself, and you will not be offended if at some future time I open my mind more fully to you upon this theme. You know I am very common-place—an every day sort of a person, although my dearest friend, even yourself, may be one of the most imaginative beings in existence. But for the present, adieu. I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste for every-day life.'

And so saying, Lucy Clifford left her friend, and pursued her walk. Ella stood at the window and watched her retreating figure. '"A little more taste for every day life,"' and a smile, almost a sneering one, curled her full, red lip. 'Yes, true enough, I have not much taste for it now. Why I really believe I should go into a fever in a week, from mere mortification, if I were obliged to go through the daily routine of domestic duty with which so many women are occupied from morning till night. Now just to think of it,—just imagine that I was sitting busy with my writing, perhaps in the poetic vein, soaring on the wings of imagination beyond this dull world,—then to have my thoughts broken in upon, and brought suddenly down to earth, by my husband's coming in and inquiring if the butcher had left the loin of veal, or the market boy had brought the potatoes and cabbages, or some such *real*, *sensible* question! O Lucy Clifford, I love you very dearly, you are my very best friend, but I pray thee not to sound again the praises of matrimony, and its duties in my ears; it is very romantic to be in love, but it is too much of reality, too much like other people, to be married.'

Ella Morton spoke the real sentiments of her heart, so she thought when she soliloquized thus. She had a great love for the romantic, and all works of the imagination; this love she had indulged to its full extent; not that her education had been confined to these. No, she had been educated for those days thoroughly, and had been as familiar, in her school-days, with the problems of Euclid, as the lives of Moore and Byron. Her intellectual powers were vast, and with a tighter rein upon the imagination and a little curbing of the wild leapings of her girlish heart, her mind would have grown stronger and more fitted for the world in which she was to bear her part, repugnant as many of its ways might be to her. She

was the youngest, and the pet of her father's family; from her childhood every whim had been gratified. Her mother had been in feeble health ever since her birth, and all the discipline she had received was from her elder sisters. Her father's care for her education was only shown, by having her sent to the best schools, and enjoining upon her diligence towards all the branches taught therein. She had, however, an ardent love of study, and ample means were afforded her to gratify it. She did not wish, she said, to be a thing to be looked at, therefore she pursued other studies than those which are sometimes considered to accomplish a lady; and when she returned from school, she could keep her father's books, make out his bills, and as he remarked, she would be very useful in his counting house. She was not one of your love-sick, affected maidens, fit only for the heroine of a novel; no, she could argue upon religion, and politics even, and with the latter she was pretty well versed; but her most serious fault was this, a great distaste for domestic life and its duties! She looked with aversion, almost with disgust, upon the duties which are considered to belong exclusively to woman. She was one that would please in conversation, and prove a delightful companion for those who had time and taste for intellectual pursuits, versed as she was in many departments of literature. The gentlemen considered her as the model of a lady, and the ladies looked up to her as one above their common minds, and paid her due deference. It may be her vanity was flattered by this, for there was a *little* of that quality lurking in *her* heart, as well as in the hearts of humbler ones of her sex.

But I must not pause to speak of her disposition farther, hoping in the progress of my simple narrative, to pursuade or convince the reader, that domestic duties are not incompatible with aught that may tend to the cultivation of the intellect, or the developments of genius.

Lucy Linden had been married some three or four years previous to the commencement of my story, to Henry Clifford, the cousin of Ella Morton, and it was in this manner that the two became acquainted. She had said of herself, that she was an every-day sort of a person; I would that there were more of such persons in the world. She ever looked upon the bright side of things, her heart was full of affection and sympathy towards all. The world was to her a place for action, for the cultivation of all that is good in the heart, and all that is noble in the soul. Seldom was her brow clouded—ever gentle and kind was she. As light was her step within her home as when she trod in festive halls; as joyous and sunny was her smile when none saw her save her husband and her two cherub children, as when the many were around and beaming eyes met hers, and song and music floated on the air. O gentle Lucy Clifford! pure was thine own heart, and upon the world thou didst look with an eye of love and a heart of charity! The wretched blessed thee as an angel upon earth, and the happy hailed thee as a kindred spirit, and to thy husband and children thou wert the light, the joy, the spirit of affection, of gladness, and of love. The world would be bright and joyous indeed, were a spirit like thine enshrined in every form.

Mrs. Clifford owed much to a good mother. Her powers had been directed aright, her appetites were well disciplined; all that was good had been called into powerful action, and all that was of evil tendency, had been restrained and subdued in a good degree, and a harmonious and loveable character was produced. O, we owe much to a mother's guidance! We may smile at what we call maternal over fondness and anxiety, but there is not on the wide earth one heart that beats for us, and that will ever cheer us through weal and wo, so fondly and truly as a mother's. True, there was a wide difference between the natural dispositions of Ella Morton and Lucy Clifford, but a different guidance of heart and mind, and the regulations to which each had been subject, had made the difference still wider and more perceptible.

CHAPTER II.

Now let us turn and follow the steps of Mrs. Clifford. She left the dwelling of her friend, and turning down one of the narrow streets which abound in a large city, she stopped before the door of a small and very humble looking dwelling. It seemed in truth the abode of poverty and desolation. There were little children, ragged and dirty, playing in the street, and as she paused they stopped and looked at her with eagerness. There they stood with bare feet upon the brick sidewalks and stone pavements, and rags of all colors hanging loosely round their little forms, boys and girls with locks all uncombed, and faces unwashed. 'Yes, it is the lady come to see little Fanny Temple,' said one rather older than the others, with freckled face and light, blue, staring eyes. One little girl, rather tidier than the rest, with curly hair, and a face which would have been fair if clean, drew near to the lady, and looked curiously up in her face.

'Ah, my little Rose, how is your mother to-day?'

'She is better, ma'am,' was the reply, 'and says she shall be able to come and wash for you to-morrow.'

'I will call and see her before I go home, and Rosy dear, speak to your little playmates, and tell them not to make *quite* so much noise, for you know Fanny is sick.' The child went quickly to the group, and spoke a few words to them in an eager tone, and they all withdrew to the farther end of the street and went on with their amusements.

Mrs. Clifford now entered the house. A man of about forty or forty-five, met her at the door. 'Good morning, Mr. Temple,' said she, 'how is your daughter to-day?'

'She is better to-day, thanks to your kind care.'

Mrs. Clifford went to the bed which stood at the farther end of the room. The sick girl was asleep—she appeared to be of about fourteen years of age. Her features were exquisitely beautiful, the long black eyelashes fell upon her thin, pale cheeks, the mouth was small, and well formed, and slightly parted, disclosing a set of pearly teeth.

'Her sleep seems to be very easy,' said Mrs. Clifford, bending over her, 'did she rest well last night?'

'She did, and the doctor has been here this morning, and says he has no doubt of her recovery.'

'I am very glad to hear it. I suppose you long once more to hear her light laugh and glad voice, and see her tripping forth to meet you when you return home.'

'Yes, Fanny is a glad-hearted thing enough when well,' and the father bent over his loved and only child. 'And she is the image of her mother,' and a tear fell from his eye, and coursed down his brown, hard cheek. He turned his head away as if ashamed. 'Mrs. Clifford,' said he, suddenly, 'you know not how I love that child, she is indeed all on earth I have to love and labor for; no wonder, then, that when I thought her dying, I murmured at the decrees of Providence, but'—and he paused, and turned to the bed—his daughter had waked—'Father,' said she, and he was at her side.

'Fanny, here is good Mrs. Clifford come to see you.' The child's eyes shone with joy. She stretched out her small thin hands to her, saying, 'I am much better to-day—and father is so happy, all will now be well again.'

'But Fanny, you must not talk too much, for you are still very weak; I have brought you some cordials to strengthen you.'

'You are very kind indeed. I do not know when we shall pay you, but a heart like yours repays itself for its good deeds.'

'Well, well,' said she, laughing, 'I will fetch in my bill one of these days; but now I must be going, and Fanny dear, you must be careful, for I should be sorry to have you get worse again, lest my bill might be too long.' So saying, she left the two she had made so happy by her kindness, and pursued her way homewards.

Mr. Temple had ever been what the world calls an unfortunate man. He had married early in life a very lovely girl, whose health was ever delicate, and whom he loved with deep devotion. He was a stout, healthy man, and he watched over and toiled for her with untiring zeal. Time passed on, four children were born unto them, but they followed one after another to the grave, till there were none but the little Fanny left; and in a short time after the wife and mother died also. Mr. Temple was now a lone man; there was but this one being on earth he loved, and for her alone he toiled. She was a beautiful creature, 'so like her mother!' the fond father would say, as he parted the silken curls on her fair brow. He was poor, sickness had ever been in his dwelling, and all he could earn had gone to defray the expenses attendant thereon. But the little Fanny cheered the lone and almost broken-hearted man. She would sit on his knee when he returned from his hard labor, and her innocent prattle would win his heart to cheerfulness, and he would thank his God that still this one blessing was left to him as a bright star in a dark night. When she, his last, was taken sick, his heart rebelled! It was hard to think that his *only one* must die! He sat by her bedside with hands clenched sternly together, his lips closed firmly, and there gazed upon his child's fevered cheek and pale brow, and listened to her hard, disturbed breathings and moanings, and his heart murmured! There he sat and gazed and gazed, till her breathing grew more calm and quiet, till the form before him seemed to be the wife of his bosom, her whom he knew was in heaven, and then his heart grew soft as a child's, his stern lip quivered, his hands unclasped, and he knelt down and buried his face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed aloud. The stern man prayed—prayed as none but the poor, the afflicted, the almost broken hearted can pray—as one who sees his last hope failing, and the light which has cheered him through the long wintry darkness fading away and sinking into gloom and desolation. That prayer was answered. Mrs. Clifford heard of them in her visits to the poor, and she came and saw that Fanny had good care taken of her, and at last she had the happiness to see her wholly recover. And as the beautiful child wound her arms around her neck and laid her soft cheek to hers, she felt that within that young heart, there was too much of gentleness, of goodness and love, to be left where vice might corrupt its purity. She was removed to a more genial sphere. Her father thought best to accept Mrs. Clifford's kind offer to take Fanny to her home, as an attendant upon her children, and to be educated for usefulness and happiness. True, he should not have her smile to greet him when he returned at night, but he could see her as often, and with true self-sacrifice he gave due credit to the goodness of heart which dictated the generous offer, and Fanny was duly established in the home of Mrs. Clifford.

CHAPTER III.

And now, gentle reader, if you have rambled with me enough in the foregoing chapters, we will turn aside into this little dwelling to rest us awhile. It is a pleasant spot, without the noise and bustle of the city, though we can almost fancy to ourselves, we hear its hum and tumult in the far distance. But while we listen, the birds sing in their wild freedom in the boughs overhead, the brooks go babbling by, and the soft west wind just stirs the trees enough to make a lulling noise, and shake the odor from a thousand blossoms. Ay, it is a fairy spot,—fit place

you would say for the dwelling of a poet. But poets have seldom such a romantic' situation, and such beautiful scenery to inspire their Muse. More oft is their dwelling in the dull, crowded city, with its heat and noise and tumult; or the dark, close, stifled room, where poverty speaks from every article of homely furniture, and pale want looks in at the broken window, and wretchedness is in the poet's garb and care upon his brow, and stern reality comes in at the door, in the shape of an angry landlady, calling for her quarter's rent! This fairy spot, with its soothing sounds and beautiful scenery,—the very spot we picture to ourselves of 'love in a cottage,' is in sooth, strange as it may seem, the dwelling of a poet! Not that he lives by that occupation. No, if that had been the case, this spot would never have been his. He is a poet from choice, not profession. It is the home of Clarence Lindsay. He was a fortunate man, when by the most lucky of all occurrences, he chanced to save the life of an old, rich, maiden aunt; who, when she died, wishing to pay up all her debts and among the rest, the debt of gratitude due to her nephew, left to him the very pretty property we have been admiring, together with considerable money invested in a bank in the neighboring city. Such accidents do not happen every day, more especially to poets; and to celebrate the taking possession of the property, Clarence wrote some *very* feeling lines on the death of his aunt.

But seriously, had Clarence been obliged, as some people express it, to 'live by his wits,' he would doubtless have been a great man. For it raises one's ambition and powers to be obliged to buffet a little with the world and struggle hard at times. We are apt to grow indolent and sink into indifference, when we stand afar off and merely watch the games that are playing, and take no part in the contest. But as it was he attended to business when he pleased, and when he pleased he sat in his study dreaming vague dreams, building fairy castles, rearing strange theories, and invoking the Muses.

At the time of which we speak Clarence was alone in his study—a small room very elegantly furnished—sitting upon an ottoman before an open window; the servant had just entered and handed him a note. It was a very small note of rose colored paper, and contained but a few lines, requesting the pleasure of his company the ensuing evening at the house of Mr. Morton. He read the note, folded it very carefully and put it in a small rosewood writing desk inlaid with pearl. A smile of satisfaction was on his handsome features, as he said, in a low voice to himself, 'I will not fail to be there.'

It was the eve of the party, and the elite of the city met at the house of Mr. Morton; he was fond of being noticed by the great and literary, and was proud of the notice bestowed by them upon his youngest daughter. And among the rest was Lindsay. He had been acquainted with the family for some time, and he and Ella had read together, and discussed the merits of various authors, criticised and admired, and spoken of the love described by the poet, the love which binds congenial souls, and breathing less of earth than heaven. They had not spoken of love for each other? No, and if the image of Ella Morton sometimes rose up before the mind's eye of Clarence, he told himself that he thought of her merely as a very gifted female, one with whom he loved to converse, because she was so unlike other females, with a soul to appreciate all that was high and intellectual—as he deemed it. And so on the eve I have mentioned they met. The time glided rapidly away, and one by one the guests departed. Clarence still lingered, he sat by the side of Ella, and as he rose to take his departure, a blush stole to her cheek. Very low and very tender was his voice as he bade her good night, and the small white hand lingered long in his own—and when he was gone, she stood like a statue silent and immoveable. A merry voice broke on her ear. 'Look Henry, if here is not our Cousin Ella looking as though she were under the influence of some powerful magnetizer. I was not aware there was such a person present this evening.' Ella turned quickly, and met the laughing countenances of Mrs. Clifford and her husband. They were just preparing for home, and as they bade her good night, Lucy whispered that she should expect to see her in the morning.

The morning found Ella on her way to her cousin's. She entered unannounced, and soon found herself in the midst of the happy little family. On the carpet sat two little children, one a little girl, with merry eyes and light, curly hair, was laughing right joyously, as Ella entered unperceived. Her little hands were clasped in her delight, and her voice rose clear and glad as a bird's. Beside her, sat her little brother, a child of about a year, and it was his innocent, infantile prattle that had so excited and gladdened the little girl. Mrs. Clifford was sitting near by, and watching with delighted fondness, the sports of her two cherub children, and on the sofa, busy with her needle, sat Fanny Temple. Very beautiful had she grown since health had once more visited her cheek. Her face was one we would love to look upon, so pleasing was its expression, so exquisitely lovely was the whole countenance, that we might not stop to praise each separate feature, but the whole seemed the perfection of beauty. Little Mary was the first to perceive and salute Ella, as she stood gazing on the beautiful group. She started up, put her little arms around her neck, and 'O, aunt Ella, I am so glad you have come, and you will stay all day, and make my doll a new gown—wont you, Aunty dear?'

A very pleasant day did Ella spend with the Cliffords, and when she retired at night to the little room which was always at her disposal, her heart was glad

and her spirits joyous. A slight tap at the door, and Lucy entered. 'May I come in, Cousin Ella, I want to have a long talk with you?'

'A talk with me, Lucy! What do you intend to scold me for, my sins of omission or commission, for either I shall take kindly.'

'I am glad to hear you say so, for it is on both scores I have somewhat to say to you; but first, I must listen to a confession from your own lips; you know that between us there is nothing hidden, so tell me, Ella, how stands matters between yourself and Clarence?'

Ella did not answer, but drew a letter from her bosom and gave it to Lucy in silence. She read and asked, 'Have you seen him since you received this letter?'

'I met him last night.'

'Well Ella, how does your heart feel in view of this happiness—shall I so call it?—of being the beloved of Clarence Lindsay—does it not beat wildly in its prison house?'

'Lucy, I will tell you all about it, and you must advise me. I can scarcely analyze my own feelings. I love Clarence deeply, devotedly, I look upon the earth and the heavens in the stillness of night, amid the reign of beauty and grandeur, and there is but one thought within me, and that is of him. My love is indeed an all-absorbing passion. You know not, Lucy, how our affection has been nursed and fostered. Ours is not the love of the person, it is not the affection which is poured forth from the lips, causing the heart to swell with rapturous joy. It is more a union of the soul and spirit; we have dwelt in blissful dreams, we have conversed together upon those glorious subjects which seldom enter into the hearts of lovers. *We* love spiritually. Our affection has not been fed from the same fountain as others; we have drank from purer streams, from more intellectual sources. And when I think how pure and how refined is our affection, can I doubt but that we shall be happy? And yet there is a something that I dread—it is the familiarity of wedded life, this constant association, this descending from the high and sublime flights of fancy and thought, to the common walks of life. I dread it, Lucy, I fear it will break the illusion. I feel that the beautiful garb in which I have clothed the ideal, will slowly fade away, and the being I have so loved, almost adored, will be, after a short time has passed—after the romance of wedded life has faded, but a mere man, with all a man's passions and failings, and I be to him merely his wife, with whom he *must* live, and not the beautiful being, the realization of his glowing dreams and youth's romance.'

'Ella, my cousin,' said Lucy, 'is this your theory? Let me tell you it is this that hath wrecked the happiness of many a heart; your thoughts, your reasonings are worse than vain. Why in the married state do you think that all romance must fade? Why do you imagine that in the duties which belong to every home, there is something so at variance with all the high and glorious aspirations of the soul? Ella do not let these wrong ideas take such hold upon your imagination, I will not say your reason. Have as much of romance as you please, invest your beloved with all good qualities, let him hold as high a place in your heart as possible. Share with him in all his intellectual pursuits, but at the root and spring of all, let a deep love of religion and usefulness prevail, and ever let charity be active. Without this, Ella, without this feeling of love towards all, real usefulness, active goodness, I warn you, as your dearest friend, that your happiness will rest upon a slight foundation, the slightest breath of misfortune or calumny will overthrow it, and you will mourn over bright hopes faded and crushed!'

'Lucy, I thank you for your kind advice, you will be near to advise me when I stand in danger.'

'But you will need a surer safeguard, a nearer and holier presence, even the direction of your Father in heaven, which you must seek for by prayer and supplication. And my cousin, begin now and ask of God to direct you in your future path that you sink not, that you chase not phantoms.'

It was with a sad heart, and with eyes filled with tears, that Lucy left her cousin to repose. And Ella's heart too was slightly clouded, though the bright dreams and hopes of love soon chased her fears away.

Lucy feared justly for her cousin. She knew her heart so well and the motives which ever actuated her, that she might well tremble for her. And Clarence too, gifted as he was with the powers to please, ardent as he was, in his love, his first, romantic attachment, yet he, she feared, had no fixed principle of action. He acted from the impulses of a heart naturally affectionate and kind, but passionate and dangerous when aroused, and she feared that if trials should come, and he, who had been so favored by fortune and the world's smiles, might give way to wrong principles, and let his passions gain the ascendency of his conscience, and so fall a victim to temptation.

CHAPTER IV.

We will not pause to describe the wedding the reader has anticipated. Suffice it to say, that the bride looked as all brides do—very lovely and interesting. The father gave a parting kiss to his youngest and favorite daughter, and Mrs. Clifford took her hand with sisterly affection and saluted her as Mrs. Lindsay. She was Ella Morton no more. She had entered upon the untried scene, she was her husband's for weal or woe; they were to tread together the same path, but with what feelings they could not tell now. O how often is it trodden by those whose hearts are far separated, whose affections are all wasted, and whose souls all discordant. The beautiful cottage, sweet Lindsay House, had now a mis-

tress. Clarence loved his wife well—he was proud of her. He had won the prize which many had coveted—one who had been flattered and praised, and permitted to be the centre of a brilliant circle; when she was present, beauty might lavish her charms in vain, for before her wit and brilliant conversational powers, and depth of mind, they passed unheeded.

A year has passed, and we will look in upon the little study—that cool fragrant retreat, where the honey suckle climbs in at the window, and the wild rose lends its freshness to the air, and the soft west wind fans the brows of its occupants. A happy picture truly! Upon a seat by an open window, before which stood a table loaded with books and papers, sat Lindsay and his wife. She with her dark hair all drawn back from her forehead, excepting a few stray curls which had escaped from their confinement, with one hand on her brow, the other holding an open manuscript; she was reading in a low, earnest tone. Clarence sat beside her, all attention; there was an expression of pleasure upon his features, as he gazed upon his wife and listened to her voice. When she ceased, he was eloquent in his praises, 'Ah, that is beautiful, Ella, just the thing, a good beginning is made, I doubt not, and when the work is finished, it will do you much honor.'

'Honor, I care not for, Clarence, only as it reflects lustre upon yourself.'

'Why should we care for the world, Ella, when the means of so much happiness lie in ourselves? As for me, it seems as if I could live forever in this quiet spot, with your sweet spirit for my minister, but I know you have not been used to solitude, and I mingle with the world for your sake—even there I am happy in seeing you so.'

'Clarence I have something in my heart and I will tell it to you, if you will not be offended.'

'Offended? No,' said the proud husband, as he gazed upon his young and blushing wife.

'Well, then,' said Ella, and she parted the hair upon his forehead, and took his hand within her own and looked steadily up in his face. 'You might, Clarence, if you chose, be a great man; there is that within you, which if you but attempted to develope it, would lead you on to fame and greatness. For myself alone, I care not for honor, but it would gladden my heart to see the world look up to you and do credit to your powers. Only your wife knows now of the great worth of your mind, she only knows the richness of your intellect, the depth of your knowledge; you hide it from the world, and keep it locked within its storehouse. I know how vast are your powers, and but a little of ambition is needed to stir them up and make you a great man and your name glorious to future generations. Will it be so, my husband, or will you still seek to hide your talents in obscurity, and let others, less deserving, bear away the prizes you might gain so easily?'

The husband sat in silence; his countenance had assumed a serious expression as she proceeded, and he was now lost in thought. 'But Ella,' said he at length, 'Should we be any happier, could we be any more useful than we may be here, would our love be stronger, our hearts more closely united, or our affections increased? If our path were more dazzling, would it not be less tranquil and happy. Very blessed has been our lot in this pleasant place, and I fear to break its present security. We have a good field that we may cultivate, enrich and adorn.'

'Nay, your implied fears are imaginary. Even Cousin Lucy—and she, you think is a pattern of women—even she thinks that one should mingle with the world, and that it is our duty so to do, and not confine our usefulness to too small a sphere.'

'Yes, Ella, it is well to mingle with the world as she does, to rationally enjoy society—to go among the poor and the distressed, to stand by the couch of the sick and dying, to do good with a cheerful heart, a glad smile, and the words of consolation ever upon her lips. Truly her children will call her blessed!'

'Every one has their own way to be useful. All have not the same gift, and I feel that you were born for better things than to sit here and strive for no higher aim than to make your wife happy. Ella said the last words with a smile upon her lips, but she meant them in earnest. Her eye fell upon Clarence, and she saw that she had made some impression; for though, as she said, he had that within him, which would make him a great man, yet some stimulating power was necessary to bring his talents into action; but rouse his energies, show him the goal he is to reach, and no one could press on with more vigor. Yet, far, far beneath all was a love of retirement, a shrinking from observation and a desire to stand afar off from the noisy crowd. His romance was of a peculiar and pure kind. His heart was one which loved the meek and retiring virtues in woman; he wished to have her mind cultivated, but still, he wanted her his own, and above all a kind and gentle creature, with no wish but love, no ambition but that which centred in him; one whom he knew loved him for himself alone. So far Ella had been to him all he could wish. Naught had yet occurred to disturb the romance of their wedded life. Their circumstances were such that her time was wholly at her own disposal, and the monotonous duties, which she had ever associated with wedded life, had not yet come upon her. She had not *descended* to those employments which she ever regarded with contempt, and she was determined not to so long as she could possibly avoid them. Nor was this all. She wished that Clarence should occupy what she deemed a higher station in life. She knew he could do it; she knew if she but roused his ambition her wish would be gratified. She wished the world to know how talented he was, and how well she had chosen when

she had given him her hand. And her task was well performed, the chord vibrated to her touch, the spirit was made ambitious, and Clarence entered the arena as a competitor for fame and renown.

But I must not linger here. Lindsay was stricken down with a fever. His situation was considered very dangerous, and Ella watched long and affectionately by his side; well was her duty performed during the term of doubt and uncertainty. But at length the crisis came, the danger was passed. Yet he was left very low and feeble. Long, weary hours he had to pass ere health again would come to his frame. And how were they passed? As the great danger passed away, Ella began to tire of her exertions. It was, to say the least, very irksome to sit hour after hour in the darkened chamber with no one but her sick husband, who was forbidden to talk much on account of his feeble state. She had watched him with all a wife's affection during the excitement of the danger, but now she longed for freedom 'to pursue again her customary vocations—to be with her pen and book. Sometimes she would steal away and leave him alone; but then her conscience would upbraid her for so doing—therefore one day when talking with Mrs. Clifford, concerning her husband she gently hinted that she should like to have Fanny Temple come and stay with her till he should recover, if she could be spared. Mrs. Clifford, ever kind, consented, though as she did so, she cast a searching glance at Ella, which made her cheek crimson and her eye turn away. Fanny became an inmate of her home, and Ella thought she could now leave her husband with safety, for Fanny could supply her place, and she, herself, could see that his interests did not go behind. Thus she reasoned, but it was dangerous reasoning for a wife. The place she should have filled was given lightly to another, and she herself had committed the first act towards breaking their wedded happiness.

And did not Clarence mark the change? He did. He had borne his sickness patiently, even the lingering hours of convalescence had glided imperceptibly away while his wife sat by his side. He had thought that perhaps the time *might* hang heavily on her hands, but he thought too, that her love for him was strong enough to make even those hours seem sweet and pleasant, when she knew that health, though it came slowly, still might be his. The first day the young nurse took her seat in his room, was a sad day to him. Fanny's step was as light as his wife's, she arranged the pillows for his head as well as even she could have done, her voice was as soft and as musical, and she handed him his nourishment with as sweet a smile as even Ella—but all these were unheeded. She but supplied the place of a dearer, and though all things that he needed were as ready as ever, still it was not the same. Ella would step in once in a while, and with her own sweet smile, would ask how he was, and kiss the cheek of the fair, young girl, and tell her she was just fit for a nurse. Fanny had a quick and sensitive mind, and she knew Clarence had much rather have his wife's company than hers. But she had been stationed there by that wife to do his bidding, and she had nought else to do, but perform her task as well as she might in her love to do good. To beguile the time, she read to the invalid, and sang him her own sweet songs; she would bring flowers from the garden, and sit at his feet when he called her, and he would teach her their language, and then would wreathe them amid her luxuriant curls, till she looked like a very flower queen, and her glad ringing laughter would resound in the sick chamber, till the sick man himself would smile as he gazed upon the fair, lovely creature, and almost forgive his wife for turning him off to her care. She was just fit for a flower queen, so fairy, so sylph like her form, and so merry the glance of her bonnie blue eye. Clarence was a lover of beauty, and Fanny's was so innocent, so pure, and so child-like, that no one could look upon her and yet harbor a thought of evil.

Clarence's health gradually improved under the care of his young nurse, but he manifested no wish to leave his chamber, he did not watch as heretofore for his wife's coming, nor sigh when she departed. At first, he had felt grieved at Ella's conduct, although he said nothing to her upon the subject; then followed a feeling of indignation, and as he turned to his lovely nurse, he felt almost consoled; then came indifference, and Fanny's company was more requisite to his happiness than even his wife's. Yet still he lingered in his chamber, although he was well enough to go out, and the physician advised him to do so. But one day it was too warm, another too cool, and another he had the headache, and so he put it off till he should feel stronger.

One fine, summer morning, he sat by an open window, and Fanny was by his side reading from Byron. She finished the poem she was reading, rose from her seat, and looked out of the window up into the blue sky, and down upon the green earth and bright flowers, and then turning to Clarence, she said, 'Mr Lindsay, why do you not walk out to day? I am sure it would do you good, and I should think you would be tired of staying in the house with such a simple child as myself.'

'Clarence started, and the blood mounted to his forehead at her simple words. 'Yes, no,' said he, 'I dont know but I will go; perhaps a walk will do me good, it is indeed very pleasant.'

She was surprized at his broken words, but said in glad tones, 'I am glad to hear you say so, and I will get your coat and hat and call your wife to accompany you.'

She was already nearly to the door, when he called her back; 'No Fanny, you had better not call Mrs.

Lindsay, she may be busy and may not like to go; your company will be sufficient.'

'No, indeed sir,' said she gaily, and with an arch look, she added, 'your nurse knows what is best, and she knows that a walk with one's wife is much better for a sick man's health than anything else.' And so saying, she went skipping out of the room.

Clarence went slowly about his preparations. 'Yes, she is but a child,' said he. 'Yet why do my thoughts so dwell upon her? she is so like what I fancied of all that is lovely and gentle in woman, and I would' —but here he was interrupted by the entrance of his wife, ready attired for a walk.

'Where is Fanny?' said Clarence.

'She has taken the opportunity to go and see her father, who is at work but a short distance from here. But come, we will be going, as I have not much time.'

'Ever busy,' said Clarence rather pettishly, 'I told Fanny she had better not call you as you might be engaged, I hope you have not put yourself to any inconvenience.'

'None to speak of; but come, do not look so mopish about it, or I shall be obliged to call back your nurse, and ask her how she treats you when you have such turns.' And so half in earnest, half in jest, they went forth.

CHAPTER V.

Clarence had now no excuse for remaining in his sick chamber, and accordingly Fanny, as her duties of nurse were ended, prepared to go to her home at Mr. Clifford's; she sat in the parlor ready attired for the ride, and Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay were to accompany her. At length Clarence entered in a state of painful excitement, and casting his hat upon the table, he threw himself down upon a sofa and buried his face in his hands. Deep sobs came from him, and the frame of the man shook like a child, Ella went to him and asked him the cause of his agitation. Clarence raised his head from the sofa, and looking his wife steadfastly in the face said—'I am a beggar!'

'A beggar! Clarence! what do you mean?' exclaimed Ella in amazement,

'I mean what I say—the Bank has failed, and my property is gone!'

'All is not gone, we still have this place, this house and these lands, it cannot be that we are absolutely beggars.'

'Why, as to the matter of that,' said Clarence bitterly, 'we have to be sure a house over our heads for the present, but we must work to keep it there, ay work like the veriest slave. I could do this, for I have now, thank God, good health, and could toil if need be; but we must dismiss our servants, we must lessen our expenses, we must live simply as poor people live; and how could you do this, you who,'—Clarence was proceeding in this excited strain, but he chanced to glance at his wife, and saw the deadly paleness of her countenance, and the words died on his lips, and he sprung forward just in time to save her from falling to the floor.

Fanny ran for the needed restoratives, but it was long before Ella returned to consciousness.

'You have spoken too plainly,' said Fanny, in a reproachful tone. 'You should not have made your situation appear so hopeless.'

'It *is* hopeless, Fanny,' said the disappointed man. 'I did think once, that I could bear, even poverty cheerfully with her, but the experience of the few last months, have told me the contrary; she cannot bear it, she detests those duties which must now devolve upon her; she could not—Fanny, you know she could not—cheerfully watch by her husband's side during his hours of convalescence, then how can she make a good wife for a poor man, to cheer his toil and gladden his heart. I had rather, Fanny, that she had your gentle heart and disposition, than all her talent and love of study.'

'Mr. Lindsay,' said Fanny, raising her soft eyes, full of tears, reproachfully to his face. 'You forget, surely, of whom you speak, you forget that it is the wife of your bosom, whom you have sworn to cherish and love.'

'No, I do not forget, I know it too well, would to God, that I did not.' And with gloomy brow and heavy step, he left the room.

Clarence was from that day an altered man. Real trouble had never visited him till now, there had been nothing to try his temper, nothing to call up the deep passions of his heart. He tried for and easily obtained business in the city, and his whole soul seemed to be absorbed in his employment. At home, a cloud ever rested upon his brow, which his wife tried but little to clear away. He had said in the first hour of excitement, that their expenses must be lessened and their servants dismissed; but since that time, nothing had been said by him on the subject, and they still lived as formerly. Clarence had thus erred in his conduct towards his wife; he should have told her that it was impossible for him to indulge in his former luxuries, without involving himself in debt; he should have given her his confidence, and asked her advice, as though he considered her worthy of being consulted; and it may have been that then she would have aroused herself to noble exertion and calm endurance. And this would have been done, had his feelings been in the same state as in former days; but the conduct of his wife during his sickness had changed him greatly—it had sunk deep into his heart. We do not say that he did not love her still, but it was not with that fresh, ardent and confiding affection of former days. He grieved that his feelings were so changed, that he could no longer look upon her as all perfection; and though he treated her with respect, though no unkind

word ever passed between them, yet they both felt that there was a bitter change.

And Ella sought not her husband's confidence; she gave no token by word or sign that she thought she had done wrong, and though she felt that much of happiness had gone, still her proud spirit would not humble itself, even to her husband, and own that she had erred. She gave no more thought than formerly to domestic duties, her servants were still around her, and could attend to these, and Ella lived as she had lived, though she might have known that her husband's resources were but scanty and insufficient to defray the expenses of so numerous a household. She thought sometimes of her conversation with Lucy Clifford; she had not regarded as she ought her good advice, she had not made religion her trust, nor prayed to God to enable her to discharge her duties aright; but she had gone on trusting in her own strength, and of late making none her confidant. She desponded at times, she looked back upon former days with feelings of sorrow, and the hot tears would course down her cheeks; she thought how those days had faded, even as she had feared, but the cause was not the same which she had looked upon with so much dread before marriage. It was not the *familiarity* of wedded life that had destroyed her happiness; it was not that the ideal had vanished and stern reality had taken its place. Her bright hopes had indeed faded—much of affection seemed dead and forgotten; but within her own heart lay much of blame, her own conduct had tended much to produce the dreaded result. As a wife, she had not done her duty, and its neglect was bringing its own bitter consequences. And Clarence too had erred, but still had she done her duty, had she when trouble came upon him, borne the burden with him, had she soothed his weary spirit, and been ever ready with gentle smile and willing hand to minister to his good, affliction might have been, yea, would have been blessed to them, and the deeper riches of the heart would have been revealed.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a dark and gloomy night without—a stormy night of autumn; fearfully the blasts swept by, cold and relentless in their fury. The stormy winds of autumn! They speak of desolation and of sorrow, of bright days gone and dreary days to come; and to Lindsay, as he sat in his study alone, they sounded like the dirge of all that was good and holy on earth, as the funeral notes of all his hopes, his joys, and all that had ever gladdened his heart. How sadly, how fearfully had that man changed within a year! Deep lines were on his forehead, and round his handsome mouth were traces of fearful mental suffering; his dark lustrous eyes, were sunken in his head, his cheeks were pale, and his temples throbbed and burned with unnatural heat. He was alone—in the room where we first met him, when manhood had just set its seal upon the lofty brow; there, where he sat with his wife, the chosen of his heart; there, where she had urged him on to fame; where she had roused his ambition and told him of powers that none but she knew. Yes, there in that room, so associated, he sat now, alone, despairing in bitter misery, of which he had never dreamed.

The table before him was strewed with papers, and he glanced over them one by one, until each had met his stern and dreadful gaze; then gathering them all together he exclaimed—'these are the evidences of my guilt! Guilt! Clarence Lindsay, didst thou ever think thy proud name would ever be associated with guilt and crime? Yes *crime*—have I not taken that which was not my right? Have I not defrauded? Am I not a thief, a villain, ay, all that is base and sinful! And for what have I done this? Was it for myself? Could I not get enough by honest labor for a maintenance? It matters not now, it is done, and to-morrow's sun will tell the tale to a gaping world. And what will *she* say? She who prided herself upon her husband's noble intellect? What will she say, when she knows that her husband is a defrauder? She will say that I have a gift, that even she knew not of.' And the wretched man tossed his arms wildly into the air, and laughed aloud. Reason tottered on her throne, madness was staring him in his face, horrid shapes were round him. He arose and hurriedly paced the room: his eyes glared wildly, and at length they chanced to rest upon a miniature of his wife, suspended in the room. He stopped and gazed upon it. It represented her as she was when he first called her his bride, young and beautiful. Thoughts of the past came over him; he took the miniature from the wall, sat down and gazed upon it a few minutes, and then burst into tears. His wildness had vanished, and he wept as he had not wept for years. He felt relieved, he kissed the miniature and laid it on the table. 'I may not do it now,' he muttered, 'with that before me, I have not strength now, I will go look upon her once again.' And he took the light and proceeded with stealthy steps to his wife's apartment.

Clarence stood for a few minutes gazing upon his wife. She slumbered not easily, her breathing was hard, and a few tears trickled down from her closed lids upon her cheek. That cheek was not as sound and as fresh and glowing as in former days, he thought, as he stood there shading the light from her eyes. The heart of the wretched man grew softer, and he whispered to himself—'May God bless her, and make her days happy. She is my wife, and I would not make her miserable. What I have done, was done that she might not feel poverty; but now I have doomed her to feel a worse pang, to feel that her husband is a villain and a defrauder! Just God!' he exclaimed in bitter agony, 'Why was I left to such a miserable fate?' and he threw himself upon a couch, and lay as if in a trance for a long time.

The bright morning sun was shining in the apartment when Clarence awoke. It was some time before he could collect his senses, and comprehend his situation. He slowly arose and looked around the chamber; his wife had stolen softly out some time before. He walked to the closet, unlocked it, and taking from thence a pistol, he examined it carefully. A stern, rigid expression was on his countenance; at that moment he heard his wife's step, and hastily concealing the weapon, he sat down upon a chair.

'Mr. Lindsay,' said she, 'there is a man in the parlor below, waiting to see you.' Clarence said not a word, but went down. It was as he expected, an officer come to arrest him. Calmly, and without any visible agitation, he heard all he had to say.

'I will accompany you in a few minutes, allow me to step up stairs and speak to my wife?' The officer bowed assent.

He went into the chamber, took the pistol unnoticed by her and then going up to her, put his arm round her neck, and straining her to his bosom, whispered—'Good by, Ella, and God bless you.'

She looked up amazed in his face, and started at its fearful expression. 'For heaven's sake Clarence, what is the matter, and why have you that pistol in your hand,' and she reached forth to take it from him.

'Nay hinder me not Ella, death or dishonor,' and so saying he put the pistol to his heart. Ella seized his arm, but her strength failed, and with a shriek she fell fainting upon the floor. Her shriek, together with the report of the pistol, brought the whole family to the chamber. There lay Lindsay weltering in his own blood, but still not dead, and close by his side lay his wife in a state of insensibility. She quickly returned to consciousness, and assisted the servants to carry their master to bed, and then sent for a physician. The wound was not mortal.

Long did Clarence lay upon that bed of sickness and pain, and he knew not how well, nor how tenderly he was watched; he knew not how his wife hung over his pillow, and watched his fevered breathings, while the tears fast flowed from her eyes, as she listened to his wild ravings, that told how he had been led on to commit the wicked deed, how, rather than that she should upbraid him with bringing her to poverty, he had yielded to temptation, and taken that which was not his own. Yes, Ella learned a wise lesson by her husband's sick bed; she learned how her first act of unkindness had entered deep into his heart, how it had first led him to think unkindly of her, and then to almost turn from her with indifference. But we may not dwell upon this; suffice it to say, that Lindsay recovered, but with returning reason came a sense of his degradation, and a knowledge of how deeply he had fallen. 'And justly too,' said he to his wife, as he spoke with her for the first time upon the subject. 'What is your husband now, Ella, he whom you once urged to seek for fame, and the world's applause?'

'He is my husband still,' said she, 'and had I performed my duty as a wife, he might never have fallen!' And tears of repentance came to her eyes, and she leaned her head upon his bosom and wept. Clarence tried all in his power to comfort her. 'Let the world go as it will,' said he, 'we will be all the world to each other, even as we were in happy days. Look up my own wife, and say, should all the world cast me off, and brand my name with infamy, wilt thou then still call me thine, and make me sure one heart loves me, guilty as I am.'

'Clarence,' answered Ella solemnly, 'did I not swear to love thee? Deeply have I erred, but you shall see how deep is my repentance. God will answer the prayers of a penitent heart and enable me to do what is right. Am I not thine in life or in death? When you seemed upon the bed of death, I prayed that I too might die; but now, thou livest, I pray that I may live to prove my love and affection.'

I must hasten to the conclusion of my narrative. Lindsay was tried, according to the forms of law—tried in the face of the world, as a defrauder! Deeply was he humbled as he stood before the judge with downcast eyes and a throbbing heart. He who had once stood as high as they, who had been looked up to as a man of genius and learning, was fallen! Alas! how weak are human mortals! We know not our strength, till we are tempted; the man of honesty and good character, when he looks at his poor, fallen, sinful brother, knows not how great was his temptation, nor how long and painfully he strove against it.

Lindsay was sentenced to pay a heavy fine. This was paid by the kindness of Henry Clifford, who was now a man of wealth and willing to do all in his power to assist the husband of his cousin. Clarence was deeply grateful for his kindness, but he could not stay among his former associates, when he fancied that every one who saw him, looked upon him with contempt. And in a short time from his trial, he with his wife, assisted still by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, started for the West, poor in purse, but rich in lessons of experience.

Letters often passed between Lucy and her cousin Ella, in which the latter spoke of happy days, for she had found the pearl of great price—and had taken religion for her guide. They were very contented in their western home. 'You will wonder,' said she, 'how I get along with the duties of housekeeping, but I like them much; there is a charm of novelty and that is a good deal, and Clarence is pleased with every thing I do. I have, my dear cousin, found more true happiness here in our rude western home, than I ever enjoyed even in our own sweet cottage.'

And time passed, and letters came from the West, telling of little cherubs and prattling boys and girls, and the delights of the home circle, and all the et cetera upon which happy parents so love to dwell. 'Indeed Lucy, you must come and see us, for our little

boy we have named for your husband, and you must come and own his relationship, and I don't know but I shall call upon Fanny; she has helped you rear your little ones, it is but fair that my turn should come now.'

Somerville, Mass.

MARY.

BY CHARLOTTE.

How CAN I sing of thee, Mary,
My beautiful, my own!
For thou liest low, where the violets grow,
And the turf is thy headstone, Mary!

Yet mourn I not for thee, Mary,
I would not call thee back!
Though my home is lone, and the music tone
Of thy voice I ever lack, Mary!

I think of thy gentle smile, Mary,
And thy pure, unsullied truth,
And I call thee blest, who hast gone to rest
In the morning of thy youth, Mary!

Though other lips may smile, Mary,
And eyes with lustre shine,
Yet still to me, there's nought like thee
And those blue orbs of thine, Mary.

And oh 'tis a pleasant thought, Mary,
To cheer the sorrowing, given,
Though the flower is crushed, and the love tone hushed,
We shall meet in heaven, Mary.

But I cannot wait the time, Mary,
Till I shall meet thee *there!*
I must see thee now, with thy holy brow,
And thy face so meek and fair, Mary!

Come in night-visions, Mary,
With thy soft, seraph smile;
Oh speak once more, as thou didst of yore;—
Come and my grief beguile, Mary!

Boston, Mass.

'SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.'

BY REV. DARIUS FORBES.

A Discourse delivered in the Universalist Church in Belfast, on the occasion of the death of Mrs. LOUIS WHITE, *wife of Robert White. June* 19, 1842.

LUKE viii. 52: 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.'

WHAT a dread and mysterious event closes man's earthly career! What a solemn mystery hangs about the bed of death, the coffin, the shroud and the grave! There lays the familiar form which we once loved and revered—the form which we cherished as the apple of our eye, and upon which we delighted to gaze, but how changed! It is wrapped in a dread and mysterious slumber! We speak to it, and it answers not! We place our hand upon it, and we start back with indescribable feelings! It is as cold and lifeless as the marble, and its touch sends a chill through our frames!

We gaze upon the mortal remains, but what we loved is no longer there! The form is before us, but something is gone! Death has laid his withering hand upon it, the countenance is changed, and what we loved hath escaped! What has death done? Who can tell what has departed from that familiar form, which, but a short time since, was full of life and animation? What hath escaped from that countenance, which was radiant with smiles and affection; with intelligence and wit, that it is now so desolate and dreary? We have seen nothing go away; yet something hath gone—that which made the form lovely. O death, how deep the mystery in which thy doings are wrapped up! We cannot penetrate the vail which thou spreadest over thy works, and no voice comes from thy dread abode to tell us what thou art, or what thou doest! Dread visitor of our firesides and homes, what art thou? Whence didst thou come? Who hath sent thee forth to desolate our homes, and make them the abodes of melancholy and gloom?

Death answers not such questions as these. And we may search beneath the shroud and in the grave with the most prying curiosity and penetrating eye, but no light is there to remove this mystery. All is impenetrable darkness and silence. It is only when we open the volume of Revelation, that a clear and unclouded light shines upon this darkness and mystery. We there learn, that when the body crumbles to dust, the spirit goes to God who gave it. Revelation tells us, that it is the spirit, the inspiration of the Almighty, which makes human forms beautiful and lovely; and that when death comes, it is only at the bidding of the infinite One, to call that which we love home to mansions on high, while the form is left to sleep in silence. It tells us, that although the casket is broken, it was only to remove the treasure it contained to a place of greater security. While we know it can no more return to this changeable and mutable world to comfort and bless us, Revelation tells us that in a few short years at most, we shall follow it to that better land 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' Oh! what a blessed consolation is this, in such a changeable, mutable, and dying world as ours!

Our text was uttered beside the death-bed of the young and beautiful, by him who 'spake as never man spake.' Death's mysterious slumbers had taken possession of that young and sprightly form, and the friends had gathered around, weeping over their bereavement. All was agony and grief. Every heart

was sad, and every eye was wet with tears, as they gazed upon the form once so beautiful and lovely, now wrapped in the dread and mysterious slumbers of death. But the Savior of the world came. He spake, and the maid arose from her slumbers, and sorrow fled away.

How beautiful the thought—'She is not dead, but sleepeth!' She was weary of earth's cares, anxieties and sorrows, and she has laid down to rest, and what rendered her lovely has fled away, but not perished. Mysterious slumbers have taken possession of the body, but the spirit still lives. It has gone away where are 'many mansions.' How quiet and peaceful are her slumbers! No frightful dreams disturb her repose; no anxious thoughts invade the mind. All is calm, and quiet, and peaceful.

After a day of toil and fatigue, when the body and mind are wearied with their labors, how grateful is sweet slumber. How does it refresh and invigorate; and how do we long for it, when wearied and exhausted by earth's labors, cares, anxieties and perplexities! When health courses through the veins, how sweet are our slumbers! Look upon the countenance of the little child when wrapped in peaceful slumbers, and how pleasant the sight! How sweet its expression!

Such is the thought to be associated with death—that of quiet and peaceful slumber. To die is only to fall asleep for our refreshment. We become weary of the world and its anxieties, and cares, and labors; the decrepitude of age comes upon us; or our bodies are worn down with disease or sorrow, and then the slumbers of death come to our relief. If the duties of life have been faithfully performed; if the soul is purified and strengthened by faith in God and human immortality, when age, or sickness, or misfortune makes us weary of life, how does the soul desire to be freed from its prison! This slumber comes over us like quiet sleep over the little child. It is pleasant, and only to refresh and invigorate. It is only to raise us to a higher and purer state of action, where fatigue shall no more be known forever—where immortal energy and activity shall be the lot of man.

Such were the thoughts presented to that mourning family by our text. How must the declaration—'she is not dead, but sleepeth'—have sounded in the ears of that mourning circle! To what conflicting thoughts and feelings must it have given birth! Some would receive it with a half doubting faith, and rejoice with trembling, while others would treat it as a chimera. But soon would its truth be verified. At the voice of the Son of God she awoke. And at the same voice, all the human dead shall awake, no more to sleep forever. 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' Not one of all earth's millions shall be missing from the vast assembly.

Hence the sentiment of our text is as true now, of every one that dies, as of the individual to whom it primarily referred. Standing as we do over the remains of a beloved sister in the gospel, we may not only say, but believe—'she is not dead, but sleepeth.' True, she will not return to us as did the person concerning whom our text was uttered; but it is no less certain that she only sleepeth. Nor is it any the less certain that she shall awake—aye that she hath already awaked in the spirit-land, the home of the human soul.

The world had lost its charms to her; her frame was worn out with disease and pain, and now she hath fallen asleep in Jesus. Her sorrows are all ended. She quietly sleeps here before us—no dreams disturb, no anxious thoughts or feelings invade the mind, no fears alarm, no terrors distract. No more will she spend sleepless nights, or anxious days. No more will she be tortured with pain, or fatigued with labor.

The body is about to be consigned to the dust as it was; but according to the word of God, and as we believe, the spirit hath returned to Him who gave it. And it went not as a criminal to the prison, or the slave to the place of labor; but it went willingly as if going home to rest. It went with the confident expectation of meeting us all in that better land for which it had started, where sin and sorrow can never come. How grateful the thought, while we feel she can no more come to us, that, when we have completed our mission on earth, we shall go to join her society and that of all we love in heaven! It is a thought full of consolation.

Here we are all strangers and pilgrims far away from home. We have no abiding city here. And the only road that will lead us home, is through the gate of death. But while it is a gate so narrow, that it strips us of all we have of earth, and brings upon us much pain and suffering, how delightful the thought, that as we see one after another of our companions and friends whom we love, disappear through this gate, that they have been called by a Father's love to go, and are taken by a Father's hand, and led through the dark valley, to a blissful and everlasting home!

How little is the mind accustomed to dwell on the idea included in this expression! A false theology has covered that world with darkness and terror, and placed a fierce tyrant on its throne, instead of the infinite Father, and so the true idea of that spirit-land has been almost driven from men's minds. Man has too generally looked upon it as a world of uncertainty—a state where darkness and doubt spread their mantle, and some terrible doom will or may await us, rather than the *home* of the human soul. But so the Scriptures do not speak. They speak of it as the land of rest, 'where the wicked cease from troubling;' the abode of purity and blessedness unalloyed and unending—as man's everlasting home.

Let us pause and think of this expression for a mo-

ment. To go home—what is it? It is to go to join the society of the Father who made and the Savior that redeemed us, without anything to hinder our communion; to rejoin all our parents, and brothers, and sisters, and friends who have gone before us, and where one after another of those we shall leave behind shall join us, until not one shall be missing from any circle of friends; to go where all is harmony and love, and there is nothing to mar or disturb our enjoyments, and where we shall no more be separated forever.

Those who have been called to go from their native land and live among strangers, can *feel* something of the meaning of the word *home*. When away where we do not purpose to make a permanent residence, how uneasy, restless and dissatisfied do we feel! There is something wanting to complete our enjoyments, even though we are surrounded with everything this world can produce, calculated to please and gratify! We forget the splendors with which we are surrounded; are deaf to the music that sounds in our ears, while the heart wanders away to its own native skies, and fountains, and streams, and woods—the lowly place of its birth. And when we are prepared to start for home, what emotions fill our hearts! What feelings are stirred up within us! We have sensations of delight which no pen can describe, no tongue can tell!

At home! There is the venerable father who led us up to manhood and toiled for our sustenance and education! There is the mother who bore us, watched over the helpless period of infancy and youth, with all a mother's care and solicitude! There are the brothers and sisters, born of the same parents, fed from the same board and by the toil of the same hands, nourished and cherished by the same care, led up to man and womanhood under the same roof, and all the nameless associations of youth! What indescribable feelings do such thoughts as these awaken in our hearts! Language is too feeble to give utterance to them!

Thus it is with the soul. In this world it is uneasy, restless and dissatisfied. Give it all the world can afford, and still there are the same restless desires, the same longing after some unattained good, perpetually agitating it. It feels away from home. And as it is with the sojourner in a foreign land, when he starts for home his mind is filled with delight, so it is with the christian when he is about to die. He looks forward to the spirit-land, with the same ecstacy and delight, as the stranger does to the home of his childhood. He feels that that world is the birthplace, the home of his soul. He feels assured, that when he arrives there, he shall meet with his parents, brothers, sisters, friends, and all he loved here, in the society of the infinite Father, that Savior who died to redeem his soul from sin, holy apostles and prophets and the 'spirits of just men made perfect.' Such thoughts and anticipations

'Can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

Thus died our sister whose remains are here before us, ready to be consigned to the dust, and whose departure we mourn. She felt that she was going home to meet her parents and friends who had preceded her, and that dear sister* whose departure she mourned with us, but a few short months ago; that there she should await the arrival and welcome us all home too, where all our sorrows shall end, and our days of mourning be no more. She has fallen sweetly to sleep in Jesus. Peaceful be her slumbers, while the spirit has winged its way on high. O what consolation is there in such thoughts as these! Under their influence, severe as may be our bereavement, who can mourn as those who have no hope? Such truths are the balm which is given by a merciful God, to heal the deepest wounds made in the bereaved heart.

The event which claims our attention this afternoon, seems to have lessons peculiar to the different classes and relations of us here present. The death of this sister seems to speak in an emphatic manner to the husband, brothers, and sisters, and all the connections; to the members of our religious society, and particularly to the female portion of it; and the community at large. And I may be allowed to present these teachings in the form of a personal address to each.

To the Husband: My beloved brother, what can I, what shall I say to you? The Lord hath indeed come very near you. He hath taken your companion in her youth, and left you with two pledges of your affection, deprived of a mother's care, they so much need. A companion is taken from you, whose worth you well know, and whose loss you are yet more deeply to feel. Your home is left desolate, and new cares and duties are imposed upon you. You have no longer one with whom to share the cares and responsibilities of your domestic duties. Ah! there is a melancholy blank at your fireside, that is painful to us all. We feel your loss and tender you our sympathies and prayers. This is all we can do. How soon we may be called to experience a like fate, no one can tell; and then we in our turn shall need your sympathy, which you will well understand how to give. But while you mourn your bereavement, you know what you have lost, your companion has gained. Happier is her peaceful state in that bright world where she hath gone, than in this world of peril and sin. 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' Let this consideration be a healing balm to your wounded

* Mary Jane, wife of Hon. D. W. Lathrop, brother to Mrs. White.

spirit, and a source of comfort in your solitude. You have much to comfort you beside this. The remembrance of her many virtues, and the spirit with which she fell asleep. She was the guardian spirit of her family, a faithful wife and a devoted mother. You can remember the days you have been permitted to spend together, with but little except unmingled pleasure. And then the close of her life—it was that of the righteous. She did not leave this world with shuddering dread and horror, or reluctance; but she went with a willing spirit. She fell sweetly asleep. O there is something exceedingly soothing to the spirit, when our friends are called away, to see them go in peace and hope, and with a willing spirit. And when we add to this the belief that they have gone to a better world, how much we have to cheer and comfort us, under our bereavement and sorrow! Well may you bow with resignation to what God has been pleased to cause you to suffer, with so much that is consoling connected with it. But I need not press this matter, for I know, although deep is the wound inflicted on your spirit, you will not mourn as those who have no hope. But while you have consolation in your sorrow, this event has lessons of wisdom to teach. It tells you of the uncertainty of life and earthly sources of enjoyment, and of the importance of being prepared for trouble and sorrow. It also points you to new duties. Look on those children, deprived of a mother's counsel and care. It is to you alone they are now committed. Great and responsible is the charge. And let me charge you to, as I know you will, perform that duty in the fear of God. Train them up in the nurture and the admonition of the Lord. I feel, my dear brother, deeply to sympathize with you in this matter, for I have lived in apprehension of having a like charge imposed upon myself. And it is my prayer that God may give you wisdom to enable you to discharge this great duty aright, and me too, should such be my melancholy fate.

To the Brothers and Sisters: You have been called to part with a sister to whom you were tenderly attached, and here you must take your leave of that form in which was treasured up an excellent spirit. Ah, how has that form changed since it was last here before! Scarce one vestige remains of what it once was. The destroyer has done his work but too well, and it now becomes our melancholy duty to deposite it in its place of rest. But blessed be God, we perform this last office in hope. 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' Let this hope comfort your hearts, my beloved friends. While you mourn over your bereavement, I know you do not mourn as those who have no hope. And while you have hope and comfort, through that glorious faith it is our privilege to possess, let this event of divine Providence speak lessons of wisdom to your hearts. Let it suitably impress your minds with a realizing sense of human frailty, so as to stimulate you to earnest endeavors to faithfully perform all your duties. Let it lead you to emulate the many virtues of your departed sister. Remember that you and I have but a short time to tarry here at the longest, and let it stimulate you to labor to be of benefit to mankind. Let not the few days allotted to you on earth be wasted in idleness, or in misdirected labors and efforts; but let them be zealous and well directed. Especially remember your duties to the religion of Christ, as we understand that religion, of which your departed sister, in common with yourselves, was a professor. And I may add a consistent professor, an unwavering friend and supporter. Her example in this respect, as well as others, is worthy of imitation from you all, and let not its influence be lost upon you. It will be a happy consideration to you, when you come to the close of life, to feel that you can say with the apostle—'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the righteous Judge shall give me.' But this cannot be the case unless you earnestly devote yourself to the practice of duty and faithfully adhere to what you regard truth. Then when God calls, you will go away in peace—you will fall sweetly to sleep, and go to meet your beloved sister who has gone home but little before us all.

The same reflections would I commend to all the connections and friends, for their comfort and instruction. Let this event speak words of wisdom to all your hearts, and serve to inspire you all with that charity which abideth forever. You have lost a valued one from your circle, and let it speak to you, saying, 'be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not of, the son of man cometh.' Let your minds and hearts be filled with that grace of God which bringeth salvation to a lost world; for it is by grace ye are saved, not of works. Trust not in your own goodness—your irreproachable character to find you admittance into heaven. Trust rather in God. For all our best deeds are mingled with imperfection and sin, and it is only in the pardoning love of God, that such sinful mortals as we are, can hope for salvation. All that we can do, is but hewing out to ourselves cisterns, broken cisterns which can hold no water from the wells of salvation. 'Hope then in God' alone, and have that faith which works by love and purifies the heart, founded on the redemption there is in Christ, and you are safe for time and eternity. You cannot be plucked out of his hands.

To those who usually worship in this house, I address myself: How often has the destroyer come among us! More than one half of us are now clothed in the habiliments of mourning, and thus it is constantly. One after another of our number is disappearing from our midst, and we are called to pay the last deed of respect to departed worth, and

come to this temple of God for consolation. One seat after another is vacated in this house, and thus the work will go on until we have all passed away, and another generation succeeded; and indeed so long as its walls shall stand and these seats be occupied. And now another is gone, and we are here again as mourners. A seat, that has ever been constantly occupied since worship was established in this house, is now vacated to give place to another. May it be filled by one as faithful and true. This sister whose remains are before us, was one that was ever true to her principles, and gave her entire influence in favor of what she believed the truth, regardless alike of the smiles and frowns of friends and associates, and of fashion and popularity. She never wantonly neglected the house of God on the Sabbath. Let who else might be absent, I ever felt sure of meeting her here to join in the worship of God. But she has gone home to enjoy the fruition of those hopes she so fondly cherished here below, while we are left to mourn over her vacant place.

When I remarked on a similar occasion, whose turn it would next come to take their place among the dead the Lord only knew, little did I think the shaft would fall where it has. Little did I then think I should ever be called to stand over the mortal remains of the one before us, wrapped in the dread and mysterious slumbers of death; much less did I think the time so near at hand. And whose turn shall it be next to leave us? The Lord only knoweth. It may be one we should the least suspect. Let us all then, endeavor to be ready, for it matters very little who is next called, if so be that they are ready. And this uncertainty, so forcibly illustrated in the instance before us, should admonish us faithfully to endeavor to do our duty in life; to be true to the great cause of religious truth, as was our beloved sister, in all our ways; to steadfastly adhere to what we believe truth, through both good and evil report; and never wantonly neglect the house of worship on the Sabbath.

This event seems especially to admonish the female part of the worshipers here. A strange mortality seems to prevail among their sex. How large a portion of the deaths among us and in our community are from among our wives, mothers and sisters! All the vacant seats here, are made by the removal of the female members of our congregation. Shall not this admonish you in an especial manner, to be also ready? And shall it not stimulate you to a new and deeper interest in the great cause of religious truth? Shall it not stimulate you to renewed diligence, to promote the interests of what you believe the truth? But a short time may be allotted you to contribute to this cause. O then, let me beg of you to consider well your duties and do them, ever forgetting self and all selfish considerations. Let not the example of devotion, given in the life of our departed sister, and faithfulness, be lost upon you. But as you see one after another of your number pass away, may it serve to arouse you to new zeal and energy, and thus make you all blessings to the cause of Christ. We are all bereaved. We have met with a serious loss in the death of this sister, and may you endeavor to compensate for it, in as far as you are able, by your renewed industry and zeal, in behalf of the truth of heaven.

But it is not only the bereaved husband, brothers and sisters, connections and friends and our religious society that have suffered loss in the death of this sister. She is a loss to the social circle—the community. And her life and her death have words of instruction and admonition for this whole congregation and community. They tell us all of the uncertainty of life, and the importance of being constantly prepared to meet death ourselves or part with our companions and friends. And what shall prepare us to die or be bereaved but faith in God? We are all sinners. We have no excellence of our own to recommend us to God. If we place our hopes in the goodness and mercy of God alone, we shall have them founded on the rock, and the winds may blow, and the storms of earth may beat upon us, but we shall remain unmoved and unshaken, and lay down at last, and fall into sweet slumbers.

'THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME.'*

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

Morn slowly broke on Sinai—not as erst
With bright, soft gleam upon the desert sands,
Sprinkling the waste with gold, but with a pomp
Of fearful grandeur. Lurid lightnings flashed,
And thunder rolled along the awe-struck air.
The earth was hushed, and still. The very leaves
Of the scant herbage on the mountain side
Were stirless as with fear, and nature owned
A nameless, powerful thrill unfelt before.
A cloud lay on the mount, and from its folds
There rang a trumpet-tone, and the camp woke
And trembled. Then the fearful lightnings gleamed
More fearfully—and louder rose the peal
Of the loud thunder, and the assembled hosts
Went forth to meet their God. They saw the smoke—
For he had come in flame—they heard the trump
Sound long and loud until the mountain quaked
In his dread presence, and from out the gloom
Came forth a voice, and they were faint with fear.
What said that voice? What was the first command
Jehovah spake amid such awful signs?
'*Before* ME *thou shalt have no other gods!*
Thou shalt not make an idol!'

Did they heed
The high command? No. Ere the cloud forsook
Their tent, the fiery pillar from their path

* Exodus xx. 3.

Had faded, they had reared an idol-shrine
And bowed in the vain worship.

Ever thus
Doth man lose sight of heaven, and rear a god
Of his own workmanship, and bend the knee
In his idolatry, until the fire
Goes out upon the altar, and a *hand*
He hath forgotten hurls the image down,
And dashes it to dust, and then he learns
It is but of the earth, and turns to heaven.

There is a mother—she is holding fast
A tiny hand in hers, and bending low
To catch each lisping word, and watch each smile
That speaks of growing intellect. Her eye
Sees nought but that young, cherub face, her heart
Looks but to him for all it knows of heaven.
Mother! fond mother, pause! A serpent's tongue
May lie in those soft lips, and future years
May see it sting thy spirit to its core;
Or thou shalt call, and call for *one* kind word,
One tone of fond affection, and the grave
Shall give thee answer—Thou dost worship *clay!*

And thou, fair girl, in thy dark eyes lie tales
Of thy heart-secrets—dreams, bright, lovely dreams,—
Yet all delusion; and soft shadows sleep
Within their speaking depths, and what say they?
What saith the changing cheek, and trembling frame
Shrinking from one lone thought? That in thy heart
Is reared an idol-shrine, and all thy hopes,
Thy thoughts, affections, ay, thy *life of life*
Are laid thereon. Turn, fruitless worshipper
Of a frail idol, turn to God ere yet
The altar fall, and thy poor, bleeding heart
Lie crushed beneath its ruins; turn to heaven!

The clarion sounds—the tramp of fiery steeds,
And war-clad men is near. A glancing plume
Waves o'er a noble brow, an eagle eye;
High in the distance Glory lifts her shrine,
And calls her worshippers, and in the van
Rushes a manly form. That noble brow
Rests where the birds of prey are wheeling low,
And sleep that never more shall pass hath sealed
That eagle eye.

So the pale student bends
O'er the dim page of ancient lore, to wring
From sleepless toil the blessing of a *name*.
It comes, but the long-sought within his grasp
Hath turned to ashes.

In yon cob-webbed room
Pale Avarice leans above the figured page
That tells his millions. Not a weeping eye
Grows bright at his approach, and not a pang
Of human suffering ever was made less
From his full coffers. See, his haggard looks
Tell that his god hath turned a cold, deaf ear
Upon his worship.

Ever thus, in vain,
Shall idol-homage end. Our Father wills
The creatures of his hand shall bow their souls
To nought but Him, shall rear no earthly shrine,
Or desolation of the heart shall fall
Upon that worship. Stern Iconoclasts
Shall come, and then, amidst the mournful wreck,
The poor, mistaken worshipper shall lift
The tearful eye, and sinking soul to Him,
Who said on Sinai's terror-smitten brow,
'*Thou shalt not bow to other gods than Me!*'

Portland, Me.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. NO. III.

BY CHARLOTTE.

CAROLINE.

'AND then her face, so lovely, yet so arch,—
It haunts me still, though many years have fled,
Like some wild melody.'

I.

I WOULD fain ask your attention, dear reader, to a few passages from the romance of real life—a few inklings in the history of Caroline Temple, my early and well-beloved friend. Our acquaintance commenced at school, and during the years we remained there our friendship became closely cemented. Of her family, in those days, I knew little, save that her father was an idle, dissipated man, who harassed and abused his wife, and was indifferent and cross to his child; while her mother, a heart-sick, weary woman, wrought early and late, and feeble as she was, by her own single exertions maintained her family. Caroline was her idol, and I believe had she consulted her own wishes alone, she would never have allowed her to leave her side; but she shrunk from exposing her child to the contamination of her father's presence and example; she trembled lest her pure ear should catch the sound of his blasphemous language, or her young eye be blasted with the sight of his beastliness, and she did not refuse her consent when I used to plead for Caroline's company during many hours when we were free from school. Our intimacy continued unbroken till we were nearly sixteen, when my parents removed from the city and for a considerable lapse of time I heard nothing of her till the news of her marriage reached me. But I am anticipating my story.

It was a cold, dreary evening in the winter of 183—, and the noisy northeast wind rattled the loose sashes of the windows in an old, ricketty building, which sharing the fate of many similar domicils, has long since ceased to mar the beauty of our goodly city. The house was situated in a dirty, narrow lane, and tenanted by several families, but it is with the inmates of a meanly furnished upper apartment, that we have now to do. On a cot bed in one corner of a miserable room, lay a pale, care worn woman,

whose features wore an expression of intense anguish—can you wonder?—for many long, weary months had she lain there, a wretched victim, writhing beneath the scourge of that most terrible disease that flesh is heir to—a cancer! Her eyes were bent anxiously on a young maiden, who sat at a table drawn closely to the stove, busily sewing by the light of a small, ill-fed lamp, on one of those coarse garments by the manufacture of which, so many poor, lone females in our populous city, earn a scanty subsistence. The girl was apparently ill at ease, for though her eyes were bent upon her work, the tears stood upon her long lashes, her lip quivered, and her trembling fingers were scarcely able to guide the needle. She started and brushed the tears hastily from her eyes as the feeble voice of the invalid was heard;—'Carry, dear, I cannot bear to see you plodding so at that tedious work, to gain such a miserable pittance, and even that, you say, is about to be stopped; it makes my heart ache to see you thus wasting your best days, toiling for and attending upon me. O could I but have seen the fulfilment of my wishes—could you have brought your mind to regard the subject in a different light, you would not thus be wearing out your health and energies.'

'Do not urge me thus, I entreat you, dear mother; it grieves me to give you pain, but in this affair I cannot comply with your wishes. I am willing to toil, to suffer hardship and privation, but I should deem it little better than legal pollution to give my hand to a man whom I do not love.'

'But think, Caroline, how desolate you will be, when I am gone; an orphan with neither brother, sister or any relative, able and willing to assist you. You are young too, and I fear not to say to you, very beautiful; dangerous gifts, these, to a poor and unfriended girl—God grant that they may never lead you into trial or temptation! I cannot conceive the reason of your dislike to George Wilson. True, he is not rich, if he were, I should be less forward in urging this matter; but I am told by those who know him, that he is an industrious, enterprizing young man, and an excellent workman, and industry and application cannot fail to ensure him success. And then you allow him his full quota of good looks and agreeableness; neither do you deny him a large share of intellectuality and talent, and you *must* know, Caroline, for it does not require a very acute eye to detect it, that he is ardently and passionately attached to you; he is kind and gentle, frank and generous, and if you do not love him now, you will soon learn to do so.'

'I have little faith, dear mother, in the theory of "*Love after marriage*," and I can conceive nothing, more dreadful than to be condemned to pass my life in the society of a man whom I do not love. I am sure no fetters could be so galling.'

'There *is* a far worse bondage, Caroline, that of a true hearted loving woman linked by the closest ties to a worthless and brutal husband! From such a fate I would save you by bestowing you on one who will tenderly cherish you; my beloved child, the dearest wish of my heart, is to see you the wife of George Wilson.'

'Mother, *dear* mother, spare yourself, and me; you are exhausted with talking so long and earnestly—I will adjust your pillows, and then you must rest awhile.'

'Caroline, I *cannot* rest—night and day, sleeping or waking, my thoughts are constantly dwelling on your future destiny. Come nearer to me, dearest, sit here, so that I can see and feel that you are near, and listen to a short and simple record of my experience. I was the only girl in a family of seven children, and was constantly the pet and favorite of the whole. My parents were not richly gifted with this world's goods, but they were frugal and prudent, and contrived to save from their limited income sufficient to afford their children the best educations. Of my six brothers, three chose a collegiate course and professions, one pushed his fortunes in the far West, another entered the mercantile line, and the youngest became a hardy, daring sailor, while I remained at home, the companion of my mother and the darling of both parents. As I grew to womanhood, I acquired the fame of a beauty, and this reputation soon drew around me a crowd of suitors and admirers. I was alike indifferent to all, but I was not long in perceiving that my family encouraged the attentions of a college friend of my oldest brother, who was a frequent visitor at the house. It was then and has always been matter of wonder to me, that the highly educated and gifted Alick Hervey, should ever have dreamed of loving, still less of marrying the simple, bashful and little accomplished girl, who looked up to him with awe and reverence as to some "bright, particular star," respecting and fearing him, but never daring to love him. But so it was. For many months he paid me the most unwearying and exclusive yet delicate attentions, which I had neither courage nor self-confidence to repel, till he poured into my ear the declaration of his attachment. Then I was compelled to nerve myself, and with trembling words I acknowledged my inferiority to him, and the utter impossibility of my ever returning his affection. I shall never forget the look he cast upon me, as without uttering a word he snatched up his hat and rushed from the house.

'At our next meeting, my timid salutation was returned with cold formal courtesy, and when I saw him again, a dark eyed girl was leaning on his arm, whom in measured terms he introduced to me as his wife. I had prepared myself to meet with composure the reproaches of my father and the tender entreaties of my mother, but to my surprise they never mentioned Hervey's name, and all my efforts to draw

it into our conversation were unsuccessful. Previous to this time perfect confidence had subsisted between my parents and myself, and the want of it sensibly affected me; and one day during a short *tete-a-tete* interview with my mother I abruptly informed her of Alick's proposals and my rejection of them. 'I know it all, Sophy,' she replied, 'and Alick Hervey is the man of all others to whom we could have wished to see you united; we have sacrificed our hopes to your fancied ideas of love and happiness, but alas! my child, I fear you will one day bitterly rue it.' A few months after Alick Hervey's marriage, I became acquainted with William Temple, a clerk in one of the principal banks of the city. He was a handsome man, of fashionable address and insinuating manners; he exerted his powers of pleasing to the utmost, and I who had carelessly spurned the homage of the high-souled and gifted Hervey, yielded my heart to the gay and thoughtless Temple. My parents instantly and decidedly refused their consent, representing that he had been a wild, dissolute young man, and urging that an undutiful son must make a bad husband. 'We yielded to your wishes, Sophy,' they said, 'in regard to young Hervey, and surely some sacrifice is now due on your part toward us, for we will never give our sanction to your marriage with this man.' Wisely and well did they counsel me, but their words fell on ears that refused to listen, and vanished into thin air before the delusive sophistry of William Temple, and in an evil hour, unblest with the presence or consent of my parents, I became his wife, and an outcast from my early home. My father swore never to forgive me, and my mother refused to see me, yet for one year I was happy, and fancied that no retribution was in store for my wilful disobedience. But it came at length. Your birth, Caroline, was succeeded by a dangerous and protracted illness; during that time I saw little of William, and when after three months of sickness and suffering I left my chamber, it was to learn that my husband was fast becoming a drunkard and a gamester. He was discharged from his situation in the bank, and poverty was added to our other evils; and as if to cap the climax of my distress, my parents died—my father without one word of forgiveness, and my mother without mentioning the name of her disobedient child. For seventeen years the curse lay heavy on my soul, yet for your sake, my child, I bore up under it; I toiled night and day, I endured privations of every kind—I watched, wept, and prayed for you. Such, Caroline, has been the result of my love-match. I have lived to look with regret and envy on the bliss of Alick Hervey and his wife—happiness which might have been mine, but for a foolish romantic whim; I have learned to look with almost loathing on the husband of my choice, the object of my early idolatry. But I need not tell *you*, Caroline, who have been my sole friend and companion during those long weary years, of the bitter words which have sunk deep into my heart, or the brutal treatment which has bowed and broken my spirit; you have seen and known it all, and it is from a destiny like this, I would save you; my sands are well nigh run, and I could die in peace, feeling that my errors were expiated and forgiven, could I see you wedded to a kind and honorable man.'

'Mother,' exclaimed the agitated girl, in a voice broken by sobs, 'I am neither wilful nor capricious—my only aim is to make you happy while you live, and for *your* sake I will marry George Wilson and ever *try* to love him. He will be kind and good to you, and that, at least, will render him dearer to me.'

When George paid his customary visit that evening, he perceived a difference in Caroline's manner towards him; something which could not be explained, but which, slight as it was, spoke volumes of hope and encouragement to the lover; and ere he left the house that night, he knelt with Caroline at her mother's bedside, and Mrs. Temple, clasping their united hands in her own, called down a fervent benediction upon them. Three weeks from that night, the same group, with the addition of one or two neighbors, were assembled in a neat, pleasant chamber in a house not far from their former residence; Mrs. Temple was propped up in bed, and opposite its foot stood George and Caroline before the man of God who was about to unite them in the holiest ties. If Caroline's cheek was paler than its wont that night, and her eye less bright than usual, none deemed that it had a deeper cause than her mother's precarious state. The solemn ceremony was soon over—the neighbors with simple congratulations departed, and Caroline knelt to receive her mother's blessing, a wedded wife.

II.

Some three years after I heard of Caroline's marriage, I was again in the city, visiting some friends, and one evening, soon after my arrival, they insisted on my accompanying them to the theatre, to witness the performance of a new actress who was witching the hearts of the citizens. She was said to possess rare beauty and considerable dramatic knowledge and talent, and it was prophesied by many experienced play-goers and judges, that she would ere long become a star of the first magnitude. On our way to the theatre my companions could neither think nor speak of anything but '*the* Woodford'—the superb, the charming, the unrivalled; and when I took my seat in the box, my imagination was fairly excited. The play was Romeo and Juliet, and O how impatiently I waited for the third scene, which was to introduce the Veronese maiden. I had changed my position for a moment, to speak to an acquaintance, when a long, deafening shout of applause rang through the house; I turned to the stage—my eyes rested on the form of the actress, and starting from my seat, I

had well nigh uttered the name of—'CAROLINE!' I could not be mistaken; five years had gone by since last I looked upon that face, but its lineaments were too deeply impressed on my mind ever to be forgotten. Time had changed her too, but it had only rendered her more lovely; the figure which at fifteen had been too slender for its height, had now filled out superb and Juno-like, and from the full, graceful bust, rose the dazzling white throat in swan-like beauty; the rich chestnut hair with here and there a brighter shade, as if golden dust had been sprinkled among it, was simply braided and wrapped around the small, classic, and beautifully set head; the large liquid eyes shone like stars through a veil of blue, and I wondered not at the wild excitement of the audience when this vision of loveliness burst upon their sight. During the remainder of the evening, I sat like one spell-bound—the other performers were all unheeded—my eye was riveted to Caroline's face, my ear drank in only the melodious tones of her voice. The play ended, but my thoughts still followed her, and I was only roused from my abstraction by the merry voice of one of my companions, exclaiming—'How now, are you dreaming, coz, or has the fair Juliet turned your head, and led your senses captive? Come, are you ready?'

On the way home the conversation naturally turned upon the actress, and I eagerly sought to obtain some information concerning her.

'Is she not beautiful!' said my eldest cousin; 'and then the mystery which hangs over her, renders her even more attractive to many people. Nothing certain is known of her former history; some say that she is the natural daughter of a late celebrated actor, while others affirm that young as she is, she has been a wife and mother; that misconduct on her husband's part, has separated them, and that her child is consigned to some friends of her own; and there are a few, even, who declare she is a native of this city, and was a schoolmate of their own.'

I retired to rest, but my slumbers were disturbed and broken; my thoughts were still with the beautiful actress. Well did I remember Caroline's passion for the drama, and the eagerness with which she seized upon a copy of Shakspeare; and yet I could not conceive by what combination of circumstances the delicate and shrinking Caroline had been induced to forego the timidity of her girlhood and expose herself to the admiring gaze of that vast multitude; and I at length sank to sleep with the determination to seek her out in the morning, and learn from her own lips all that had befallen her since we parted.—I set out at an early hour and bent my steps towards the street in which I had been told she resided. On reaching the house I inquired for Miss Woodford, which was the title she bore in her new vocation, and was informed that she did not receive visitors, but on sending up my name, the girl returned to conduct me to her room, and in another moment Caroline was weeping on my shoulder. I need not detail the incidents preliminary to the recital of her story.

'I cannot tell you, dear C.,' she said, 'how rejoiced I am to look once more on the face of a friend, to whom I can confide my griefs, and hope to meet with kindness and sympathy. Sorrow has dogged my footsteps since I saw you last; poverty, disgrace and death have each added their quota to the contents of my cup, and I have drained it to the dregs. You say you heard of my marriage with George Wilson, but you probably did not hear that I had wedded a man I did not love, to save a sick and dying mother from starvation—you did not know all the consequences that have resulted from that ill-omened union. For several months after my marriage all went on smoothly, and I was content, if not happy. But then came the terrible pressure of the winter of 183–, which no one, I fancy, who felt it, will ever forget, and among hundreds of others, George was thrown out of employment; he sought diligently everywhere for work, and was willing to undertake any office, but his efforts were unsuccessful, and then it was, amid poverty and privation that the tide of my affections turned, and I began to love him for his very misfortunes. But in the midst of this darkness, a ray of light at length broke. Mr. ——, an actor of some note, with whom George was acquainted, knowing that he possessed considerable talent, engaged him to write a play for a benefit which he was to take in the course of the season, and promised him a handsome remuneration. George set about the task with avidity, night and day he was at work, while I alternately read and copied his rough manuscript; but just as the play was completed, Mr. —— was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, and even when he recovered, his physicians said it would be long ere he was able to resume his professional pursuits. Thus was the labor of many long weeks thrown away, and it was now mid-winter; the weather was bitter and inclement, and our fuel was well nigh spent—debts had been necessarily incurred during the progress of the useless work, and to add to our distress, my mother now craved food and delicacies which we were unable to procure, while my own health was very delicate, requiring constant care and nursing. George was well nigh distracted; I endeavored to impart comfort, but felt how vain it was, when I looked on the desolation and poverty which surrounded us. At length, when our misery seemed to have reached its climax, George one day returned home with a large sum of money, which in reply to my anxious inquiries, he stated to have been obtained from the actor to the non-fulfillment of whose promise, was owing the extremity to which we were reduced. Our debts were now paid, and we were again surrounded by every comfort; this sum was soon expended, another was obtained from the same source, and when the second supply was nearly exhausted, George left us for a day, as he said, to replenish his purse. On the afternoon of the day he was expected

to return, my mother had sunk into a profound slumber, and I was sitting by a window watching for his appearance, when a woman who occupied a part of the house, informed me that a person wished to speak with me. I obeyed the summons, and was met in the entry by a cold, stern-looking old man, from whose presence I involuntarily shrunk as from the bearer of evil news. The harshness of his looks gradually gave way as he gazed on me, to a pitying expression, and filled with apprehensions I earnestly demanded to know his business with me.

'Are you prepared to hear unpleasant tidings?' he said, 'for such, if you be the wife of George Wilson, I have to communicate, and it is at his request I come.'

'Go on'—was all I had power to utter, and the tale was soon told. George had been arrested for forgery, and was in prison. Two notes had been paid at different banks, and thence had been derived his lavish supplies of money; but on presenting a third the day previous, the fraud had been detected, and he was instantly committed for trial. I remember nothing that followed this announcement, till I found myself lying on a sofa in the apartment of Mrs. White, the woman to whom I have before alluded; she was chafing my temples, while the bearer of that fearful message stood beside me, anxiously regarding my face. I determined of course to go immediately to George, and requesting Mrs. White to sit with my mother awhile, and on no account to let a word of what had happened reach her, I accompanied the officer to the prison. Words are inadequate to describe that meeting! George could give me no consolation, for he could not deny the truth of the charge, and it was to save me from want and care that he had done it. During the period that intervened between his arrest and his sentence, I visited him daily, and strove amid my own bitterness of spirit to cheer and comfort him. But *that day* came at length—his doom was pronounced and my husband was consigned to ten weary years' confinement in the State Prison! I saw him but for a few moments before he was borne to his fearful abode, but oh, the sufferings of years were concentrated in that brief space! and when I returned worse than widowed to my home, it was but to look on another scene of distress. During my absence a neighbor had called to see my mother, and supposing her to be acquainted with what had happened, began speaking of and reprobated George in no measured terms. My mother listened in horror-struck silence, and when the woman repeated the doom which had been pronounced, she went into strong convulsions. In this state I found her on my return, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep her from springing from the bed and falling at my feet. 'Oh, Caroline, you can never forgive me'—she wildly exclaimed, as I took her hand, 'it was I who persuaded you to become his wife, though God knows I thought I was securing your happiness thereby.' I entreated her to be calm—I assured her that no blame attached to her, and that she needed no forgiveness from me; but the shock had been too great, and ere another morning dawned I was an orphan. The sale of our furniture enabled me to pay all necessary expenses, and then I removed to the house of a poor but worthy woman who had been kind to us in our misfortunes; and there, in the midst of poverty and tears I gave birth to a daughter, the heiress of her father's disgrace and her mother's sorrow. How often as I lay on that bed of sickness did I pray that I might never rise from it again! but it was not so to be; I recovered rapidly, but I was unable to afford the natural nourishment to my little Sophia, (for so had I named her in memory of my dead mother.) The physician said that unless she was placed at nurse I must lose her, and she was accordingly consigned to the care of a healthy woman a few miles from the city, who had lost an infant of the same age. This of course greatly increased my expenses, and I was obliged to toil unremittingly, snatching only an hour now and then to visit my child; but the most untiring industry would not enable me to meet my exigencies, and at the expiration of a year I found myself burthened with a heavy debt, which I had no possible means of liquidating. I was sitting alone in my little attic one afternoon, busily engaged in finishing a piece of work which I had promised, and musing on the events of the past and present, when a knock at my door announced a visitor and rising to open it, I admitted a fine looking and richly dressed woman. I supposed her errand to be concerning some work, but on asking her business, she replied that it regarded a very interesting subject, and she went on to say, that she was the wife of a lawyer in a town not far distant; she was wealthy and prosperous, but unblest with children, and this was to her a source of unfeigned regret. She had been visiting for several weeks in the village where my babe was at nurse, and had frequently seen it; its beauty and winning ways had drawn her attention, and she said she had learned to love the little creature almost as if it were her own. A friend of hers had told her much of my history and embarrassments, and her present business was to offer me a method of relieving them. Her proposal was, to adopt my little Sophia as her own, to bring her up according to her own plans and in total ignorance of her real parents. I was to renounce all claims upon the infant, and never to see her after her adoption, and in return they would clear my debts and give me such a sum as I required. A fortnight was given me for reflection, and laying her card on the table beside me, the lady departed. It were in vain for me to attempt a description of my sufferings during that time; on the one hand my very love for my Sophia urged me to place her where she would receive advantages that I could never bestow, and become the heiress to

a fortune which would exempt her in all probability from the misfortunes which had fallen to my lot; and then when I [illegible] her again, and her soft arms were twined around my neck, I felt as if it were impossible to separate myself from her. But at length my desire to promote her interests triumphed over every selfish motive; the die was cast, she was mine no longer on earth. Oh years may pass away and sear every other feeling and emotion in my heart, but they will never erase the memory of that hour, when I signed the contract which gave my first born, my only child, to the love and the embraces of a stranger! I have never looked upon her since, but her image is ever before me, and my only hope is that I shall one day meet her again—that in the world above I shall clasp her to my bosom, my own once more and forever! When that excitement was over, I sank into a kind of stupor, from which nothing had power to rouse me; I became listless and misanthropic, and I know not to what state I might have been reduced, but for the arrivalof a letter from Mr. —— the actor. He had become manager of a popular theatre, and having heard of my circumstances, and knowing my love for the drama, he made a proposition to me to join his stage company. At first I felt too apathetic to give much attention to the subject; but I took Shakspeare from his dusty nook and began to read; as I went on, all my former taste seemed to return, and before night I had written to accept Mr. ——s offer. In a month from that time I made my debut; it was eminently successful, and my star still remains in the ascendant. Many have asked me why I did not choose some other occupation, but I would not exchange it for any other. At the commencement of my career I felt unpleasantly at exposing myself to the public gaze, but I have now grown accustomed to it. I rejoice in the joys of the fictitious personages whom I represent, and in depicting *their* sorrows for a time forget my own, so you see I am now in the best sphere in which I could possibly move.'

Thus ended Caroline's narrative. I visited her daily during my stay in the city, and when we parted she promised to write to me, and for a long time the correspondence was continued; then it stopped, and all knowledge of her whereabouts was again suspended.

III.

I NEVER saw Caroline again, but from a mutual friend who accidentally found her out and was with her in her last days, I heard the remnant of her sad history. For several years after I last saw her, she continued the ornament of her profession, when suddenly she renounced a lucrative engagement and departed none knew whither, and when next she was heard of, the beautiful, brilliant and gifted Caroline was the inmate of a mad house. Horror struck by the fearful dispensation, her friends hastened to see her; the physicians pronounced her case incurable, but after several months of incessant ravings, of which her child was the constant subject, by degrees her reason returned. Her constitution however was completely destroyed, and after a brief season of suffering, her earthly career ended. A short time before her death she communicated to the friend who was with her, the circumstances which had led to her insanity, withholding only the name of the family with whom Sophia was placed, as she had sworn to do so. From the time she resigned her child, it had never ceased to haunt her mind, and at length her feelings were wrought to such a pitch, that she determined at all hazards to see it once more. Accordingly she gave up her dramatic engagements, and set out for the village where the child resided, and proceeding to the house, requested an interview with the mistress. The lady pretended not to recognize her, and Caroline's earnest and touching entreaties that she might be permitted to look once more upon her darling, were coldly and harshly refused. But while she sat there, a gay, childish voice was heard, and the little Sophia came bounding into the room. With a cry of joy Caroline started to her feet, and the child with a glance at her sweet face, stole timidly towards her; when rudely snatching her away, the unfeeling woman rushed from the apartment, leaving the poor mother half fainting and unable to follow her. With trembling steps she left the house, and returned to the inn; through the live long day she sat brooding over the repulse of the morning, and when the evening approached, she stole out, and having climbed the little fence at the back of the house which contained her child, she succeeded in entering by means of an open window in the hall. She had ascertained in which room the little one slept, a small bed-room adjoining the apartment of her adopted parents, and softly opening the door, in a moment she was at its side. The child was sleeping calmly, and she leaned over it for a few moments with the most intense love; but she dared not trust herself there long, and fearful of awaking the watchful guardians in the adjoining room, she clasped a small bracelet made of her own hair, and bearing her initials on the clasp, around the little plump arm which lay outside the counterpane, and pressing her lips to its dimpled cheek, she departed as she came. The next morning the bracelet was returned accompanied by a note charging Caroline with a violation of the contract, and filled with bitter threats in case she ever entered their dwelling again. A line from her, they stated, would at any time bring her in return a full account of the health and well-being of the little one, but she would not be permitted to see her again.

In the afternoon of the same day, Caroline was walking slowly past the lane leading to the house that held her darling, and casting mournfully wistful looks towards it, when she espied the little Sophia

playing beneath a tree. By an irresistible impulse she went forward and stretched out her arms to the child, but instead of meeting her embrace as on the previous day, the child shrank back, exclaiming, 'I must not come near you; my mother says you are a bold, bad woman, and I must not love you or speak to you again,'—and she darted back to the house, while Caroline retraced her steps to the inn, and threw herself upon the floor. There she was found by the inmates, uttering incoherent words, and staring wildly round; and the terrified people sent for the physician and minister. They came, but their presence was unavailing; her ravings increased, and ere the close of the third day she was placed in the Lunatic Asylum.

The friend who told me these particulars, said that during Caroline's last illness her child was never absent from her mind; even in her sleep she would start and exclaim, 'My child! give me back my child!' And its name was the last word that past her lips ere death sealed them forever. Poor Caroline! with all her glorious beauty and rare gifts, with all her heart-aches and misfortunes, she sleeps in peace beside the mother, the intensity of whose love for her caused her misery.

Dear reader, should this tale seem to you too sad, too dark a 'Shadow,' remember it is no fiction, but a passage from the records of real life, and a true, though imperfect sketch, of one whose memory is enshrined in many loving hearts.

Boston, Mass.

ELEGIATIC STANZAS,

On the Death of SUSAN S. TURNER, *who died February 2, 1842, aged 4 years and 9 months.*

SHE hath gone, she hath gone, from the earth far away,
Like the clear, holy light of the fading day;
With a pure young heart, and a sinless breast,
She hath laid herself down to the silent rest.

A bright ray of sunshine, she gladdened our hearts,
And poured forth the love which pure childhood imparts;
Peace dwelt in her soul, and it beamed in her eye,
And we deemed her a cherub that never could die.

Our Father, who loved her, hath taken her home,
Where pain, and where sickness can never more come;
The glory of Heaven beams over her brow,
She seeth her Father and loveth him now.

We joy in our faith, and we never can mourn
As though from our hearts our joy was all gone!
But with firmest assurance, hope triumphs above,
We think of our Savior, remember his love.

We know that our loved one from pain is at rest,
With God, her kind Father, she dwells and is blest;
And with peace in our souls we bow to the rod,
Look upward to Heaven and trust in our God.

ELIZABETH.

Plymouth, Mass.

GOLDEN FRUIT OF TEACHING.

A SABBATH School teacher, who had long been devoted to the work of his Master, lay on the bed of death, and many gathered from time to time around him to show their love for him. On one occasion of the visiting of some of these friends, the name of Robert Morrison was mentioned and his wonderful labors for the spread of the Scriptures were talked of. The dying teacher seemed to receive new animation by the mention of the name, and asked to have it repeated. It was repeated, and he eagerly added, 'Yes, yes, he was once my scholar in the Sabbath School.' A few questions asked and answered satisfied the friends that the same person was referred to by the teacher and them, and they desired to know something about the acquaintance of the teacher with his pupil. The teacher replied, that one Sabbath as he was going to the school, he met some rude boys noisily playing in the street and stopped to speak to them. He prevailed on one to go with him, and his name was *Robert Morrison*. He found him a dull scholar at first, but by persevering kindness he made him interested in the studies of the school. His rudeness and dullness soon wore off, and he became an example to the school. Then was created a deep and strong desire for religious knowledge, which was fed and satisfied by the lessons he learned.

'And,' said a friend by the bed side, 'that desire never lost its intensity, and your labor of love first awakened the holy passion for religious knowledge, which has made him the great Chinese scholar and Missionary, the founder of a College and the author of the great Anglo-Chinese Dictionary, which has been well called a stupendous monument of human ingenuity, labor, and perseverance.'

That lad thus rescued from the evils of desecrating the Sabbath, became the first translator of the Scriptures into a language spoken by upwards of four hundred millions of the human race, and what a work was that! How sweet must have been the recollections of the teacher as he dwelt on the remembrances of his long continued and patient labors with his pupil Morrison, and what a rich reward was now added to the rich one he enjoyed while engaged in the holy task of instructing this scholar! What joy was thus added to his dying hour!

And what an example is here set for those who would become useful and respected in the world. They must remember that what a biographer hath said of him is true that 'excellence was with him, as with other great scholars who have equally proved their

easy superiority to adverse circumstances, the simple and natural result of a strong determination to excel. A good memory and a lively sensibility to external impressions, are the only advantages we take him to have been at this period in possession of, besides the strength of resolution we have named. The last had its origin, as we have intimated, in a peculiar religious fervor, which though scarcely at that time so discreet in expression as it was always sincere and devout in feeling, yet animated him then, and to the latest moments of his life, with an unselfish desire to benefit his fellow creatures. Nothing can conquer a desire which originates in such a motive, and proposes as its object the acquisition of knowledge. The love of knowledge is, in itself, the attainment of knowledge. Poverty or toil discourage it in vain. It supplies the scarcity of time by the concentration of attention, and replaces comfort by self-denial. No man proved this better than the subject of this biography. No one ever proved more satisfactorily that the privileges and delights of intellectual cultivation depend upon the man himself, and not upon his external fortunes. The learned Dr. Morrison, surrounded by all the accommodations of study in his library and learned leisure at Canton, was not a more laborious or successful student than the last maker's apprentice, who stole his leisure from toil-purchased sleep in the poor workshop of Newcastle.'

'Neglect not the gift that is in thee.' The excellences which are the products of cultivation, are far superior to any which are the mere bestowments of nature. Even genius is a flame on the altar, which if not fed, will, although lit from heaven, go out. We are priests of the mental temple to keep the fire burning.

H. B.

Providence, R. I.

A STRAY CHAPTER.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'Do you like it?'

This, do you like it? is quite a convenient phrase, or question; have you ever observed, dear reader, how often it is used? It seems to be a very quiet and harmless expression, taken by itself; but it may be employed to convey a variety of thought and meaning. It can express satisfaction, anger, joy, sorrow, exultation, humility, vanity; and many other moods and emotions. Now perhaps you will say, 'Well, I never thought those common words could be so differently construed; but if such is the fact, you will "please to illustrate."' I shall accordingly endeavor to prove my proposition.

I was dining the other day at the house of a friend, whose wife, by the way, is a pattern for housekeepers; one who seems to know by instinct just how everything should be done, and done too in the most quiet and least troublesome way; who has a place for everything and everything in its place; and time enough to perform all her various and complicated duties without bustle, or hurry, or worry; who never finds fault with her husband, or gives him occasion to find fault with her; and who never scolds her servants, for she does not keep any, preferring to labor with her own hands for those she loves, while the number of her family is small, and her health good. I was dining in this well regulated household, as I said before, and after the viands which made up the first course of a temperate and neatly ordered dinner had been duly discussed, a delicious pudding was brought on to crown the repast. My friend was not like some husbands, who never reward a wife with a word or look; the highest reward a loving woman asks for her efforts to administer to her liege lord's gratification; he disdained not to smile or speak his approbation, when his taste was pleased and satisfied. Accordingly the pudding was praised; and when she, whose fair and dexterous hands had prepared it, looked up in her husband's face and said, 'Do you like it?' I thought no other words could have expressed so much *satisfaction*.

'My dear, that was an elegant bonnet Mrs. M. had on in church to-day,' said Mr. C., to his jealous and touchy lady. This was an unfortunate remark; for Mrs. C. was just ready to foam over with envy of one whose 'head-piece' was so much more beautiful than her own; but husbands *will* sometimes be so indiscreet as to express thoughts and opinions which *may* raise a tempest. Mrs. C. did not rave, or pour forth a torrent of reproaches at his temerity in presuming to admire anybody's bonnet but her own, or his sinfulness in observing such vanities in the house of God. *Some* wives would not have allowed so good an opportunity for administering a reproof and a homily to pass unimproved; but Mrs. C. was a woman of few words, and her only reply to her husband's unlucky remark about the bonnet was, 'Do you like it?' But oh! the *anger* of her look and tone! I presume poor Mr. C. would rather it had oozed out at the palm of her hands in the shape of a smart box on the ear, than to know that so much wrath was kept bottled up to explode on some future occasion.

A young searcher after truth had carefully studied the gospel of Peace, and commenced proclaiming the word and promises of his Master. The hand of his father trembled, the eye of his mother was wet, and many kindly hearts beat with anxious sympathy, when his voice was first heard from the pulpit, defending and advocating the cause of the Redeemer. And there was one in that assemblage who listened to the speaker with heart oppressed almost to faintness, with downcast eye, and cheek a shade less bright than usual; for she had promised to share his fortune

come weal or wo; and they but waited till his talents should be tested, and his course marked out, that they might fulfill their vows and tread their path together. She went not forward among his many friends, to greet the young evangelist when he descended from the desk; for a woman strives to veil her deeper feelings from the curious eye, and will sometimes appear cold and unconcerned, when her heart is brimming with affection and her eyes ready to overflow; but when they met in the home circle, where no restraint was needed, she praised and cheered and blessed him: then, happy tears fell on the eloquent discourse which they perused together; and more precious to his heart was one pearly drop from those loving eyes than the world's commendation. When she looked up from the paper, and praised it with words as well as tears, he said, 'Do you like it?' and that simple question seemed to contain the very essence of *joy*, joy in the approbation of the one beloved.

'O, Mr. Manly! I have just been reading such a beautiful book, so full of incident, and so interesting! I imagine that the hero looked just like you, tall, grave, and noble; but his character was not like yours; for he was a fascinating, naughty man.' A slight flush passed over Mr. Manly's countenance, as he listened to this frank compliment from a very young lady, much younger than himself, whose beauty and simplicity had awakened an interest, almost amounting to affection, in his heart. The lady had not mentioned the title of the book she praised; but a new novel, the morality of which had been questioned, lay on the table before her. Mr. Manly took it in his hand and said, 'Is this the work you were speaking of?' And when she answered in the affirmative, he added, 'and *do you like it?*' The youthful and inexperienced girl was struck by the tone of *sorrow* in which this question was conveyed; but she did not answer; for she felt that any reply would be needless, after the opinion she had at first expressed. She looked up with wonder at the grave countenance of her friend; and that friend felt, and regretted, that the purity of mind which he considered so essential to female excellence, might soon become sullied, if one so young was permitted to acquire a taste for books of such doubtful morality.

There was a prize to be won at the University by the writer of the best Latin poem, and an ambitious student had wasted the midnight oil in completing a classic and elegant composition. A dear friend and classmate was eagerly perusing it, while the anxious author crossed and recrossed the floor with nervous and rapid strides; for he depended much on the opinion of that friend, whether he should or should not indulge a hope to gain the reward. The reading is finished; the critic claps his hands in ecstacy and exclaims, 'Bravo! bravo! you will win! you will win!' A radiant smile lights up the face of the poet, as he replies, 'Do you think so? do you like it?' and oh, the *exultation* which that smile, that tone, and these words expressed; it seemed as though the walls of that little room had rung with an Io Paean!

You may praise the discourse of an able and pious minister of the Gospel, who has labored long in his Master's vineyard, and he will reply, 'Do you like it?' with the *humility* of a heart which has put aside ambition, pride, and every idle passion; and which glories only in seeing truth triumphant, and humanity redeemed. But when you express your approbation of some young writer's production, see if you cannot discover *affected* humility in the way he says 'do you like it?' and when a pretty girl comes out in a new dress, which you tell her fits well, and is handsome; or a fine woman appears in a cap which you pronounce to be becoming, they will look at themselves in the glass, and say so sweetly, 'Do you like it?' and ten to one, the answer of your thought, if it does not pass your lips, will be *vanity*.

Now, dear reader, I think I have 'illustrated,' if not proved my proposition; but before I lay aside my pen, I must tell you that I have written all this, and some poetry beside, with Br. 'D. J. M.'s' patent ink. 'Do you like it!' exclaim a whole host of quill drivers. Pray, don't all speak at once, with such overpowering emphasis, and I will try to answer your question! It depends a good deal upon the reading community, whether I like it, or not; for if they are pleased with my scribblings, *of course* I shall praise the *ink*, and if they are not pleased, why then by the same reasoning the ink is to be condemned. But I advise all you ink-wasters, try it yourselves; for it came very near making a poet of one of our good ministers, and who knows but what it may guide *some of you*, whose souls are full of unwritten music, and unwritten rhyme, to the very foot of Castalia! I believe I have sufficiently tried your patience; so here endeth the stray chapter; *do you like it?*

Hartford, Ct.

THE HOMELESS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THE bird at night can seek its nest
Upon the greenwood tree;—
In vain I wander for my rest—
Earth has no home for me.

The wild fox has his still retreat
From traitorous footsteps free;—
But I can find no rest so sweet—
Earth has no home for me.

The stout old hollow oak invites
The slumbers of the bee—
But torrid days, or cold, dark nights,
Earth has no home for me.

When, Father, shall my wanderings cease?
Oh call me home to Thee!
In vain I seek for rest or peace—
Earth has no home for me.

HOSPITALITY.

A LEGEND.

The wind swept cold and roaring over the plain, bowing the withered herbage, and driving before it the powdered snow; for it was mid-winter, and all without bore the badge of servitude to the monarch of the North. The traveller had carefully housed himself in the inn by the wayside. The rich man drew nearer to his bright coal fire, and the children of the poor huddled around the embers on the hearth, happy in finding even so poor a shelter. Desolate and drear was the plain, and for many hours not a traveller could be seen abroad. At length, slow and dubious, came an aged man, bowed with years, his worn garments fluttering in the wind, and folding his tattered cloak still closer to his wasted form, as the fierce wind raged around him. He was alone. No adventuresome wanderer crossed his path. Not even a beggar was exposed with him to the fury of the elements. Occasionally he would be completely hidden by the clouds of drifting snow, and then again he would emerge to view, tottering with the weight of years, and trembling with the cold. He passed the proud mansions by the wayside, not even casting a look at their portals. No tempting inn with its high swinging sign-board, could lure him from his comfortless path, but onward he went, regardless and unregarded.

Partly hidden from the wayfarer by a clump of bushes, now naked and glazed with ice, stood a miserable hovel, containing but one window, and through the crevices of which the wind freely rushed, while a bleak rock, on its northern side, appeared to be the only barrier that stood between it and absolute destruction, its frailty offering but little resistance to the blast.

Within this wretched tenement sat a youth whom penury had long claimed as her own. On his humble hearth a few faggots had been laid, but the light blaze was insufficient to conquer the chilly air of his single apartment; and as he leaned upon the small pine table, which was almost the only article of furniture he possessed, and gazed listlessly upon the only brown loaf that was left him, and which lay by his side upon the table, the air of utter hopelessness which he unconsciously assumed betokened the final consummation of his resources.

It was before this poor hut that the aged traveller halted. A moment decided him, and striding the dilapidated fence which lay in front of the lowly dwelling, he knocked with his staff against the door. The youth started up, and raising the latch, the aged stranger stood before him. The old man raised his head, as if he would address the disconsolate and lonely one; but before he had time to do so, the youth urged him to take shelter from the cold and driving snow. The old man entered, with a melancholy smile; and having seated himself by the waning fire, uncovered his venerable brow. Pining want and wasting care were written on every lineament of his countenance, while the shreds in which his bending form were enveloped, told a tale of poverty and friendliness, which induced the youthful host to say within himself, 'Thy necessity is even yet greater than mine!' Having raised his sunken eyes to the countenance of the young man, he told his tale of wo. It was the history of many. He had been reduced from a state of comparative wealth to that of absolute want, and those whom he had succored in the hour of his prosperity, had turned a deaf ear to his plaints when poverty, and age, and feebleness had placed him at their mercy.

The youth listened with kind interest to his story, and believed it all. He asked no insulting questions, and made no supercilious comments. The aged stranger then went on to say that he had applied at no other house for shelter, as he well knew that such application would have been vain. 'My poverty,' said he, 'would have been a sufficient reason, in their eyes, to treat me with disdain; and even if they doled out to me a scanty supply for my present wants, they would have added to it insulting remarks, and would have taken it for granted that my poverty was the result of misconduct. That is the comfortable plea which silences the rich man's conscience when he turns a cold eye upon the sufferings of his brother. He always says, 'I do not despise you because you are poor, but because your own imprudence has made you so.' The old man expressed himself with more energy than the host had expected from one of his apparent age and feebleness, and there was an air of superiority in his manner which seemed to denote that he had, indeed, seen better days.

The youth lost no time in asking him to partake of his brown loaf, and the stranger addressed himself to the task with such hearty good will, that the former soon beheld his last crumb taking its final exit for the benefit of his visitor. But he repined not. He only rejoiced that it had been in his power to succor one whose need must have been great, and who had doubtless endured much from absolute hunger. The sun went down, and now the youth offered the aged stranger the use of his humble pallet, while he stretched himself upon the hard floor of his uncomfortable tenement.

When they arose in the morning, the youth was obliged to announce to his visitor that he had nothing to offer him for a morning meal, and that his last faggot had been consumed on the preceding evening.

On the other hand, the storm without was hushed. The wind had been laid; and a bright warm sun was fast ascending the heavens. The old man prepared for his departure. He resumed his ragged cloak; grasped his staff, and bound his tattered shoes to his feet. The youth approached him to take his leave, and begged the old man's blessing. This was cheerfully accorded. The young man bowed his head, and the stranger laid his hand upon him, and blessed him aloud. The youth again raised his head—but what strange alteration now met his eyes! The rags began to fall away from the stranger's form—that bended and wrinkled body assumed the appearance of youth—the wrinkled cheek became ruddy with health—down his fair shoulders flowed long and golden locks—and the dim eyes now glowed with celestial radiance. Two glorious wings fringed with golden light, and spangled with the most splendid colors, gradually expanded themselves from his shoulders, and the withered old veteran had become transformed into a most glorious angel!

Overwhelmed with surprise and filled with awe, the youth knelt at the foot of the celestial visitant; when the latter immediately spread his wings and ascended silently from his view. The young man remained motionless for some time, and when his amazement had in some degree subsided, he felt a strange thrilling sensation in every part of his being, and a new life seemed to be imparted unto him. He had a resolution and energy to go forth and wrestle with fortune that he never knew before, and something within him seemed to promise him great success if he would venture forth into the busy world of the populous town. The spirit of a good deed was the imparter of a new life, and he did go forth, and he was successful. Fortune smiled beneficently upon him, and his life was happy. Ever did he remember the exhortation: 'Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'

THIRTY.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

'Just thirty years old this day, good man;'
Said my Genius to me this morning;
'Lest you had forgotten how fast you ran,
I thought I would give you warning.'

'Many thanks,' I replied, 'for your timely words,
My birth-day I always remember;
For it comes in full summer, with flowers and birds,
And not in the chills of December.

And I hail this morning with right good cheer,
As lovely as any yet greeted;
May others be like it—if others appear—
Till life's little work is completed.

And pray, loving Genius, what word do you bring,
That I may be profited by it;
Should ye now condescend to be offering
Your advice—I will promise to try it.'

'Agreed,' replied Genius,—'My words are few;
Thank God for this life he has given,
And so live the future, that in its review
You are blest with the smiles of heaven.

Do good—govern self—let affliction but move
Your spirit to higher attainments,
And know that earth's wisdom can never disprove
The justice of heaven's arraignments.

If sickness or death in your pathway appear,
Be armed with true courage to meet them,
Nor heed for one moment the prompting of fear,
While you have the Faith to defeat them.

If long life and sunshine are yours—then beware
That forgetfulness be not thy sin;
Give the soul unto watchfulness, thoughtfulness, prayer;
And life's double joy thou shalt win.

If thirty years hence we hold converse again,
May I find thee with Wisdom acquainted;
But if then thou art gone, may thy virtues remain
In affection's fond memory sainted.'

Malden, Mass.

WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE,

THE STABILITY OF GOOD TIMES.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

Isaiah xxxiii. 6: 'Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation.'

'The times is one of those common phrases which everybody uses and no one thinks of defining. We use it to signify the outward circumstances in which we are placed; and the times are easy or hard, peaceful or troublous, according as the events which are transpiring appear favorable to prosperity or adversity. 'The times' to one may seem altogether different than they do to another, when we consider simply our individual interests; but it was not to individuals that the prophet directed his promise. It was to a community, and as a community we know common interests and speak of 'the times' alike. We know and feel what we mean when we speak one to another of unstable times—of the fluctuations of affairs—and we need rather to dwell on what will change the phases of society, than on what is seen. The ear has heard, the eye has seen, and the anxious heart has felt, what words cannot repeat. We need guidance that we may rightly use what we have experienced, and be enabled to look up and take courage to hope on. The preacher therefore should not be what some preachers are in the house of mourn-

ing—a dweller on what of sorrow has been wrought and that cannot be reversed, causing the heart to bleed afresh, and the mind to renew its agony of thought. We need to think of the future, and how we may be wise unto hope and salvation. We need to humbly bow down, and in the fervency of contriteness, to ask of God to enlighten us, to acquaint us more with ourselves, with what is essential to a republican brotherhood, and how those evils may be averted which threaten to divide heart from heart, and veil the sunshine of affection which gave beauty to the countenance of a friend. We need more reverently to consult the oracles of God, and inquire how we may fulfill the prophet's words in reference to our own day and community: 'Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation.'

Stability is a significant word. It speaks of a foundation and something permanent built thereon. When we know a man who acts from principles which we are sure are deeply infixed because of his adherence to them under various and testing circumstances, we say he has *stability;* we make dependence upon him; we believe the future will prove him to be what the past has shown him to be. When sometimes we are deceived in such persons or characters, we are apt to say that the very foundations of stability are broken up, and that we cannot have faith or strong confidence in man. But from this discouraging conclusion we soon free ourselves, and again apply ourselves to the re-awakening of hope and credit. So is it with our judgment of communities. When we see manifestations of adherence to righteous principles, we expect permanency will be given to all that is connected with real social progress, and great thoughts of good cheer us. But sad changes come over us as we witness the upbreaking of all on which hope seemed to rest, and the in-rushing of passions that have ever been enemies to Truth and Righteousness. Then it is that we cry for help—for some hand to be stretched forth from the sky to point out the path to tranquility, and we wait to hear the renewal of the Advent chorus: 'Peace on earth, good will toward men!'

Where, where is the sign of hope? In what point of the heavens will the star of peace dawn? We need not look to signs in the heavens, for no star hath power to give the light we need. Astrology is dead. Christianity lives. Her voice echos the truth of ages—the truth of mind—'Wisdom and knowledge are stability, and strength of salvation.'

We ask for stability that shall accord with the divine principles of Right. Stability that shall be effected by respect—theoretical and practical respect—for the everlasting laws of Liberty, Equity, and Progress. Liberty, Equity, and Progress, have their laws; when society is pervaded with the spirit of willing obedience to them, stability is given to everything desirable and good. Where this respect is not, we build on slumbering volcanoes, forgetful of the fires that burn beneath, and the swaying to and fro of elements whose energies will in due time burst forth with tremendous and destructive power. In earth, as in heaven, all true stability is the product of Right reverenced and obeyed, patiently sought and wrought out.

This truth, everywhere recorded in the Scriptures, shows the value of our moral and intellectual faculties. It speaks of the worth of man as a rational creature, and gives true dignity to mind by asserting that it is capable of receiving so much light that all darkness will be scattered. It is this that gives us the hope that a true Republic will yet bless our world; that a people will arise who shall work out the problem of the ages; that a salvation shall be effected whose strength shall be immortal, and that shall usher in a time

> 'When from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
> Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
> The whole dark pile of human mockeries;
> Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth,
> And starting fresh as from a second birth,
> Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
> Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!'

Wisdom is the right use of our moral faculties. 'The fear,' or reverence, 'of the Lord,' is therefore said to be 'the beginning of wisdom;' and wisdom possessed is regarded by the inspired writers as more precious than all wealth and outward honors. *Knowledge* is acquaintance with the relations of things. It is the same as Truth. Truth presents things as they are—gives us the Actual of existences—the why and wherefore of cause and effect. Wisdom and knowledge, therefore, united, make a soul full of light; they keep the whole mental being active and harmoniously so; and prevent the formation of a character such as received the condemnation of old—'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.' By the true and active and energetic union of the moral and intellectual, a salvation is wrought out that has strong defences. The Emotional is mastered by the Intellectual, and continuously man acts from the highest motives unto the best ends. Glorious will be the era when *thus* wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of the times and strength of salvation.

It might be so in our Republic—in our own State, were Mind loved as much as Wealth—were men to seek for the noblest objects by christian methods. Wisdom and knowledge are what is wanted. Knowledge is more abundant than Wisdom—Men know more of what is Right than they are willing to practise, and they boast more of intellectual attainments than they seek for moral discipline. Hence the heat—the lightning flashes and the thunder of controversy; hence the alienations produced by opinions, and the turning away from the simple majesty of moral

suasion to dependence on Force. Hence it is, that in the progress of a few years, a Reform changes its aspect many times, and its history is a difficult matter to relate. Names become things—words are spells, and a looker on seems to himself to be a witness of magical rites as he beholds the effects produced by the utterance of a single term. He listens to debates on every side—he thinks he is surrounded by a knowing people, and he is pleased at the show of knowledge brought forth. But he soon learns that there is a lamentable lack of Wisdom as he beholds how few there are who speak their 'hard truth lovingly and with an eye of hope.' Knowledge is the sun, moon and stars of society. Wisdom keeps the moral atmosphere clear, that the light and heat thereof may come unimpeded to where a beautiful fruitfulness will prove their benign influence. Whatever cloud of anger rises, or wind of passion blows, affects the clearness of the light and the falling of the soft and gentle dew.

The genius of our country—the hope of perfecting every good, and reforming or abolishing every evil institution, demand that with a high moral purpose and perseverance we seek for knowledge. *Truth discovered and endeared to the moral affections*, is the mightiest agent in the universe. It has been the manna of God to pilgrim souls in a human wilderness; and for it men have pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. For it our sires toiled and suffered through the Revolution; and by it alone can we preserve what they achieved. And well was it that our national banner borrowed all its hues from the skies—from the glories of morning and the magnificence of night, to remind us of heaven, and bid us ever to look up and on.

'When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!'

Let us read the symbol aright, and the true glory of a Republic will be confessed. We shall talk less of Freedom and seek it more. We shall work for the future—for those who are to succeed us, that the current of influences that is flowing on, may be pure. We owe much to the Past. Sainted feet have trodden every part of our land, and monuments of heroic deeds are seen in the institutions that liberalize and bless the masses. Stability is not yet given to much that is needed, we well know; neither can it be given in a day or a year. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, is the progress of Reforms, as truly as of vegetation; and far speedier and more abundant would the harvest be gathered in, if men were more gentle with the blade, and would not so hastily gather so much earth and many pebbles about it.

It has been very frequently said that the *Idea* of our age is the Melioration of Humanity. Some call it a tendency to Universality; and all mean that there are decisive and positive influences in operation far and wide to raise man up—to give a higher life to the masses—to assert the dignity of mind and the unutterable preciousness of a human spirit. This *is* the Idea of the age, however much it may at times be hidden—however much passion may obscure it. With patient trust, we should devote ourselves to its developement, and labor for the glory of God in human good. Knowledge, under the guidance of the moral powers, is the great agent of the work. It shows the relations of things, and that to truly educate the masses, is the surest way of securing and perpetuating national and state independence. No loftier theme than this—'*Educate the masses!*' can be given to the orator on the national festival. It is a truly christian theme; it recognizes the importance of every man, that each has capabilities for being elevated, and that it is better to build on the better sentiments than on the lowest. It says that a well educated population is the best of all standing armies, and a line of school-houses is a better wall of defence than the most massive fabrics ever erected. It fits men for the discharge of the duties of Liberty, and keeps ever alive and active the generous social sympathies. Let us consider it.

Education was once a means to form classes isolated from the great mass of the people. The great doctrine then was, that the few must lead the many, and the most important question must always be—How do the Rulers and Pharisees believe? Then all learning was locked up in a few volumes, and when sent forth was clothed in a language unknown to the multitude. The few spake, the many believed, and error was perpetuated. And this was all very well to those who deemed it very convenient for ambitious purposes to have to do with an ignorant people, and continually their language was: "For all these folks study is dangerous, because it stimulates minds which nature predestinated to a narrow sphere, gives rise to doubts which their limited information cannot solve, accustoms them to intellectual pleasures which render labor monotonous and wearisome, quickens desires out of all keeping with their humble condition, and by rendering them discontented with their lot, lead them to attempt to procure another."

In these assertions are embraced the ideas which were put forth against the advocates of republicanism in the past, and which are now used with artful sophistry too extensively. They may have some power

under a despotism, but Intelligence is now too well known to be the very life blood of a Republic. Knowledge favors Liberty—its acquisition, its appreciation, its preservation and its improvement. It takes from men's minds the theoretical frauds—the speculative sophisms by which they are cheated into the belief of dreams as realities, and gives power to overthrow them with Luther's success. It makes strong as Luther was strong, and heroic as he was heroic. It realizes to the soul its individual importance, and encourages it to animated perseverance to the establishment and perfection of all that is good.

We leave it then to the Old World to have its educated classes; we are to seek to have educated communities. Our places of public intercourse should be like the gates of the old cities in the golden age where the wise men met to exchange ideas, to sift opinions, and to garner the good wheat-seed for planting. Controversy would then be a fining vessel for silver and a furnace for gold, and the heat would not be permitted so to rage as to unite the pure metal and the dross again. But is it so? Do we not too speedily slide into the denunciatory character, and leave opinions to question motives? Do we not erect too many judgment seats, write too many creeds, exact too many pledges, and too seldom maintain and permit others to maintain a lofty independence? Do we not too often yield to our passions, forgetting to reason in the rising of the strong emotions and feelings? All this proves—yes, I say *proves* that we have not the respect for mind that we should have, nor are we so ardent to spread abroad true intelligence as we think we are. So with the Press. It sends forth page after page of declamation and abuse, and one or two paragraphs of fair and honorable reasoning. Thus it feeds passion more than it enlightens the understanding, and fans an excitement rather than directing to calm, deliberate, and manly action. If the people had as they should have, respect for their own minds, they would demand a different course to be pursued, and a much needed reform would enter the pulpit and the printing-house, and wisdom and knowledge would become the stability of our times and strength of salvation.

THE DEW DROP.

BY REV. H. C. LEONARD.

THERE hangs upon a slender blade of grass, a drop of glistening dew, so gently moved by the passing breeze, I can scarcely perceive its trembling motion.

Bright dew-drop! lucid, beauteous gem! a diamond! transparent as the morning air! Yet, thou art as frail as beautiful. Thy trembling, glistening, lovely form will vanish, so soon as the warm beams of the rising sun shall have fallen on the earth. Thou couldst not rest where thou art one moment, if the winds, now mild, should awake in their strength. But thy destiny is that of all we admiringly view or dearly prize. All natural things, lovely to behold, do pass away like thee! Our friends, too,—the good, the loved—are fair, are beautiful; and *they* depart like thee! Why must I behold earth's loveliest things, possess them, admire them, and then lose them so? Still, my heart, thy murmuring thoughts. Let not the voice of doubt be thine. Art thou not contented to know that 'God is love?'

Mysterious and dark are the ways of the holy One; and while we render praise for his mercies, his love, his grace, we must give as unfeigned acknowledgements for the inflictions of his unerring rod, his chastisements, for they are kind, and designed for good. God giveth and taketh away; and yet his fostering care and grace, are eternal and everywhere; and though our friends have left this earth, and are unseen by us, they are still before his sleepless vision, still guarded by his powerful arm!

This dew-drop, bright, evanescent gem! will ascend, imperceptibly, to some one of those fleecy clouds which hang beneath the skies. It will rest on that soft couch of beautiful form and glorious hue,—that bright, downy bed, with snowy pillows; and some pure angel, there reclined, and floating gently and slowly about, will discover, while opening folds enshroud his form, the beautiful drop; and smiling, will prize it dearly, and rejoice that it was so frail a thing, that it could not stay in view of men, and that it did not fall from the quivering blade on which it hung, into the dust of the garden walk. And that pure form, with wings of light and snow-white brow, will say, 'It is well, indeed, that a gem so beautiful, should glisten here on this white and floating cloud, or deck, while I lie upon its soft and sunny bosom, my silvery, shining hair. It is not meet that any thing so lovely, should perish in the dust. It is better to give it swift, bright and mysterious wings, and enable it to soar to some etherial resting place.' And then, methinks, I shall hear him utter, just at the golden close of day, and ere his cloud will have lost its glorious light, with a sweet, clear voice, these comforting words: 'Weak mortal! hush thy murmurings, and calm thy troubled thoughts. Let now my voice be heard by thee, and I will give joy ineffable to thy frail heart. Hark! hear ye not that song above me—the notes of sweet and loud anthems? They are *there*—the *loved* are *there*, in that bright star, just smiling on this gorgeous cloud! List! mortal, list!—*another* star appears, bright, and full of cheering songs! Ay, ten thousand more are peering in the blue of ether, and their sweet lays, now soft, now swelling with rapture and untold joy, fill heaven and earth with music! The loved are there, above me thy dear, departed ones, winging their way from star to star, more beautiful and pure, than when with you. They have no sin, no sorrow; they shed no bitter

tears; they have joy and everlasting songs, and the days of their mourning have ended!'

After speaking thus, I fancy the holy angel will perceive the descending shades of night, witness the sable hue of earth, and the beautiful reflections of the bright sun receding from his misty pillows; and deeming it time to depart from thence, I ween he will wave an adieu to me, with his palm, and rise, with a sunny and placidly smiling countenance, on wings, bright, strong and swift, to those high worlds of joy, light and music, pleased to tell the hosts of heaven, that he has made the heart of one mortal feel that God is wise, and erreth not in his great plans; is good, and will not let one child of his be drawn beyond his care; is strong, and can perform what is glorious and eternal; is love, and will ultimately destroy all evil. And any message, contrary to this, less cheering and lovely, could it be borne to the blest, would—saith my heart—silence the sweetest lays; cause shrieks of pain, where there are songs; bring tears, where tears are not.

East Thomaston, Me.

FAREWELL.

BY IONE.

ADDRESSED TO L. C.

FAREWELL! thy course is o'er the troubled deep,
While mine is traced upon the sunny shore!
May guardian spirits thee in safety keep,
That I may grasp thy friendly hand once more.

Farewell! thy kind, familiar face shall be
Often to memory's eye distinct and true!
Sad thought! e'en while I speak or dream of thee,
Wild winds and waves thy vessel may pursue!

Farewell! God speed thee to the distant mart,
And curb the restless spirit of the storm!
We shall not soon forget thy noble heart—
Thy beaming eye and smile, and buoyant form!

Farewell! when home shall claim thee once again,
And thou art landed on thy native shore,
Bear thou a heart unchanged to greet me there,
And talk of dangers that alarm no more.

Boston, Mass.

'ROBERT BURNS paid very little respect to the artificial distinctions of society. On his way to Leith one morning, he met a man in hodin gray—a west country farmer; he shook him earnestly by the hand, and stopped and conversed with him. All this was seen by a young Edinburgh blood, who took the poet roundly to task for this defect of taste. "Why, you fantastic gomeri!" said Burns, "it was not the great coat, the scone bonnet, and the saundaer boot hose I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day."'

SKETCHES FROM THE MEMORY. NO. III.

BY REV. T. P. ABELL.

'AND snatch the faithless fugitives to light.' ROGERS.

MY FIRST NIGHT ON LAKE ERIE.

THE gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with her drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHOEVER has encountered dangers, for the first time, on the 'wide waste of waters,' has experienced emotions which it were probably in vain for him to describe. The novelty, as well also as the terror, of the scene, gives rise to a thousand strange thoughts and feelings, and to an additional multitude of more mysterious and active fears. The whole Past of life is crowded into one brief but tedious hour,—it becomes the Present. Old scenes that dimly lived far back in the early twilight of memory—joys and hopes that once thrilled the heart as by magic power, but which had well nigh forever faded away—shadowy trains of friends and friendships coming before the mind all life-like and literal—ghostly embodiments of cares and sorrows flitting around the heart, and leering upon us in the torturing coolness of fiendish malignity—visions of partings and death-beds, when soul from soul was cleft asunder, and the darkness of unrelieved desolation brooded over bruised and bleeding affections,—all, all re-lives, and is again enjoyed and again suffered. And I am persuaded that many a person is so constituted that while amidst the fiercest raging of the 'war of elements,' the mind may become so supremely absorbed in such contemplations as to forget the future, and even death!

I have distinct reminiscences of a passage across Lake Erie. I cannot suppose they possess any very peculiar interest to the home-loving reader, who seldom has occasion to indulge to any great extent, the locomotive propensity, of which Yankees generally are not destitute; yet as they may in a measure serve to show to what dangers our travelling population are not unfrequently exposed, they possibly may repay the labor of perusal.

Whoever has any acquaintance with the Western Lakes, must be aware that 'dark Erie' is at times the most dangerously tempestuous of any of our inland seas. Great numbers of rocks are scattered nearly all along the northern side, where there can be found hardly a good harbor to serve as a safe place of retreat in storm. The up-lake passage is the most difficult. A strong current constantly presses toward its eas-

tern extremity; and when the north-western or the south-western winds prevail, the navigation becomes annoyingly tedious, if not fearfully hazardous.

It was in the beautiful month of June, when nature sports her loveliest heyday dress, and her elemental passions are generally as quiet and lamb-like as the most gouty of our fretful generation could wish, that I stepped on board the steamer Constitution, lying at the wharf in Buffalo, and bound for Detroit, and selected sleeping-shell No. 76. But alas, the sequel showed that I had not only 'mistaken my berth,' but had taken unnecessary trouble in even indicating the usual preliminary preference.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the hawser was thrown, and the piston hoisted. The great engine played lazily enough at first. We moved slowly along beside the Long Pier. The Light House was on the left. Soon the mammoth machinery betrayed the gratifying effects of a good 'wooding up,' and our hydraulic house verily moved 'upon the water like a thing of life.' We turned to gaze upon the receding city. Beautiful it was, that huge pile of brick and mortar! studded around with some of the finest 'country' residences the eye ever beheld. But soon the buildings dwindled into an undistinguishable promiscuousness of form, save now and then the conic steeple of a church. And in a little time more, the eye sought in vain for the local 'whereabout' of the place. It had passed, as the loved things of earth will pass, and left but its recollection to the wanderer.

Never was there a day more calm and lovely. There was an occasional cloud scattered over the fair face of the heavens,—no more. The air was still as the gentlest breathings of an infant; scarcely was there a ripple on the glassy surface around us. The sun shone down cheerily, but not oppressively: And as, amidst the inspiriting loveliness of the scene, I joyed in its invigorating influences, I half exclaimed with the sweet poetess:

> 'Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
> A joy thou art and a wealth to all!
> A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
> Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?'

As we soon sped so far from the shore that its objects became too indistinct to gratify farther the taste for the novel, I turned to survey our little world upon the water. A crowded population, thought I, and a fine specimen of the human animal in several of its most common varieties. Including cabin, deck and steerage passengers, they were over two hundred in number. There they were, of all ages, sizes, colors, castes,—a motley mass of talking, chewing, smoking, laughing locomotives. English, French, American, Dutch, Irish, Spanish, and horses and dogs, all pushed together by the propelling impulse of speculation, as it were, upon one plank! But the noisiest, busiest, most smoky of all moving things there, was the great iron heart of our water-craft—the engine. Yet we quickly learned to forgive its bluster, and thunder, and cinders, for on that were hinged our hopes of progress. It was not after all such an indifferent companion,—at least so the utilitarian philosophy taught, and the lesson was for once dutifully received.

When about giving up my examination, to be resumed again subsequently, the attention was diverted by the jingling of a large hand-bell, followed by a vulgar voice, which, had we been on our native earth, would have easily accomplished the feat of going

> ——————'over the way,
> Down the street, and round the corner!'

Ordering the passenger, with much amusing gesticulation of the head, 'to walk up to the Capting's office and settle.' While the summoned crowd were gathered around the seven-by-nine window, thrusting money in to the Clerk and receiving tickets in return, I saw the Captain pass up the stairway leading to the upper deck. Going up also, presently after, I found him gazing steadily with his one eye,—he had lost the other in some service rendered to his country,—upon a small, black, circular-formed cloud, which passed directly under the sun, then near the verge of the horizon, where it paused for awhile, as if it would make the sunset its gorgeous resting-place. The Captain, whose acquaintance and experience in nautical matters was reputed great, shook his head rather prognostically, and walked to the stern of the boat and conversed for several minutes with the old weather beaten sailor at the wheel. In the mean time the ominous cloud unrolled its heavy folds and mingled with the darkening sky.

Passing among the crew soon after, I perceived from their movements that they had received some unexpected orders. 'The old chap will be hoaxed once,' said an obstinate looking seaman whose mouth was ornamented with a quid of the Indian weed, quite as large and much blacker than his tongue. 'We shall have no storm to-night, besides if we do it wont be a young deluge, I'll venture.' 'May be not,' rejoined his comrade, 'but as for me, I had much rather trust the Captain's judgment than yours.'

Few of the passengers heeded the indications of the storm which the watchful eye of the boat's master descried at the earliest moment. They had promised themselves a calm and peaceful night. But the night came on in terrible blackness. Nor that only. The wind arose in startling suddenness and moaned dolefully through the open work of the deck. The waters were awakened from their unaccustomed stillness. The undulatory movements of the boat, though gentle and rather agreeable at the outset, soon admonished those whose nerves and stomachs were the most delicate, to seek a place of repose. Others who desired to see a small tempest, tarried out for the purpose of gratifying their love of strange sights. But their un-

timely passion was soon surfeited. They would fain have retired, but then they could not.

Two hours went slowly by, when the wind and the motion of the waters, so far from abating, had increased at a fearful ratio. Those passengers who at first retreated below to avoid sea-sickness, were now constrained to seek the deck as the more comfortable place. But instead of finding relief, they found additional sources of annoyance and apprehension. About nine o'clock, when the boat for the moment seemed less agitated, a chain of livid lightning darted through the black clouds above us, and then came down the unsparing torrents of rain, drenching scores to the last shreds of their garments. There was an outcry, and a general rush for a shelter, but there was no shelter. For the cabin passengers to remain below, it were quite impossible. The fear of danger was so much greater while there than when on deck, that the confinement could not be endured. Besides, but few, in comparison with the whole, had any claim upon that part of the boat, and those few felt a greater sense of safety with the many. They must therefore suffer with them. O, danger, disease, death! ye are the levellers of human pride,—the great destroyers of the artificial distinctions men have built up among men!

No scene could be more filled with dismay and wo. There, amidst that fearful group, was the helplessness of infancy, the frail delicacy of female sensitiveness, the bitter infirmities of old age. How awful to these was that place! It seemed but as the gate of death! Amidst the roar of the waters, the creaking of the bark, the dashing in of the waves and the driven rain, the rushing fury of the winds, the terrific glare of the lightnings, the roll of the thunder as it crashed along through the heavens, following, now and then, peal after peal in rapid and deafening succession,—amidst these, there were ever and anon the mingled voices of men, women, and children, now lifted in supplication, now in the groanings of grief, in the wailings of despair, in the pains of hopeless sea-sickness, in the fears of death! O God! what a night of agony! It was about midnight when the crisis of the storm seemed to have approached. I was standing with my arms clasped around a column which assisted in supporting the upper deck. It was near the hatch-way. Some of the passengers were attempting to hold themselves on to trunks, boxes, &c. while each roll of the vessel would oblige them to change their position. The others seemed content if they might but retain the bare floor; but this it was not a little difficult to do. Nearly over my head swung a small lamp which emitted a faint light. The other lamps in that part of the boat had long since gone out. There was for an instant a suppression of voices. I looked around. And there, four feet from me, the light of the lamp fell in the face of one of the most beautiful creatures *eye* ever saw. She was in a kneeling posture, her hands were clasped and her eyes raised toward heaven. It was but for an instant. The boat was rising to be again dashed down among the billows. It was a fearful plunge. I saw an expression of unutterable anguish spread itself over her countenance. There was a general shriek. But when, just as the boat seemed gathering herself, the hatchway broke loose, and a strong current of water rushed into our midst, the alarm increased and the shriek redoubled. And there was *one* voice which, though less loud, came to my ear more distinct than any of the others: 'O, Father!' it said, 'my orphan boys are in thy keeping.' And that instant the lamp was dashed against the flooring over it, and broken into a thousand fragments. But the storm soon began to subside. The rain ceased, the winds died away, the waves sunk to their rest. At sunrise all was calm. But such a bleached, skeleton crew, the sun never before looked upon!

In the afternoon of that day we arrived at Detroit. I journied back to the interior of the country; and in about two weeks after I received a letter from a medical friend, who informed me that the young widow lady, Mrs. ——, was no more. Being seized with a fever soon after her arrival, she speedily sank in the relentless grasp of death. And her two orphan boys were, indeed, in the care of the INFINITE KEEPER!

Such are some of the reminiscences of my first voyage. I have since several times crossed those waters, but I have experienced nothing like my first night on Lake Erie.

Haverhill, Mass.

THE GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

HOUR FOURTH.

Boston Harbor.

THE sun is now on his descent to the horizon, and his yellow rays fall slant upon the bosoms of the grassy islands, and gild with silvery chains the surface of the sea. In the wake of our gallant boat follows a black, dismal-looking British steamer, bound for Halifax. She comes slowly lumbering along in the distance, pouring from her red nostril an immense cloud of smoke, through whose wreathy borders the sun diffuses his radiant light, and whose vast column stretches far, far behind, as though it would daub with its murky touch, the blushing face of the sun.

Behind us lies the favorite city, with its crowning dome, and its walls of brick—the Navy Yard, half-hid by towering masts and deep-green trees—and high above all, 'the granite finger, moistened by the blood of patriotism, and pointing upward from the sod to heaven.' And now slowly from the north-east rises a dense curtain of fog, veiling from our sight the green islands and rock-bound peninsulas that border

our ocean-path. With the demon of sea-sickness for our companion, come, dear Ella, let us court the comforts of a crowded cabin. Now and then a fog-bell to give warning to the unconscious vessels in our pathway, and the bellowing of waves near the shoals, shall break to us the monotony of a long and miserable night. Ah well—this sea-sickness is delicious. It draws one's head down so cozily to the pillow, and makes one feel so perfectly independent of all destiny. We fear little from accidents now. And yet we have a sort of dreamy consciousness of what is passing around us—and a disposition to be amused even in the midst of our misery.

Hark! there is a scene passing below us. That is the voice of the cabin-maid. 'I want thirty-seven and a half cents for your supper.'

'What?' replies a faint, half-smothered voice from one of the berths.

'I want thirty-seven and a half cents for your supper!' screams in a still louder voice the cabin-maid.

'What?' again inquired the deaf lady.

'I want thirty-seven and a half cents for your supper!' is reiterated in a still more vociferous accent.

This colloquy is repeated a dozen times or more, and at last the stewardess leaves the cabin in despair. Now we sink into a gentle doze for a moment or two, forgetting alike our miseries and our amusements. Alas, like all sublunary happiness, this proves to be but transitory. The cabin-maid returns, and the deaf lady, awakened from her torpor, makes some monetary overture.

'I only had a half of a cup of tea, and a little bit of biscuit,' she adds, in a deprecating tone.

'No matter—you are welcome to it—I'll not charge you anything for your supper—you are welcome to it—welcome to it—I asked the steward about it, and he says I may give it to you, if I'm a mind to.'

This fuss over, the cabin continues pretty quiet till morning. About dressing time the hubbub is renewed. Sea-sick mothers, dead for a season to all parental tenderness, petulantly wish their children thrown overboard—call them 'little torments'—declare that they detest them, and use sundry other terms of endearment—while the little vomiting darlings look up in surprise, wondering what change can have come over mamma, that she has no pity for their sufferings.

How welcome to us all comes the sound of the bell which announces our arrival at the wharf. Faint, and reeling, and misanthropic, we stagger up from the cabin, and with a hearty pleasure bid farewell to Portland *Boat*, and are ushered across the plank into beautiful Portland City.

HOUR FIFTH.

Westbrook, Me.

THE scene has changed. No sight nor sound of the ocean reaches us here. Woodland quiet—the breath of flowers—the waving of green trees—the singing of happy birds—these are the soft influences that now surround us. The eyes of joyous children smile on us; and the clasping of warm hands thrills the nerves that lie nearest to our hearts.

If God be not more in the country than in the town, he at least gives us more immediate inspiration of his presence. We are too susceptible to surrounding influences not to be affected by the purity and beauty and solemnity of country solitude. In place of the brick and the paving stone, the little flower springs up to carpet the earth for our feet—the little flower whose perfect organization, whose fragrance and beauty are alone sufficient to prove to us the existence of an all-wise and all-gracious Father. Every kindly emotion seems fostered by this rural quiet. Let us sit down, Ella, on this bank of shining grass. Does not this scene bring to thy heart a remembrance of former hours—of other solitudes—of a home dearer to me than this can be to thee? Canst thou recall to mind revelations of the inner heart that were uttered beneath the sighing pines of a woodland far, far away? And dost thou know how that same heart has since changed? How old it has grown, and wise?

Thou art smiling, as though thou wert doubting either its wisdom or its age;—but a heart that has had much experience can still be gay; and though it may have learned wisdom, can screen it all beneath a careless and indifferent air. That maiden, whose dreamings were so freely revealed to us, has grown mature in heart, and the unphilosophical, and the romantic might accuse her of worldliness—perhaps, even, of sordid selfishness. But they would do her wrong. Romance, indeed, has become to her as a vanished dream—but *reality*—life in its more earnest and truthful aspect has revealed itself to her mind; and she has learned to distinguish between the flowery and tortuous path which leads into a land of mists and rainbows, and that more rugged and unattractive way whose windings will terminate in useful and substantial happiness.

THE DYING MOTHER.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

YES, I must die!
The arrow's sped from the strong hand of death,
And soon will reach my heart; I hear e'en now
The rushing of the Angel's wings, and feel
Methinks their chilling breath upon my cheek,
As he hastens for his prey. Oh! never more
Shall earth's sweet harmonies entrance my soul,
Or gentle tones of sympathy and friendship
Melt upon my ear. Yes, I must die!
But yet my soul shrinks not—I do not fear
To meet the shadowy king! I thank thee,
God of Heaven! for the high, sustaining faith

Thou hast vouchsafed, whose heavenly light
Now gilds for me the pathway to the tomb.
Beloved! come near;
Now we must part; we that have trod so long
The path of life together, must divide;
Thou—still to wrestle with mortality,
I—to depart where tears and struggles cease.
Oh! if by word or act I've thrown one shade
Of sadness o'er thy soul, be it forgotten
And forgiven. Thou hast been ever kind.
Life has been blest in thee. And now,
With dying lips—with soul just hovering
On its upward flight—I bless thee! bless thee
For all thy love—thy deep, thy earnest tenderness
And truth. Oh! I have burning thoughts, but cannot
Give them utterance! the past, the long, silent
Past, with all its mighty memories,
Is rushing like a flood into my soul,
And speech is overwhelmed. Our children—
Those tender, infant minds—thou'lt guard them!
Yes! thou wilt! thou wilt! Oh! let it be
A feeble image of my boundless trust
In thine unwearied vigils, when I say
I leave them with their *God* and *thee*—content.
But oh! my babe! my tender, darling babe!
There lies the sting of death! how can I leave it?
A mother's heart alone, can feel a mother's
Yearnings. Ye may be kind and patient
In your watchfulness, but oh! a mother's eye,
A mother's voice, a mother's *kiss!* these are
Its *life!* bereft of these, 'twill droop and fade;
And oh my God! may I not hope *'twill die?*
'Tis the last boon I crave.
Come nearer!
For my eyes grow dim, and breath comes heavily;
My spirit flutters like an encaged bird,
Impatient to be free. Hush! speak not!
For he comes—the Voiceless—the Unseen.
* * * * * *

There's a wail of sorrow on the breeze,
Deep tones of sadness 'mid the trees,
O'er earth a shadow creeps;
Tears from aged eyes are streaming,—
Lo! a *Daughter* sleeps.

There are gentle moanings 'mid the bowers,
Low, dream-like echos from the flowers,
All passing nature weeps;
Dew drops on the leaves are gleaming,—
Lo! a *Mother* sleeps.

See, pale and withering on the earth,
A tiny bud, which at its birth,
Was cherished as a gem;
Now 'tis drooping! Dead and broken
Lies the parent stem.

There are stately scions growing near,
And sister flowers, in love to rear
Its beauty to the skies;
Hope not! by each fading token,
Death, 'tis thine! it dies.
Lift again the sable pall!
Heard ye not the spirit's call?
Granted is the mother's prayer,
Comes the babe her grave to share.
As a flower-scent on the breeze,
As a dew drop on the leaves,
As a far off music tone,
Passed its sinless spirit on.
Rest thee, mother! Infant—rest!
In such doom ye both are blest;
Mother, that to thee is given,
A radiant passport unto Heaven;
Child, to be the shining ray
That lights her spirit on its way.
Close the portals—let them sleep!
Let the dews above them weep.
By His love who died to save,
Ye shall meet beyond the grave.

Duxbury, Mass.

INSINCERITY.

No vice is more highly condemned in the Scriptures than Insincerity. Nothing, indeed, is more repulsive to the mind of man than deceit; and to be charged with falsehood is regarded, even by men of the world, as the highest insult that can be offered them. Yet society encourages falsehood; it holds out a premium for deceit and for hypocrisy. Wretched men that we are, who shall deliver us form the body of this death!

A professedly pious man writes to his unbelieving son—'I do not insist that you shall actually *believe* as the majority do; but that you shall keep your opinions to yourself, and give no one cause to suspect that you are singular—for you may depend upon my word when I say, that nothing will shipwreck the prospects of a young man sooner than non-conformity in religious matters.'

Now, need any one ask 'Why is it?' should that young man become a sceptic? Is it strange that one who had been accustomed to hear his father make high religious professions, at the same time that he practised and recommended deceit, should have grown up in the opinion that Religion was all a mockery, and a mere cloak assumed for interested purposes? Let those individuals who think it necessary to practise duplicity in this world, at least have the fairness to renounce the profession of religion. Let the money changers and tricksters withdraw from the temple of God. Let them not practise their sorceries by the waters of Bethesda, lest those who come to be healed should be deterred from entering the pool. Abstractly considered, it may seem as criminal for one person to use dissimulation as another! but practical experience ought to convince us that those who stand before the world as the representatives of the Christian Church ought to be careful to free their skirts from guile and their lips from deceit. Our example, whether it be for good or for evil, exercises a powerful influence upon others. The wavering and the doubtful, the fearful and the unbelieving, look with keen interest upon the professed followers of Jesus; and nothing will more surely act as a stumbling block to their honest inquiries than a want of candor and sincerity in those who profess Christ before men.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., SEPTEMBER, 1842.

The Rose of Sharon. A Religious Souvenir for 1843. Edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgarton. Boston: A. Tompkins.

We have had the pleasure of examining this work in sheets, save twelve pages, and take real satisfaction in announcing its early appearance before the public. The original design has been kept distinctly in view, and hence the conductor of it has not descended to the petty policy whereby more than one professedly religious Annual has been ruined—we mean the policy of inserting just enough of serious matter to give the book the odor of religion, and devoting the rest to ephemeral articles—to 'light reading.' Wherever liberal minds have received the 'Rose' in years past, they have retained it with care for its real value, and to many the volumes have become pleasant books for frequent perusal. We think the volume for 1843 superior in a literary point of view to its predecessors. The *variety* is greater; the *finish* of most of the articles evinces more care in the writers; while the *teachings and tendencies* of all combine to purify the affections, to elevate the feelings, to interest the imagination, and to give to the soul the breathing of a lofty and generous faith.

The volume opens with a beautiful prose sketch from the lamented Mrs. J. H. Scott, entitled, '*The Dweller Apart.*' It will be read with the deepest interest by her thousand friends, and will win a reperusal from every reader. This is followed by a very fine poem—'*Sunset*'—from Mrs. S. Broughton, in her peculiarly musical and rich style. Next we have a highly eloquent article on '*The Unfulfilled Mission of Christianity,*' by Horace Greely, Esq., setting forth truths of the highest importance, in a forcible manner. Then we have a poem—'*A Death Scene*'—by Mrs. L. J. B. Case, a gem among the jewels she has formerly given us, wherewith to crown Death, that he may not be so unadorned as many picture him. '*The Tale of the Woodbine,*' by Miss Julia Fletcher, is next in order, and is one of the very best she has ever written. It is certainly a sweet, rural poem. Next comes the best contribution among the excellent ones Mrs. C. M. Sawyer has given to the 'Rose'—'*The Minstrel and his Bride.*' It is a fine prose article of twenty pages, presenting many exquisite picturings and touching scenes, and we have been exceedingly pleased with it. Next we have an illustration of one of the plates—'*Ruth*'—'Entreat me not to leave thee.' This is a poem by S. C. E. And then comes ringing rhymes on a lofty theme, from D. K. Lee—'*To Come.*' This real poem was, we suppose, suggested by the closing period of Nichol's Architecture of the Heavens, and if so, we wish the passage had been quoted;—'To COME!—To every Creature these are words of Hope spoken in organ tone; our hearts suggest them, and the stars repeat them, and through the Infinite, Aspiration wings its way, rejoicingly as an eagle following the sun.' The next is the lengthiest article, prose, in the book—'*Earth and Heaven,*' by Miss L. M. Barker. This is a very excellent contribution, full of the sweetness of true spirituality, and rich in themes to suggest farther reflection. '*The Last Look,*' by Mrs. Scott, follows, is a sad poem, descriptive of the feelings of the bereaved mother ere by an unquestioning faith she says:

'Now, like a dew drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove,
Safe with the Source of love,
The Everlasting One.'

Next is given us one of the most perfect poetic gems which we are able to refer to any where—'*A Prayer at Night,*' by S. C. E. We read it and re-read it, and still are delighted. An illustration of a plate comes next—'*The Convalescent,*' by Mrs. E. A. Bacon. This is a rural sketch after the manner of 'The Christian Graces.' '*Winter and Spring,*' by Julius Dodd. This poem has a melancholy interest from the early demise of its very promising author—brother to Miss M. A. Dodd, who has a poem following, entitled '*Phantoms*'—sadder than is her wont, but ending with a sweet and holy thought. '*Leonore,*' a story by S. C. E. This is the only prose composition from the editor, and is a well written sketch of deep interest, affording good lessons to the superstitiously imaginative. Next we have an excellent poem by Miss H. Jane Woodman, (*Ione*) entitled, '*The Prisoner's Dream.*' It is a fine description of a guilty soul indulging a tender mood, and its divine effect. Next we have another poem—'*The Tempest,*' by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer; a descriptive sketch, well executed. Then comes *our* contribution—'*The Actual;*' if it have any power to make dreamers believe that life *is* something, we shall be satisfied. Next we have a poem of eleven pages, by S. C. E., and a beautiful one it is, entitled—'*Scene in a Grave Yard.*' Then we meet an interesting series of brief sketches or pencillings, lively yet thoughtful, from J. G. Adams, '*Brief Lessons of a Journey.*' Next a poem pleasant as innocence' smile—'*Simplicity,*' by S. C. E. Then we have '*Lily of the Vale,*' by Miss C. A. Fillebrown, (*Charlotte*). This tale is marked by the same happy talent at description, which gives great interest to the writer's sketches, but we wish it were not so sad. '*The Connecticut Valley*'—illustration of a plate—by J. G. Adams—the author's best poem. Then we greet an article from E. H. Chapin, '*The Poet's Mission.*' A composition of interest, written in the style peculiar to the author, strong, earnest, and *truthful.* Next comes a poem of touching pathos and real beauty—'*My Idiot Brother,*' by D. B. Harris. This will be one of the favorite articles of the volume. The sheets which lie before us close with a good poem of interest—'*Touch not the Flowers,*' by Mrs. C. W. Hunt. The motto, we believe, is to be found, as a caution to visitors, in one of the Edinburgh grave-yards.

The 'Rose' this year will contain 216 pages, 14 more than last year. The typographical execution is elegant, and the paper is good to look upon for its beauty. The binding will be more than usually good, and the whole will present a first rate combination of attractions. We hope the circulation will be extensive, and that no disappointment in reference to expected support will prevent the continuance of the series. The work deserves especial consideration from Universalists, and we trust they will be as zealous to give the publisher needed patronage, as some 'of the contrary part' have been to anathematize it and prevent its sale.

Persons at a distance from the places where the *Rose* is usually on sale, can,—at least many of them can—send to Providence by persons coming hither to the General Convention. The publisher will be here with a quantity sufficient to satisfy the demand.

☞Persons holding Prospectuses with names, should send them in immediately.

Al' Abri, or the Tent Pitched. By N. P. Willis.

Mr. Willis wrote a series of exquisite letters to the 'New York Mirror' under the title of—'*Letters from under a Bridge.*' These are collected in this volume, and the new name given is a specimen of literary fopishness. But names do not always affect things, and the things in this volume are pleasant to commune with. The author writes from under a rural bridge, and describes what he sees and what he thinks. The letters bear one into the pleasant country, and give a desirable freshness to the feelings by converse with agreeable matters. There is a rich vein of humor running through the whole, giving a liveliness to the volume that renders it a very agreeable companion, with a

good deal of pleasant philosophy. The puffs of *wine*, however, are as little agreeable to our mind as other kinds of *whining*.—Duodecimo size; pp. 172. We bought our copies at A. Tompkins. Get it, lovers of rural things.

Domestic Worship. By Wm. H. Furness, Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Philadelphia. Philadelphia: James Kay, jr. & Brother. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. 272 pp., elegant print.

This is decidedly by far the very best volume we ever met with designed as a help to domestic worship—that great aid to home piety. Never did we greet such perfect mingling of the intellectual and emotional—so much of heart breathing through vigorous thought. If we fault it at all, we can only say—that it seems to us, the language is too rich, and oft-times too polished, to be the natural utterance of devotional feeling and aspiration. But then again, we remember how rich and eloquent—how above their common expression, the utterance of many is in prayer, when they are engaged with deep fervency. We had rather greet a devotional work having a tendency to lift up and elevate, than suited to continue an undignified manner of uttering prayer. We prize this volume, because it acts upon the mental being precisely as the cool breath of the western wind revives the languid brow, when at holy twilight we throw open the casement to admit it, and a grateful freshness is enjoyed.

The introduction is eloquent and good. At its close, the author says: To those who are disposed to ask with the disciples of Jesus, "Teach us how to pray," I hope this book may render some assistance, and that its influence may be to encourage them in the use of forms of their own.' We value a book of worship precisely according as we deem it suited to encourage those who use it to adopt forms of their own. The mere reading of prayers, however devotional the perusal may be, can never equal the influence exerted on the spirit by the outpouring of the heart in one's own language. There *cannot* be the same concentration of mind and awakening of feeling in the service.

A Concise History of the Efforts to obtain an Extension of Suffrage in Rhode Island; from the year 1811 to 1842. By Jacob Frieze. pp. 171.

We have carefully read this volume, and are impressed with a conviction that it is a 'Concise History' of facts pertaining to the various movements directed to the obtaining an extension of suffrage in this State. We are sure it cannot justly be called 'a one sided affair,' for the author deals very plainly with all parties, and spends no effort to inflame passion or feed prejudice. He does not uphold the course of the Assembly, and goes with the Suffrage Party as right and true till the aspect of the Reform was, as he thinks, changed by 'the later adjuncts, converted and initiated since the autumn of 1840.' He advocates 'the original sovereignty of the people, the source of all political power,' and decidedly maintains the necessity of the extension of suffrage demanded by the popular voice. The work is written in a plain, but good style, and evinces marks of care. It should be read apart from whatever else the author may have written on like themes.

Courtesy to the author demanded this notice, and as we are fully determined in no way or shape to be *political*, we are willing to insert a notice of equal length with this, from any one who differs with us in his opinion of the book after reading it.

Fifth Annual Report of the Providence Female Employment Society. Providence: B. Cranston & Co. pp. 8.

We have been favored with the preceding yearly Reports of this Society, and as it is novel in its character and highly useful in its tendencies, we propose to ourself to sketch its features in the next No. of the 'Repository,' and to bestow the meed of approbation richly deserved by its enterprising and persevering managers. There is no romance of benevolence in this association; it is one of real, unquestionable utility, elevating the poor through the medium of attractive industry.

ERRATA. In our last, page 65, 2d col., line 17 from foot, for *scones*, read *snares*. Page 66, first column, line 28 from top, for *boundless*, read *bound up*.

Convention Notice.

The United States General Convention of Universalists,

Will hold their session in this city (Providence) on the 21st and 22d of September. A petition has been sent to the Standing Clerk to alter the place of meeting, because of the political difficulties in this State, signed by nine ministers. This is the only expression in behalf of a removal, and as the First Society of Universalists have renewed their invitation, and a general meeting of the friends of our cause unanimously expressed an assurance to the friends everywhere that the Convention would be greeted with cordiality of christian feeling, the Clerk has published the notice of the meeting in due form. We do assure our friends throughout the country that rumor has not altered its well known character in reporting the state of things around us, and that the stories of the evils occasioned by political difficulties, have been greatly exaggerated. We deem it decidedly wrong for our friends to give unquestioning confidence to irresponsible Rumor, to the utter neglect of the earnest and sincere expressions of the minds of the brethren here. But more do we lament the construction that has been put upon their language, that seems to question its sincerity—and directness. Let the past be buried, without a tombstone.

The Convention *is* to meet here. And to the friends everywhere, we send christian salutations, and offer to them gospel hospitalities. Come to our city having in exercise the amiable sympathies of our holy religion, and the Lord *will* bless us and cause his face to shine upon us and give us peace. We trust to see a great and a joyous gathering. To greet brethren and sisters of like precious faith, from the East and the West, the North and the South, that we may take sweet counsel together and go to the house of God in company. We hope that in the spirit of good will, the brethren who signed the petition will also feel impelled to visit us, lest their absence should excite surmises not grateful to hear, and perhaps not just. We send them the greetings and the invitation of a warm heart, that loves them much, though it loves the Great Cause more. Come, brethren, and together we will find 'strength and beauty in the sanctuary,' and bless God for the hope in the reformatory power of the Gospel, that no defeat can weaken. 'The joy of the Lord,' shall be our strength, and devotion to truth our beauty.

Every possible arrangement will be made for the entertainment and comfort of our friends from abroad. The people here are 'given to hospitality,' and they will exercise this excellent disposition with an extra zeal. They have long anticipated the pleasures of the occasion; they have set their hearts on a holy and joyous festival, and the whole soul will be engaged that there be no lack in the essentials of enjoyment. Come then, from near and afar! Come, and fear not a besieged Jerusalem! Come, and every fibre of our being shall swell with the blood of a true Universalist's heart, and the grasp of the hand shall be a sincere 'right hand of Fellowship!' May the God of infinite grace ordain that when the festival is past, the returning friends may bear the report far and wide—'*There* WAS *great joy in that city!*'

The Delegates, Ministers and Friends, will please call on their entrance into the city, at the small vestry under the Universalist Church (Brick Church) in Westminster Street—vestry entrance on Union Street. The Council will meet in the large vestry.

Some of the Committee of Arrangements will be in waiting on Tuesday evening, and on the mornings of Wednesday and Thursday, to direct to places of entertainment all who may apply. Accommodations will be provided for all our friends from abroad who will accept of our hospitalities for the occasion. Come, and make us exceeding glad by a great gathering! God will give us joy and peace and prosperity. Amen.

Painted by H.E. Dawe. Engraved by D. Kimberly

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

T. R. Holland. Pr

THE

UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER 1842.

INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

We all have seasons of thought and reflection, the influence of which is to awaken deep feelings and make strong impressions, and which mark us as beings formed to muse and meditate. The history of our past life will prove to us that more sober hours of meditation and active thought would have been better for us, guarding us from many evils, and fitting us to more justly appreciate the best springs of happiness, and the noblest objects of pursuit. Consistency of character, as well as daily enjoyment, depends in a great degree on timely meditation, by which our past actions are compared with the true standard, and we listen to the voice of experience speaking persuasively behind us. To meditate often on the past, is essential to a right knowledge of our present character and situation, and resolving aright for the future; and they who neglect this duty, neglect one of the best means for religious and moral improvement.

There is much musing and meditation that is far from being beneficial; and it should always be distinctly remembered that according to the character of our musings—good or evil—will be the nature of the fire that will be kindled and will burn. All meditation is not good; as the Imagination is busily employed, and can bring before the vision other than the pictures drawn or unveiled by purity and virtue. To muse, is one thing; to muse wisely, is another and vastly more difficult employment. Some persons spend great portions of their best days and years in useless day dreams—in musing on the thought-pictures fancy paints, and feeding thereby their pride, vanity, and soulless ambition; satisfying themselves with the ideal, without an effort to accomplish any great good that shall really dignify them, or prove that they really loved the ideal perfect. This romance of thought—this poetry of nothings—this music of self-adulation, is anything but beneficial, as it disturbs the processes of strong and vigorous thought to which the mind is sometimes inclined, by its blending of the purely imaginative with the visions of reality. An undue freedom is granted to the Imagination, so that it becomes the master of the Intellect, and sways a fearful sceptre.

The religious duty of controlling the imagination, is not often enough considered, as it has a closer connection with our virtue than many allow to it; for while it may contribute to strengthen every vile and corrupting passion, it may—rightly employed—give aid to all that is good in man, and feed the holiest desires of the soul. Evil inclinations gain all their strength from the abuse of this faculty; and though we may often say that we cannot help our thoughts,—and imagination is but the picturing of thought in illumined colors,—yet we do not enough consider how we may control our imagination that it shall not dwell on what thought has created, making it assume more and more of life. Our guilt lies here—in permitting the mind to continue to dwell on the impure conception, and in not arousing thought to turn imagination to other and holier subjects, even as the Psalmist prayed: 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.' He desired that the gorgeous array of Idolatry might not attract his fixed sight, and that the rites and ceremonies so enchanting to vast numbers, might never have a winning and entrancing power over his heart. In the fear of Israel's God he would turn away his eyes—his mental sight—his imagination—therefrom, and be quickened to pursue the onward path, lest he turn back to the enchanter. He knew how familiarity with evil had lessened human abhorrence towards it, and he desired to avoid what others had not resisted. He would dwell always in the house of the Lord, and behold the beauty of his God, by a sanctified Imagination. Ps. 119. 37.

Let us here understand that the character of our musing, good or evil, will be according to the nature of the objects on which our imagination is fixed, and according therewith also will be the consuming or purifying power of the fire kindled within. If we muse on a conquering Alexander, and a sympathy with his unsatisfied desire for conquest is felt, the fire of ambition will be kindled, and as we muse it will burn and consume the best feelings and affections—destroy the desires that would make us the friend of our race and the enemy of war. If we muse on a philanthropic Howard, and feel sympathy with his

noble efforts for humanity in its low estate, the fire of benevolence will be kindled, and as we muse it will burn to consume all selfishness, purifying the heart for the abode of all that is generous and good.—Thus we see how the Imagination may be made a servant to good or evil; and we are made also to feel the religious duty of cultivating and controlling it aright, lest it kindle strange fires on the altar of the heart—fires never lit from heaven and that consume without sanctifying.

Consider Imagination as connected with every day duty. It has a more important connection than many are apt to consider, and may be used to good effect to guard us from dishonesty and craft. Here enters a confiding person into the store of the tradesman; he purchases in trustfulness what he needs, and leaves for home. As he departs, the tradesman exultingly counts over the profit he has gained through the extreme confidence of the buyer in the seller's veracity, and he rejoices that all men have not keen eyes and calculating brains. Let that tradesman follow, in imagination, that customer; see him enter his home, where are just judges of the worth of what he has bought, and let him listen to their speech as they discover the fraud practised upon him. Is he flattered by the epithets piled upon him? Is he pleased with the vows they make to trade no more with the deceiver and to caution others of his practices? He cannot but feel the extreme wickedness of deceiving an honest heart, if thus he will follow the deceived to his home.

Take another case often witnessed. A poor widow labors incessantly for the support of a large family. The day suffices not, and many hours of the solemn night are passed in toil for her little ones. Scanty indeed is the reward she receives, and with that little she goes forth to obtain a store of necessities for her household. She enters where she feels confident she shall expend her little treasure to the best advantage; though a mite to others, it is much to her;—

> 'It is the fruit of waking hours
> When others are asleep,
> When moaning round the low thatched roof,
> The winds of winter creep.
>
> It is the fruit of summer days
> Pent in a gloomy room,
> When others are abroad to taste
> The pleasant morning bloom.'

The little all, thus gathered, she expends in confident trust that fairly is she dealt with. She goes to her group of dependants, and there she looks over all she has bought, and it seems to her inadequate indeed to supply her wants till she can again gather a little sum to expend; then as she parcels it out, examines each portion, she sees that she has dealt with an undue lover of money and profit. Let the tradesman look with imagination's eye into that humble home—see the poor confiding widow as she feels she has been deceived, and witness the tears that moisten the eyes that have been wearied in labor, the fruits of which are thus lessened. And then let him see also, how day by day, nay, how meal by meal, she has to furnish her table with a sparing hand, and save from her children's wants to make up the loss by deception. Would not imagination teach thus a lesson of daily duty? to deal honestly and fairly, and remember the needy widow and fatherless with benevolence?

And so also with all the intercourse of life. Are we inclined to deceive by alarming stories and fables—to create fear and tremblings by idle tales, 'all for sport?' Let imagination follow the victim, and bring to us the report whether such conduct is kind and generous, or not. Do we indulge in profanity or vulgarity of speech, let imagination follow its effects and hear how it sounds as it comes from the voice of some lad that has caught the echo of our own, and then let us ask ourselves what would be our feelings to hear the like from our own child! Do we treat lightly sacred things in our intercourse with others, using light and frivolous arguments or evasions when sober minds are inquiring of us, or expressing their doubts, fears, or impressions respecting our faith? Let imagination follow them to their homes, and catch the sound of what they say respecting us and our faith, because of our idle talk. How many would thus be taught a lesson well calculated to fit them to discharge aright their daily duties, and make them to be guarded against the practice of whatever may prejudice the sober mind against our doctrine, or serve to close the hearing ear that is just opening to hear the gospel sound.

Consider Imagination as connected with the social duty of benevolence and sympathy. In order to follow Christ, we must not only 'deal justly,' but 'love mercy,' striving not only to be righteous, but good. And it has well been remarked by a philosophical writer, that 'a man deficient in imagination, though he may be free from any thing unjust or dishonorable, is apt to be cold, contracted, and selfish,—regardless of the feelings and indifferent to the distresses of others.' Here lies the reason why some men can never be touched by representations of distressed and needy humanity, and never warmed up to do noble works for their relief. I would not here laud that extreme sensibility which weeps over every tale of sorrow, and never puts forth a hand to relieve; for such charity is the charity of romance, has no sound sense or real goodness; but it is imagination that enables us to bring up the pictures of real suffering, to see more than the mere eye can see, to acquaint ourselves with the deep feelings of the heart, and in reality to weep with those who weep, as we make their case our own. Was it not so with Howard and the noble philanthropists who have befriended humanity? Their imaginations brought before them visions of the sad state of the prisoner, the enslaved, and the forgotten; they

saw the reality as distinctly as the painter sees the creation he is embodying on the canvass, and their zeal was aroused to noble efforts to relieve and bless. Was it not the imagination of Lafayette, realizing to him the state of the struggling colonies, that impelled him to leave a youthful bride, a happy home, and sunny France, and mingle in the din of war? Was it not the imagination of a Murray, realizing to him the state of mind enslaved to the fearful error of eternal woe, that led him to abandon his project to dwell in private, and made him willing to suffer reproach and insult in the cause of a world's salvation? And when fearlessly he waved the stone that had been aimed at his life, who can say that he did not have to his imagination as bright visions to encourage, as had the martyr Stephen, who saw heaven opened and Jesus standing at the right hand of God! It must be so with us. We should often strive by imagination to bring home the situation of the heart and mind enslaved and bowed down by error, and by the vision of mental misery, have our zeal quickened in the holy cause.

And of a truth, 'an imagination accustomed strongly to realize the good and evil of others, is as essential to virtue as an intellect stored with sound principles, and active powers in their best state for exertion.' It should be cultivated, refined, and kept in subjection to strong and accurate thought, and then will sound reason, a just judgment, a good understanding, and a vivid imagination, be united in one.

Consider Imagination as connected with christian faith. We know that John the Revelator had a most powerful imagination, and what glorious seasons of rapture must he have enjoyed even in his exile. His vision of the New Jerusalem was but one of the magnificent pictures he beheld. The scenery of faith and hope was distinct, and he saw the final issue of all the operations of Gospel Grace, and as the sound of mighty and many waters the pealing Alleluia! burst on his spirit's raptured ear. But we can go back farther and to a better to note the joy of a sanctified imagination—even to Jesus Christ. When the Seventy commissioned by him came back with the story of their mighty success, we are told that Jesus rejoiced in spirit, or was exceeding joyful, and exclaimed—'I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.' What a glorious vision was that! How cheering the sight! And who would not wish to see a like vivid view of the overthrow of Satan, the destruction of all power adverse to Gospel truth and love, and the annihilation of sin? And who would not wish also to behold the glorious vision of the end, when the kingdom shall be delivered up to the Father and he shall be all in all? O how would the imagination of a Milton, or a Shakspeare, take hold of the beauties of Universalism, and sing the anthems of the redeemed! 'Paradise Regained,' has indeed yet to be written. Milton's picture of Paradise, or the earthly Eden, is surpassingly beautiful; but had his soul been rightly touched by Gospel fire, he would have left a lovelier picture to wake human admiration and praise—even a picture of the spiritual, heavenly, and universally enjoyed Eden of God. Raphael is said to have died from the effects of his intense love of the beautiful—the keenness of the sword cut through the scabbard. But if there is such a power in the beautiful of earth, and the combinations of earth's most perfect gems of loveliness, what radiant pictures of ravishing beauty must have passed before such a mind had the seraphim of Gospel truth led him through the fields of light and spiritual loveliness in the better land! O the most beautiful of earth's beauty is but the dim reflection of the light of heaven's loveliness! Our eyes must be anointed to look on the reality itself,—

'If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,—
Be, Lord! thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!'

Here is one glorious feature in our religion which gives a surpassing excellence—which exalts it to the pre-eminency above all others. We can give imagination full liberty to explore the future state, and wherever it wings its flight it brings back but one report—*Redemption, Glory and Bliss!* We can permit imagination to go far beyond all misery, sin, and discord, and expatiate with rapture in boundless fields of purity and joy! But alas! and alas! again, for those who can never outstrip the flight of the bird of misery, lamentation, and pain,—who can see no end to evil—who can view no reunion of all to God—who can behold no vision of universal holiness and joy! They must curb their imaginations indeed, or blight and sorrow will come upon their social affections, and the darkness of their eternity will shroud the light of present beauty and bliss.*

Thank God, Reader, if thou art a child of the Illimitable faith! thank God that you can muse on the scenery of the future and rejoice, while the fire of devotion and spiritual gladness burns in your heart; and may you often walk in spirit with the Savior and hear his teachings, so that you can say when you meet a kindred soul—'Did not our heart burn within us, while *he* talked with us by the way, and while *he* opened to us the Scriptures?'

Providence, R. I.

* We shall refer to this again in an article on 'Universalism, as an aid to the culture of the love of the Beautiful.'

IT IS GOOD TO MEDITATE. Reader! have you ever meditated? If not, then let thy soul now commence the work. Cast thy thoughts about thee, and seriously examine the wonderful things in earth and sky. PR.

A SONG FOR THE PAST.

BY CHARLOTTE.

A song for the past! when our hearts were young,
And the world looked bright and fair;
When we bounded along, with jocund song,
And knew not the weight of care.
Then our hearts were light, and our eyes were bright,
And merrily passed each day,
With the sportive glance and the joyous dance,
And the merry roundelay.

A song for the past! for the good old days
When our spirits were blithe and free;
When the birds sang gay, in the early May,
And we revelled in childhood's glee.
Then the mad cap race and the butterfly chase,
Gave our cheeks a ruddy glow;
And exercise gave light to the eyes,
And throned fair health on the brow.

A song for the past! for the golden days,
Whose memories make us yearn
To behold again, though we know it vain,
The scenes which can ne'er return.
Farewell to my theme—like a morning dream,
The past has vanished away;
But the present lies bright before our sight,—
Enjoy it then, while we may.

Boston, Mass.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Madeline Bartlett, a pretty, romantic girl, verging now upon her twenty-secondth year, was spending a few months with a relative in a small country village at some distance from her city home. She was gifted with that fortunate temper which is not dependant upon gay society and brilliant amusements for happiness; and far from finding the winter parlor of her aunt's retired residence a spot for dullness and discontent, she made its old-fashioned walls ring all day long with her gentle and musical laughter.

This aforesaid parlor had three small windows; two upon the front, overlooking a square yard, filled with noble old horse-chestnuts, and covered with snow which lay in drifts up to the pickets of the fence; and one upon the side, looking down into the valley of a bright stream, which now slumbered, like a passive slave, in the chains of the frost King.

Very quiet was Aunt Lydia's habitation, for not a single child, girl or boy, molested its orderly arrangements, or scattered crumbs over its neat home-spun carpets. The old house-dog Pompey was as grave and silent as an octogenarian Turk; and even prim Tabitha, the puss, behaved with the most Quaker-like decorum. Uncle Jotham, the lord of the dwelling, was a good old, honest, hum-drum farmer, who kept his station by the large kitchen fireside, and seldom invaded the precincts of the parlor, except at the very urgent solicitation of his pretty niece, who coaxed him so often out of his pendulum-like habits that he declared outright, he would have her hung for a witch.

The '*help*' attached to this demure household, were soon familiarized to Madeline by the names of Phœbe and Abdonijah—or *Nije*, as he was wontedly called. Phœbe, though somewhat past the prime of life, was, like her celestial namesake, wedded to celibacy; and when moving around the house, had about the same apparent velocity. The only exhibitions of vivacity that ever escaped her, were in parrying the threadbare jokes of Uncle Jotham. These she always retorted with spirit; and Aunt Lydia often remarked that Phœbe's work was finished just about two minutes and thirty-three seconds sooner than usual, by the old clock, whenever she had been cracking jokes with the 'gudeman.'

Nije, too, was a celibate, and bore about in his crusty nature the most perfect and undissembled horror of all woman-kind. Phœbe was the only person of her sex he dared meet face to face; and she only was an exception, because from the long practice of sitting near her at the same table and fireside, he had learned to regard her rather as an indispensable piece of kitchen furniture, than as an actual 'live woman.'

Madeline's reasons for leaving her pleasant home in the city, and becoming an inmate of this odd household, particularly at this dull and inclement season, may seem inexplicable to our fair readers. Had there been but some '*beau cousin*' in the case, all would have been natural, and easily understood; but an old hum-drum uncle, in a hum-drum habitation, quite on the outskirts of a little country village, could surely offer no possible attraction to draw a pretty, romantic young lady from the charms of metropolitan society. Perhaps some 'disappointment' had driven her into solitude, that she might give free vent to her repinings; or perhaps as the more sagacious suggested, her parents had sent her away from some dangerous influence to which her romantic enthusiasm might subject her. Few had the simplicity to suppose that she came out of love to her good old uncle and aunt, and with the design, also, of enjoying herself to the very extent of her capabilities.

We have said that Madeline was pretty and romantic; she had, moreover, one of the kindest hearts in all the world; and it was owing to this latter endowment, that she strayed, like a chance sunbeam, into the monotonous habitation of Uncle Jotham. Sitting one day in the cheerful home-parlor, surrounded by her merry brothers and sisters, her instruments of music, and her hundred favorite books, the thought suddenly struck her how lonely and dull dear Aunt Lydia must be, so far away in the cloudy country, with no one for company but Uncle Jotham and the

pur-blind cat; with no one to sing to her, or laugh with her, or read aloud 'the last new novel;' and no sooner had her sprightly thoughts conned over the thousand disagreeable circumstances connected with such a residence, than she resolved to break in upon it, and disperse its gloom by the sunshine of her own joyous spirit.

Straightway a proposition was laid before papa and mamma, urged with so much sweetness and enthusiasm, that in spite of their strong desire to keep her always with them—(for though now a grown woman, she was still a great pet)—they were forced to yield, at last, a reluctant consent. Giving herself a week only, for saying adieus to her numerous friends, and stocking her trunk with literary food for a two months' sojourn in an intellectual wilderness, Madeline found herself one morning snugly ensconced between two portly gentlemen in surtouts, on the front seat of one of those numerous stage coaches that issue from our quiet metropolis, and diverge in every direction over the interior.

Toward evening of that same day, the coach stopped at the gate in front of Uncle Jotham's dwelling. For a long while no signs of life appeared about the premises. The coachman dismounted, tied his horses to the fence, opened the coach door and assisted the fair passenger to alight, before any sound or sight betokened the existence of human life within the dwelling. The snow lay three feet deep in the yard, bearing no perceptible trace of having been disturbed by a single footstep; and Madeline was in a state of lugubrious indecision whether to attempt a passage *through* these Alps, or to search out some more circuitous route, when to her great relief she heard the bar of the front door slowly withdrawn, and saw through a cautious opening the inquisitive and wondering face of Uncle Jotham.

Scarce a moment elapsed, however, before the door was flung wide open by the eager hand of Aunt Lydia; and joyous in step as a young girl, out she sprang upon the surface of the snow, which bore her up as though she were but a spirit of the air—and in the next moment, Madeline was clasped to a heart as warm and affectionate as her own, and tears and kisses were showered upon her rosy cheeks till they blushed rosier than ever with very gladness at being so heartily received.

Aunt Lydia—we have not described her yet—was one of those warm-hearted, affectionate beings whose presence seems like a sunbeam wherever felt. It was singular that she should have married Uncle Jotham, who was twenty years her senior, and altogether unlike in character and conduct; nevertheless, she *did* marry him out of pure affection, though possibly that affection was neither so deep nor ardent as she was capable of experiencing had she kept herself free until a few more years had matured her judgment, and thrown in her way a heart more nearly attuned to her own. As it was, she lived a very peaceable and demure life, thankful for what blessings she possessed, and resolutely shutting out from her thoughts all visions of a brighter and more congenial state of existence, in a world so universally incongruous as this. Though she did not love Uncle Jotham to the extent which it was possible for her to love, and though she had no children on whom to pour the waste-tides of her affection, Aunt Lydia contrived, nevertheless, to attach herself very strongly to the little world that surrounded her, and to find a thousand outlets to her heart in a circle where less genial spirits would have been frozen up in their own selfishness.

'What put it into your heart, Madeline,' she said to her fair niece on the evening of her arrival, when they were sitting alone by a blazing wood fire in the snug old-fashioned parlor, 'What put it into your heart, I desire to know, to leave your gay and pleasant home at this most unpleasant season of the year, and mope yourself up with such an old home-spun couple as Uncle Jotham and I? Come now, Madeline dear, there is some secret motive for all this, which must be wormed out of you before I can feel at all at peace; so be a good girl, and explain the mystery at once. If it be any secret, I promise to keep close lips with others; and no one but myself shall be any the wiser for the revelation.'

Madeline laughed. 'Why Aunt Lydia,' she replied affectionately, 'can you suppose any other motive than a desire for your society was necessary to induce me to come? I was happy at home, it is true; and I expect to be happy here, also. As to moping myself up, I assure you I shall do no such thing. I intend to laugh, and sing, and dance, and skip, and make as much confusion about the house as I please. Unless you give me a very decided scolding every morning before breakfast, you may expect to find the whole house topsy-turvy in the course of a fortnight. Dear Aunt Lydia, the only motive in the world I had for coming here now, was to give you the pleasure of my very sweet company; for without intending the slightest disrespect either to Uncle Jotham, Miss Phœbe, Corporal Abdonijah, dog Pompey, or puss Tabitha, I could'nt help thinking you must find it very lonely and unsocial here.'

'You are a dear good girl,' answered Aunt Lydia, wiping the tears from her eyes; 'and I shall be happy, very, very happy to have you here with your sweet, merry voice to scare the silence out of the walls—for it is like a Fast Day here all the year round. I sit from morning till night sometimes, hearing only the buzzing of the flies, the purring of the cat, and the loud, dull, monotonous tick of the clock; but to tell the truth, Madeline, I seldom find the time pass heavily. I always have enough to do to keep my hands employed—and no one, I am sure, need have an unoccupied mind when there are so many things that are good and pleasant to think about.'

'So then, dear Aunt, my sympathy was all wasted, it seems. But as it was not alone to make you happy that I came, I shall not run back just because I find you can live very well without me.'

The next morning, shortly after breakfast, Madeline came down into the kitchen, where Aunt Lydia was making pastry, tastefully attired in a purple satin short-cloak, trimmed with ermine, and a velvet hat of the same color ornamented with three long snowy plumes, drooping almost upon her shoulder.

'Oh you beauty!' exclaimed Aunt Lydia, admiringly, lifting her flour-powdered hands in astonishment; 'where can you be going this cold, blustering morning, dressed off too in such splendid fashion?'

'I am going to walk, Aunt. I never omit my out-of-door ramble for any kind of weather, either in spring, summer, autumn, or winter. I explored all the pleasant spots where the violets, and spearmint, and strawberrys grow, when I was here last summer; and now I am going to hunt up subjects for some little winter pictures, for as usual I have my crayons and portfolio with me.'

'That is right, my dear. Find out subjects for amusement wherever you can, else I fear you will soon grow tired of us. But I must tell you, Madeline, that unless you wish to draw every man, woman and child to the windows to stare at you, and furnish food for village gossip for a week to come, you must put on a different cloak and bonnet; for we are an old-fashioned people here, and the sight of a white plume or a silk cloak, is sufficient, at any time, to create a universal excitement.'

'Oh well, if that be the case,' replied Madeline, good-naturedly, 'I will borrow vestments of you or Phœbe; for I really have no ambition for such a notoriety as you describe. Come to think of it, this dress of mine isn't exactly suited to your sober little village, and if you please, I will exchange it for your close hood and cloak; and with a veil over my face, no one will suspect I am not, indeed, Aunt Lydia herself.' So saying she flew back to her chamber, and in a few minutes returned externally metamorphosed into a quaint matronly damsel, who looked as though she might have been a cotemporary of the patriarchs.

'It is too bad!' exclaimed Aunt Lydia, compassionately, as Madeline stood before her, peeping roguishly from beneath her close green hood; 'but never mind—it will save you from impertinent curiosity, and you will, besides, be just as comfortable. So good speed to you, and a pleasant walk.

Madeline was an accomplished walker. She had none of the languidness of a fashionable saunterer, but every step was light, quick and graceful. She walked, too, with the elasticity of one who loved the exercise; and the glow upon her cheek and the bright sparkle in her eye, were tokens of the physical enjoyment she derived from it. After rambling about half a mile on this occasion, she felt sufficiently warm and weary to throw herself upon a snow-bank for a few minutes, and drew from her pocket a scrap of paper and a crayon, with which she proceeded to sketch the outlines of a little scene before her. It was the village school-house—a small, square, cream-colored tenement, overhung by the naked branches of a venerable elm tree. A few boys,—sad truants they were—loitered near the door, and added grace to the simple picture. They stood watching her till her sketch was finished, wondering what she could be doing with pencil and paper, and seated, too, upon that crusted snow-bank. When she arose to pursue her walk, one little fellow mustered courage to approach her, his hands stuffed in his pockets, and his mouth open with curiosity.

'Say, ma'am,' said he, as he met her encouraging smile, 'have you been makin' a *picter?*'

'Yes, dear.'

'You ha'nt tho', have ye? Did you put me in?'

'Yes.'

'And Jim, too? and Frank? and all on us?'

'Yes, all.'

'Oh, Jiminy! Won't you let us see it, tho'?'

'Yes, if you wish.'

They crowded around her as she drew the paper from her pocket, and displayed to them a hasty, but very accurate sketch of the old school-house, the great tree, and the group of truant boys. Pleasure and pride glistened in their eyes as they bore testimony to the correctness of the picture. 'By Jiminy, tho', if that an't the very old tree, boys,' said the first speaker—'Look! there's the self-same *identicle* branch there that Tom spindle-shanks broke swinging on it—and she's got it broke in the picter! Who'd have s'posed she would have thought o' that? And the boys too! See! she's got Jim's duck legs there, true as life—and Frank's broken-crowned hat—and—and—'

'*Your* chubby face, Phil,' shouted two or three at once, glad to throw back the laugh upon the one who had raised it against themselves.

'O how I wish you could put our little schoolmaster in,' exclaimed Phil; 'Look! there he stands now, close up to the window, Miss. Can't you draw him?'

Madeline blushed a little at finding herself an object of attention to the young pedagogue, and dismissing her juvenile admirers as gently as possible, she commenced her walk homeward. She had proceeded less than a rod, when pat, pat, pat came some one behind her, and presently Phil's hand gently grasped her cloak cape. 'Won't you give me that picter?' he said, in a half bashful, half coaxing voice; 'Do, 'cause I want to do somethin' with it.'

'What will you do with it?'

'Oh I'll tell, after you give it to me,'

'But I can draw you a much prettier one than this, on some nice thick paper too, if you will give me

time. But first you must tell me what use you are going to make of it.'

'I shall fix it up against the wall, over the master's desk—'cause I know he'll think it's cute—and then he'll be in such a fluster to know how it could come there! How I will make him guess—Jiminy, if I don't! So you'll make me one, will you? I hope you will have it done soon, 'cause I can come after it any time,—only I don't know where you live,' he added hesitatingly.

'You will find me at Mr. Jotham Birney's; and if you will call before school-time in the morning, you shall have the picture, provided you will promise not to tell any one—at least, not to tell your master who drew it for you.'

Phil readily gave the promise, and as Madeline again turned to resume her walk, she saw that the schoolmaster was still watching her from the window.

On the afternoon of this day, Madeline laid aside the book with which she had occupied herself during the hours which her Aunt was obliged to spend in the kitchen, and taking her port-folio from the centre-table, (for Madeline had converted her Aunt's old-fashioned, round, three-legged tea-table into a receptacle for books, papers and needle-work) she sat down on an ottoman at Aunt Lydia's feet, and arranged her Bristol board for her afternoon's employment.

'Here is the result of my morning walk, Aunt Lydia,' she said, holding up to her view the little sketch; 'do you recognize the scene?'

'Oh yes—there is no mistaking it. The schoolhouse, and the old elm are as natural as the reality. I should think you had got little Phil Roby there amongst the boys—tho' I suppose you don't know their names.'

'Yes I do—there was a Phil amongst them I remember, for he came up and addressed me with true Yankee familiarity.' She then playfully related the substance of her interview with the boys, not forgetting to mention the circumstance of the young master, gazing at her through the window.

'Apropos, of this young schoolmaster,' replied Aunt Lydia, laughing; 'I must manage to get you acquainted with each other. He is a perfect gem of his kind.'

'Of his kind, Aunt. He may, indeed, be a gem of a schoolmaster—but I have a perfect antipathy to the whole tribe. So I pray you will use no extraordinary exertions to bring about an introduction.'

'Ah, but you *must* be introduced, if it be only to destroy your antipathy. I am sure you would like him.'

'Are you *quite* sure, Aunt? because, I must confess, I am very difficult in my tastes.'

'That I should suspect from the fact that you are almost twenty-two years old, and still heart-free. Nevertheless, I am not without fears that you will find it difficult to resist our little schoolmaster. Pray tell me, sweet niece, what the man *must* be, who can lay claim to your virgin affections?'

'Oh, perfect, of course. That is, handsome, graceful, talented and refined; lofty in his principles and pure in his feelings; eloquent, accomplished, agreeable, and *not* a schoolmaster.'

'Henry Waldo will never do for a lover for you then; yet I fancy you would like him as an acquaintance. He is, in the first place, three or four years younger than yourself. Would that be an obstacle?'

'Insuperable to a lover—of no consequence to a mere acquaintance.'

'He is plain, decidedly plain. With the exception of his eyes and forehead, he has no pretty feature. His smile, however, is irresistibly sweet. Light hair, blue eyes, and a fair skin, give him a very juvenile look, and his form, also, is boyish, if not ungraceful. So much for his personal appearance. Talented, he is, decidedly; eloquent, also, and refined. I have reason to believe that his principles are correct, though I cannot affirm it positively from the slight acquaintance I have with him. By the way, he is to lecture before our Lyceum to-morrow evening; so you will have an opportunity of judging of his talents and acquirements.'

'Lyceum? I didn't know that you were so literary here.'

'Ah! I see my pretty niece, that I shall have it in my power to remove some of your prejudices against country villages and schoolmasters. Intelligent and fastidious as *you* are, possibly you will not find our Lyceum utterly devoid of interest.'

'Oh I am already deeply interested, dear Aunt, especially in the young lecturer,' replied Madeline, laughing. And just as she said this, her crayon made a blunder upon the picture, which required some minutes labor with the India rubber to erase.

The next morning Phil called according to appointment, and found the picture finished in the neatest possible style. He was in ecstasies. Such another being as Miss Bartlett he did not believe existed in the world; and as for the picture,—he had never heard of Angelo and Raphael, but if he had, he certainly would never have dreamed they could have accomplished anything so perfect and beautiful as Madeline's picture of the village school-house, and the truant boys.

Madeline found her Aunt even more busy than on the preceding morning, preparing a variety of tea-table delicacies with true Yankee luxuriousness.

'Pray, Aunt, what is all this cake-making for? Are you preparing for a party?'

'No dear; but Henry Waldo will be here to tea, and you know he is a favorite of mine. Besides, he always praises my cake.'

'Is that the reason he is a favorite, Aunt? And so, you have taken the pains to invite him here that I may fall in love with him. You may be sure I shall resist out of pure obstinacy, if for no other reason.'

'Nay, Madeline, the little fellow will come of his

own accord, if at all. He knows Uncle Jotham never goes out to public meetings, and also that I am very fond of going. For this reason he never fails to take tea with me on Thursday evenings, and afterwards accompany me to the Lyceum. He always likes, too, to have my opinion upon his lectures and debates, for he says I am the only one who will freely tell him his faults. So you see I have not made any wonderful effort to bring about an interview; and besides, I think it would be very absurd in me to project any love affair, after the "insuperable obstacles" you have pointed out.'

'Certainly, Aunt. But as he is so kind to you, and seems to enjoy so much of your confidence and esteem, I will endeavor to be as civil as possible to him, notwithstanding he is a schoolmaster.'

Madeline had some feminine feeling about her personal appearance, and Aunt Lydia silently observed that her lively niece was more becomingly attired than usual, when she entered the parlor an hour or two after dinner. She brought down several additional books, too, and laid them upon the table.

'I hope you have your drawings in order,' said Aunt Lydia. 'Our schoolmaster has a fine taste for pictures, and is, himself, somewhat of an artist.'

'No, Aunt, do not, on any consideration, let him imagine I ever saw a crayon. If you do, he will at once detect me as the author of that little sketch which I was so silly as to give away this morning.'

'You forget, Madeline, that he was watching you all the while from the window.'

'Oh well, there was certainly no harm in it, was there, Aunt, only I am afraid the fellow's vanity will be flattered.'

As she spoke, a rap at the door betokened the arrival of their visitor. Aunt Lydia opened it, and cordially welcomed Mr. Waldo, introducing him playfully to her city niece. The young schoolmaster was slightly embarrassed at meeting, so unexpectedly, a beautiful young lady in the sober dwelling of Uncle Jotham. However, he instantly recognized her, and recovering himself, alluded pleasantly to the scene which he had witnessed from the window the previous morning.

'I suppose,' he added, 'I am indebted to Miss Bartlett for a very neat and truthful little picture of my school-house. I found it in a conspicuous situation over my desk this morning. Phil, however, was very faithful—He would not betray his secret. He was a little vexed with me for carrying it away; but I knew it would be safer in my port-folio than it could be there.'

'Oh, indeed,' exclaimed Madeline, coloring deeply, greatly to her vexation; 'you should not have done that, for I intended it as a permanent ornament to the school-house. It is district property, I assure you. How could you have the presumption to appropriate it to yourself?'

The schoolmaster laughed, and made some playful apology, but did not seem inclined to relinquish his claim. Entering into good humored chat with Aunt Lydia, he allowed Madeline time to recover her self-possession. But presently Aunt Lydia was called out to prepare tea, and Madeline felt herself under obligations to act the agreeable. This she could always do successfully when she attempted it. Even with a *schoolmaster*, she was at no loss for subjects of conversation. She spoke of winter—of winter in the country—of Bryant's 'Winter Scene'—of Bryant himself—of American poets—of poetry in general—in short, of any subject which presented itself to her mind, and which she perceived interested her companion. In spite of herself, she was pleased with his remarks, and secretly wondered at the extent of his literary information. She laughed at his wit, so fresh, so spontaneous, so sparkling. She was interested by his manner, so simple, so earnest, so reverential. She almost thought him handsome when she saw his cheek glow, and his eye sparkle in the enthusiasm of the feelings with which he spoke of America, and of American literature.

'He is a patriot,' thought she. 'The love of his country is in his heart.' In short, she admired him as every person admires another of kindred feelings and opinions. She was ashamed of her prejudices—she acknowledged to herself that even a country schoolmaster was not necessarily disagreeable, and that all professions can receive embellishment from talent.

The time passed so agreeably in conversation, in the examination of books and pictures, among which were Madeline's drawings, that both of the young persons were quite amazed when Aunt Lydia entered with the intelligence that the hour of the Lyceum had arrived.

Having removed the white plumes, Madeline ventured this evening to wear her own hat and cloak. Just as they were leaving the door, Uncle Jotham appeared with the design of accompanying them. Madeline playfully offered him her arm, but he shook his cane at her, and declared he would walk with none but his liege wife. She was obliged, therefore, to accept the arm of Mr. Waldo, who did not look at all displeased with the arrangement.

They found the school-house already full, but by the courtesy of some of the gentlemen, the ladies were provided with seats. Madeline felt herself to be the object of considerable attention during the short interval which preceded the lecture. But when the little schoolmaster stepped upon the platform, every eye was directed to him. He betrayed some embarrassment at first—possibly his thoughts were upon this beautiful young lady who had recently leaned upon his arm—but having fairly entered upon his subject, enthusiasm conquered all feelings of restraint, and he spoke with his wonted eloquence and effect. His

voice, without being musical, was capable of tones and variations as electric as they were subduing. Madeline could not avoid regarding him as a striking illustration of what mind and heart can do toward supplying external deficiencies. Who thought his features uncomely when lighted up by the brilliancy of thought and the fervor of lofty feeling? Who noticed the defect in his voice, when every nerve was thrilling beneath its soul-swayed intonations? Certainly not Madeline. She saw only the beauty of his spirit, and heard the deep sweet music of his thoughts. Nothing was to her so fascinating as intellect. Involuntarily she bowed down and paid it homage, no matter in what form enshrined, or in what capacity displayed. She reverenced that little schoolmaster as though he were of superior clay to the crowd that surrounded him. She was even willing that Aunt Lydia should perceive her admiration, though she very naturally desired to conceal its extent. Madeline was not *in love*—she had too much dignity of character to form any sudden and unwarranted attachment. We would not, therefore, have our readers imagine that we have designed to convey this impression. We only portray faithfully the influence which mind and heart can exercise upon a kindred spirit, despite the prejudices of education and conventional feeling. Madeline's imagination was excited, her taste was gratified, her feelings and sentiments met with an earnest and gentle response; was not this sufficient to justify the admiration and reverence of a young, romantic and enthusiastic girl? *Love*, however, is of less spontaneous growth. It is nurtured on a long and well-founded appreciation of moral worth, and spiritual loveliness. It matures slowly; it endures long and faithfully; it is almost invulnerable to decay and death. Such was not the sentiment Madeline now experienced.

On their return home, she hardly dared speak in commendation of his lecture, fearing lest she might be unintentionally ministering to vanity. And yet she felt that she wronged him by the thought; so to atone for the mental injury, she 'spoke out even more warmly than she at first intended. She awaited anxiously for the effect, fearful lest some gleam of gratified vanity should break the spell of reverence with which she regarded him.

For some moments he was silent. When he replied, his voice was tremulous, but fervent. 'I thank you from my heart, Miss Bartlett. Your praise, if it be sincere, and I will not doubt it, is gratifying to me for other than selfish reasons. I have a father—a kind old man who has been willing to sacrifice much for my education, and who is fondly looking forward to my success as the reward of all his cares and labors. You cannot wonder, Miss Bartlett, that for his sake, applause is dear to me. It *is* dear—I own it. And from you it is the more valuable, because I know you have a correct appreciation of beauty and of eloquence—and your approbation is an earnest of my future success in a higher and wider sphere. You must not think me ridiculous for receiving your commendations so seriously; light and frivolous as I may appear in my ordinary manners, the true element of my character is deep and serious feeling.'

Madeline felt tears upon her cheeks. The full moon was shining in her face, and so were Henry Waldo's eyes. She was glad, therefore, that their arrival at the house precluded the necessity of a reply; but the kindness of her voice as she bade him good night, was long treasured in his memory, and never reverted to but with a thrill of deep and mysterious joy.

A few evenings after, the schoolmaster called with his port-folio, which was half filled with colored miniatures—some done upon paper, others upon ivory. They were mostly likenesses of his friends—but a few were copies from the engraved heads of poets and distinguished men. Among others he showed Madeline a prettily colored paper-sketch of Aunt Lydia, which he had painted one evening when he had too bad a cold to read aloud, as was his usual custom, when paying her a visit. One of the most beautiful of the paintings was a miniature of his father, which Madeline admired much for its fine expression, and the blandness and benignity of the countenance.

'The countenance is a true emblem of the soul,' said the schoolmaster, earnestly. 'Here are two—the faces of my sisters, Miss Bartlett. They are plain girls, but good and intelligent. I am sorry I have no record of my mother's face—she died when I was an infant.'

'What an enviable art is this,' exclaimed Madeline, warmly, 'which can transfer to small surfaces the looks and lineaments of those we love. How I wish it were mine!'

The young schoolmaster's eyes sparkled. 'It easily can be, Miss Bartlett. You are already so practised in drawing, that a few lessons would be sufficient to initiate you into the mysteries of miniature painting. If you will not refuse so poor a teacher, I shall be very happy to employ some of the coming evenings in giving you all the little knowledge I possess.'

Madeline was slightly embarrassed by this proposition. That Henry Waldo was fond of being near her, was a fact she could not disguise from herself; and though she had but a very pardonable degree of vanity, she did verily believe that farther and familiar intercourse would increase this fondness. Ought she, believing this, to encourage his visits? Could she, without injury to her own and to his feelings, decline them?

'I cannot refuse so kind an offer,' she replied, in a voice that spite of herself faltered; 'but I am quite sure you will find me a discouraging pupil. I might possibly learn to copy a painting or engraving; but I fancy a living face would appal me.'

'That I should suppose would depend upon the character of the face—certainly *some* countenances are not appalling.' The schoolmaster said this with a look of such earnest admiration upon the sweet face before him, Madeline was fain to turn away to hide the blush that mantled upon her cheek. As she did so, she met Aunt Lydia's roguish smile, 'Ah,' thought she, 'Aunt Lydia sees that even a schoolmaster can have power over me. How ridiculous in me to blush so!'

We need not say that Henry Waldo was punctual in his hours of instruction—that Madeline was a zealous and patient pupil—and that her progress in painting likenesses was not more astonishing than the facility with which she learned to overcome her prejudices against schoolmasters.

One Saturday afternoon, for these seasons were also appropriated to the lessons, Waldo brought with him a fine antique head which he wished Madeline to copy.

'We will both take the picture, Madeline'—he had grown to call her Madeline, now—'and see which can do it most accurately.'

Having given her a few instructions, they went about their task, chatting merrily as they sat opposite to each other at the little round table. Aunt Lydia was near them with her knitting work. Madeline was not a mere copyist. She felt the inspiration of the art; and her pencil had not been long at work before her fair face became all radiant with thought and feeling. Four or five hours the young artists sat steadily at their tasks. At length Aunt Lydia told them they should not confine themselves any longer, but should go out for a walk, while she prepared tea for them. The young master eagerly seconded the proposition. When Aunt Lydia left the room, and Madeline was tying on her bonnet, he held up before her the picture on which he had been employed. Instead of the copy she expected to see, what was her surprise and embarrassment to discover a beautiful likeness of her own animated and expressive face!

'Why Henry!' she exclaimed; 'What have you done! It was not generous in you to take advantage of my unconsciousness. You must give the picture to me.'

'Indeed, Madeline, that is asking too much. If not generous in me to take it, it is not generous in you to require it of me. You *must* allow me to retain it.'

Madeline did not speak, but laying her hand gently on his arm, looked at him entreatingly with her tearful eyes. Henry blushed deeply. His own eyes were suffused, and he laid the picture carefully between the leaves of her portfolio. 'There is a more perfect and beautiful likeness in my heart, which you *cannot* take away, Madeline,' he said in low, earnest voice. 'But pardon me,' he added, in a calmer and more indifferent tone, turning at the same time toward the door; 'shall we walk now?'

Once out in the pure bracing air, their agitation was soon forgotten. They talked freely the bright thoughts of their young minds upon every object than surrounded them. In all things they betrayed a unison of feeling and taste. Can it be wondered that in their free and daily communion, a sweet, intoxicating consciousness of mutual sympathies, and kindred sentiments, should have sprung up and gradually filled their whole hearts? The result of this consciousness they dared not analyze. And yet its developement could not be long delayed. Already had it begun to reveal itself in involuntary glances of tenderness; in throbbing pulses; in burning cheeks; in tearful eyes. On both sides there was doubt; with both, also, there was hope.

'How soon do you return to the city, Madeline?' inquired the young schoolmaster, as they paused at the brink of the little brook which was rejoicing in the freedom brought it by the first warm days of spring.

'Indeed,' said Madeline, starting; 'I have scarcely thought. As I came with the design of cheering merely the wintry hours to my Aunt, I shall have no excuse to prolong my stay now that beautiful Spring has come.'

'But we shall have many gloomy days yet. Our Spring, you know, is exceedingly capricious. And when those gloomy days come, Aunt Lydia will be more lonely than ever, if you are gone. And some one else will be lonely, too, Madeline.'

'I confess, Henry, I shall be sorry to leave. My visit has been very pleasant here, and I scarcely know when I can pass other days as happily. But I supposed you, also, were soon to leave.'

'In one month Madeline. In one month from this I shall be welcomed home to my father's house. To that home I shall carry the sweet picture which is painted on my heart; and it will be cherished there with tenfold sacredness.'

Dreading what was to follow, Madeline said hastily, and in a voice which to Henry's ear sounded cold and constrained, 'We must return to the house, Mr. Waldo. Aunt Lydia will be awaiting us.'

'Mr. Waldo' obeyed in silence. 'She is offended that I love her,' thought he. 'Well, I will not annoy her with protestations. I have strength, thank God, to smother my feelings in my own soul.'

From this time his visits to Uncle Jotham's became very rare; and when he did call, his intercourse with Madeline was constrained and brief. Aunt Lydia noticed the change, but forbore to mention it to either party, feeling that she had perhaps already gone too far in countenancing their intimacy. Henry was so young and destitute, she reasoned. He had not yet acquired his education, nor formed his character;—long engagements were usually unfortunate;—his feelings might very naturally change as he grew

older,—and Madeline, too, was his senior.—She was liable to be sought by persons of more suitable age and condition.—All things future, too, were so uncertain,—it was, doubtless, altogether best the intimacy should cease.

It was a bright afternoon in April. There was a soft Indian summer haze in the atmosphere through which the sunbeams fell, warm and golden, upon the dappled slopes, and through the interstices of the trees into the paths of the woodlands.

Madeline was walking alone in the grassy lane of the woodland that bordered the village stream. On her arm hung a willow basket half full of wild roots, buds, and herbs. In her hand she carried a stout case-knife which she used for digging and cutting, but by the stains upon her fingers, it was evident she was not afraid to make use of those also.

The glow of exercise was upon her cheeks, and a corresponding brightness in her gentle blue eyes. Nevertheless, a slight expression of trouble now and then flitted like a shadow across her fair brow. Still she went on culling her simples as industriously as though her heart had been overflowing with joy. She was kneeling to gather some sprigs of the Chimaphila, when the sound of approaching footsteps startled her. Rising hastily, she encountered the young schoolmaster. He was looking pale and sad. Dropping her knife upon the ground, she affectionately extended her hand. He took it, pressed it gently, but instantly released it.

'You are sick, Henry,' she said. 'It is a long while since I have seen you. I thought you had forgotten me. Are you not ill?'

'Not at all. If I were, it would be but a matter of little concern to you.'

'Henry!' There was a whole volume of reproach in this simple exclamation, and it thrilled to the young man's heart. 'Forgive me,' he said. 'I ought not to doubt the kindness of your heart after the proof you have recently given of it. I have heard of your good deeds to old lady Whiston.'

'Oh no particular goodness, Henry. The old woman was alone, and sick. Everybody else was occupied. I had nothing to do but nurse her. She is now nearly recovered. She thinks she should be perfectly well if she could only have a glass of '*dire* drink,' as she calls it, occasionally. She dared trust no one to gather the herbs for her, for fear of poison, being too blind to inspect them herself. I told her I was perfectly *au fait* to the business—that I knew every herb and bush and tree, as well as the medicinal qualities of each. This she at first doubted. I, who had always lived in a city, she said, what could I know of *'arbs?* By naming over a long list, and specifying the particular properties of each, she was finally convinced. She consented to trust me—so you see in the basket yonder, the result of my last hour's employment.'

'Oh Madeline,' said the young man somewhat bitterly. 'You who are so kind to every living thing, however humble and unnoticed by others, why is it that you are alone cruel to me?'

'*Cruel*, Henry? I certainly have not been—at least not intentionally.'

'You have been cold, Madeline.' She was silent. 'You have been reserved.' No answer. 'You have cherished resentment against my presumption.'

'"Resentment!" "Presumption!" you deceive yourself Henry. I have never cherished other than the kindest feelings for you.'

'Madeline!' he said, earnestly; taking her hand in his, 'I desire above all things to believe you. As I shall leave town to-morrow, and may never see you again, let us not part in doubt of each other's feelings—let not our former pleasant intercourse be overshadowed by later estrangement.'

The bright glow faded from Madeline's cheek—her eye drooped—she had scarcely strength to support herself. 'To-morrow!' she exclaimed, in a faltering voice, 'to-morrow! is it possible that you leave so soon?'

The young schoolmaster witnessed her emotion with a thrill of joy so intense it was almost painful. 'It cannot be that she is indifferent to me he thought,—it cannot be!'

'Sit down with me here, Madeline,' he said, leading her to the mossy trunk of a fallen tree. 'You know I love you, Madeline, more than it is necessary a master should love his pupil. It may seem like presumption in me to have hoped anything for this love—but, Madeline, was there ever an affection so lowly that it dared not *hope?* I thought sometimes that your eyes, that your voice responded to the tenderness of my own. I ventured to tell you of my love. You received my expressions coldly. By manner, if not by words, you forbade them. I ought not to complain that you did so—but there was an appearance of pride about you at those times which deeply wounded me. I could bear that my love should be rejected—but Oh Madeline, *not scorned!* Perhaps I misunderstood you. My affection is sensitive, it shrinks from the sacrilege of contempt. Tell me, dear Madeline, that I have wronged you.'

'You have wronged yourself more,' she replied, her face still buried in her handkerchief, to conceal the strong emotion working upon it. 'You have wronged yourself by supposing for a moment that the affection of so good, so pure, so true a heart *could* awaken scorn in any human breast.'

'God bless you, Madeline. I am inexpressibly thankful for these sweet words. Now hear me farther. I am, as yet, but a destitute boy. The humble salary of a village schoolmaster is laid carefully aside to meet the exigencies of a college education. Years must pass before I shall be prepared to engage actively in the duties and pursuits of manhood. My education and humble talents will be my only wealth.

Madeline, what right have *I* to love—particularly one superior to me in years, in wealth, in all personal and mental endowments? But more than all, what excuse have I for hope—hope, which is the aliment on which love feeds? When I think of these things my heart fails me. I am almost ready to despair. Tell me at once my doom, dear Madeline—and whatever it may be, God is my witness that I will not repine.'

Madeline lifted her head, and turned her blushing, animated face toward her lover. 'The sentence shall not be severe,' she replied, in a voice that fell on his ear like delicious music. 'Were not every lover permitted to apotheosize his lady, I should chide you for the comparisons you have made. I allow that I am your superior in years, perhaps also in wealth—but certainly in all other respects I am more than commensurably your inferior. I deny not that I love you as I never have loved, never can love another. Yet I have shrunk from making this avowal—shrunk even from hearing your confession, but not because I was proud. The future is so uncertain, Henry. You who are so old in knowledge and in talent, are yet young in years and feelings. Six or eight years of *your* age, make wonderful changes even in the most constant heart. While you are yet in the bloom of manhood—the most joyous period of your life—I shall be passing into the shadow of mature and serious years. Will you love me as well when you see time drawing his unlovely traces upon my cheeks—perhaps even scattering silver hairs upon my head? Shrink not from thinking of all these things, Henry. You must bring them seriously home to your heart, and ask its love if through all these sober changes it can survive as fresh and sincere as now. If romance, if reason tells you it cannot, I beg you to crush it in the bud, rather than leave it to grow old and decay.'

'Madeline! Madeline! if I loved you for your beauty, I might indeed tremble for the constancy of my feelings. But *mind*, *heart*—these cannot change in you, except to grow yet more beautiful. Oh doubt me not, Madeline. In sentiment I am *not* young, for as I told you once before, the true element of my nature is deep and serious feeling. Romance may play upon the surface, but beneath are deep and silent waters. I do not ask you to plight your faith to me, Madeline. I would not be so ungenerous. You have said that you love me, and this assurance is sufficient. Sufficient! heaven knows I have no words to thank you for it. I will bear it with me as a sacred charm through long years of study and toil. It shall spur me on to do and be something worthy of your respect. We shall see each other sometimes, dear Madeline. At Cambridge I shall be near you, and shall not suffer you to forget me.'

We leave the remainder of the conversation, so interesting to the parties, to be imagined by our readers. It was in the common parlance of lovers—a sweet language to those who speak it from their hearts. Little plans were laid; dawning hopes were uttered, present assurances given. The poor old lady's herbs were forgotten till the falling shadows of evening warned them it was too late to think of adding anything to the store; so they returned arm in arm to Aunt Lydia's, happy and hopeful, but with a shadow on their brows at the thought of parting.

As the young schoolmaster was to leave early in the morning he did not long delay his adieus. A few minutes after he had gone, Aunt Lydia drew her chair close beside Madeline, and placed her arm tenderly around her neck.

'I feel really sad,' she said, 'that our little schoolmaster is gone. He has been here so much, particularly since you have been here, Madeline, that I have become quite attached to him. How unfortunate there should be such "insuperable obstacles" to your liking him.'

'Oh Aunt, those obstacles have all vanished!'

'How can that be?' said Aunt Lydia, laughing. 'Even if you have been drinking of the fountain of immortal youth, time has not passed rapidly enough to bring Henry Waldo up to the point where you stood when you first saw him—and the difference in your ages was emphatically *the* obstacle, you remember. Moreover, Madeline, whatever *you* may think, I cannot see that he has grown vastly handsome—though I always thought his countenance interesting. Besides, he still belongs to that odious race to which you profess such an antipathy. He is a *schoolmaster*, Madeline.'

'Dear Aunt!' exclaimed the blushing girl, throwing both arms around her friend's neck, and hiding her face upon her bosom; 'I was very foolish to talk as I did. How little did I know of my own heart, or of its susceptibilities—How little, I may also say, did I know of Henry Waldo. I fear I have been imprudent in so freely yielding him my affections—but it seemed vain to strive against it.'

'You have not engaged yourself to Henry, have you Madeline,' inquired Aunt Lydia a little anxiously.

'No Aunt, he did not ask it.'

'That was right in him. But there has been a mutual avowal, has there not?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I have been so indulgent toward this attachment, I dare not chide you for it, now. But promise me, Madeline, that you will tell the whole story to your father and mother, as soon as you return.'

'I shall certainly do so, Aunt. It is my wish, and it was also Henry's request.'

We know not how we can more satisfactorily close our long story, (which we intended should have been short when we commenced) than with the following note from Aunt Lydia, written the ensuing winter, and Madeline's interesting reply.

AUNT LYDIA TO MADELINE BARTLETT.

My dear Madeline:—What has become of that generous pity, which led you last year at this season to make me that most memorable visit? Let's see if I cannot offer you some inducement to come? We have a young schoolmaster here—ah! I forgot—shoolmasters, I remember, are your aversion—nevertheless, he has some qualities you admire, being handsome and graceful, as well as *several years your senior*—an indispensable qualification, if I remember aright. Will not *he* be an attraction?

By the way, speaking of schoolmasters, where is Henry Waldo, and how progresses that little romance you and he so skilfully wove? Will you not write me about it, if you cannot come? *Do* write, and believe me very affectionately, your aunt,

LYDIA BIRNEY.

MADELINE BARTLETT TO AUNT LYDIA.

My dear Aunt:—I have but a moment to reply to your note—permit me, therefore to be brief. I would gladly comply with your kind invitation, but I fear a visit to the country just now, would sadly interfere with my lessons in miniature painting, which you may remember were first commenced under your peaceful roof. They are still under the auspices of the *same teacher*, who comes in from Cambridge every Saturday, and remains over Sabbath with us. From this one fact, you are permitted to draw all probable inferences.

Your 'schoolmaster' would be very attractive so far as his *profession* is concerned—my aversion having changed to a strong liking; but his beauty would be an '*insuperable obstacle*' to any partiality on my part. I regard beauty as a foppish appendage, rather than as a necessary qualification; and as for the superior years, I assure you, dear Aunt, it is exceedingly foolish to regard *age* in an affair of the heart.

Next summer I will pay you a visit.—Till then believe me most affectionately your niece,

MADELINE BARTLETT.

P. S. H. W. has just arrived. 'My love to Aunt Lydia,' he says.

'CHOICE IN MATRIMONY. The whole secret in choosing well in matrimony may be taught in three words—explore the character. A violent love fit is always the result of ignorance; for no daughter of Eve has merit enough to justify romantic love, though thousands may reasonably inspire gentle esteem, which is infinitely better. A woman-worshiper and a woman-hater both derive their mistakes from ignorance of the female world, for if the characters of women were thoroughly understood, they would be too good to be hated, and yet not good enough to be idolized.'

ELEGIATIC STANZAS.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

Miss M. A. T. P. died at K——n, N. H., May 2, 1842, aged 20. A very beautiful and interesting girl.

Go, gentle spirit, to thy kindred go,
Go where the loving eyes await thee still,
And the sweet streams that found no course below,
Shall flow where death hath lost the power to chill.

Thou couldst not linger here when all had fled,
And sunny smiles that o'er thy childhood shone,
Came but in dreams around thy midnight bed,
But left thy waking pathway sad and lone.

Cradled in sorrow and baptized in tears,
And reared amid the shadows of the tomb,
Through the brief period of thy sinless years,
What saw'st thou of existence save its gloom?

Yet innocence and youth around thee cast
That cheerful light no cloud can ever dim,
And 'mid the memories of the mournful past,
Thy heart still listened to hope's joyous hymn;

Till hope at last went by, as, one by one,
Each household voice grew fainter on thine ear;
Then didst thou feel thine earthly tasks were done,
And go to seek them in a happier sphere.

How shall we mourn thee, loveliest spirit, now,
Though sadness meets us where thy footsteps trod?
Thou hast immortal beauty on thy brow,
And with the lost doth lift thy praise to God!

Portland, Me.

HAVE A REASONING MIND.

AN ARGUMENT AGAINST ENDLESS MISERY.

I PASSED a lady yesterday just as she remarked to a companion—'Any *reasoning* mind would come to the same conclusion.' I know not to what she alluded, but I went on my way musing on the various applications which might be given to the remark. There is one more important than all the rest, because it involves great consequences—mental, moral, and practical. It is in reference to the rejection of the popular doctrine of endless misery, for we think any reasoning mind must come to the same conclusion to which we have arrived. Thousands adhere to the profession of faith in that gloomy doctrine, simply because they will not reason upon the subject—they will not exercise calmly and patiently their reasoning minds; and consequently they live having really no opinion but one received as unquestioned as the rock receives the influences that harden it more. It should not be so. The glory of mind should be recognized and reverenced, and the unbound and invigorated intellect should be permitted to grapple with

the most time honored and sacred subjects. 'The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord,' and surely there is nothing too sacred for its light to shine upon, that it may be thoroughly examined and its claims to divinity tested.

To aid in this work in one particular, we give an extract from a sermon on Retribution by Rev. Henry Giles, of Liverpool—who the last winter lectured in several of our cities most eloquently on the characteristics of the Irish, and on the history of Ireland. In the following passages from his sermon, he graphically portrays the vast consequences involved in the common doctrine of endless misery. We wish every mind would reason with him—take what he says and deliberately think upon it fearlessly, and examine every position in the light of awakened reason. It will do good to many a one now in the darkness and shadows of a path strewed with splendid and with awful ruins.

'Pain,' says Mr. Giles, 'pain affects us, as it comes near to us. The war, or famine, or any other calamity that afflicts a nation afar off, is a vague report or a distant rumor; it may not pass unheard, but comparatively it is unfelt. It requires that grief shall touch and sting us in our selfishness; that we may know fully and truly what it inflicts on others. And it is thus that God at once rebukes and cures our insensibility, by bringing loss and sorrow home to our own souls: the withered gourd wrung tears from the surly and unamiable prophet: but the prospect of Nineveh with her mighty population in ashes had nothing with which to touch the fountains of his sorrows.*

'Admitting as I do that there is much of selfishness in our nature, yet persuaded that there is also much of sympathy and mercy in it, taking either the character of God, or that of man as a criterion, I have long regarded the belief of eternal punishment as one of those moral paradoxes which you cannot deny, and for which you cannot account. Most of the humane creatures, so far as they accord with their humanity, shrink from inflicting or beholding pain; and when they can inflict it wantonly, or behold it without compassion, we can pronounce on them no sentence of deeper reprobation than to call them *inhuman*. We tread not knowingly on the crawling worm; we hear not insensibly the inarticulate voice of the sick and dumb animal; and yet many of us who would not look unmoved on the last spasms of an expiring dog, can believe that God regards with ruthless sternness the eternal tortures of eternal spirits. We cannot gaze without compassion on the tear in the infant's speechless eye, and yet some of us can believe that God has created such beings to look up through all eternity from hopeless torture. We cannot think of the racks by which tyrant man has tortured his brother man—on the dungeons in which he has imprisoned him, and shut out from him the sun of heaven and the breath of nature, without a feeling of repugnance and a sentiment of indignation, and yet christians can believe that God, whom they call "the good, the merciful," has constructed for his creatures means of undying anguish and dungeons of boundless darkness, where the smile of hope never gleams, where the light of mercy never comes. We lament war, and yet, if orthodox, we believe that God maintains in his dominions, regions of everlasting warfare; we lament the madness and abuse of passion, and yet, if orthodox, we must believe that God allows that madness and abuse to be eternalized in all their extreme malignity. We lament physical and mental suffering; except on the visitation of mercy none of us would desire to go through the lazar house, where despair and anguish lay low together, where the head is heavy and the pulse is fevered, or through those asylums which give refuge to humanity in its last calamity, and worst; and yet, if orthodox, we can believe that God perpetrates through everlasting ages the worst evils of the body, the fiercest passions, and the most awful madness of the soul. And yet this great glorious universe is his—is his workmanship—it came not up in a night, it is not to perish in a night—the earth is long to be green, and the heavens are long to be bright. Throughout the space that has no limit, throughout the time that has no end, the stars are to shine, and systems are to move onward in their unmeasured and trackless glory. And yet, if orthodox, we must believe there is an endless hell whose smoke of torments must ascend forever against their brightness. These, the works of God's hands, are marred—the majesty of his power defeated. Paradise is made a wilderness, and hell is made populous. If we think of the world with any degree of realizing truth, we shall feel the result to be most tremendous, and we shall wonder that God with infinite power should have created such a lovely universe to be defaced; that he should have peopled it with such capacities only to be immense and eternal capacities for misery. This, if true, is the greatest miracle and the greatest mystery unquestionable in the divine government.

Next to the idea of a God, that of a future state is the most important. The character we ascribe to God operates on our own, or is created by it; and so our conceptions of the future life re-act on human conduct and human sentiments. We may see this painfully in the mistakes and abuses with which harsh views of the future life have clouded the christian church, and poisoned the heart of christendom. These gloomy sentiments have from many robbed religion of solace and the breast of peace. I have seen beings maddened and convulsed by visions of Calvinism. I have heard them long for annihilation as a consummation most desirable—not in the remorse of sin, but in the tortures of superstition. I have seen them look forward with pleasure to the church yard

* His text is Jonah iv. 9—11.

turf under which they were to rest forever from their troubles, and sleep in peace their eternal sleep. This sombre belief has at once desolated and darkened the earth. Faith it has turned to a boundless fear; the dread of the future it makes the bitterness of the present, and is equally the parent of stern self-infliction, or of remorseless intolerance. It was this that in older days drove the ascetic to the desert; that made nature and the face of his fellow hateful to him; that filled his ferocious solitude with unearthly terrors; that trained instead of a saint, a theological savage; it was this which aroused religious wars; which infused into those wars a spirit of fury; that demonized humanity; that made a most merciful nature a stranger to mercy; it was this which brought man in nearest resemblance to that vile and wicked being whom his worst and blackest passions had formed; it was this belief that tore out a heart of flesh, and put in its place a heart of stone—a heart which no appeal could soften, and which no appeal could move. It was not until there was a hell without hope that there was a heart without mercy. I believe it to be quite capable of proof, that no mere worldly wickedness has ever cursed mankind with so many sufferings as the belief of this doctrine; that has ever heaped on them so many cruelties, and made them agents of cruelties in return. Why have wars for religion ever been the worst? The reason is obvious; the soldiers of religion are not soldiers of flesh; the soldiers of religion enter into no earthly service; they enlist under the God of battles and of vengeance. It is against the hated, and the vile, and the accursed, and the lost, they carry destruction; they are but the executioners of the righteous decrees of God, and theirs are the championship of piety and the chivalry of heaven. When the weak contend with the weak, mutual need begets mutual mercy; but when the natural ferocity of passion assumes the authority of God, and clothes itself with the armor of the skies, the gulf in which all charity is buried is broad and unfathomable as that which is commonly placed between heaven and hell. This belief was one of the main causes of the most horrible religious persecutions. It was not until the generous and gentle sensibility of the religious nature was debased by coarse picturings of physical tortures and of endless miseries, that the sacerdotal arm became terrible as death, and the sacerdotal spirit was drenched in wrath as dire and unrelenting as that which they fashioned beyond the grave. Before priestly and popular imaginations God became an awful punisher. They created in heaven a throne of inexorable judgment, and from that throne the word of fate went forth which could but once be spoken, and cut off hope forever. They freed themselves from human compunctions, and emulated the stern despotism which they preached or believed. Fear is the parent of cruelty—and in religion, as in character, the slavish spirit is ever the most unfeeling. The truth is, that whether in idea or in act, familiarity with torture stupifies the heart, and indurates the senses. That frequent contemplation of pain destroys sympathy, and that pain, when once it can be carelessly seen, can be easily inflicted, are facts which observation has placed beyond the need of argument, and experience beyond the reach of contradiction.'

'PONDER THE PATH OF THY FEET.'

AN IMPROMPTU.

BY IONE.

A GULF doth yawn before thee. Thou art treading
E'en as a child upon an adder's nest!
With dazzled vision, thou thy course art threading
Mid tangled paths that have no goal of rest!

Beware the phantom thou art now pursuing
With the wild energy of baffled will!
Beware the spirit thou art now imbuing
With giant strength to lead thee captive still!

Pause for a moment. List the gentle pleading
Of the undying monitor within;
Though thou art now its angel voice unheeding,
It strives to win thee from the verge of sin!

Pause thou again—if yet the power remaineth—
And drive the phantom from thy path away!
Rekindle in thy breast the spark that waneth,
And, fed with care, 'twill burn to perfect day.

Boston, Mass.

THE DEPARTED.

CONSOLATORY—TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

'Quenched is the spirit's light,
From the filmed vision of our mortal eyes,
Extinguished here to shine beyond the skies
The more intensely bright.'

THE night, my dear friend, has come; and I have wept with you in your bereavement and desolateness in this lone hour. And although through the long day excessively occupied, yet a pause must be had—a sacred pause—full of deep reality—impressive thought—wonderful instruction—unutterable emotion. Come faith, come hope,—speak the word of inspiration! Tell us, creatures of frailty and dust, not so much of our earthly weakness, as of our heavenly strength; not so much of death, as of life; not of the

'Flickering pulse, glazed eye, and brow with shadow o'er
it thrown;'

of death, with its dreariness and darkness, its damps and chills, its shrouds and tombs; but of freedom from all these; of the resurrection, of heaven, glory, honor and immortality! Soothe and bless us with assurances of 'a better country, that is, an heavenly,' where God shall wipe away all tears, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. On this holy mission,

'Come—condescending Spirit—come!'

You are sufficiently acquainted with my heart to anticipate in some degree my thoughts concerning you on this impressive occasion. Deeply do I feel with you that we have lost a friend, sister, companion, mother, and Christian; one whose virtues were continually weaving new cords of affection around us, binding our spirits more closely to her own. Solemnly are we led to look upon the past when life and actual intercourse were so free, and contrast that with the present, upon which such a cloud of darkness has been lowered. She whom we loved has departed. No more shall we greet her 'this side the realm where angels have their birth.' God help us to say ''tis well! tis well!'

During my acquaintance with that now sainted spirit of our mutual Christian affection, it has seemed to me that we were forbidden to promise ourselves too much in her earthly presence with us. She has ever seemed to understand that at no distant period she would give us the word of departure, and go to her other—her everlasting home. This impression on my mind has rendered my acquaintance with her one of melancholy pleasantness, and my sympathy for you in view of her departure such, as knowing my own susceptibilities, I have never attempted to describe. This I cannot now do. My soul is too full for adequate utterance. Let us be still, and know that God reigns.

You sorrow; and well you may. You and your tender offspring now sustain an irreparable loss.

'Many may love them—and you, in truth
Be loved—but not with the love of youth;
Ever around your joy will come
A stealing sigh for that long-loved home,
And *her* step and *her* voice will go glidingly by
In the desolate halls of memory!'

This is the dark side. But when at frequent times you view it, do not forget to cast an eye upon the other. In God's chastisements forget not his mercies. How full of thanksgiving should you be that the Father of all ever gave you such a companion; that so long he permitted you to hold communion with such a spirit; a spirit that has infused its like into your loved offspring—into your own heart—into every thing connected with your hallowed home. She has sanctified that home forever. Give thanks! And then, she was a Christian;—she was A CHRISTIAN. And when I say this, the dark cloud is pierced with a light above the brightness of the sun; the mists scatter; and a radiance from the everlasting throne bids gloom depart, and rejoicing come. 'O grave, where is thy victory?'

Therefore, faint not. Walk on. True, the pathway is dark just now, and you seem bewildered. But this is the way—right on;—and God is here—and Christ—and ministering spirits. You will not be forsaken. Pray—praise—have faith! Say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' You know the rest. 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion that cannot be removed, but abideth forever.' So trust, and so abide.

Sainted spirit of the departed! Never will the holy influence given out by thee when in thy earthly habitation, leave this soul. Thy mildness, faithfulness, decision, resignation; how have they instructed me, and with what earnest pleading comes thy life to make me faithful, vigilant, and true, 'always abounding in the work of the Lord!' And now thou hast gone up to thy rest, and we are to see thee no more, we will rejoice in thy emancipation, and still commune together. 'One in Christ Jesus,' may we not? Clothed upon as thou art with thy heavenly house, wilt thou not continue to instruct and bless us?

* * * * * *

Accept, beloved friend, this involuntary outpouring of my meagre thoughts. Poor though they be, they are thine,—all I can bestow. But they are fresh from the heart,—a heart whose prayers and sympathies will mingle with yours while hand in hand we walk the shores of time, awaiting in faith our departure to that better land where sorrow and death come not, and life immortal reigns.

'Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light!'

Malden, Mass.

BRIGHTER YEARS.

BY MISS M A. DODD.

COME, cheer thee love, for the shades of night
Are fading fast in the early light;
The fresh winds wake and the vapors fly,
While the clouds disperse from the rosy sky;
And see, o'er the purple hills afar,
The blessed beam of the morning star!
O, forget the night of thy pain and tears,
And look to the dawn of brighter years!

Thou hast watched and wept, and thy cheek is pale,
Thy lips are wan and thy footsteps fail,
And traces of tears and anguish lie
In the hollow depths of thy faded eye:
O, how freely now would I yield my life,
Could I bring back joy to my injured wife!
There is One above who has marked thy tears,
He will bless thee yet with brighter years.

The bloom on thy cheek the rose defied,
When I led thee forth a happy bride:
Years, sad years, since that hour have flown,
And the hue of health from its place is gone;
It would ease my heart of this weary pain,
Could I call the rose to thy cheek again.
Let me wipe away all thy bitter tears
With the cheering hope of brighter years.

Thou wert young and gay when I won thy heart,
Thou hast seen the joy of thy life depart;
Thou hast met reproach and neglect the while,
And gave me back but an angel smile;
Thou hast suffered want and many an ill,
But thy heart is fond and forgiving still:
Let us turn from the past with its grief and tears,
And look through the clouds to brighter years.

Oh! thy patient love has been to me,
Like an island green in the wide, deep sea;
Like a cooling stream to the fevered taste,
Or the shady palm in a burning waste.
I have wandered long in a gloomy night,
Where thy constant love was my only light:
Let that light beam through thy silent tears;
Let thy heart still hope for brighter years.

From the revel loud where the wine flowed free,
I have turned again to my home and thee;
I have dashed from my lips the poison bowl,
And prayed for help to redeem my soul;
I have mourned with my spirit bowed in dust,
O'er thy wasted hopes and thy broken trust;
But I trembling look through repentant tears,
To peace restored and to brighter years.

O, ask of heaven that the sinful one,
Whose work of reform is but just begun,
May conquer the foe, and keep the faith,
Through temptation strong, through pain and death;
May he strive, with the aid of One above,
To reward thee yet for thy suffering love;
May he see thee smiling through blissful tears,
And know thou art blest with brighter years!

Hartford, Ct.

BIOGRAPHY. NO. I.

MARY HOWITT.

One of the sweetest poets to wake kindly feelings and strengthen good affections, is Mary Howitt. Pure as a mountain stream gliding like a silver vein through an emerald in the meadow, is her poetry; near to the heart does she bring the good, the true, and the beautiful; and upon the reverent spirit does she pour the kindly influence of a pure heart that sees God everywhere. Her voice finds a universal response, and we have been right glad to read from her 'Birds and Flowers' and watch the pleasant light radiating every countenance of a large company, manifesting that she so speaks that all are willing to listen. She is childhood's poet, and many a mother blesses Mary Howitt.

The following brief sketch we give with pleasure. Its origin we know not. It will give greater interest to her works.

'Mary Howitt was born in Coleford, in Gloucestershire, where her parents were making a temporary residence; but shortly after her birth they returned to their accustomed abode at Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, where she spent her youth. The beautiful arcadian scenery of this part of Staffordshire, was of a character to foster a deep love of the country; and is described with great accuracy in her recent prose work, "Wood Leighton." By her mother she is descended from an ancient Irish family, and also from Wood, the ill-used Irish patentee, who was ruined by the selfish malignity of Dean Swift,—from whose aspersions his character was vindicated by Sir Isaac Newton. A true statement of the whole affair may be seen in Ruding's "Annals of Coinage." Charles Wood, her grandfather, was the first who introduced platina into England from Jamaica, where he was assay-master. Her parents being strict members of the Society of Friends, and her father being, indeed, of an old line who suffered persecution in the early days of Quakerism, her education was of an exclusive character; and her knowledge of books confined to those approved of by the most strict of her own people, till a later period than most young people become acquainted with them. Their effect upon her mind was, consequently, so much the more vivid. Indeed, she describes her overwhelming astonishment and delight in the treasures of general and modern literature, to be like what Keats says his feelings were when a new world of poetry opened upon him, through Chapman's "Homer,"—as to the astronomer,

"When a new planet swims into his ken."

Among poetry there was none which made a stronger impression than our simple old ballad, which she and a sister near her own age, and of similar taste and temperament, used to revel in, making at the same time many young attempts in epic, dramatic, and ballad poetry. In her twenty-first year she was married to William Howitt, a gentleman well calculated to encourage and promote her poetical and intellectual taste,—himself a poet of considerable genius, and the author of various well-known works. We have reason to believe that her domestic life has been a singularly happy one. Mr. and Mrs. Howitt spent the year after their marriage in Staffordshire. They then removed to Nottingham, where they continued to reside till about twelve months ago; and are now living at Esher, in Surrey.

Mary Howitt published jointly with her husband two volumes of poems, "The Forest Minstrel," in 1828; and "The Desolation of Eyam, and Other Poems," in 1827. In 1834, she published "The Seven

Temptations," a series of dramatic poems, a work which, in other times would have been alone sufficient to have made and secured a very high reputation; her dramas are full of keen perceptions, strong and accurate delineations, and powerful displays of character. She is now preparing for the press a collection of her most popular ballads, a class of writing in which she greatly excels all her contemporaries; many of them are favorably known to the public through the periodicals in which, at various times, they have appeared. She is also well known to the young by her "Sketches of Natural History," "Tales in Verse," and other productions, written expressly for their use and pleasure.

Mrs. Howitt is distinguished by the mild, unaffected, and conciliatory manners, for which "the people called Quakers" have always been remarkable. Her writings, too, are in keeping with her character; in all there is evidence of peace and good will; a tender and a trusting nature; a gentle sympathy with humanity; and a deep and fervent love of all the beautiful works which the Great Hand has scattered so plentifully before those by whom they can be felt and appreciated. She has mixed but little with the world; the home duties of wife and mother have been to her productive of more pleasant and far happier results than struggles for distinction amid crowds; she has made her reputation quietly but securely; and has labored successfully as well as earnestly to inculcate virtue as the noblest attribute of an English woman. If there be some of her contemporaries who have surpassed her in the higher qualities of poetry,—some who have soared higher and others who have taken a wider range,—there are none whose writings are better calculated to delight as well as inform. Her poems are always graceful and beautiful, and often vigorous; but they are essentially feminine; they afford evidence of a kindly and generous nature, as well as of a fertile imagination, and a safely-cultivated mind. She is entitled to a high place among the poets of Great Britain; and a still higher among those of her sex, by whom the intellectual rank of woman has been asserted without presumption, and maintained without display.'

RELIGION ENJOYED.

I JUST took up a small scrap of paper that contained what appeared to be the heading of a newspaper article—'*The man who enjoys his religion.*' Of course, said I to myself, he must have a religion that can be enjoyed, and it is not so with all professed religionists. Some tell us of their religion making life 'a cruel bitter;' and others tell us of their going forth into the depths of the forest that they might groan and weep aloud to give ease to their anguished spirits. Thousands have imprisoned themselves in the gloom of the cloister, and lived separated from their kind—from everything bright and cheerful. Such had a religion that could not be enjoyed. It was bitterness to them; and filling their souls with gloom, it made everything of a cheerful nature to be repulsive as 'songs to a heavy heart,' or light to a diseased eye.

The spiritually practical Universalist is the man to enjoy his religion. He has a religion that, like the sunshine, is always pleasant, and touches nothing without gilding it with beauty. It is in his soul like a fountain of living waters; it impels the upspringing of glad thoughts, which are as beautiful as the watery pearls of the leaping streams glistening in the sunshine, and sweet as those drops when they make their home in the violet's cup.

He bears his religion with him everywhere. It is a part of his very being. It gives a zest to labor. It restrains aright in pleasure. It dictates his studies and reading. It governs him in conversation. It makes him courteous at all times. It is candor, charity, kindness, forbearance, or whatever he needs to keep him true to his personal integrity and faithful to the duties of his social relations.

He can enjoy his religion when there is nothing else for him to enjoy. It is 'songs in the night' when sleep deserts him. It is 'the sweetness of his couch' in the time of sickness and weariness. It is the light of the shadowy valley, when the pulse of life beats faint. It is the praises of seraphim when the ear is dull to all human sounds. It is 'Victory!' in the last struggle, and gives 'Halleluia!' to the last breath.

Such has Universalism been to the spiritually practical believer. The mere theorist does not, and cannot know this enjoyment. B.

THE WANDERER TO HIS MOTHER.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

I HAVE come again, my mother,
I have come again to thee;
The wanderer loves no other,
O say wilt thou welcome me?
The waters seek their fountain,
The birds their parent tree,
The wild deer flies to th' mountain,
And, mother, I come to thee.
All restless things do seek their home,
For this, thy wandering boy hath come.

As the child at the sunset hour,
From his play with that bird and flower,
Comes wearied and tired at last,
When the shadows are gathering fast,
And leans his head on his mother's breast,
Murmurs his prayers and sinks to rest;—
E'en so would I come and I'd kneel,

At thy feet, as I've knelt of yore,
And kind mother, O let me feel
Thy hand on my brow once more,
And let me breathe that simple prayer,
That I learned in my childhood's hour,
'My Father in Heaven,' O where
Have the words such a holy power,
As when breathed at this holy shrine,
Now 'tis said, and sweet mother mine
Let me lay my head on thy gentle breast,
And calmly and sweetly I'll sink to rest.

For the world is a sad, sad place,
And I've longed for my quiet home;
I have longed for thy sweet, mild face,
For thy kind and gentle tone.
My heart is stricken; is this thy boy
Who left thee wild, with untamed joy?
I have tasted of joy on earth,
But the cup has long passed by;
I have joined with the lovers of mirth,
And laughed, when the glad were nigh.
I have breathed the fond words of love,
And worshipped a being of clay;
But a voice—a word from above,
And my idol had passed away!
Then I turned me and sought for fame,
And e'en as I spake, it was near,
It was but a sound, but a name,
And touched not the heart, but the ear.
'Twas frailer than love, for a breath
Could blast it with poison and death;
Then I turned to wealth and I sought
For the riches a monarch might share,
The wealth of the Indies were sought,
They were mixed up with sorrow and care.
But a bright, and a sudden light
Gleamed at once on my spirit's night,
A tone—and as memory went back
To my childhood's familiar track,
On my brow a soft hand was laid,
A sweet voice all my murmurings staid,
And it said, 'Come back to thy home,
To the one heart that loves thee, come.'
And mother, sweet mother, I'm here,
'Tis thy voice and thy tone can cheer;
The wanderer comes on thy breast
To sink to his last, long rest!

Somerville, Mass.

MUSIC PICTURES.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

[In a late No. we gave an elegant article from Mrs. Case, entitled '*Music Visions*,' and we opine that our readers will be glad to greet the following as the companion of that sweet prose poem. We extract it from the 'Star of Bethlehem,' and feel happy in knowing that thus we shall present it to thousands who never greeted that paper.]

THERE! Just let down those curtains. I would not that envious snow should be looking in on our comfortable fireside. It is doing mischief enough, in freezing the ears of the traveller, and benumbing the fingers of the errand boy who has just gone to the Post Office. It has no business to thrust its saucy face in at our windows, telling us long, sad tales. There! That will do. Now, one stir of the poker, to give the coal a warning. Now, draw your chair to the Piano. Do not be frightened. I know you are no lover of melody, nor will I inflict on you any of these desperate marches, with their jangling imitations of a martial array, nor will I torture you with any of these die-away songs—but know you not my little music book is a mighty magician, at least to me, and these mysterious signs, the mere performer calls notes, are the spells of a powerful necromancy? I know you love not *music*, but you love to sit in the dim light, and listen to the wild vagaries that flit through my mind. You often say my voice is musical when I am telling you of the unearthly scenes, and the vague, visionary forms, that crowd my thoughts until they force themselves into language. Well, love, to-night I have no tales of the shadowy, spiritual existence—no visions of that mysterious realm, that, whether we will or not, at times unlocks itself to our communion, till the soul is faint and trembling before the solemn grandeur of its revealings. But I will show you the past as it comes forth at the bidding of the magician. Hark! That sleet will not be forgotten! But never mind. Now lean that broad, high forehead on the Piano, and shut your eyes, and you shall see sights.

A few strains of music, *mine own*, just to summon the spirits. Lightly, softly, they will not come else, for some of them have made their abodes in the land of ceaseless harmony.

One strain of the *Vale of Ovoca*. Hark! as it dies away, there is a rustle of leaves stirred by the summer air. There is the note of the robin, and the shrill whistle of the locust, in the linden-tree, that *one* linden. It is an ancient country-house. The moss of years is on its roof. Tall, aristocratic-looking elms droop even to the arch of the old-fashioned doorway, and the lilac and the rose are curious about the interior of the mansion. Time has been upon it, and while you gaze, you are thinking of a generation that has passed from beneath its portals,—some to a home of yet busier action, and some to that rest no turmoil can disturb. These old rooms are full of memories. Shadows glide through them in the twilight. We listen for the sound of invisible wings. These chambers, so still, so sacred to repose, with low windows looking out on the quietness abroad; these are no rooms for *sleep*. They are haunted to such as you and I. Strange sounds wander through their darkness. The summer night is full of them. Echoes of voices long silent, are creeping through the gloom. And when the winds are unloosed, you will lie awake with your whole soul thrilling to the grand organ-

tones that sweep through these old trees in the depth of midnight, or, as they moan in their gentler moods along the keyholes, you will be thinking of the wail of human life, and the solemn lesson of its eventful journey from the cradle to the bier.

It is evening—and a small family group are gathered in that parlor. The old man is leaning upon a cane. That noble head betokens intellect, and moral elevation, but the eye has a subdued light. Sickness has spread a haze over the mind, but left undimmed the affections. Is not this a beautiful sign-manual of heaven, in token of their enduring nature? Surely God has thus witnessed their claim to immortality, by a visible and never-to-be-questioned impression on the undying soul. The lamp stands in a shaded corner of the apartment. A kind, matronly face looks anxiously at the aged one, so feeble in his premature decline. A rosy-cheeked girl is near, with sweet fifteen in her joyous face. At the Piano sits another, older and paler than the former, and thought has already thrown a shadow over her young brow. She has pondered the mysteries of life, and death, till the world wears a saddened look. Yet the shadow is of the slightest tone. Years may deepen it; yet fear not for her. Fear for the joyous-looking one, for when the song of the bird has died in *her* bower, the first winter blast will lay *her* among the fallen leaves. The pale girl is playing the 'Vale of Ovoca'—that fair-haired, slender young man is singing with her. The aged one looks pleased. That tune is to him as angel minstrelsy. Again—the group are lifting their hearts in prayer. That young man kneels, and the old and the young, the summoned and they whose hold on life seems strong, are bending in the lowliness of dependence, to Him who keeps the issues of life and death.

Dear one, is not this a sweet and touching scene?

Come, '*Blue-eyed Mary*,' with your fairy spells of another cast! Listen! The light notes waver, and lengthen, and become mellowed, even as the softest whisper of first and hallowed love. It is no longer the ringing note of the piano you hear, but the low, plaintive breathings of a flute, the most spiritual of all sweet tones. Why need love ever seek another language to give out its indwelling harmony, or shadow forth its entrancing dreams? These full, clear, yet melancholy gushings of the *beautiful* in sound, what are they but the voice of mortal affection, sending forth an irrepressible current, strong, sweet, yet murmuring mournfully of separation and the grave? The old mansion-house becomes ill-defined. A misty atmosphere has enveloped it, and swift-gliding shows rise and disappear where it stood. Moonlit groves, flower-gardens, laughing groups of boys and girls, all come and go in their shadowy array. Now there is a bend in a softly-flowing river, and green as early Eden is that lone haunt of the squirrel and the bird. Three figures are moving about—the sisters of the old mansion-house, and a youth. Now there is a secluded pond, fringed with the loveliest of forests, with a narrow beach. It is but a gigantic mirror of wood and sky. A boat is upon it. A dark-eyed youth, and a girl are in it. Thou wilt know *her* face though it is now lighted with something of the romance of life. He is playing the flute, and his eyes, those dark, lustrous eyes, have depths of unfathomable feeling and thought. Glorious, Italian eyes! Well may hers sink beneath the burning splendor of their gaze! She is looking intently in the water. Ah, young maiden, other visions than the graceful inhabitants of the flood, lie in those depths, as beautiful, as fascinating to the eye, yet as soon to glide away.

Again a change. It is a wild sea-beach. Wave after wave lifts up its voice in thunder, and shakes in triumph its plumy crest, then sinks beneath the advancing foot of its successor. A pleasure-party are there, but two of them have wandered from the rest—the youth dark, glowing eyes, and the pale girl—and her brow is thoughtful *now*. The roar of the ocean is in their ears, but their souls are listening to gentler melodies. So say the tell-tale faces. Is that saddened expression prophetic? Never again on earth shall *they* meet as they *have* met.

Enough of these. Fade away, ye shadows of early dreams, fade away, and bring the phantoms of holier realities!

A mournful Scottish melody brings back the parlor of the old mansion. The family group are there. The pale girl is playing, and the eyes of the summoned one are glistening, for he feels that he too is '*wearing away to the Land of the Leal*,' with each descending sun, and human love ever clings with strong fibres to its objects. But the feeble invalid sinks in his seat. Surely that pallor is the touch of death. The Angel has come among them, and the spirit struggles to go with him. A tall, manly form, full of intellectual expression, supports the invalid, and speaks comfort to the desponding group. *His* voice is melody. The tone of kindness at such an hour is harmony itself, though the voice be untrained to song. But the invalid revives. Know you that manly form, with the broad, high forehead, so regal, with the lofty soul looking out through its noble expanse? Years may have done work upon it, but they have left there the laurels of the conqueror of years. Time-scars may be there, for that soul has battled bravely with circumstance, but it is *regal still*, for it has never bowed but to its inherent sense of the right.

A '*march in Timour the Tartar*.' The clang-note of war—what does that usher in? The tramp of an armed multitude? The prancing of the war-horse? The proud panoply of plume, and mail? The glittering of swords, and the shock of antagonist armaments? Trumpet and Kettle-drum, ye have a fearful sound of the strife which arises between human dust;

but ye bring not now the haughty tread of the Asiatic conqueror, hurrying over nations like a living tornado. Soft! soft! Ye usher in the shadow of a fair, sweet girl, whose day passed on in most unruffled happiness, and to whom the night came, so full of holy calm, that she seemed only to have lain down beneath the mantle of perfect peace. See! the spring time of life is on her brow, but the autumnal rose has blossomed on her cheek; and her wan hand is almost transparent, and each vein shows like the tracery of marble. She is reclining on a sofa. Her glossy curls have wandered from their band, and nearly hide the page she is reading. Mark her spiritual expression. She is almost ready for communion, full and perfect, with the holy ones of heaven. But she is no longer alone. He who sits by her side, with her thin hand clasped so tenderly in his own—he *was* to be her husband. But Death has come between their hearts, and *he* may not be cast aside. There is anguish on his face, but hers tells of submission to her Father's will.

Again: she is propped by pillows in her death-chamber, and her face is veiled. A bell is tolling in the distance, and far away, even on the verge of indistinctness, is a funeral procession. The oak has fallen before the faded flower. There shall now be no widowhood of hearts—for Death has indeed come between them only the sooner to re-unite. The bridegroom has gone first, and when they shall meet again, no earth-gloom shall be on their love, hence, forevermore. While you gaze, she fades away from the sight, till she is utterly gone.

Go, beautiful phantom, to the land of dreams! Were your brief appearance here aught than a reflex in the mirror of our necromancy, I would kneel down, and beg forgiveness for the desecration of your immortality.

'*The Bonny Boat.*' Now, the quiet of domestic life. It is a small sitting-room. A cradle holds a conspicuous place in its arrangements, and a cherub face is peering above the little quilt, beautiful in its sinless repose. One little plump hand lies on it, dimpled, and very white. Alas! it may hold the dagger of the assassin, as well as wield the sword of protecting justice;—merciful is the darkness of the future! The fair mother sits by, smiling at her work on its little vestments. Hope is always the painter of a mother's dreams;—again, thrice merciful is God! The infant wakes. It essays to spring from its bed, and kind hands watch and assist its efforts. Now it is springing, and laughing, and shouting in its glee, and the apartment rings with its instinctive merriment. There is a shadow on your face. You are thinking of the time when, perchance, that agile foot shall falter with the loneliness of its weary way. But the magician does not unveil the *future*.

One more picture, dearest, and I have done. It is a spacious room. The coal is burning brightly in the grate, though the tracery of the frost-spirit lies on the window-pane. A woman is seated at an open piano, but her fingers create no sound. She is reciting fancies to her companion. Look at her face. Mark it well. You have seen it, ay, times without number; but you have not forgotten it, though Life has written lines somewhat harshly on it, since first it met your eye in the parlor of the old mansion, beneath the embowering elms. Now, know you him of the lofty brow? Mark him, also,—for the magician sends you a message to bear him. When you meet him in the press of care; when unjust censure, and undeserved reproach are cast on him, as he goes forth in the performance of his life-duties; say to him, '*Be strong!*' Say to him, that '*those who are true to their nobler and better natures, never lose the ultimate reward;*' that '*faith untarnished, energy, and a pure heart, though late, are sure to meet their just appreciation.*' Say to him, '*There is one who can never leave or forsake him, though peril, and shame, and even death rise up in his path—for when the "waters passed over that soul," he was with it.*'

Now, love, how like you my *music-pictures?*

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

COME, little one, the twilight shade
Around us softly creeps;
The earth for slumber is arrayed,
And wearied nature sleeps.

Upon its stalk the sleepy flower
Reclines with half-shut eye;
A stillness consecrates this hour
Of holy ministry.

Put up thy toys, rejoicing child,
When day's departing sigh
Is breathed where morning glories smiled,
The time of prayer is nigh.

Ask Him whose hand the sparrow keeps,
To watch o'er thee to-night;
To guard the bed where childhood sleeps
Securely in his sight.

Thou hast been roaming, all day long,
With butterfly and bee,
And echoing each happy song
The birds have sung to thee.

Give thanks for nature's living wealth,
Enriching heart and mind;
For every day's continued health,
Thy happiness refined.

Thy kitten, doll, and faithful Spring,
To play with, thou hast had;
Be thankful for each little thing
That makes thy moments glad.

Give thanks for kind and loving friends
That watch thy steps by day,
To Him who every blessing sends
Which beautifies thy way.

Rest, now, in quiet, trusting one,
God's love protects thee here;
Sleep till to-morrow's rising sun,
Unruffled by a fear. MIMOSA.

REFLECTIONS AT A GRAVE.

It is sweet to die in the spring time of life; to leave the world in all its freshness and beauty, ere the feelings are inwrought with its cares, or blighted with its treachery or baseness. It is pleasant to lay aside the spirit's earthly clothing while the heart is yet pure and holy, and the affections are glowing with dreams of love, and life, and joy. It is blissful to leave the world with all its charms, ere the cup of sorrow has been drank, the fondest hopes crushed, or the bitterness of grief felt or tasted. It is glorious to bid adieu to earth with resignation, to leave its vivid scenes, its untold joys, its sunny places, its bright oases, and its flashing streams, ere yet the vision is darkened to the glory, or the beauty of the scenes is veiled.

More to be desired than earth's vicissitudes, is that haven of rest, that unalloyed peace which is given to the freed spirit at the right hand of the Almighty Father, where flow the pure waters of everlasting life, from the inexhaustible fountain of unfailing love. Yes, that blessedness is more to be desired than all that wealth and splendor can bestow—yea, more than the imagination can conceive, or that can be dreamed of by the most enraptured soul.

I stand by the grave of the departed—the lovely and the loved—the idol of a doating mother, the pride of the family circle, and the hope of many fond hearts. Thoughts that cannot be uttered—feelings 'too deep for tears,' have possession of my mind. The loved one is present to my imagination in all the freshness of youth and beauty. I see her sylph like form, her speaking countenance, her winning smile. Her grace of manner, her bright anticipations, her joyous hopes, are all before me—for I knew them all.

I stood by her dying bed; I witnessed her peace of mind; I listened to her last request; I was entrusted with her dying message to the *loved one* in a far distant city. I watched the last flickering ray that lit up the pallid face, and the last breath that escaped the heaving bosom.

The future to her was arrayed in its most brilliant hues, nought but bliss was in prospect; her heart was united and her hand pledged to her first and only love—a few intervening weeks and the union was to be consummated. But sickness came, the mandate went forth, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou must return;' the motionless form is dressed in the bridal attire, and the freed and soaring spirit arrayed in the white robe of righteousness. Beautiful as the morning, lovely as the blooming rose was she. I watched her departure as she passed away with calm resignation, nor would even my rebellious spirit call her back to earth. Gifted by nature with purity of feeling and goodness of heart, she was called to a more genial clime, and a purer sphere in which her amiable qualities could more fully develope themselves. Though my spirit was wrung with anguish, though the tear drop would start, and the quivering lip give utterance only to the heartfelt sigh, yet there were healing and sweet waters gushing up from the fountain of sorrow, happy, yea blissful emotions blended with agonizing feeling, for Faith was near to whisper, *Ye shall meet in heaven.*

And now as I stand by her grave, hope and joy mingle with my regret at her early death. Her trusting heart never bled at the treachery of the world; her buoyant spirit was never broken by toil or misfortune; the picturings of glad hope were never veiled by clouding care; friendship's blossomings were to her never blighted by ingratitude or deceit; and the morning smile of existence was still on the face of all things.

The centre of her affection, the chosen of her heart, was also called from earth ere the knowledge of her loss was communicated, and by the mysterious order of an unerring Providence, the spirits united in affection and mutual vows on earth—though separated by thousands of miles—together soared in their upward flight, and mingled their glad voices in the paradise of our God—'to part no more.'

Who that has felt and known the trials that 'flesh is heir to,' can lament their early departure? Who could murmur at the divine decree, or cease to joy in a death like this? Let us rather rejoice that the gifted and the good, the pure in heart and the fair of form, are spared the struggling with trials that oftimes crush the strongest mind, and that the fair flowers of earth are transplanted to a holier atmosphere, where they shall continue to bloom and expand in perennial beauty.

Who then would mourn their early loss?
Their spirits mingle round the throne;
Blended in one, their hearts unite
In giving praise to God alone. S. R. M.

Providence, R. I.

Visiting the Sick. What office of mercy is there more angel-like, than that of administering to the wants, and alleviating the sufferings of the sick, the poor-sick, those whose scanty and hard earned pittance, barely suffices from the rising to the setting of the sun? How beautiful shines woman as an almoner of relief at the bedside of the anguished mother, when tears, hot scalding tears are coursing down the sick one's cheeks, caused by pining want! PR.

DO GOOD IN A GOOD WAY.

BY HENRY BACON.

THERE are two characteristics of christianity as a religion of Duty, that are not sufficiently considered with a reverent spirit, and it is the neglect of these that produces more than half the evils which disturb the peace and harmony of society. These important characteristics are the frequent enjoining of the duty of mingling the social element with all our feelings and passions, and carefulness in seeking to do good in a good way.

Because of this, our Savior, and those who taught under him, often alluded to the duties of social life—even to the common courtesies and civilities of every day, and enjoined the necessity of keeping alive the social feelings at all times and everywhere. This would keep down the obstinacy of a perverse self-will, the foolish contempt for the opinions of others, and that wildness of passion which vents itself in dogmatical assertions and ends with the don't care! flourish. It would also cause us at all times to keep in mind not only the influence which we exert by the utterance of our opinions, but also the influence of the manner with which we utter them. We are to be careful not only to seek to know what is right, but to bring it about in a right way. The end does *not* sanctify the means—the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. The violation of this great truth has led to the most wanton outrages on everything good; and history is full of illustrations of its madness. These illustrations are too little heeded, and even in this enlightened age, we hear it too frequently asserted that 'Right is Right, however obtained.'

The Apostle Paul warns us against this error—this error which has blasted many a good and noble Reform in its first buddings, and heaped up obstacles in the way of the onward rolling of the car of progress. 'Let not your good be evil spoken of,' said he;—i. e., do not rest too much in the purity of your motives and your good intentions, but use the utmost discretion in preventing the misinterpretation of those motives and intentions. We are to endeavor to disinterestedly scrutinize our own actions, as others will scrutinize them without the qualifications and reservations which may exist in our own mind. Others have only the action to deal with—they can only take hold of the outward, and according to what is within them of feeling and prejudice will be the judgment they will pronounce. And by these considerations we must govern ourselves, that we may exercise the utmost prudence of which we are capable, that our good may not be evil spoken of—our good intentions may not be misinterpreted.

We find a good illustration of this matter in the incident connected with the Savior's utterance of the words—'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.' The disciples had been into a village of Samaria to purchase food and to prepare entertainment for the Master. The Samaritans would promise them no privileges, and they came back undoubtedly feeling that it was well to be angry. It was their reverence for Jesus that made them indignant at the absence of common hospitable feelings; they could not brook such an insult to one to whom the palace and the cottage should alike be open, and to whom should be given the freedom of the world. Their respect for Jesus was good. Their desire for hospitable entertainment for him was good. Their indignation that the commonest hospitalities of the East should be withheld under the circumstances of the case, was good. All this became the disciple—all this accords with true manliness. But their good was and is evil spoken of because of the untempered manner by which it was made known, or because of the unworthy passions with which it was permitted to mingle. For eighteen centuries their conduct has been censured; their speech has been quoted as the utterance of an unlovely zeal, and men have expatiated on the lessons taught by it more than they have heeded them. 'Shall we call down fire from heaven to consume them,' was their language. Shall not such ungenerous beings be swept away by destruction, as a signal judgment on such inhospitality? This was the language of a zeal that probably had been overheated by earnest, and perhaps rash, conversation with the Samaritans; but our Lord rebuked them as they vented their indignation. 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of'—ye know not that ye are venting the same feelings that ye are condemning; ye are answering evil with evil.

When the searching, yet mild gaze of the Master had thus been fixed upon them and they had heard his rebuke, they doubtless felt they ought to change their invocation, and pray for a fire to come down from heaven to purify themselves—to consume the evil yet abiding in their own hearts, and to refine the passions which had as yet too much of earthliness. From that time, we may well conclude, the disciples aimed more to guard their passions, to mingle with them more of the social element, and to so act wisely that their good might not be evil spoken of. The result of this we see beautifully exhibited in the affectionate character of John the beloved. *He* was one of those whose zeal was rebuked; and had he justified himself by the plea—'I can't help it!' or thrown himself upon the pride of character which is so common, history would have lost one of its most beautiful biographies, and christianity would not have been glorified by such a noble moral martyr as was St. John.

The extensiveness of the application of our theme, will be confessed by all. We are all to be devoted to that which is good. This is the christian law of Greatness—this is the rule for the obtaining of the

richest blessing—this is essential to the harmonious developement of the attributes of a true man. It enjoins upon us the duty of taking large and generous views, and to judge men by the circumstances with which they are surrounded, as well as the great laws of duty and character. It tells us that the glory of a good deed may be veiled or shadowed by a wrong mode of doing, and that we must walk wisely concerning them that are without, if we would have them possess the best means of appreciating whatever good motives or intentions may impel us to act, or if we would excite in them that grateful sympathy and friendship which alone can perpetuate good feeling and promote truly social intercourse.

Let us cultivate all that is good within us, and exemplify the power of an enlarged and noble sympathy to overcome every form, and seeming form, of evil with good—with good thoughts, good resolves, good feelings, good affections, and good actions. Then shall we be true under all circumstances to the demands of the great cause of Truth and Holiness and Love; and having root in ourselves, we shall endure when persecution or tribulation ariseth, and shall be faithful to the end.

May God give us wisdom for all the exigencies of life, that we may demonstrate the divine adaptedness of christianity to all the wants of human nature. Then shall we yield the non-essentials to the essentials of the happiest life, and as much as lieth in us, we shall live peaceable with all men, aiming so to act judiciously that our good may not be evil spoken of.

VOICE OF GOD—A HYMN.

BY MISS PHEBE CAREY.

[The author of the following which we take from the 'Star in the West,' has written several very beautiful poems for that excellent paper. We shall give some specimens of other poetic contributions to that publication.]

Father! we hear thy thrilling voice,
Amid the quiet shades of noon;
We hear it as the leaves rejoice,
And harps which wandering breezes tune,
Send up their holy songs of love
To thy eternal throne above.

And in the hushed and stilly night,
When stars are burning in the sky,
And dew-drops sparkle in the light,
The blessed sound comes stealing by;—
So soft, so sweet, that voice of thine,
The soul o'erflows with love divine.

And when the morning bright unfolds
Her purple wings o'er vale and hill,
And earth is bathed in floating gold,
We hear the same low whisper still:—
That voice that cheers the heart's lone springs,
Like healing borne on heavenly wings.

Mt. Healthy, O.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. NO. IV.

BY CHARLOTTE.

THE IRISH DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

'Room, mother, in thy heart! place for her in thy prayer!'
WILLIS.

The beams of the morning sun shone brightly into the breakfast parlor of the Willows, a beautiful country seat on the banks of the Hudson, the residence of Mr. Channing, a wealthy merchant of New York. A cheerful group was gathered round the breakfast table, consisting of the merchant himself, a fine looking man something past the prime of life, who was busily engaged in discussing alternately his coffee and the daily paper; his wife, a stately, fashionably dressed woman; Alice and Mary, two grown-up young ladies; Sydney a fine lad of sixteen; Lizzy and Fanny, the younger girls, and Miss Beaufort their governess.

'Letters! letters!' exclaimed Ellen, the youngest of the family, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass of seven years, as she bounded into the room with a huge package which she had just taken from the postman, and placed it in her father's hands for distribution. There were letters of friendship and of compliment—business letters for Mr. Channing—sentimental effusions from young-lady friends, for the elder girls, and a love-letter for the fair governess, if one might judge by the ill-suppressed smiles and brilliant blushes with which she received it, and put it in her pocket without reading; and last of all was a large one for Mrs. Channing.

'Post-marked in Dublin! from Frank, I suppose,' said Mr. C., as he handed it to his wife; 'read it quick, for we are all impatient to hear from him.'

She broke the seal, and read on in silence till she had nearly reached the bottom of the second page, when she suddenly dropt the letter, exclaiming, 'Preposterous! well really this is too bad!'

'What news?' said Mr. Channing, and 'what news?' was reiterated by every one at the table.

'News indeed!' was the reply; 'Frank is married!'

'Is that all?' said her husband, bursting into a hearty laugh, '"*well, really*", my dear, I see no cause for such weighty indignation on your part. Frank at six-and-twenty, has surely arrived at years of discretion, and if you recollect, I was four years younger when I entered the matrimonial noose.'

'I wonder if she is very handsome,' said Alice, the beauty; 'does he say who she is? is she fashionable?' inquired Mary, the belle. 'I dare say she is handsome enough and good enough, if she is Frank's choice,' said Sydney, and 'so do I,' and 'so do I,' was echoed by the younger ones.

'But you have not heard all yet,' said Mrs. Channing, 'I have not yet told you that Frank's bride is

an Irish girl, and her name Bridget O'Brien! I *do* think, well as Frank knew my prejudices against that nation, he might have spared me this mortification.'

'Such a name too!' cried Mary, 'she is doubtless some vulgar, showy girl, who, attracted by Frank's elegant person and gentlemanly appearance, has had art enough to inveigle him into marrying her.'

'I can fancy how she looks, exactly,' responded Alice; 'I suppose she is some tall, awkward, red-haired girl, fair and fat, with peony-hued cheeks, and a rich brogue which my enamored brother will doubtless think full of music. Bridget, forsooth!—Why, how can you laugh, Eveline?' she continued, turning to Miss Beaufort, whose large hazel eyes were liquid with mirth, while her low, musical laugh displayed to advantage her handsome mouth, and teeth of surpassing whiteness and brilliancy.

'No one could refrain from laughing, Alice, who heard your glowing description of your brother's bride; you give him credit for little taste and judgment, I think.'

'He has shown his want of it in his choice, surely; but mother, when is this Irish damsel to claim relationship in *propria personæ?* does Frank mention the period of his return? pray Heaven it be not very near!'

'He does not name the precise time,' returned Mrs. Channing, 'but he says he shall probably be with us by the commencement of the New Year, so we have still a respite of several months to prepare ourselves.'

'Well, well, what's done can't be helped,' said Mr. Channing, as he left the table, 'and I see no other way for us to pursue, than to make the best of it, and to receive our Irish daughter-in-law with courtesy and affection. It may be that she is the tenderly cherished child of fond parents, from whom she is now to separate, and whose long-tried and sure affection she is to exchange for the love of a stranger. Think what your feelings would be in leaving the home of your childhood, for a foreign land, relying solely on the honor and faith of one, who perhaps is but the acquaintance of a few brief months—think of this, and I am sure you will not be wanting in kindness and attention to your brother's wife, let her nation be what it may. And what prouder birth-place can she have than that of Emmet, and Curran, and Moore and Sheridan?'

Sydney followed his father from the room, Miss Beaufort retired to her own apartment, the younger girls sought the garden and play-ground, and Mrs. Channing was left alone with her elder daughters.

'It is too bad, I declare,' exclaimed Alice, 'I can never forgive Frank for frustrating my plans; ever since Eveline Beaufort became a member of our family, I have set my heart upon a match between her and my brother.'

'What, a governess!' cried Mrs. Channing, 'and a person of whose birth and connections we are totally ignorant?'

'A maiden dowered with Eveline's brilliant beauty, talents and accomplishments, needs not, in my opinion, rank or wealth to recommend her; *nature* has placed her on a level with the proudest, though no one, I think, who witnesses the graceful dignity of her deportment and the ease of her manners, can doubt her gentle blood and breeding; and for her name, surely *that* is unexceptionable. I wish we could prevail upon her to go into society more, and I would venture to predict that she would be the star of fashion.'

'One would think you were yourself, Eveline's lover, from the animation with which you speak of her,' said Mrs. Channing, smiling.

'I am,' replied Alice, 'if intense admiration of her beauty, and deep love for her numerous good qualities of head and heart, comprise the necessary requisites to be one, and I hope she will never have one less sincere.'

While this conversation was passing, the fair subject of Alice's lamentations was quietly seated in her bed-room, perusing with sparkling eyes the letter she had just received, and while she is thus engaged, we will give the reader a slight account of her. Some two or three months before the commencement of our story, Mrs. Channing was busily seeking a governess for her younger girls, and in reply to her many inquiries, after having rejected several applications, she received a letter from a near relative, recommending a young friend of her own as admirably qualified to fill the situation. No information, beyond the name of the young lady was given, but as the friend who recommended her was wealthy and influential, and one whom Mrs. Channing cared not to offend, no questions were asked, and Eveline Beaufort became a member of the family at the Willows. She was apparently not more than nineteen years of age at that time, and was gifted with rare and exceeding beauty, and many and varied accomplishments. She won the love of her pupils as if by magic, and by degrees twined herself round the hearts of all.

Alice Channing had, even as she stated to her mother, formed the idea of promoting a match between her brother Frank and Eveline, and she had accordingly in her correspondence with him, been lavish in descriptions and praises of her friend.

'You tell of the charms of foreign ladies,' she wrote, 'but if you were here, I could show you one who will rival the fairest. Eveline Beaufort, the girls' governess and our dear friend, is the loveliest creature you ever beheld; but even her beauty, well as I love and much as I talk of it, is scarcely to be compared with her admirable temper, her generous spirit and sweetness of disposition. I defy all Europe to produce her equal.'

Lizzy and Fanny too were eloquent in her praise. 'I wish you could see our governess, Frank; she is so pretty and gentle and good and kind, I am sure

you would love her if you knew her as well as we do.' With Mr. Channing, also, Eveline was a prime favorite, and during that winter she was enabled to render services to the family which effectually secured her a high place in the esteem and affections of all. She had not been long an inmate of the Willows, when little Ellen was attacked with the measles, a disorder which was that year peculiarly malignant. Eveline was her constant attendant, and the child could bear no other to approach her. Night and day she was at the couch, and ere the disease had reached its crisis, Lizzy and Fanny took the infection and were added to Eveline's charge. The duties of the school-room were now exchanged for those of the hospital, and with the exception of a short interval, now and then, to eat her meals, or to take a little out of door exercise, she never left the room. The children all recovered, and the physician paid their governess the highest encomiums; for to her careful and tender nursing, he said, was owing, under Providence, their complete restoration. The gratitude of the parents knew no bounds, and was made manifest to Eveline by a thousand delicate attentions. Nor did their obligations end here. Scarcely were the children restored to health, when Mrs. Channing was attacked with a slow nervous fever, which required perfect quiet, and untiring patience on the part of the nurse. None could preserve order and manage everything so well as Eveline, and she was again, at her own request, stationed in the sick room. She remained at her post, faithfully fulfilling all the requirements of her vocation, till the fever was broken up, and then resumed her duties in the school-room, with the exception of a short interval which was devoted to attendance upon Mr. Channing during a severe fit of rheumatism, when, as every one who has ever seen or experienced anything of the disorder is aware, the querulousness and impatience of the sufferer renders the task of the nurse by no means pleasant or easy. Her gentleness and assiduity, the earnestness with which she anticipated his wants, and her kindness in ministering to them, won upon the frank, generous heart of Mr. Channing, and he often declared that Eveline seemed quite as near to him as his own dear girls. Her services were faithfully recorded in the letters which told Frank of their domestic afflictions and their safe deliverance therefrom, and Alice had fairly persuaded herself that her brother could not fail to be intensely in love with the portrait she had drawn of her friend, and quite ready on his return to enter into her plans, when the letter came which brought the news of his marriage, and worse than all, with an Irish girl, whose very name suggested nothing but awkwardness and vulgarity.

The months that were to elapse before Frank Channing's return to his native land flew swiftly by. Alice, at her father's request, uttered in a tone too decisive to admit of any demurring, had written to congratulate her brother on his marriage, and to bid his foreign bride, in behalf of the whole family, a friendly welcome to her new home. The day was fast approaching for the return of the long-absent one, when Miss Beaufort suddenly announced her intention of going to pass a few days with a friend who had just arrived in the country after a long separation. 'Pray do not go, Eveline, till after my brother's return,' urged Alice, 'I want your countenance in this first interview, and then I shall be in less danger of any breach of perfect courtesy to my Irish sister. And then too, Frank has heard so much of you, I am sure he will wish to see you—indeed, Eveline, you shall not go yet.'

'Indeed I must, Alice! but you need not feel so disappointed; I think very likely I shall return in season to witness your reception of your brother and his bride, and I am sure, dear Alice, your own kindness of heart, and your love for your brother will not allow you to receive her otherwise than with affection and politeness.'

New-Year's eve came, and Mr. Channing's family were collected around a bright coal fire in their large cheerful parlor, busily engaged in conversation concerning the expected visitors, and in lamenting the continued absence of the governess. Soon the rattling of wheels was heard, a carriage drove to the door, and ere any one could reach it, the long absent, the beloved son and brother entered the apartment. It was many minutes ere the warmth of their greetings subsided, and Frank Channing turning, presented his wife. He had entered a little in advance of her, and as she remained in the back-ground, she had been quite forgotten in the excitement; but now as he led her forward, she removed the thick veil from her face and as her low musical laugh burst forth, the warm hearted, eager Alice grasped the hand of the new comer, exclaiming, 'My sister! our own Eveline!'—and the name was repeated in joyful accents by every voice.

'Our Eveline, your wife!—Eveline Beaufort the governess—Bridget O'Brien, the Irish girl!' cried the puzzled mother.

'The very same, my dear mother,' returned her happy son; 'can you forgive the little deceit we have practised upon you? I well knew, amiable and loveable as you are in all other respects, that your prejudices against the Irish were very strong, and that the "milk of human kindness" in your heart flowed not towards them. Had you dreamed that my sweet Eveline, lovely and good as she is, was one of that luckless nation, your prejudices would have blended you to her merits; but in any other light I was very sure that her beauty would prepossess you in her favor, and her sterling worth gain daily upon your affections. I have learnt with the greatest pleasure from the letters I have received, of the progress she has made, and I felt that our object was now attain-

ed, and that I might safely present to you your Irish daughter-in-law, and to the girls their "tall, awkward, vulgar" sister, and let her "rich brogue" speak for itself.'

And now, dear reader, would you like to hear a brief history of Frank Channing and his fair Irish bride? Frank was the eldest of the family, by turns the playfellow and counsellor of the little ones, the chosen friend of Sydney, who looked up to him with mingled admiration and love, and thought him the most perfect of human beings—the pride of his fashionable mother and sisters, and the object of his father's fondest wishes; and while his personal graces rendered him the delight of fashionable society, he also possessed a fund of knowledge and humor wherewith to instruct and amuse the home circle. At the time our story commences, he had been travelling two or three years in Europe, and about six months previous to his introduction to the reader, he had stopt with the intention of passing a few days by the celebrated Lakes of Killarney. On the banks of one of the Lakes was a small, picturesque-looking cottage, half-hidden by the dense foliage of some old trees, which grew up before the door and threw their waving branches over the roof, while its smooth green lawn sloped almost to the water's edge, and here and there a clump of trees shaded a neat garden-chair, and tempted the weary traveller to rest. This rural spot was the abode of Mr. Beaufort, an Irish gentleman descended from some of the noblest of Erin's sons, and himself a prototype of what *they* were, in the days when the land of the shamrock was in her glory, ere the 'harp was hushed in Tara's halls.' Mr. Beaufort had been the father of seven children, but they had died, one after another in infancy, and one only, the youngest of all was left to him. Widowed when the little one was scarce four years old, he had devoted himself exclusively to her nurture and education, and at seventeen Eveline Beaufort rivalled the celebrated '*Kate Kearney*' in beauty and witchery, though fortunately unlearnt in her coquetry. Tall, and possessing a figure to which 'superb' is the only word that will apply, and which a sculptor would have longed to model—a complexion, not fair, for that word is far too tame to show forth the rich, delicate, ever-varying tints of her face, or their constant alternation of light and shadow—features finely chiselled, and the small, mobile mouth completely embedded in dimples—a wealth of raven tresses, and long, jetty lashes that swept over the eloquent cheek, and when raised revealed a pair of large, radiant eyes that would have set a Mussulman raving. Such was Eveline Beaufort, the Flower of the Lakes, when she burst in her queenly beauty upon the amazed vision of Frank Channing, and ere long the young American was a frequent and welcome visitor at Beaufort Cottage. But if her rare loveliness had witched his senses at first sight, how was his heart enslaved, when thus brought into daily communion with her, he saw her in the constant exercise of every virtue that renders woman truly lovely and beloved. When he witnessed her filial piety, her gentleness, truthfulness, and purity of heart; when he saw her in the lowly cabin of poverty, at the miserable couch of the sick, relieving distress and ministering comfort—when every eye brightened at her approach, and every lip breathed blessings on her name. Day by day his visits grew more frequent, his devotion more apparent, his love more intense; and still he dared not hazard an avowal. Was not Eveline beautiful, gifted and high-born? did not the most brilliant establishments court her acceptance? were not the proud, the titled, the wealthy and the gay, worshipers at her shrine? and how could he expect she would resign any or all of these for him? 'And yet,' he would ask himself, 'can it be that she is wholly indifferent to me? in the midst of fulsome adulation and compliment, do not those glorious eyes often turn to me as if seeking my approbation alone? if she sings, is it not the songs I love? if she reads, is it not from my favorite authors, and does she not dwell with peculiar emphasis on those passages we have both loved and read together?' And so the result of all this was, that one fine moonshiny eve, Mr. Frank Channing persuaded Miss Eveline that a walk round the margin of the beautiful Lake would be delightful, and during that most romantic ramble did the hoping, doubting lover pour forth a most eloquent rhapsody, and the maiden listened with mingled smiles and blushes, which certainly presaged no very unfavorable answer, and so as the reader has of course supposed, Frank and Eveline parted that night, affianced lovers.

Now Frank Channing was very well aware of his mother's inveterate dislike to the children of the Emerald Isle; these prejudices he made known to his lady-love, and Eveline, possessing no small share of the ready wit and humor that distinguishes her countrymen, proposed to introduce herself *incog.* into the family of her lover, and thus make her way into their good graces. Accordingly their plan was laid as follows. Mrs. Channing had an old Aunt, unmarried and wealthy, who was generally considered an oddity, and but for her situation in life, would have commanded but little attention from her relatives. But Aunt Achsah was nevertheless a woman of good heart and generous impulses, and withal a spice of romance, which had no small influence upon her actions. With this good lady, Frank had always been a favorite, and as children usually know, instinctively, as it were, who really love them, he had attached himself warmly to his old Aunt, and as he grew older, she had still retained his confidence and affection. To her he now wrote, stating how his love affair stood, and asking her assistance to farther Eveline's plan. The good lady entered into it with avidity, offered her home

to receive them, and promised her aid and secrecy. The result was, that Frank and Eveline were privately married, and soon afterward the bride, escorted by her father, sailed for America, and was duly received into the hospitable dwelling of Aunt Achsah, from which she was soon after transferred, as the reader already knows, to the Willows, as the governess of her young sisters-in-law. An account of her proceedings was faithfully transmitted to Frank, who then, in compliance with the arrangement previously made, wrote to acquaint his family with his marriage.

With the effect of the letter, with Eveline's subsequent history, and the *denouement*, the reader is already acquainted. And now in conclusion, we have only to say, that Eveline is the pride and delight of her husband's family, and the admiration of all their friends; that Mrs. Channing's foolish prejudices against the people of Erin, have been fairly combatted and destroyed, and if there is one particular subject on which, more than on any other she delights to dwell, it is the inimitable graces and matchless virtues of her IRISH DAUGHTER-IN-LAW!

Boston, Mass.

LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

EXTRACT FROM CHANNING.

WE give an extract from Channing, in which truths of great importance are set forth in a stately style. We ask particular attention to his remarks on 'the sportive and comic forms of composition,' as just and deserving consideration. 'Religious literature,' so called, is proverbially dull, and it is deemed 'out of his sphere' for a minister to relinquish a gravity that never smiles and indulge in composition that will give life and vivacity to the feelings which are gratified by sportiveness. How contrasted is the modern from the old English pulpit! Wit now never spreads its sunshine over grave subjects, as light steals into a dark forest to give it a majesty and glory it cannot otherwise have. Can we not keep from the eccentricities of old preachers and writers, and yet retain their pleasantness and vivacity? But to the extract.

'We are aware,' says Channing, 'that objections will spring up to the doctrine, that all literature should be produced under the influence of religion. We shall be told, that in this way literature will lose all variety and spirit, that a monotonous and solemn hue will spread itself over writing, and that a library will have the air of a tomb. We do not wonder at this fear. Religion has certainly been accustomed to speak in sepulchral tones, and to wear any aspect but a bright and glowing one. It has lost its free and various movement. But let us not ascribe to its nature, what has befallen it from adverse circumstances. The truth is, that religion, justly viewed, surpasses all other principles, in giving a free and manifold action to the mind. It recognizes in every faculty and sentiment the workmanship of God, and assigns a sphere of agency to each. It takes our whole nature under its guardianship, and with a parental love ministers to its inferior as well as higher gratifications. False religion mutilates the soul, sees evil in our innocent sensibilities, and rules with a tyrant's frown and rod. True religion is a mild and lawful sovereign, governing to protect, to give strength, to unfold all our inward resources. We believe that under its influence, literature is to pass its present limits, and to put itself forth in original forms of composition. Religion is of all principles most fruitful, multiform and unconfined. It is sympathy with that being, who seems to delight in diversifying the modes of his agency, and the products of his wisdom and power. It does not chain us to a few essential duties, or express itself in a few unchanging modes of writing. It has the liberality and munificence of nature, which not only produces the necessary root and grain, but pours forth fruits and flowers. It has the variety and bold contrasts of nature, which at the foot of the awful mountain, scoops out the freshest, sweetest valleys, and embosoms in the wild, troubled ocean, islands, whose vernal loveliness and teeming fruitfulness, almost breathe the joys of Paradise. Religion will accomplish for literature what it most needs; that is, will give it depth, at the same time that it heightens its grace and beauty. The union of these attributes is most to be desired. Our literature is lamentably superficial, and to some, the beautiful and the superficial even seem to be naturally conjoined. Let not beauty be so wronged. It resides chiefly in profound thoughts and feelings. It overflows chiefly in the writings of poets gifted with a sublime and piercing vision. A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fullness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling, to which nothing, as we believe, ministers so largely as enlightened religion.

So far from a monotonous solemnity overspreading literature in consequence of the all-pervading influence of religion, we believe, that the sportive and comic forms of composition, instead of being abandoned, will only be refined and improved. We know that these are supposed to be frowned upon by piety; but they have their root in the constitution which God has given us, and ought not therefore to be indiscriminately condemned. The propensity to wit and laughter does, indeed, through excessive indulgence, often issue in a character of heartless levity, low mimicry, or unfeeling ridicule. It often seeks gratification in regions of impurity, throws a gaiety round vice, and sometimes even pours contempt on virtue. But, though often and mournfully perverted, it is still a gift of God, and may and ought to minister, not only to innocent pleasure, but to the intellect

and the heart. Man was made for relaxation as truly as for labor; and by a law of his nature, which has not received the attention it deserves, he finds perhaps no relaxation so restorative, as that in which he reverts to his childhood, seems to forget his wisdom, leaves the imagination to exhilarate itself by sportive inventions, talks of amusing incongruities in conduct and events, smiles at the innocent eccentricities and odd mistakes of those whom he most esteems, allows himself in arch allusions or kind-hearted satire, and transports himself into a world of ludicrous combinations. We have said, that on these occasions, the mind seems to put off its wisdom; but the truth is, that in a pure mind, wisdom retreats, if we may so say, to its centre, and there, unseen, keeps guard over this transient folly, draws delicate lines which are never to be passed in the freest moments, and, like a judicious parent watching the sports of childhood, preserves a stainless innocence of soul in the very exuberance of gaiety. This combination of moral power with wit and humor, with comic conceptions and irrepressible laughter, this union of mirth and virtue belongs to an advanced stage of the character; and we believe, that in proportion to the diffusion of an enlightened religion, this action of the mind will increase, and will overflow in compositions, which, joining innocence to sportiveness, will communicate unmixed delight. Religion is not at variance with occasional mirth. In the same character, the solemn thought and the sublime emotions of the improved christian, may be joined with the unanxious freedom, buoyancy and gaiety of early years.'

A PRAYER AT NIGHT.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THOSE lone, bright spheres! How beautiful their light
In the wide solitude of space! How far
O'er reefy shore, and bold Norwegian height,
And tropic desert, will one small, faint star
Its cheering radiance throw!
And they who toil below—
The weary voyager on the trackless sea,
The pilgrim thrown beneath the wayside tree,
O'erworn with care and pain;
O shall not these take heart of grace again,
And struggle on through all the awful night
Cheered by that small, sweet light?

Grant me, O God, a high, soft star to be!
Calm, still, and bright, to trace my way in heaven,
And shed my light o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Where human hearts, like fragile barks, are driven
Mid rocks and hidden shoals.
A soul mid glorious souls—
A small, pure star within the glittering band
That high above the clouds, undimmed and grand,
In placid beauty rolls,
To herald on the weary to the land
Where all is rest and peace; to guide the way
To heaven's unclouded day!

From the 'Rose' for 1842.

'PROVIDENCE EMPLOYMENT SOCIETY.'

INDUSTRY MADE ATTRACTIVE.

IN our notices for the last month, we mentioned the above named Society, and promised a more enlarged notice of it—because of the novelty of its prominent features and the great good of which it is the unostentatious instrument.

Among the Reforms on which we look with peculiar favor, is that which regards the great evils in our land as not political but social, and aims to restore or produce order by effecting a harmony of interests through attractive industry. This is the sound doctrine of Fourier, and it would have received far greater attention than it has received, were it not for the new coined technicalities, by which the ideas are shrouded and the common mind bewildered. Plain speaking men of brave hearts and earnest minds will yet teach it, and a movement will be made that shall astonish and delight. To make industry attractive—to throw around toil those associations which will banish the idea of drudgery, is to give to the laboring masses the means of self elevation, and it will win them to the pursuance of a course that leads to the purest happiness. This is one great object of this society.

The lamented Matthew Carey—the tried and true friend of the poor—wrote much in reference to the evils produced by the miserably low prices which were paid for work to poor women, and severely did he denounce the sordid oppressions which weighed down in despair many a noble spirit. His pictures of pining wretchedness were enough to make a generous heart bleed, and a conscientious soul to tremble for the awfulness of the judgments that must come upon the oppressors. Indeed what can be more melting to sympathy than the picture of the widow toiling at her needle from early morn to midnight, hastily preparing and partaking of the scanty repast at intervals, fearful that the work she may do will not afford her sufficient to keep cold and hunger from her dependent group of children.. No time for relaxation—no seasons of reviving social intercourse—no hours for intellectual improvement—but all toil, toil, and the utmost reward from the employer—a few cents an hour! Goaded by agonizing fears of want and oppressed by the toil of the long day, she hurries her work, as the solitary candle burns dim, and when the morrow's light dawns, she discovers that it will be said of her work—'You have *slighted* this!' and perhaps all further employment will be denied her!

The few cents are paid her, and the mercenary soul who so cheapens labor, severely reprimands the employed who can so slight his work! while he adds that he cannot afford to pay so much for so poor work! What scenes like these are to be witnessed in every city, but how seldom are they looked upon, and what a slight degree of consideration is given to them!

We rejoice in every demonstration of extended interest in this class of the poor, and we are made glad by every token of zeal to elevate the depressed by the means of attractive industry. We read, therefore, with the highest degree of satisfaction the Reports of the Providence 'Employment Society,' and congratulate its conductors and members on the vast amount of real good accomplished by their institution. It has been in operation five years; it has had much to contend with, and nobly have its managers pressed on till they have established the society on permanent grounds and given to it a uniformly successful operation. The first Report says,—'Our plan is simply to give employment to industrious females who need it, and to pay them a fair compensation. This we believe to be the true principle of charity.' But the public should remember how much of patient labor is necessary to carry out this plan; the needy must be sought out and visited; their circumstances enquired into; work given adapted to their abilities; encouragement afforded to animate them to improvement; while at the same time knowledge is extended to other institutions of those who are real and meritorious objects of charity.

In the 'Proposal' by which the existence and designs of the Society were first made known to the public, the principles of the association were thus set forth,—'Our first and leading principle is, that the great object of benevolent associations should be, not to supply the wants of the poor, but to encourage and enable them to supply their own wants; not to make them dependant on the public, or Societies, or individual charities, but *to afford them every facility of supporting themselves by honest industry*.'

'Another principle on which we proceed is, that the worst of all charities is that which gives money—and the best of all charities, that which gives employment. Between these, there are many objects and modes of greater or less utility, with which we have no concern. Our present plan of charity turns wholly upon *employment;* and may be called, as it has been, A CHARITY OF WAGES.'

These principles are sound and worthy of all acceptation. This we say, because the testimony of every philanthropist who has mingled with the poor, tends to the same conclusion. But as it is easier to give money than to extend Charity in any other way, there always will be untold evils arising from an indolent benevolence that satisfies its conscience by the bestowment of a sum of money. Facts might be cited that would set forth in a clear light the tendency of this kind of Charity—how it has given means to feed intemperate habits, and fostered a laziness that palsies every power of self-exertion. To give, is one thing; to give wisely, is another and vastly more difficult matter. To give, so that immediate wants are supplied, without encouraging non-exertion or turning the mind away from the resources to be opened by industry, is the perfection of Charity, and can be attended to only by those who have a peculiar *tact* from long experience as almoners. We are gratified to perceive that several of the officers of the Providence Society at its first establishment, still continue devoted to its interests, for experience gives aids to promote effectually the objects of the Association that no talent can bestow. 'Be not weary in well doing,' for its great reward is the increased power of doing good.

Upwards of three thousand dollars passed through the hands of the Society the *first* year, notwithstanding numerous discouragements. 'We have employed in all,' says the Report, 'within this first year, two hundred and twenty-two women, to whom we have paid *thirty two hundred and sixty-five dollars*.' Well done! The Report adds—in speaking of certain kinds of work—'This work has been given to a number of poor women—chiefly widows—who could seldom obtain any from other sources, and who have assured us that if we could but keep them constantly employed, at our prices' (mark that for good!) 'they could live comfortably. A committee of ladies has been appointed to visit these persons, and ascertain their situation and wants from their own lips. They are generally satisfied and grateful; and we are convinced that we need only an increase of means, to do a greater amount of good to them and others in similar situations, than could be done, with the same means, in any other way.'

We should have mentioned before this, that the 'Employment Society' has a store—No. 48 Arcade—where the articles made by those employed for the Society—save contracts—are on sale. A beautiful variety is always to be seen there, and a peculiar charm is given to it by the thought that it was wrought by those who thus kept want from them and theirs.

During the past year, says *this* Year's Report, 'we have pursued steadily the object of the Society, and have been able to enlarge its operations. There are now 125 women in its employ; but the increase of business is not shown so much in the addition of the number of those employed, as by the greater supply of employment to such. More work has been distributed than ever before, particularly the most desirable kind—coarse sewing. The sale for this has increased in our city, and the plan which has this year been adopted, of sending coarse garments into the neighboring villages, has been successful, and greatly added to the demand. The cases of sickness and

destitution, of temporary exigences among the poor, have been most kindly and judiciously considered and relieved by the Superintendent of the Store, to whom the ladies of the Board owe many thanks for her untiring exertions in behalf of this Society, and the distressed women many comforts.—The applications for work are constantly increasing, and we look forward to the time when our patronage shall be so extended, that not one supplicant shall be turned away from a participation in this truest of charities, "where the poor are enabled to supply their own wants."'

A great portion of the work provided for the Society—save heavy contracts—being of a nice kind, requiring skill in the use of the needle, the managers found it difficult to confine the supply of work to the poor—to those who needed it; hence the great number mentioned in the first Report. It seems that they have been faulted in this matter, but the faulting only became a means of bringing out new tact for their mission, and led to the adoption of a plan that has produced extensive good and is promiseful of great results. It is this;—The children of the poor, whose parents are incapable of doing, and therefore of teaching, nice sewing, are put to school where they are taught this art. Nine children were sent to school the first year of the adoption of the plan, and in the Report it is said they 'are rapidly improving in this important branch of female education.' 'The original donation for this object was $22, but by the sale of articles on Christmas week, it was increased to $102, which sum is now devoted to the support of these children at school. But we were not satisfied with this partial accomplishment of our hopes; our means were not adequate to meet the great demand, and we had no way of increasing them—therefore, with the advice of gentlemen, interested in the plan, we proposed to lay this subject before the School Committee, as the only effectual method of supplying the want.'

The School Committee were memorialized, but no formal answer was returned—which certainly was not gallant in them, to say the least. But the Society continued and continue their efforts in this novel and excellent branch of charity, and the report for the present year says,—'Twelve children are now sent to school for this purpose, and through this instruction, already, in several instances, has relief been afforded to families. The children at school have made garments for the Store, and the profit therefrom has furnished them with articles of clothing. In a visit of one of the Board to a school in which are several of those children, one of the little girls came forward to show the lady a pair of shoes which she had bought with her own earnings. Thus good is unquestionably effected in two ways—by preparing the child for future usefulness, and exciting thus early a healthful feeling of the pleasures of industry and independence. We hope to be able to extend this part of our charity, and ask for the assistance of all favorable to it. It is dependant at present upon the interest of the fund, and the profit from the yearly sale of Christmas presents.' Donations will gladly be received at the Store, or by any of the Board.

The Report closes with this earnest language:—'And we trust by warm and united effort on the part of those interested in the cause of female employment, that our Society may go on widening its sphere of usefulness. We call upon *all* to unite in its furtherance. It is often asked, is not this a *sectarian* movement, is its management monopolized by one denomination, and thus limited in its operations? We answer, *No*. It is a Society, standing upon the broad ground of christian charity. Its object is to benefit the poor, by teaching them to help themselves. It goes about doing good—carrying to the desolate mother, as she sits in poverty, in the midst of her helpless children, brooding over her woes, *employment*—urging her to rouse from her lethargy, and by the active use of her energies, and opportunities, to *earn* her daily bread, rather than *beg* it. It is a Society which brings within its influence, all who ask for, or are willing to receive employment, of every name and religion. As applications for work are made to the Superintendent, but one question is asked—Do you *need* it? and when that is satisfactorily answered, their names, whatever be their country, or family, or *church* to which they belong, are enrolled upon the list of those to be employed, and watched over by this Society.

'We call again, upon *all*, therefore, to unite with us in this work. Friends of the indigent, help it! It is for man to plant and water the good seed, and God will give it the increase.'

We cannot but express our pleasure at the excellent answer given to one objection in a note appended to this Report:—'It is often objected to the Employment Store, that while its work is done no better, the public are obliged to pay more for it than at other places. Thus it may be proper to remind the public, that the objects of this Institution are benevolent—to encourage those who have laid upon themselves the hard task of supporting themselves, by a fair, or even liberal, recompense for their labor. At the same time, it must be remembered by the objector, that there is a mutual accommodation; because those who give work to the Store, are relieved from cutting or preparing it, or looking up a suitable seamstress; for all which a premium should in justice be paid.' Good!

We hope that the above hasty—necessarily so—sketch of an excellent institution, will commend its objects to the consideration of many in places where similar societies might be established as instruments of great good. Let the plan be well digested; have a bold spirit of determination to succeed; go forward earnestly, yet prudently to demonstrate its utility, and the blessing of many, relieved by attractive industry, will come warm and holy from the grateful heart.

We hope a deeper interest towards the Providence Society may be awakened in this community, and that the managers will be furnished with more abundant means to advance the charity to the children of the poor. Holy and blessed is their mission, and its fruits, culled by memory, will be sweet to the soul as fruit from the 'tree of life' that groweth in beauty and luxuriance by the river of Grace.

THE INVALID'S PLAINT.

BY MRS. S. BROUGHTON.

The balmy summer air again is out upon the hill,
Freighted with merry music-tones from many a chiming rill,
Whose glittering treasures dance along to fertilize the plain,
'Till their never-ceasing carols join the anthems of the main.

Sweet buds are opening in the paths through which I used to stray,
The beech its silken tassels casts along the woodland way;
And spirit-voices call me forth to the dim and shady dells,
Where minstrel bands invisible, weave the harmonic spells.

Alas! for me the blushing flowers unfold their leaves in vain,
Their treasur'd sweetness cannot soothe the burning thrill of pain;
It cannot still the fevered pulse, or cool the throbbing brow,
Or bid again in healthful calm, life's purple current flow.

I cannot wander now to list the wildwood minstrelsies,
As through the swaying boughs I gaze upon the glorious skies;
Or watch the chequer'd shadows glide along the dancing stream,
Whose murmurings soothe the pensive mind, like harp-tones in a dream.

The weary hours lag slowly on from morn to dewy night;
Then how the mourning spirit waits, and watches for the light!
O many a bitter dreg I've quaff'd from sorrow's darkling wave,
Alas! my very soul is sick, it pineth for the grave.

That calm retreat, where bleeding hearts obtain the long sought rest,
'Where the wicked cease from troubling,' and the weary ones are blest;
Where wrong, nor woe, nor bitterness can chill the kindly soul,
Or fling the noble spirit back, from true ambition's goal.

But though in sorrow and in gloom, affliction's maze I tread,
I know the everlasting arms are underneath my head;
And when my spirit wanders down the dark mysterious way,
The rod and staff of Zion's King shall be my strength and stay.

And when the Jordan-wave is past, that keeps us from our home,
How gladly through the realms of light, shall the freed spirit roam;
Cull the ambrosial flowers that bloom beside the crystal flood,
The living stream that issues from beneath the throne of God.

There frost and mildew cannot mar the ever-vernal scene,
But fadeless amaranths ever smile, in summer's radiant sheen;
There souls that droop'd on earth, redeem'd from ignorance and sin,
In love's unclouded beams shall drink eternal glories in.

No more shall error's misty veil the enfranchised spirit shroud,
Through boundless climes of light it soars, above or storm, or cloud;
New scenes of knowledge e'er incite the wondering soul to raise
To the eternal Fount of truth, loud songs of endless praise.

When we have gain'd those starry shores, shall we remember ought,
Of all the bitterness and grief with which our lives were fraught?
Oh no; the hand of love shall wipe each bitter tear away,
And crown the twilight hours of time with an eternal day.

Malone, N. Y.

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

BY REV. JOHN PRINCE.

The consideration of flowers, simple as the subject may at first thought appear, is a source of profitable instruction. In the stalks, and leaves, of some of those most common, which are oft-times trodden under foot by man, and which thousands pass unheeded, is displayed the most exquisitely wrought workmanship, and evinced the highest degree of wisdom. And I cannot conceive how any person can attentively consider the simplest wild flower, and not feel a conviction that Intelligence had an agency in bringing it into existence. Flowers all bear a silent, yet sure testimony of the existence of an intelligent Creator. And this is the first point concerning which we are instructed, when we 'consider the lilies of the field.' To receive all the instruction which they are capable of imparting, we should observe 'how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.' Of all things else, they are seemingly the least useful. They do not, like the rich, delicious fruit, and the ripe grain, gratify the taste, or satisfy the cravings of hunger; neither do they, like the grass, afford sustenance to 'the cattle upon a thousand hills.' But, notwithstanding they are thus seemingly lacking in utility, the Savior told his disciples, who were Jews, and who, in common with their countrymen, had heard much of the splendid royal apparel of their kings, 'that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' The robe of that monarch, though sparkling

with thousand precious gems,—and his crown, though thickly set with diamonds, of richest lustre,—were mean and insignificant in comparison with some flowers, with which the fields are adorned, and which are free of access to all. Flowers excel the productions of man's art, in the fineness of their texture, in the brilliancy of their varied and beauteous hues, and in their nice blending of shade with shade. But in that spiritual language which they utter, they appear infinitely more glorious than all the laurels and diadems of earthly conquerors and sovereigns; for they speak of the goodness of God! As they are not useful to supply our bodily wants,—as they neither feed nor clothe us—as they neither toil nor spin, and yet are painted so gaily,—and as it is a truism, that 'nothing was ever made in vain,'—I am constrained to believe that they were placed here upon the earth to gratify our love of the beautiful, to feast the eye, and minister delight to our inward perception of all that is winning and lovely. And if God has thus provided for the gratification of our material and mental vision,—if he has decorated the landscape so beautifully,—if he has caused the lily to open its petals to the sunshine, the rose to expand and shed its fragrance on the air, and the violet to bloom in cheerfulness and modesty; if he has caused all these to contribute to our present enjoyment, can it be that he will ever forsake us, or cease to visit us in mercy? It cannot be! And yet, why will not mankind always confide in him? Why is it that thousands are, as it were, 'all their life-time subject to bondage,' through fear of imaginary evils? Why do they, when surrounded with ample provision for their present wants and necessities, suffer their thoughts to wander into the dim future, and contemplate that future with doubt and dismay? and even people it with demons? It is because they have not sufficient confidence in God. It is because they have not attentively considered the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air. It is because they have entertained erroneous views of the character of that Being, who 'hears the young ravens when they cry,' and who 'tempers the winds to the shorn lamb.' They need to ponder, and answer in their own hearts, the question which succeeds my text: 'Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'

All the poverty and want which mankind suffer, is not attributable to any lack of provision on the part of our Father in heaven. It is true, there are sometimes seasons of drought and famine. But these are very rare in occurrence, when compared with seasons of plenty with which we are favored. And man can, by frugality and industry, fortify himself against times of scarcity. The oppression, the sordid dispositions of men, the treachery and fraud they practise, are what cause more than half the poverty and wretchedness experienced in the world; and the rest is produced by the vices of those who suffer, or of others connected with them, and by ignorance and disobedience of the laws of our being. If all mankind would trust in God for the supplying of their wants, and be as benevolent towards each other as God is towards them, there would not be so much want and wretchedness among earth's children, as there is at present. The 'times' would always be '*good*;' for good and bad times would not depend upon the adoption of a government measure, or its veto; but the times would depend upon the provisions of that Ruler and Governor, whose law is never abrogated, and whose bounty is unfailing!

In the political and business world, the times in which we live, are called '*hard times*;' and, in some respects, they *are* emphatically so. And yet, has the Deity withheld his preserving influence, or his blessings? He has not, in the least! No fearful epidemic has prevailed within our borders, sweeping off thousands in a day. The atmosphere, so necessary for our comfort and even our life, is as pure and health-giving as ever. The sun shines as he has shone in time past; the rains fall, and nightly the dews distil. The present season is fruitful; and not only so, but very abundant; and when the sober Autumn time arrives, (and it will soon be here) those who have tilled the soil, will find no reluctance on its part to yield that which was deposited, with a gratifying increase,—some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold. The causes of penury and want are not, therefore, chargeable to any deficiency of God's operations in nature, but they may be found in the overbearing conduct, the oppression and dishonesty of men, who aggrandize themselves at the expense of others.

Let us always cherish confidence in God. When the sound of the world's selfishness, or murmuring, falls upon our ear, let us turn our attention to the works of nature, and remember who it is that 'causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man;' who hath planted the fir trees as a house for the stork, who hath made 'the high hills a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies.'

Are any doubtful, or distrusting, of God's goodness? Are any trembling and dejected, fearing that the Almighty will be their enemy, and will not always shield and protect them, or that he will inflict misery upon them, when they quit this mortal scene? Let them 'behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.' And especially let them 'consider the lilies of the field,' which neither toil nor spin, and are yet more splendidly arrayed than Solomon. Let them do this, and they shall receive lessons of confidence and trust.

'The grain,' said Newton, 'is God's *bounty*; but the flowers are his *smiles*.' That is a beautiful sentiment! Flowers are the smiles of Deity! And while we partake of God's bounty, and are made glad by his

smiles, are we ungrateful? Do we transgress his laws? Do we violate his wise statutes, which, if obeyed, would make us happy? Can it be, that we are guilty of these things? Let us all ponder seriously this question, and answer it each one for himself.

Essex, Mass.

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

BY D. B. HARRIS.

ILLUSTRATION OF PLATE.

Why does that old man daily turn
Those pages with that heavenward look?
Is it because his eyes discern
Superior glories in that book?

Ay, 'tis because that glowing page
Contains those truths the stars declare—
That God is love from age to age,
And moves mysterious everywhere.

It is because he loves the songs
Which Israel sang in days of yore;
When they were freed from tyrant's wrongs,
And trod in safety Canaan's shore.

He loves that book—for therein speaks
The holy prophets God inspired;
And prayerfully that old man seeks
To fire his soul as theirs were fired.

He loves that book because 'tis there
His Father's promise meets his eye—
That far beyond this world of care
All men shall live—no more to die.

He loves that book—what else to him
Whose sands of life are nearly run;
Whose locks are white, whose eye is dim,
Whose friends have left him one by one;

What else to him can be so dear
As that blest word, which God has given
To teach his soul to know not fear,
And bear it on to home—to heaven.

PROGRESS TOWARDS TRUTH;

OR THE TWO FRIENDS.

BY HENRY BACON.

Chapter I.

'Let the frame perish so the soul survive
Pure, spiritual and loving. *I believe*
The grave exalts, not separates, the ties
That holds us in affection to our kind.
I will look down from yonder pitying sky,
Watching and waiting those I love on earth,
Anxious in heaven until they too are there.'

L. E. L.

A brighter day never came from heaven to win from the heart of sensibility admiration towards the beauty of the outward world. Mid-summer reigned, and the earth was clothed in its holiday attire—so rich and gay, that I could not but fancy—and the fancy was so vivid that it startled me!—that the time had come, and nature knew it, for the advent of some illustrious being. It was joy to think so, and that joy made outward nature even more beautiful than when first I involuntarily confessed its charms and was transfixed with admiration. And it is ever thus; the hues of our thoughts and feelings will color every object perceived. The pharisees saw shadows, deep and dark, on the face of Jesus, and called him a blasphemer, while the disciples beheld an unearthly light in his countenance, and a halo round his head, and owned him Lord! And so with the material world. All its beauties have been regarded by some as betraying man into a sinful fondness for his prison-house, while to others the same loveliness has been a revelation of the 'first Author of beauty'—his wisdom, power and love.

'The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels
No harmony within; the South wind steals
As silent, as unseen, amid the leaves.
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
Tho' all around is beautiful.'

As these thoughts coursed through my mind, I saw advancing in the road that wound round the hill, two female forms clothed in the habiliments of mourners; and as I stretched my gaze, I saw they had come from the grave-yard, from whence quite a crowd was issuing. I soon discovered them to be Mary Hartley and Ellinor Reed—intimate friends—ever with each other when abroad, and both noted for their amiability. They came to the base of the hill on which I stood, and sat down opposite to the lake that spread out its clear and beautiful waters in the distance, reflecting on its surface all the varying hues of the slowly moving clouds and the trees and plants that fringed the borders. I was screened from them by the trees and thick foliage, and could not resist the desire to listen to their conversation, feeling sure it would be in reference to the dead, so solemn were their countenances and tearful their eyes.

'O Mary,' said Ellinor, 'I cannot keep the image of Sarah's poor mother out of my sight, as she looked when she gazed her last on her dear child. There was so much affection mingled with so much anxiety, that the tears forced their way through my eyes, and I wished I could be a daughter to her in her loneliness.'

''Twas the same with me, and my soul groaned within me, so earnest was my desire to speak after the minister had uttered those bitter words.'

'Yes, they were indeed *bitter*—to declare that so good and amiable a girl as Sarah, would give the world to plead with her young companions, that they might not come to the place of anguish to which she

is doomed,—was horrible—too horrible for that time and place.'

'True; but it proved more fully what I have for many years believed, that the popular religion makes man an artificial being—restrains his natural sympathies—ties down his best feelings, and makes him utter the language of cold theology when the religion of the heart should be expressed.'

'Why, Mary! you speak too strongly—you forget yourself.'

'No, Ellinor, no! I do not, nor will you think I do when you have thought as much as I have thought on those matters. I repeat that parson Norwin did only speak as a minister and not as a man—not as the friend of the poor widow deprived of her only child, the solace and comfort of her age—not as Jesus would have spoken in that house of mourning. Sarah was not, as the phrase is, "a professor of religion;" she was not a member of any visible church; but O did not her goodness, her filial devotedness, her active kindness, her meekness, the amiability of her whole life, make professions for her, and prove her a member of the church of the good? Who did not love her, that ever knew her goodness? Who would not have rejoiced to have their daughter or sister like her? Who was ever followed to the grave with more affection and respect than she? and over whose resting place can an eloquent inscription be placed with more justice than over hers? Who will reach heaven, if she has not found entrance there?'

The overwhelmed heart could utter no more. Ellinor fully sympathized in the grief of her friend; they both had loved Sarah with no ordinary affection, and treasured her memory as flowers treasure sunbeams and dew. They had gathered to the funeral with solemn minds and full hearts, as to the burial of one whose absence would ever be felt amid the socialities of life. Every fine feeling of their natures was alive and peculiarly sensitive, and they were ready to hear, and felt they ought to hear, only words of comfort—such words as the sympathizing heart would utter to the sorrow stricken mother. They waited in stillness for the pastor to speak; and O when he did arise, it was with so much sternness in his countenance, that they hid their eyes in terror. He spake of death being ever near to remind us of the duty of closing with the overtures of mercy, and speedily making our peace with God; and that many were too apt to defer this serious business till the time when sickness and death approached, and they then found that the insulted and repulsed Spirit would no longer plead with them, but leave them to the fate of which he had warned them so many times through his ministers. He alluded to her who lay in death near them, as one who had been highly favored with the means of grace——who had been anxiously desired to enter the door of the church, while many were going in; but she had kept away; 'and now,' said the pastor, 'she would give worlds if she had them to give, could she but plead with her young friends to be wise while the Spirit waits, and thus keep from the torments to which she is now doomed.'

The groans of the mother were agonizing to hear, the sobbing on every side was tumultuous, and much that was afterwards said was lost in consequence. The heart of the pastor was touched, and his prayer was in strange contrast with the remarks he had offered. When the service was over, the great crowd was silent—it was the silence of calm deliberation, for each heart felt that humanity had been outraged, and even the warmest friends of the pastor hesitated as they sought to apologize for his course, and only said, 'He thought it was his *duty* to speak so.'

Strong and deep thoughts—earnest and solemn questionings were awakened in many minds that never before had known the like; and as the long procession passed through the streets, the observers were struck with the peculiar thoughtfulness of its members. Many companions felt a relief when they left the grave-yard, and were privileged to take their own paths and converse, and thus give utterance to their deep emotions. It was so with Mary and her friend, and I could hope that the conversations of many were like theirs.

The friends recovered from the overflow of grieved sensibility, and as they looked up, both of them caught sight of the widow with a few of her kindred, slowly pursuing their way to the cottage on the opposite shore of the lake.

'O Mary! how sad must be that home now Sarah is gone!' said Ellinor, with tearful eyes, gazing on the travelers and clasping the hand of her friend.

'Aye,' responded Mary, 'and how sad heaven must be, for Sarah cannot go there, as parson Norwin says.'

'Mary,' said Ellinor, very solemnly, 'that tone and manner tell me you think parson Norwin wrong.'

'I do,—I do!' quickly responded Mary. 'I do, as I believe God is good and just. I believe he preaches a doctrine that wars no less with every thing honorable to the Deity, than it does with human sympathies and affections—and O with them it wars with fierce power and desolating wrath! Have you not felt so many a time and oft as in yonder temple you have sat and trembled, and have gone home sick at heart? Have you not felt it keenly this day, and O does not that childless widow feel it but too deeply now?'

'But, Mary, we must school and discipline our feelings.'

'True—but not to be indifferent to the miseries of those we love, here or hereafter—not to become willing that they suffer, and seek resignation in the troublous time when we think of them, by calling it "*a mystery*." I cannot school my feelings so.'

'God requires nought but what we can do.'

'I believe it—I rejoice in it, but I do not believe he ever required mortal beings to murmur not at the

prospects of the eternal misery of their friends—the near and dear. You say true, and I think, while the sentiment is remembered, of what we heard last Sabbath afternoon—how that we are required to seek sanctification, that of ourselves we can do nothing, and yet that the Sanctifier will not come till we pray and plead therefor;—You remember the figure the parson used to set forth the state of the unregenerated?'

'O yes! that of the entombed dead man.'

'Yes; and you remember how he described the dead man lying beneath the sod, surrounded with corruption, not conscious of the worms crawling over him, the tramp of passers by over his head, or even the thunders rolling in the sky;—he saw not—he heard not—he moved not—nor could he do either. *Such* we were told is the case of the unregenerated; and *if so*, how can they be *responsible* beings, *having no powers of true spiritual activity to be accountable for?* how can a dead man pray? and how absurd it is to say that unless he prays devoutly, the Sanctifier will not come, and his endless destruction must be upon his own head.'

'I did not think of that.'

'And I suppose, dear Ellinor, that you did not think this afternoon, how amiable the parson was forced to make our friend in the place of torment, in order to carry out his figure?'

'I know not what you mean.'

'I guessed as much. Did he not say that she would give worlds, had she them to give, to keep her companions away from the place of torment, and that she plead of them to be wise in time? and did not all this speak most eloquently in behalf of her goodness and benevolence, and that she is the same kind creature she was on earth? Can there be more benevolence in hell towards friends on earth, than there is in heaven for those in hell?'

'Why, Mary, you alarm me! I never heard you talk so wild before!'

'Wild, ay, as Paul was wild before Festus; as Jesus was when he saw, "Satan, as lightning, fall from heaven!" O Ellinor, I am not wild! I have often burned to tell you the thoughts of my solitude, but, I know not why, I have been reluctant to introduce them, for I know how unquestioning you have taken the theology of your good father,—good in spite of his creed, and I feared an estrangement of feeling when you should discover me a heretic.'

'You need fear that no longer, for I have begun to *think*, to read with busy questionings, and we may be useful to each other.'

'Thank God, I doubt it not. I should rejoice to converse freely and in earnest, as I know the beauty of truth, how it gains by contrast, and how fully adapted it is to the human heart—to purify and exalt its affections, and make the believer a devoted child of God. Yes, Ellinor, you will, I trust, soon know what a revolution takes place in the inward being by the mastery of truth, and what a change comes over the spirit of her life who was once governed by fear, but yields at last to love—the love of God's service through gratitude for infinite favors. But we must now hasten home. Yet we will often retire to this secluded place and commune together on these things.'

'We will, and look to God for direction.'

They arose, and pursued the winding road to the westerly part of the village, and as they left my sight, I could not but beseech Heaven to bless their investigations, and make them joyful in his holy truth. The sun was descending, and the tall trees lengthened their shadows on the waters soon to be without beauty. Thus, thought I, would it be with the mental world to my gaze, were my great hope in God's universal love to set in darkness. All beauty would depart—all pleasantness be eclipsed! And a deep darkness would come upon my soul as I thought that unlike the sun, *the setting hope* was not vanishing from my gaze that it might rise to that of others! The sun of our religion never sets.

Chapter II.

Our nature hath the stamp of God. He made
Our souls for virtue; if we list to hear
The voice within, 'twill plead for virtue's claims.
Heed them, my soul, and be for God always,
And thou wilt happy live.

Mary Hartley was the youngest daughter of a highly respected and learned clergyman, who departed this life with a hope so enlarged that his friends attributed it to the great benevolence of his nature, rather than to the study for truth. Mary knew that he had not fashioned a God after his own heart, but sought to know the Deity as he revealed himself in his word and works; yet she marvelled how man's benevolence of heart could make the Deity assume more loveliness than the reality permitted; and she often thought of the admission necessarily made by those who accounted for her father's change of faith in the manner we have mentioned. She often thought how it could be, that the christian religion was designed to satisfy the most enlarged affections, and yet required the contraction of some of the holiest and most benevolent! But these were but a few and the faintest of the absurdities she had met with in her examinations of creeds and doctrines, and she marveled not long that these should be received when she recalled the greater that were acquiesced in without a murmur of dissent. She had been her father's secretary—had read much to him—and had become familiar with a range of literature not commonly attended to by females. She acknowledged the great benefits of this acquaintance in enabling her to converse and reason on intricate subjects, and do much for truth among those young females who are too easily made subjects of agonizing excitements. Yet she was diffident, and had kept to herself the new views she had

received, till the occurrence detailed so operated as to make her resolve she would, come what might, be open and free among those with whom she had influence.

Her friend Ellinor, was a daughter of the venerable deacon of the village church—a worthy man who never pretended to ask the why or wherefore of a single article of the creed, glorying that he believed as the church believed, and aiming to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly alway. He had never given any earnest self-directed thought to his theology, and therefore it never became a part of his mental being. He acted from the pure impulses of his nature, controlled by a firm determination to do right. His life had been irreproachable, and it would have been so were his a more liberal theology; aye, and with such a theology, it would have caused a more elastic cheerfulness of spirits, a livelier enjoyment of nature, a deeper enthusiasm of soul in the devotions of God's house, and a warmer fervency of love and adoration as he thought of the future.

His daughter was like him in quietness and goodness. As yet she had given but little study to the foundations of faith, and like thousands she imagined she was a christian believer, although she could not set forth any reasons for her belief sufficient to show that she had examined the matter for herself. Like an intelligent lady I once knew, she signed the Calvinistic creed and would deny any sympathy with some of the doctrines of its articles. There was no hypocrisy, or falsehood, in the acts so opposite; for what was in the creed *she knew not* when she signed it, and her benevolent nature revolted at its sentiments soon as they were mentioned to her. Ellinor had lately met with a treatise on '*Depravity*,' in which the writer appealed to facts in every day life, to reason and conscience, and to the Scriptures, against the doctrine she heard advocated and in which she had confessed her belief. She took the treatise to her chamber and there read and re-read it carefully—examined all its Scripture references, and earnestly pondered on its reasonings. She felt she must acknowledge the straight forwardness of the writer in laying out his premises and building on them, fact by fact, as it seemed to her; and she found a power of thought awakened in her such as she had never known before. The records of her own consciousness were brought to her view. She questioned the past of her own life, and she knew—knew beyond the power of any reasonings to convey—that the heart is not all evil, nor ruled by sinful devices. She knew that from her earliest recollections she had always been pained by the slightest deviations from the right, and had wept hours over her faults, ere she had been capable of receiving from man religious instructions. She now remembered how invariably in the treatment of human nature, the advocates of native depravity had referred to the evil which children do—to their willfulness and quarrels, without taking an account of their good—their affection and trustfulness, and how they quarrel but for moments, and play in harmony for hours. She thought of the Savior's words in reference to children,* and asked herself what it was for *men* to become *like* little children? She was confident it could not mean that the Savior desired them to have aught of the evils of childhood in manhood—their ignorance, credulity, or inability to reason; as this would condemn his character in the minds of all rational beings. What *did* he mean when he spoke of the disciples being *converted* and becoming *as* little children? She saw it was *the going back of the spirit to the purity of childhood*—its trustfulness, its filial affection; to the same nearness to God as was enjoyed when the youthful prayer was breathed. She thought of those years, and their pleasant memories came over her like a subduing power—the odor of sweetest flowers. Her own consciousness gave strong evidence against the popular theory of depravity, and her soul revolted against it. She knew she had never hated God, or Jesus; she knew she had never been at war with good; she knew she had ever, from early childhood, loved and found her best pleasure in doing right, and the new thoughts thus awakened created a great mental struggle, causing her to weep bitterly and long. When calmness again returned, the Scripture—'*Sin is the transgression of the law!*' sounded in her ear as from an angel voice, and she felt that declaration was enough to settle the controversy—that was plain and must govern the meaning of all that appeared mysterious. How can a child be born a transgressor of any law? was a query that was sufficient to keep her from asking more. In her soul she confessed it false to assert that man is born 'wholly depraved, in all the faculties and parts of soul and body;' 'utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil.'† No one can believe this. And what would society be, were it true? every new born child an embryo fiend—every unregenerated man and woman wholly inclined to evil! Our whole being revolts at the idea. The universal uneasiness of guilt is directly opposed to it, and the experience of every man testifies that his natural and happiest element is not iniquity.

It was in reference to this mental controversy that Ellinor said to Mary, '*I have begun to think.*' From this time every thing she read appeared differently to her—even the most familiar volumes of the deacon's little library seemed now new, for she read with different sensibilities and sympathies than were before alive. She had begun to *doubt*—to doubt as every one has who has come out from mystifying and clouding errors into the enjoyment of bright truth. She could not rest in her doubts, and was glad indeed

* Matthew xviii. 3.

† Presbyterian Confession of Faith.

when Mary proposed a series of conversations on the subject that now engrossed her attention; for she knew what privileges her friend had enjoyed, and how well fitted she was to discuss the questions at issue. She regretted that she had not ere this made mention of her anxieties to Mary, but resolved by diligence to recover lost time and opportunities. As it was with those friends, so is it with many most familiar in the intercourse of life. There is not freedom enough in the interchange of thoughts and feelings on religious matters, even with wedded companions,—not enough revealing of each others' experience which would highly benefit them; as the subjects of serious and heartfelt conversation would engage their best feelings and enlist their holiest affections, and they would be prepared to treat, as rational beings, whatever doctrines might be presented to them by their elders. How much time is wasted in idle and profitless chat, that might thus be usefully and happily employed; and believe not, reader, O believe not, that serious communion will rob nature of its pleasantness, or dim one single ray of warning and enlivening gladness. Think and conclude correctly, and it will be with thee as it was with Haydn. A poet and a friend, once asked him how it was that his church music was almost always of an animating and cheerful character? To this the eminent composer replied,—'I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts which I feel;—when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will easily be forgiven me, that I serve him with a cheerful spirit.' I repeat,—it will in time be with thee as it was with him, save that thou will not speak of being *forgiven* for serving God with a cheerful spirit, as though that were faulty. No: the impulses of a cheerful spirit are notes of praise most acceptable to God, and we are invited to 'serve the Lord with gladness.' His commandments 'are not grievous;' all the laws of duty are rules for happiness—for the truest enjoyment of life. They are adapted to our nature, to the cultivation and best developements of our powers; they can the best guide us to usefulness, to repay to others in real good the benefits we receive; and they will enable us so to live that our memories shall be embalmed in the affections of those who knew us. The want of religious affections,—of true devotion to the commandments of God, produces a want in every part of our essential being. Our Master felt this when he said 'My meat is to do the will of Him who sent me, and to finish his work.'

Let us pause and consider this. We take meat—(or food, as that term signifies,)—not only because it yields sustenance to our animal system, strengthens, invigorates, and continues its life; but also because it gratifies our appetites, is agreeable, and yields pleasure. The pleasure afforded by partaking of meat or suitable provision of food, is as much thought of as the other end it promotes by assimilation in contributing to the essentials of animal life. Together they afford a strong reason for gratitude to God, that the very means he has ordained for the sustenance of our life should contribute to our pleasure; and while nature requires frequent supplies of nourishment, there is delight experienced in yielding her the needed support. Were it not for this wise ordination of our Heavenly Benefactor, how much enjoyment should we lose, how much would our daily pleasures be lessened. But throughout the moral and spiritual world the analogy holds good. It is a truth that obedience to the laws of God is connected with happiness—delight is the effect of devotedness.

There is no law written clearer on our whole being than that the right use of a power or faculty, mental or physical, increases its capacity. 'Knowledge is power,' is a proverbial assertion. And why true? Because knowledge opens to view the best way and means to apply power possessed. To illustrate: Here is a bark upon the ocean; the waters are sleeping and the commander is in repose. A storm arises; terror seizes the crew who know not where they are or what should first be done. The power of the vessel to ride out the storm in safety is feeble under the direction of such; but when the commander comes forth, his knowledge of the whole processes of means enables him to have confidence and inspire the hearts of others with the same, and then knowledge proves the power of safety. He has gained this, not in the retreats of home, amid pleasure and quietness. There he may have learned the elements of this knowledge—the theory—but the application, the practice, he has learned amid storms and peril upon the mighty deep. Those times of trial proved to him how different it was to sit in the study and look upon the open sea and calculate how a barque should be managed to contend against a storm, from being amidst the contending armies of waves and attempting there the fearful task he deemed an easy matter when on shore. Experience however imparted confidence, and strength of purpose and execution, so that the energy of a true sailor was degree after degree given to him, or rather bought by him. So it is with the christian. He can theorise and feel confident in his knowledge of the right; but devotedness to active duty can alone prove what strength, or spiritual skill and tact he has. The resistance he makes to evil, the vigor with which he goes forward unflinchingly to do God's will, developes the more his spiritual strength, and he becomes strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. The food that is adapted to our physical system gives out new life to every part of our animal being; so do the effects of well doing operate on the spiritual man. When we have performed one difficult work, we are strengthened by the satisfaction to do another; and thus by continual devotedness, we may continuously

partake of the strengthening meat of which the inactive world knows not. The word thus becomes 'spirit and life.'

The poet has sung respecting religion

> 'According as her labors rise
> So her rewards increase!'

which is literally true, and of the highest importance as a truth. The sentiment may be well set forth by one of the oriental fables of Herder. 'A king was about to plant a garden and summoned laborers to the work, without stipulation; he left each one free in his toil, and at evening only enquired on what he had labored. Each one showed him what he had performed; this one had planted a fig tree, that one an olive, the third a cypress, and the fourth a palm tree. The householder gave to every one according to his labor, and thus was his garden planted with various trees. Had the laborers known what tree among them would have received the highest reward, the design of the householder would not have been attained; a variety of trees would not have been planted in his garden.'

This fable is of easy application to our every day duties, or virtues. They are all important and must be attended to. Some require the expenditure of more effort than others, as in the case of the planting of the various trees; to the performance or the cultivation of each, there is attached an appropriate reward, but *the experience which follows the performance can alone decide which has the richest blessings.* Of this much, however, we may be certain, that our reward will be enhanced according to the effort put forth in the garden of God.

And is not the reward one of the purest and most satisfactory character? It is; for it has all the elements of true mental satisfaction. He who conquers passion, overcomes evil desire, subjugates the sensual to the spiritual, is conscious of the approbation of God, the applause of all the good were they to know it, and has within him that undefinable lofty feeling of gladness which follows an increase of spiritual strength and moral courage. And truly and wisely hath it been said—'that a sacrifice was never offered to a principle, that was not made up to us by self approval and the consideration of what our degradation would have been had we done otherwise. Certainly it is a pleasant and a wise thing, then to follow what is right, when we only go along with our affections, and take the easy way of the virtuous propensities of our nature.' And here we may also quote with strict propriety the affirmation of an old man, who declared he never did a bad action without afterwards regretting it, and never performed a good deed without afterward receiving pleasure thereby. 'The *external* circumstances of actions,' added he, 'furnish no standard by which to measure their influence on the happiness of him by whom they are committed.'

Doing the right is the healthy and happy element of the soul. The uneasiness of guilt, no less than the rejoicing of obedience, testifies the truth of this doctrine, and the infinite wisdom of Unerring Benevolence will be manifested by the ultimate union of all souls to the Right, and by the joy of a holy universe.

SONNET—HOME VALE.

A GLOOM hangs o'er thee now, Home Vale!
The friends I loved have all departed;
Thy flowers around have all grown pale,
E'en *they* have missed the pure true-hearted.
But how my soul doth cling to thee!
O, what a magic spell is on me!
Here do I love to bend my knee,
While midnight stars look down upon me.
Ay, fall, hot tears! like summer rain
Around this home of 'christian graces;'—
I cannot bring them back again—
Those joyous scenes, those happy faces,
But 'tis a blessed boon to keep
A vigil here—to sigh—to weep. D. B. H.

AFFECTING STORY OF MATERNAL LOVE.

IN the village of Careggi, whether it was that due precaution had not been taken, or that the disease was of a particularly malignant nature, one after another, first the young and the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for the family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbor's family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determined not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Locking them into a room, and sacrificing to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, off she ran, down stairs, carrying with her the sheets, &c., that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away; but the largest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her run in that manner, cried out, 'Good by, mother,' in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. 'Good by, mother,' repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window; and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered, and amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., OCTOBER, 1842.

The Rose of Sharon, for 1843.

In our notice of the Rose, as printed in our last No., no mention was made of several articles contained in that beautiful volume. How the omission occurred, we cannot tell. But here we make the 'amende honorable.' No mention was made of one of the best poems which ever came from the writer's pen—'*The Last Lay*,' S. C. Edgarton. This is an eloquent out speaking of a rapt soul full of lofty and thrilling thought. It is strong—O how strong! It lifts the whole being up and leaves it to adore at the Eternal Throne. What agony should we know did we think this was in very deed the *last lay* of our sweetest harp! The next is a poem by Miss H. Jane Woodman, (Ione) written in the style in which she excels—and is entitled, '*The Unforgotten*.' The next is a prose article of peculiar and great worth, '*The Comet*,' by Mrs. L. J. B. Case. This is written in that rich, musical style which always gives an exquisite grace to the writer's contributions to our literature, and will enchain the attention of every mind in which dwells a love of the excellent and the beautiful. It is all gold.

Reader, add these to the outline given in our last, and then say if a rich treat is not promised you in the possession of the Rose! You *must* acknowledge the richness of the promise—be sure to make it yours.

The editor of the 'New York Tribune' has very favorably noticed the 'Rose.' He says, 'We rejoice to see that the number of its contributors and the value of their articles increase with each succeeding year, and to hear that it every year finds a wider and wider circle of readers.' 'There is a decided improvement in the literary contents of this number, as compared with those of any former issue.'

We hope that the friends of Religious Intellectuality will show their friendship by extending the sale and circulation of this work.

Practical and Experimental Religion; or the Teachings and Tendencies of Universalism. By Henry Bacon. Providence: Z. Baker. 12 mo. 212 pages.

This is a new work just issued from the press. A previous notice has been prevented by a disappointment in respect to the publication of the work, in consequence of which we did not expect it would be sent forth till next spring. A proposition for its publication was unexpectedly made, and was accepted, by which it was hurried through the press the week previous to the Convention.

It is not a controversial work any farther than was necessary to set forth the teachings of our faith in their connection with the practice and experience of true religion. We hope it will meet a want, and be useful in bringing home to the heart the benign influence of heavenly truth. We put our trust more in its spirit, than in the letter. It will treat of 'A Practical Aim in Controversy'—'Theoretical Knowledge'—'The Love of Truth'—'The Moral Authority of Truth'—'Truth a Prophetical Spirit'—'Truth and the Feelings'—'Truth and Sensibility'—'Truth and the Love of Pleasure'—'Truth inclining to Domestic Worship'—'Truth deepened by the Communion'—'Truth rendering life a Festival,' and, if space admits, of other subjects. The importance of blending christian truth with the whole life, is the great theme, and how it is discussed, will be seen by the *reader*.

It is designed to be a companion to the 'Christian Comforter,' and if it meets with the favor extended to that work, we shall be *satisfied*. The *spirit* is the same in both works. It is published in similar style to the 'Comforter,' only larger type, and is afforded at the same price—50 cents single. We hope to greet it in the homes of many of our friends—not only *here*, but abroad. Br. Baker publishes it on his own responsibility, and therefore we desire attention to it—in hope that the sale may answer his expectations. It may be used as a series of brief discourses, where such are needed; and we hope it will not be found unworthy of a place in the family, social, Institute, or Sabbath School library.

Three Inquiries: 1. Into the Scriptural Doctrine concerning the Devil and Satan; 2. The extent of duration expressed by the terms Olim, Aion, and Aionios, rendered Everlasting, &c. &c. in the Bible, and especially when applied to punishment; 3. The New Testament doctrine concerning the possession of Devils. By Walter Balfour. Third Edition. Providence: Z. Baker. 1842. pp. 420.

This is a very handsome edition of a very useful work—a work that treats plainly, fully, and with direct reference to the Scriptures, of important subjects. These subjects the title page describes, and the discussion of them is for the common mind, as well as for those who are adepts in Hebrew and Greek. The author will never be charged with presumption, for he labors every point, and strengthens every position with the most abundant proof. This is an excellence not always met with in theological works, for it is a too common practice to state a proposition, and then, quoting several scripture passages, leave the point as fixed, as though the author never dreamed that to quote scripture is one thing, but to show that it has any reference to the matter in support of which it is cited, quite another.

☞The *Third Part* of the present work is an addition in this Edition, rendering the work more complete and valuable. We commend it to public notice.

Life of Murray. Miniature edition. Providence: Z. Baker. 16mo. pp. 360.

There has been quite a variety of editions of the 'Life of Murray' issued from the press, but this is certainly the neatest and prettiest. A large amount of matter is compressed in a small compass, and though the type is small, smaller, smallest, three kinds, yet the print is fair, and easily read. It is published at an exceedingly low price—33 cents, and will make a fine present book. We know not of a book that has issued from the Universalist press, that has inclined stubborn hearts to think good of Universalism, as this has. There is in it to many an indescribable charm, that is perfectly entrancing—so rich is it in that enthusiasm which always finds its way to the heart. The present issue comprises the Life, Notes, and Index.

A Kiss for a Blow. By Henry C. Wright. 16mo. Pp. 200.

This is a very neatly printed work for children, young or old. 'Its object is,' as the Liberator well remarks, 'to show how evil may be overcome by kindness—that a kiss for a blow will in all cases be better than blow for blow—and that retaliation and revenge are contrary to the spirit of christianity. These lessons are inculcated in the shape of stories—the simple facts of which, Mr. Wright states, with few exceptions, have occurred under his own observation. They are, in short, sketches drawn from life. During the last fifteen years, the author says he has been an inmate of over one thousand families, and has addressed more than fifty thousand children, and recorded hundreds of incidents, that serve to illustrate the gentle, loving spirit of Peace, and the malignant, blood-thirsty spirit of Revenge. If every parent in the land would supply his children with copies of this admirable work, we believe the peace of the nation would thereby be better secured than by all the military and naval forces now in existence. All those who are seeking to find an acceptable gift to present to some darling child, will do well to buy "A Kiss for a Blow."'

THE

UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER 1842.

FACTS, NOT WORDS.

BY HENRY BACON.

Among the important instructions given by the Apostle Paul to his spiritual son Timothy, we find the following: 'Of these things put them in remembrance, charging them before the Lord that they strive not about words to no profit, but to the subverting of the hearers.' The things of which Timothy was to remind the disciples, referred to faithfulness to their profession, by which alone they could be partakers of the glory of Christ, who was faithful in all things. Frequently does the Apostle direct attention to this important matter, always ascribing unto Jesus the beauty and honor of a life devoted to the best aims and ends, and deducing therefrom a persuasion that he will ever be the best friend, under God, of man—'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,' through the eternal Spirit. It was this spirit of devotion to the highest claims, that caused our Lord to refuse to meddle with every trivial question of his day—to deny, as he sometimes did, the gratification of a too far reaching or a too limited curiosity, and caused him in great wisdom to free himself from the snares which were cunningly laid for him. He knew that if he stooped to meddle with these matters, he should disturb and divert that concentration of mental attention to the principles he advocated, which was necessary in order that the people might comprehend the objects of his mission. In this he was wise; for often in the discussion of important questions, there are so many matters introduced not necessarily connected therewith, that the attention is distracted, and whereas the mind should be studying one star and its relations, it is wandering over the whole heavens. To excite to this wandering is one great object with every sophist—with every one who fears what calm and concentrated thought may do. Hence, when the Sadducees conversed with Jesus with respect to the Resurrection, they came with idle questions, instead of rational and serious inquiries or arguments, doubtless wishing to load with difficulties what they dare not resolutely and honestly meet. Therefore they wished to know whose wife a woman should be in the future world, as in this she had had seven husbands! Jesus did not answer it direct, but as many were in attendance from all classes of the Jews, it was necessary that he should make some reply; he did make a reply in the memorable words by which he asserted the spirituality of the future state, and appealed to the sacred books the Sadducees received, as containing intimations at least of his doctrine. They did not believe in any future life—'angel or spirit,' that is, neither in a higher order of intelligences than man, or in an immaterial spirit in man. The question then, which should have received all attention, was touching these matters which they denied—the existence of angel and spirit. It was all idle to treat of others which had no meaning while they clung to these essential errors; and Jesus would have passed by their inquiry, had he not seen a good opportunity for him to refer to an important record in the books of Moses, and contrast it with the doctrines of the Sadducees, in presence of the people. His wisdom is therefore seen in this attention to an idle question, as clearly as in the passing of others in silence; and consequently we read, that when the multitude heard the Savior's quotation from Exodus, iii. 6. 15. and his remark upon it, 'they were astonished at his doctrine'—they saw the truth of his remark that the Sadducees erred, not knowing, or not rightly understanding and receiving the Scriptures. They went home to discuss a new thought which had put the boasting materialist philosophers to silence; and in the small communities where opinions and reflections were interchanged, some good may have been done—the foundation perhaps laid for a true and beautiful faith in the Messiah.

But it is an indiscreet course to leave the discussion of great matters, to meddle with small ones. The reply of Nehemiah should often be recalled—'I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you.' Four times did the enemy send, and four times was the same answer returned. The fifth attempt only obtained a kindred answer: 'Then I sent, saying, There are no such things done as thou sayest, but thou feignest them out of thine own heart.' It is so now. There are many who would take us from the great work of repairing the broken walls of the spiritual Jerusalem, to talk with them of the most

foolish questions, to the wasting of words and breath; for if you attempt to engage in work—in fair and resolute reasoning and argument, they soon fly off—they remember some engagement which their trifling made them forget.

Here comes one to call us down who professes to believe in 'endless punishment' as a Scripture doctrine. What does he wish to talk of? One would presume that it would be touching this sentiment. But no. He has got an idea in his head that certain forms of Restorationism look very much like the Roman Catholic doctrine of Purgatory. He imagines that it gives him a capital chance of shooting with great prospect of game, and he has prepared himself for a good time. He has come to talk of future limited punishment, and can hardly keep the word Purgatory for its proper place. He seems as if he had all day to spend. He proposes his query, and it is all idle so long as he clings to eternal punishment as a Scripture doctrine. *That* swallows up all the other questions, and while he advocates it, what to him is the doctrine of limited punishment in the future state, in contrast with the limiting of all punishment to this life? There is a greater work to be attended to, and till it is done, there is no time for minor debates. That work is in reference to the eternity of punishment, and if he be willing to discuss that, then all is well. There is an infinite difference between eternal and limited punishment. The whole of the Divine economy is colored by both, yet vastly differently. The purposes of God are governed by principles infinitely less lovely and adorable under the one, than under the other, directing us to a consummation without harmony or glory. All Universalists can unite in sympathy with the spirit of Restorationism, but not a single soul can with the spirit of unlimited suffering. With Universalists the difference of opinion in respect to the period of punishment for guilt, when that opinion transcends the common ideas of punishment being certain, yet limited, is more a question of philosophy, than of Scripture. But between us and the believer in eternal wo, the matter is entirely a scriptural one. Here, friend, say we—here is the Bible. You believe in the endless misery of the sinner, and we in the final salvation of all; therefore the question between you and us, is, Does that book give us any or no hope that all will be saved? 'To the law, and to the testimony,' is our appeal. It shall decide between thee and us. While this question is pending, it is idle to come down to the other. Let us open the Book and reason together.

How many there are who find they have other business to attend to, when the matter turns thus! And how often is it necessary that we do thus turn it, that the opponent may be made to understand the tremendous and awful difference between limited and endless punishment. The believers in the latter should be thrown back upon what they profess to believe, as were the Sadducees; and by this course it may be that they will see in their faith one feature they are not apt to recognize, which distinguishes it in horror from each and every form of Restorationism. The question of limited or no future punishment, is between those who *believe* the respective doctrines, and should be so confined.

But the Apostle speaks of 'strife about *words* to no profit,' subverting the minds of the hearers from important and essential matters. Words are the communicators of ideas, thoughts and feelings. They form an invisible bridge on which minds meet and converse, but the conversation must decide whether they will embrace or not. Often they meet and do not recognize each others features, so dark or misty is the atmosphere; and under these circumstances there are frequent battles, strange encounters, and ridiculous mistakes. All this should make us cautious, so that we remember the necessary preparations for the meeting or encounter, to embrace or battle in the right spirit.

Many words are used especially in religious controversy, and in common religious discourse, to which no definite ideas are attached; many more which are vague and contradictory; and many more which are mere technicalities in theology. And this variety produces strife—often honorable and useful strife, against which Paul would say nothing. He exhorted the same pupil Timothy to 'give attention to reading;' and what is this but the strife of thought with words, called as he was to deal with Scripture and all that would educate his intellectual powers as a preacher? To read, is to have to do with words; to give attendance to reading, is to do more than look on words, or to pronounce them. It is to seek to understand them, to take hold of the ideas they convey, to associate and compare them, and to test them by just standards. As he who must pass the review of a long line of guards ere he can enter a tent to greet a personage, so is the studious reader. He must challenge and be challenged, and be ready to do his duty when the whole is passed, being careful that he mistake not a foe for a friend. How peculiarly necessary is this rule in the reading of the Scriptures! So much of the reading that now craves attention through newspapers and periodicals, requires but very little mental labor, that the habit of thoughtless reading is too firmly fixed on many, and they soon weary of what requires them to think. And hence the little improvement which they make in real knowledge, and hence the slight impressions made by what they read. Memory is as much an art, as gift—it is the art of thoughtful attention, which alone secures the pearls of knowledge, bestowing the ability to test the worth of all that claims to be the gold of truth. If this art is not cultivated, not only will the precious things of truth be lost, but the neglectors will be apt to express their own thoughts very incor-

rectly, and be frequently at a loss for any words to give utterance to their feelings.

The sacred writers speak of a great variety of words, and this variety, as we consider it, should impress us with the necessity of giving proper attention to this matter. Our Savior's preaching is styled—'gracious words,' i. e. words of grace, or words spoken in a gracious manner; which immediately introduce the understanding reader to a beautiful fact in our Lord's history. And this remark brings the subject of our reflections to a right turn, which is—*That facts, not mere words, are to be our study.* We read of 'sound words,' 'wholesome words,' 'vain words,' 'words that eat like canker.' These different phrases are used as facts warrant; and if we will look upon the subjects to which these phrases relate, we shall see the direct evidence of this. To one only can we now allude, the peculiar expression in our theme—'words to no profit.' The strife about such words, must be a strife where important facts are disregarded—facts which govern the meaning and limit the extent of the words. In respect to scriptural truth, there are certain facts which no criticisms on words can possibly affect. It is, for instance, a fact that the earth revolves around the sun; and whatever records of Scripture are worded against this, must be interpreted accordingly. And if the sceptic thinks that this is an argument against the Bible, we tell him he has a strife about words to no profit, as the Almanac for the enlightened year of 1842 uses or contains the same phraseology. In both, the language is used in a popular sense, conforming rather to what appears to be, than what really is; and so we commonly talk of the sun's rising and setting. The fact, however, must govern our words, or we must give them up. So with all doctrinal parts of Scripture. That God is Love, and that God is Unchangeable, are facts, which no criticisms can alter or affect. The words Salvation, Heaven, Hell, Sin, Punishment, Eternal, Everlasting, Forever, must all be governed by these facts. They must be made to convey no idea that will not harmonize with the Divine Perfection—the central fact. And here is the stand for the unlearned in the mysteries of words—they must fix in their mind the great facts concerning the Supreme, and refuse any interpretation of a word or passage which contradicts them. Let them take this illustration;—Suppose a venerable father had left your home for a distant land. From a thousand tokens of love you have drawn evidence of his affection for you. In the past you made trial of his faithfulness by a varying course, and found that even in sinfulness he loved you—commissioned one dear to him to go to you and speak of his affection, of your duty, of the evils of your course, and to give you the highest proof of his mercy and grace; and suppose this messenger, full of your father's spirit, had suffered death in striving to perform his mission, and died blessing the worst of the vile in true compassion. Suppose that to you were given a communication from that father, containing a record of what the messenger said while pursuing his way, and of his self-sacrificing death. You take that communication to read—to read it carefully. It is very long—some parts are difficult to be understood—it has been harmed by copyists, and some things seem to contradict others. There are some phrases and words which at first startle you, and you pause and think. As you think, the memories of your father's love steal over your heart, as a breeze laden with sweets. You dwell on his long tried affection, on his kindness during your ingratitude, on his benevolence when you were in want, on the goodness that beamed in his eye while he chastised you for disobedience, and as you recall these proofs of his compassion and fidelity, your heart is convinced that he is love itself, and that he will ever be so. You turn again to the communication and read; and as you read, can you be made to receive any interpretation of any part of the whole, that would shake your confidence in his love, especially if in the communication you read that your father is 'without variableness or even shadow of turning?' A person looks over your shoulder and reads for you and tells you that such a passage gives a beautiful testimony of your father's love to all the family; you readily believe it, for it accords with facts—facts that make a part of your own consciousness, and a most blessed part. The person turns over some leaves, and you notice that his face changes—he has a terribly gloomy expression, and his voice sounds awful as he tells you that your father threatens you with eternal misery—with the utmost wretchedness it is in his power to inflict, if you disobey him after a certain time; that then the day of grace or favor will be past, and if you are not then confirmed in obedience, all is lost—there is no more hope of his compassion and will be no more exercise of his love. Would you not deny the correctness of the reader's inference? Would you not declare it impossible that he can be right? And as earnestly as you cling to the belief in the unchangeability of your father, would you not also cling to the positiveness of the assertion that no interpretation should be put on any word or phrase that shall make the future contradict the past? You know you would. You know the fact of your father's love, inwoven in your very consciousness, would bid defiance to all learned or unlearned criticisms on words—to you it would be a strife about words to no profit, and it would not subvert your belief. Men might tell you that in the communication there is a variety of languages, and that they knew them and therefore must be right. But in vain—you would tell them that your father has but one language, however he may permit his scribes to use several tongues, and that one language is Love—Love which has no words, ay, not even a letter, whereby it can threaten evil without a prospect of

good. Love worketh no ill to its neighbor, and you believe it can write none. You trust that if your father could speak direct and unequivocally, he would say so; ay, more than this, you believe he has said so, and that which is plain keeps you from putting the worst possible interpretation on what is mysterious and difficult to understand.

Such is my position in reference to the Bible, and I bless God for it! And you, my readers, will bless God, if such be yours. May it be—it should be.

And such should be our position in reference to the providences of God. The events of his providence are as words of a divine communication, and hence we often say, God speaks to us, through such and such an event. Some of these words we can interpret, and the employment is the exercise of a divine philosophy. Others are equivocal—appear contradictory—and sometimes we are terribly startled. There are seasons when we feel as if all the foundations of stability were shaken, and every prop were broken, and it may be that we cry, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' But our sensitive nature recovers by degrees and the intellect again exercises its powers. We return to facts—to that which is plain, and interpret all else by the spirit thereof. It was thus with David at a certain time, when his heart was overwhelmed; he says his 'spirit made diligent search. Will the Lord cast off forever? and will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone forever? doth his promise fail forevermore? And I said, This is my infirmity!' And well might he call it an infirmity; for it is only through the wanderings caused by some disease, that we are led to question the everlasting continuance of Jehovah's mercy. Alas! for those to whom this infirmity clings! Let us apply to the Great Physician as oft as this trouble assails us, that if like him our burdened heart cries out, 'My God, why hast thou forsaken me!' we may also, like him, speedily recover and say, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!'

O let us so keep in remembrance the things of everlasting truth, as that no device of man's, and no mystery of the word or of providence, shall subvert our faith, or prevent it from resting in the full assurance of hope. Then will ours be kindred thoughts and feelings to the poet's, when at sunset hour he sung:

'God of the sunlight hours! how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night in deeper shadows clad,
If aught were dark to Thee!

How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft retiring beam,
We saw thy light depart!

But no; the sunset hours may hide
These gentle rays awhile,
And deep through ocean's wave may glide
The slumber of their smile.

Enough, while these dull heavens may lower,
If here thy presence be!
Then midnight shall be morning hour,
And darkness light to me.

Through the deep gloom of mortal things,
Thy light of love can throw
That ray which gilds an angel's wing,
To soothe a pilgrim's wo.'

Providence, R. I.

PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

BY MISS M A. DODD.

Lord, before thee lowly kneeling,
Penitent my vows I pay;
Long on broken idols leaning,
I have found no rest or stay:
I have wandered,
Wandered from thy fold away.

Like the dove with pinions weary,
O'er the troubled waves I flee,
Round me roll the waters dreary;
May thy love my refuge be.
I am weary,
Let me find repose in thee.

I have all too fondly treasured,
Sinful hopes and wishes vain,
Let thy grace and love unmeasured,
Cleanse my soul from every stain:
O receive me!
Take me in thine arms again!

If by thee, O God, forsaken,
All my hope is lost indeed,
Let my tears compassion waken,
Hear me while for help I plead:
O be near me!
Save me in mine hour of need!

O'er the grave of buried blessings,
Standing like a blighted tree,
Those who shared my fond caressings,
Near me now no more I see.
I am wretched;
Father, thus I come to thee.

Lord, for mercy I implore thee!
Thou canst dry my bitter tears:
Trembling I appear before thee,
Bowed with penitence and years:
Look upon me!
Take away my doubts and fears.

Life-long sins are all appearing,
Round me surging like a sea;
But thy word my spirit cheering,
Offers peace and pardon free.
I have suffered,
Send 'the Comforter' to me.

Hartford, Ct.

'SONGS IN THE NIGHT.'

A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. S. BROUGHTON.

THE veil of night had shrouded the earth in its gloomy shadows. The carols of the forest minstrels were hushed in silence, the buzzing insects had folded their tiny wings, and the chimings of the silvery streamlet fell on the ear more softly than they were wont, as if the hallowing influence of the hour were shed alike on animate and inanimate nature. The wing of peace seemed brooding over the sleeping world. But alas! no peace had cheered the mourner's heart, since death had curtained up forever his soul's beloved idol. Beautiful as an angel of paradise, was the vision that entranced his spirit; tender and meek as the murmuring ringdove was that heart which he had wooed to dwell with him in the bowers of love; but the spoiler came, and the rose-tint of health faded from the beautiful cheek. Death passed his icy fingers over the heart-strings, and the love glances faded from the speaking eye. And now beneath the starry canopy of night he mourned the utter desolation of his fate. The loveliest of earth was garnered in the tomb, over whose dreary mansions brooded the fearful gloom of eternal silence. But a lyre-note thrilled upon the dreamy air—again, again its silvery cadences swell on the ear, and all its breathings are harmony and peace. How soothing are its accents to the darkened spirit for whom the future sheds no ray of light. A radiant seraph is singing of bowers that never fade, of fountains that flash forever in the sunlight of truth and love, and the floating echos take the tone of the lost one's voice.

And as the glorious anthem swells on and on, the universal harmonies of nature join the chorus; and the mourner's heart breaks the thrall of unbelief, and rejoices in the sublime record of Immortality. The grave is no longer gloomy, for the splendors of the resurrection hath dawned upon its borders, and glories inexpressible are beaming in the unclouded realms of eternity.

Malone, N. Y.

IMMORTALITY.

A PRESUMPTIVE ARGUMENT.

BY T. J. TENNEY.

THAT we can prove immortality a truth, separate from the use of the Bible, may admit of a doubt. May there not be some evidence of its truth, however, in the fact that we are perpetually 'hurrying over the ports of life, to arrive at certain little settlements, or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down upon it?'

And when we get at those points of rest as we have imagined them, 'do we stop our motion, and sit down satisfied in the settlement we have gained? or are we not removing the boundary, and marking out new points of rest, to which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our case is like that of a traveler upon the Alps, who would fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey, because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it; and continues to travel on as before.

'This is so plainly every man's condition in life, that there is no one who has observed anything, but may observe, that as fast as time wears away, his appetite to something further remains. The use, therefore, I would make of it is this, that since nature, as some love to express it, does nothing in vain, or, to speak properly, since the Author of our being has planted no wandering passion in it, no desire which has not its object, futurity is the proper object of the passion so constantly exercised about it; and this restlessness in the present, this assigning ourselves over to further stages of duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me, whatever it may to others, as a kind of instinct, or natural symptom, which the mind of man has of its own immortality.' We are indebted for this argument to the Spectator, and though it is not the positive evidence of the Scripture, it corroborates the doctrine as it came from the Son of God. Be it weakness or anything else you please, I must confess myself attached to the desire of living in the future, and of doing something in the present that will impress my name upon the past, so that I shall be remembered as one who lived for the good of others. To die to be forgotten—to be swallowed up in the unconsciousness of a sleep that knows no waking, is so abhorrent to my mind that I turn even from the thought of it, and tenaciously cling to the hope which is as an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast, as the only thing that can stay me from sinking in despair.'

But second. Is there not further evidence of the truth of immortality in the nature of mind? I think it is very properly asked by Addison, 'How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation.

But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?' I know not what others may think, but to me there is plainness in the supposition that the mind of man is yet in its infancy when the body itself has made its pilgrimage of three score years and ten; and need I press the question, Is it probable that God will put a period to its further developement in the dark silence of the grave? While it is a settled point in philosophy that our bodies receive the support of, and go to support, other bodies—that they may in this way, have undergone entire changes, as far as their composition or matter is involved, the mind is invariably the same as is proved from its retaining the same impressions to the very close of life. It does not, then, live on animal and vegetable food; nor like the body, go to the support of the animal and vegetable kingdoms; and this reminds me,

Third. That an additional proof of our position may be gathered from the term, spirit. There are those who contend against the immortality of the soul or spirit as an inconsistent doctrine with the language of the Bible. They assure us it is never said that 'the soul or spirit is immortal'—that we read not of a 'never dying soul,' and though we admit it, we by no means believe that it does away the truth of the doctrine. Spirit of itself is immortal, and needs the qualifying word no more than endless needs to be qualified with an additional endless. God is a spirit, and it would hardly be expected that we should add the term immortal in order to show that he can never die. The immortality of the spirit of man proclaims it of a higher origin, and that it is destined to a nobler end than the body. Dr. Alcott calls the soul, mind or spirit, (I wish to be understood that I use these terms as meaning one and the same thing,) the tenant of that house which God 'formed' (as we are told in Genesis) 'of the dust of the ground,' and though that dust must mingle with its native dust—though disease accumulates and dismembers its joints so that it crumbles to pieces, it is a mingling and a crumbling that set at liberty the tenant in the shape with which it enters that 'house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.' Like the aurelia or chrysalis, the spirit expands its wings and joins the God who gave it, while its temporary covering drops into the inactive state of common earth. And however it may cross our pride, a few months or years at most, will make such a change in our bodies that the most ingenious connoisseur of beauty cannot distinguish her who might have been a pattern for the heroine of a Scott from the common dust of one who lived unloved and died forgotten.

'How full, how bright are the evidences' of the grand truth I have labored to establish. 'How weak are the common arguments, which scepticism arrays against it. To me,' says Dr. Channing, 'there is but one objection against immortality, if objection it may be called, and this arises from the very greatness of the truth.—My mind sometimes sinks under its weight, is lost in its immensity; I scarcely dare believe that such a good is placed within my reach.—When I think of myself, as existing through all future ages, * * * as exempted from every imperfection and error of my present being, as clothed with an angel's glory, as comprehending with my intellect and embracing in my affections an extent of creation compared with which the earth is a point; when I think of myself, as looking on the outward universe with an organ of vision that will reveal to me a beauty and harmony and order not now imagined, and as having an access to the minds of the wise and good, which will make them in a sense my own; when I think of myself as forming friendships with innumerable beings of rich and various intellect and of the noblest virtue, as introduced to the society of heaven, as meeting there the great and excellent of whom I have read in history, as joined with the just made perfect in an ever enlarging ministry of benevolence, as conversing with Jesus Christ with the familiarity of friendship, and especially as having an intermediate intercourse with God, such as the closest intimacies of earth dimly shadow forth; when this thought of my future being comes to me, whilst I hope, I also fear; the blessedness seems too great; the consciousness of present weakness and unworthiness is almost too strong for hope. But when, in this frame of mind, I look round on creation, and see there the marks of Omnipotent goodness, to which nothing is impossible, and from which everything may be hoped; when I see around me the proofs of an infinite Father, who must desire the perpetual progress of his intellectual offspring; when I look next at the human mind, and see what powers a few years have unfolded, and discover in it the capacity of everlasting improvement; and especially when I look at Jesus, the conqueror of death, the heir of immortality, who has gone as the forerunner of mankind into the mansions of light and purity, I can and do admit the almost overpowering thought of the everlasting life, growth and felicity of the human soul.'

Brethren, how greatly are we indebted to God for his blessings. He has invariably been kind to us in giving such things as are essential to support the growth of this body—to give it form, strength and agility to do with ease the labors of the day. And he has not been less so in giving us blessings for the mind. The world itself is full of instruction. He who will—

> 'Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

Even where we are laboring to secure the vegetable

productions of the season, we need not let the time pass without gathering an additional grain of knowledge. We live in no pent up Utica—our vision is not limited by the works of art—our rivers are not the puny lines impressed upon a piece of paper—our mountains are not the smooth things the school-boy looks at, so that he may tell his master in what latitude they are, and make his grandma smile at the precocity of his intellect—our forests and hills and valleys and plains and silver streams are the real things of life. Do we pass our time without improvement where there are so many teachers, and so much to be learned; and is it a fact that the language, 'There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory,' is to be applied to the resurrection state, we shall miss of what would have administered to an increase of our glory in that world where the pains, sicknesses and sorrows of life shall be done away.

We will conclude this article in the words of Paul, 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.'

Norway, Aug. 30, 1842.

THE RETURN TO VERMONT.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

HAIL! once more, ye verdant hills,
Ye smiling glades, and murmuring rills,
That gently wind below.
For I have learned to love thee well,
From mountain steep to shady dell,
In hours of joy or woe.

Thou hast a voice of welcome now,
In the cool breeze that fans my brow—
Fain would I think it so.
May we not read in fancy's page,
Some thoughts to cheer our pilgrimage,
As wearily we go?

Though not thy child, may I not own
A love for thee so strongly grown,
That thou dost call me thine?
When grief disperses all my joys,
And sadness all my thoughts employs,
And deep distress is mine,—

Thou dost exert a magic power,
To calm and soothe a stormy hour,
But how I cannot tell.
A holy influence seems to lie,
In the green earth and cloudless sky,
And in the flow'ret's cell.

All nature speaks! her words are peace,
She seems to bid our sorrows cease,
And tells us to rejoice
That though the loved are laying low,
They are called hence from pain and woe,
By God's own voice.

East Randolph, Vt.

EXCLUSIVENESS.

BY HENRY BACON.

THE editors of three religious periodicals—organs of the Orthodox, Baptist and Methodist denominations—have spoken out boldly against Universalists being allowed the name of christians; and could they effect their purpose, our ministry would be deprived of all legal rights. We are glad to meet with such a clear utterance of this exclusive opinion, for the spirit gendered by the partialist doctrines is thereby made plainly manifest, and intelligent minds cannot but be awakened to discuss the matter at issue. Look then at the arrogant position assumed. 'We have all the truth,' say they, 'and you have nothing but essential error. We care nothing for your sincerity, for your professed reverence for the Scriptures and Christ, for your efforts to awaken love towards Jesus as the Savior of souls; but we deny you all right of claim to the name of christians, because you discard the doctrines we receive as essential.' A pretty specimen of dogmatism, surely! and how miserably lean and haggard does it look in the presence of Jesus as he rebukes his disciples for exercising an exclusive spirit! 'Master!' say they, 'we saw a man casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, *because he followeth not with us.* And Jesus said, Forbid him not!' These disciples possessed then the same spirit now possessed by the exclusionists we have noticed. 'He followeth not with us,' is a sufficient reason for the severest judgments and harshest denunciations—for denying the name of disciple to even the most devoted, and marking them as heretics. A summary decision surely; and a very easy method indeed is this to set aside the duty of investigating the why and wherefore.

It would seem that the forbidding disciples had never queried the character of their conduct; or else that they would rather the poor demoniacs should continue in their wretchedness—writhing under the complicated evils of a distempered brain, than that they should be healed by any one who would not follow with them! Is the latter the case with any of our antagonists at the present day? Are there not some who cannot bear the idea of any one being healed through the instrumentality of Universalists, and who would rather that the sinner should sin on than be turned from his sinfulness by such agency? Serious facts impel us to give affirmative answers; and no one who has given attention at all to the warfare against Universalists during a year past, can have failed to notice *the actual exultation* with which stories

have been related of professed Universalists acknowledging that our faith had no power to exorcise evil from their hearts, and they were only acting the hypocrite while they appeared to be morally benefited by Universalism. There may be christianity in this, but we are not of those who believe there is, and very frankly we opine that it has no fellowship with the spirit of Jesus Christ—it is the christianity of an exclusive church, not the christianity of the Gospels.

Bigotry is one of the most ingenious spirits known. When works of purity are so manifest that they cannot be denied—when the fruits of Universalism are presented in positive vividness, bigotry does not falter for a mode of condemnation. It did indeed deny that any good could proceed from the power of the despised doctrine, and when good is brought forth in undisputable prominency, it would seem that the denunciator would pause and perhaps retract the severe judgment; but no—to retract is no part of a dogmatist's creed, and so they are forced to press on. A good illustration is given, in a certain volume of memoirs, where we are told that a Calvinistic lady, whose brother had turned Unitarian, was reminded that notwithstanding his opinions, he was a good man.

'That very circumstance,' said the sister, 'proves that he is a doomed man.'

'How so?'

'Why, the devil is so sure of him for his want of faith, that he does not take the trouble to corrupt his morals!'

The coolness with which a human being and a relative is handed over to the supposed king of evil, because of a difference in faith, is perfectly characteristic of a large class who deny us the christian name. From their folly, let us learn wisdom; and while in thus doing they are true to the spirit of their creed, let us be true to the spirit of ours—remembering the words of the prophet Isaiah;—'The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand.' The advancement of every liberal project in all departments of mental and moral activity, strengthens the foundation on which we stand, and gives greater prominency to the genius of that faith which shall in due time liberalize the world.

WOMAN. Society, which requires of man, each according to what he has received, the various gifts nature distributes, seems to require of woman similar duties. It is hers to be the comfort and ornament of home, to render herself beloved and useful, scattering here and there the flowers of life under the feet of those around her; to cheer, to bless, and to console; to brighten the hours of joy, and alleviate those of pain. She can establish an empire of affection and confidence, of which she may be the centre; and enthroned in the hearts of those to whom her virtues endear her, she can dispense inestimable gifts, which increase the happiness and diminish the pains of life.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. S. R. MORRIS.

THIS is a glorious morning. It beams anew with light and loveliness. Its brilliancy and beauty elevate the thoughts, its freshness and calm soothe and subdue the feelings. Would that nobler powers were mine that I might paint its transcendent beauties. Would that it might live in holier thoughts, and thus inspire to purer sentiments, for it is worthy. Yea angel harps might sing its glories, nor yet profane their consecrated strings with an unholy theme. Is there a pen, save wielded by the divine hand, that with its utmost skill can fix the shade even of a single blade of grass, as it blends beneath the weight of the pearly dew-drop that glitters in the early sunbeam, fragrant with instinctive gratitude. No earthly power can do it justice. No human thought can compass its loveliness, nor transcribe its glowing, breathing beauty. It is a task which nobler minds than mine might justly shrink from; yet in my inmost heart is indelibly stamped the pleasing lesson, and from that unread book I venture to draw an imperfect copy.

Every herb which springs up in our pathway, every flower that sends forth its fragrance, every tree that shades or ornaments, wave in grace or majesty, as if the breeze which moves them were filled with tones of fairy music. Nature in all her charms is exhaling health and beauty, and the whole earth rejoices in her freshness. That emblem of purity—the lovely bridal rose, has opened her blossoms to the morning sun, and joyous and fearlessly casts her sweet tribute to the passing winds. She sends forth her dewy fragrance with all the confidence of youthful love, with all the ardor of a guileless heart, fraught with nothing but happiness. Though the young flower may early wither, though blight and mildew may destroy its loveliness, and though the young heart may faint and die, yet will they never cease to rejoice in that they made so pure a sacrifice.

All nature is arrayed in living beauty; the fields are white with flowers, the daisies raise their thousand snowy heads, and as they wave in the light and cheering breeze, they seem to whisper to each other, 'God *is* love.' The birds are chanting melodious strains, mingling their glad voices in the joyous carol, as if earth were indeed a paradise, and their whole life an uninterrupted tale of pure affection. Before me is a field of ripening grain, bending beneath its weight, as if in adoration it were bowing before the throne in humble worship to Him whose bow of promise gives the blest and perpetual assurance that seed time and harvest shall ever return while the earth remains.

Over all this thrilling scene the sun has thrown his gorgeous mantle, and sheds his golden beams with the same brilliant lustre that shone on infant Eden,

at that blissful era when 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' Every hill and vale, every plant and flower, and even the little shrubs rejoice as they tell their glad story to this lovely morning. The hum of the insects and the sparkling waters as they leap up in all their power, speak in eloquent, though silent language, of sacred joy and gratitude for their existence. So let my harp be tuned to melody. Harp of the immortal mind, strike in loud anthems to thy Maker's praise! God of this lovely morning! I kneel in holy reverence at thy Almighty shrine; I bow with sacred trust to thy divine requirements, I rejoice with joy unspeakable at thy unerring will, I contemplate with gladness thy inimitable perfections, I worship thee with fullness of heart as Lord of all!

Providence, R. I.

WESTBROOK.

(INSCRIBED TO MY FRIENDS L. J. B. C. AND J. L. B. S.)

'Tis a quiet spot—there the tall green trees
Murmur and sigh in the summer breeze;
There the low sweet flowers, and the velvet moss,
And the scarlet berries the earth emboss;
And vines spring up by the hidden streams,
And hang their boughs where the sunshine gleams,
And thousands of beautiful things and rare,
Scatter their 'wildering perfume there.

'Tis a quiet spot. Not a voice is heard
Save the low soft hymn of the grateful bird,
Or the insect's hum by the nodding flower,
Or the musical fall of the noontide shower.
The green leaves thrill with a silent bliss,
As the zephyr stoops with its gentle kiss,
And all the air of the wood is rife
With beautiful colors and balmy life.

'Tis a quiet spot. Thro' the trees at night
The moon pours softly her golden light;
Long gleaming paths thro' the wood lie spread,
Trodden, may be, by the sainted dead;
And the stars, like glittering wreaths of gold,
The crested heads of the pines enfold;
Or soft thro' the boughs of the greenwood shine,
Like a fruitage of gems from an Indian mine.

'Tis a quiet spot. And the mind and heart
There weave those links that can never part;
There the gifted in intellect dwell in love,
Guided by rays from the Light above;
And books, and blossoms, and converse sweet,
Diffuse their spells thro' this loved retreat,
Till nothing seems wanting of bright or fair,
To make *all life* a Paradise there!

S. C. E.

Sept. 16, 1842.

NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. J. B. DODS.

ROMANS i. 15, 16: 'So, then as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.'

JESUS CHRIST, the great teacher from heaven and the distinguished reformer of our race, was of obscure parentage. From his birth to the age of thirty years, he moved in the private circles of life and manifested no peculiar trait of character to distinguish him among the nations of the day whom he was destined to rouse from the grovelling thoughts of earth to the sublime contemplation of the doctrines of life and immortality. He mingled with the busy throng unnoticed. He read, as was his custom, every Sabbath day in the synagogue, and perhaps without producing any extraordinary emotions. He lived in the domestic circle, and engaged with them in the toils, labors and fatigues of the day, without performing any deeds of greatness to call him forth from his sequestered retreat into the busy scenes of public life.

His energies of mental vigor were peculiar to himself, and unrivalled by all that the world had ever beheld. He possessed the clearest head, and the most pure and perfect heart that were ever combined in any man under the vast canopy of heaven. We have no evidence that he ever attended the schools of the prophets, or any seminaries of learning. His knowledge was intuitive. By one single glance of mental perception, he surveyed all the philosophical schemes, dogmas, doctrines and traditions that were swarming throughout the Roman empire. His keen and searching eye penetrated their mysteries—he unwound them of their intricacies—and scrutinized human nature. Devoid of all national peculiarities, he stood alone in the world musing for himself on the weakness and fallibility of all doctrines in existence—on their unsatisfying nature, and on the excellencies of that gospel which should point the dying man beyond the confines of the tomb, and pour, on a hitherto beamless eternity, the light of life and immortality.

All the plans and improvements of a religious character, from the famed Egyptians down to his day, lay unraveled before him. The greatest philosophers and poets both Grecian and Roman, who had spent their lives in studying some system of faith and conduct for men to embrace and pursue, and mused and sung its joys, had gone down at last to their graves with the pangs of disappointed hope of ever finding any permanent system of happiness beneath the sun.

This immense field of human speculation Jesus Christ surveyed with precision and care as it lay in deplorable perspective before him. He saw the nations tenaciously adhering to, and pursuing these bubbles of an hour. From the unsatisfying and almost sickening thought, he turned with pity, and gazed on those oceans of glory and delight sublimely

rolling in that gospel he was about to reveal to the world. There he saw man's countless wants supplied, his dearest interest secured, and his fondest hopes realized.

For thirty years he hid himself in obscurity. The philosophers were prosecuting their schemes of religious speculation, and the Jews anxiously expecting their promised Messiah, unconscious that he was already at the door. Little did they think that the Reformer of the world was walking among them, and that their cobweb systems of philosophy had already passed the ordeal of his scrutinizing mind and received his merited disapprobation.

Having gathered in private all his strength, and wound himself up in all the splendor of his powers, he suddenly emerged from his obscure retreat, and burst forth in all his glory on the world! Every eye was turned upon him! He stood in collected majesty the Son of God! Every heart throbbed amazement! But his low birth, poverty, and humiliation, were soon regarded with contempt by the learned and the great. But he stept forth boldly among them. He penetrated the mysteries of the Jewish faith—ransacked the archives of their boasted theology—he laid his hand on heathen traditions—unwound the web of Gentile philosophy—ranged the universe—gathered in his grasp the beams of all ages—condensed them to a sun, and made the whole bear upon the doctrine of life and immortality. This and this alone was the grand theme of the doctrine of the gospel. It embraced no favorites as the subjects of its beatitude. It was impartially revealed to the high and the low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, Jew and Gentile. The great joy resulting from its glad tidings was to be unto all people. It confined not its blessings to the shores of time. The eye of its divine author penetrated the shades of the tomb! With a bold, firm, and untrembling hand, he drew aside the dark curtains of the tomb that had hitherto concealed eternity from time, and bid the pure unsullied light of heaven, and of heaven's eternal love, shine on the confines of earth, and bid a grovelling world turn their eye upon the unfading prospect.

He ranged in mental vision its pathless scenes. He comprehended the character and perfections of God! He openly manifested them to men in his example of divine philanthropy, and in the cheering doctrines he taught, so that in seeing him we see his Father also. Nor did he stop here. He turned his attention to death the king of terrors. With scrutinizing research he entered his dark, ghastly dominions! With pensive thought he surveyed his universal ruins over the human family—contemplated the monster's boasted powers, and finally sang the requiem of everlasting triumph over him.

Death vanquished, and life and immortality brought to light through a resurrection from the dead, for every son and daughter of Adam, is the grand theme of the gospel of Christ.

This was the gospel of which Paul was not ashamed. This was the gospel of eternal life which Jesus Christ proclaimed to the world. It was this system of impartial benevolence, that the bigoted scribes and pharisees abhorred. It was the obscurity of Christ—his simplicity—impartiality—his humiliation and birth, that deterred the philosophers, and the great and the noble from giving heed to his doctrine. They were ashamed of the gospel of Christ on account of the low birth and humble condition of its author. They were ashamed of it on account of its simplicity; because the wayfaring man could understand it as well as the boasted theologian, and thus it would bring them all down on a level with the common people. It was so plain and rational a system, that it proved 'to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling block.' It was so unpopular, that even those who believed Christ to be a teacher from heaven, would like Nicodemus pay him a visit beneath the shelter of night.

The Jewish priests and Greek philosophers delighted in mysteries—in the words of those reputed wise, and in their dark sayings. His gospel was accordingly rejected.

It is natural to man, not only to court the favor of the great, but pride himself in being noticed by them. This has, as it were, been the besetting sin of most men in all ages; and even down to the present day it is nothing uncommon to hear individuals state what conversation they had at some time with a President of the United States—some distinguished member of Congress, or some great warrior or statesman. Or to hear them tell over with much precision what visits have been made them by the rich and respected among their neighbors, what invitations they have received, and what visits they have made them in return. All this betrays a strong desire on the part of the narrator to impress upon the minds of others, the idea of his own consequence, and in what respect he is distinguished more than they.

This thirst for pre-eminence has been too successfully carried into religious systems. The pharisees wished themselves to be looked upon by the multitude, and considered as the peculiar favorites of the God of heaven, while publicans and sinners were the objects of his vengeance, for whom he had little or no regard. They could with the utmost self-righteous confidence stand and pray—God I thank thee that I am not as other men, or even as this publican. To humble them in this exalted notion, Jesus Christ spoke many parables. His gospel enjoined humility. It placed all human beings—all nations on a level, and recognized God as the Father, Benefactor, and Friend of all. That they were alike the subjects of his mercy and care, and would eventually obtain eternal life by a resurrection in Him who is the life of the world. This was too mortifying to their spiritual pride. They could not endure the idea that God

should love others as well as themselves. Or that those sinners who had not borne the burden and heat of the day, or perhaps had wrought only one hour, should be made equal with them—should also receive a penny—or an equal heaven! They were ashamed of such a gospel! and with disgust and astonishment exclaimed . . . 'this man receiveth publicans and sinners and eateth and drinketh with them!'

The apostle Paul was once a noted pharisee brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, an eminent and distinguished doctor of the law. He inherited all the pharisaical notions of exclusive greatness among men, and of the exclusive homage to which his own sect was entitled. Bloated with pride, he strutted forth in the strength of his own importance—wrapt up in the robe of external religion and self-righteousness, and breathed out slaughter and vengeance against all those who presumed to teach that God was no respecter of persons. He despised a gospel that considered all mankind on a level, and that proclaimed God to be the lover of the creatures he had made.

Impressed with an honest conviction of the enormity and licentiousness of such a gospel, and sustained in his opinion by the nation to which he belonged, he declared a war of extermination against all who embraced it, and commenced the work of destruction and blood. Having aided in the butchery of Stephen, who fell asleep in the triumphant hope of a blessed immortality revealed through the gospel; and being clothed with authority from the chief priests and elders, he hastens to Damascus to bring all the wretches who should be guilty of calling on the name of the Lord, through Christ as Mediator, bound to Jerusalem.

But as he was journeying, at mid-day he saw a light above the brightness of the sun, and at its peerless majesty he and his companions fell to the earth. He heard a voice, and though soft as love, yet it touched a note that struck the vibrations of terror through the dark chambers of his soul, and roused into the most intense action, every mental energy. 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' He arose from the earth, and lost to every thing else, and all the powers of his soul absorbed in the interest of the scene, he exclaims, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' His race of self-righteousness was run! He listened to the mandate of heaven. That gospel of which he and his nation were ashamed, he now found to be the theme of heaven, the joy of angels, claimed for its author, God, and embraced in its sublime consummation a universe of intelligent beings as the subjects of a blessed immortality.

Here a new era commenced in the life of Paul. He saw opened before him a new world of the most charming prospects—a world beyond the changing vicissitudes of earth. His eye gazed with ineffable satisfaction and delight on its enrapturing scenes! His whole soul was ecstacy! By an eye of faith he surveyed its fields of glory! On them rested a brightness that obscured the sun's noontide blaze! Rivers of life, clear as crystal, were sweeping through them their silvery flood! Bright forms of human beauty were walking the flowery banks unwearied with songs of everlasting praise! They sang their troubles o'er and death vanquished forever! Their brows were no more distorted with pain, nor their cheeks suffused with tears, nor did sighs of parting friendship rise from bleeding hearts! Their every countenance beamed immortality, satisfaction and joy! The parent's fondest wish was realized, and love and friendship reigned unbroken and perpetual! Paul gazed with emotions till then unfelt! His penetrating eye of faith gently rolled over the beauteous scene! Not a cloud of darkness rested upon it! All was calm as the peaceful lake in some sequestered wood, unruffled by the gentlest breeze, and serene as the loveliest summer's morn! With slow but collected firmness, Paul turns from the sublime prospect, and in face of Rome, the most powerful and proud city in the world, exclaims, 'I am ready to preach the gospel at Rome also, for I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.'

His partiality and self-righteousness vanished forever! His soul was imbued in the spirit of heaven, and with meekness and humility breathed out—I am debtor to both the Greeks and Barbarians, to the wise and to the unwise, so as much a sin me is, I am ready to preach the gospel at Rome also.

The current of his life was now changed. From a powerful and unrelenting persecutor, he became one of the most meek and bold defenders of the cause of Christ. He counted all things but dross, compared with the excellency of that gospel of which he was once ashamed. He discarded all human greatness, and threw down all worldly honors and titles at the cross of Christ. He commenced a career which shed unfading glory on his name! He attacked the Jewish traditions, penetrated into the vast fields of the Mosaic dispensation—swept through the labyrinths of 2000 years—ransacked all the types and shadows—stript them of their mysteries—showed their fulfillment in Christ, and left them as a useless mass of rubbish lying in broken fragments before the peerless majesty and glory of the gospel! He grasped the vain philosophy of heathen nations;—exposed its fallacy, and with giant powers rent it to atoms in their presence! He passed like an irresistible torrent through both Jew and Gentile nations, and bore down all opposition before him! Arrayed in all the powers of truth, he met with firmness and decision every obstacle in his march. He threw aside every weight, and run with patience the race set before him—soaring in the affections of his heart to heavenly objects, he exerted every nerve in combatting the enemies who opposed his passage. Before him Roman and Grecian eloquence was paralyzed—the heathen gods tottered on their bases, and the scintillations of philosophy vanished like the vapor of the morning! At his approach

the Jewish Sanhedrim recoiled with dismay—and doctors, scribes and pharisees were struck with consternation and alarm. They bound him with a chain, and placed him for trial at the footstool of Felix's judgment-seat. His reasoning powers shook that haughty monarch on his throne! His eloquence found unwilling conviction on the mind of king Aggrippa, and made Festus in amazement cry out in a loud voice: 'Paul thou art beside thyself, much learning hath made thee mad!' Before him thrones shook, kings and governors trembled, and nations were convulsed by his effective energies.

In all this he determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified. He was subjected to scoffs and sneers, cold, thirst and hunger, stripes and imprisonments. None of these things moved him. Finding all their efforts against him unavailing, they at length led him to the place of execution. He looked backward and reviewed his past life, and with satisfaction, and exclaimed, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course—I have kept the faith!' Then looked forward into eternity, and with heavenly composure exclaimed—'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life!' He died as he lived, not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Here, then, readers, is an example for us to follow. Those with whom we are most sincerely and affectionately united in the social intercourse of life, believe in a limited salvation. Our dear neighbors, friends, yea and even relatives, who here live together in harmony and love, honestly believe that we shall be separated at some future tremendous day—that all the endearing affections we now reciprocally feel towards each other, shall be chilled in death, and their warm current forever cease to flow; and a part of those noble beings, you now see around you, with whom you have so often shaken the hand of friendship, together with millions of others dispersed over our earth, and equally unfortunate, shall lie down together in the most unspeakable torments that the imagination can portray—torments that shall endure unchanged when countless millions of ages are gone and forgotten! O what a wretched consideration is this to the feeling heart which throbs with affection to dear children, friends and all! If this be so, why not petition heaven for the small mercy to die and be no more?

'Why burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
Ah cruel death that would no longer save,
But grudged me e'en that narrow, dark abode,
And cast me out into the wrath of God,
Where shrieks, the rolling flame, the rattling chain,
And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
Our only song: black fires malignant light
The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
Must all those powers heaven gave me to supply
My soul with pleasure and bring in my joy,
Rise up in arms against me, join the foe?
Sense, reason, memory, increase my wo?
And must my tongue, ordained on hymns to dwell,
Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
O! must I look with terror on my gain,
And with existence only measure pain?
What! no reprieve, no least indulgence given?
No beam of hope from any point of heaven?
Ah! mercy, mercy, art thou dead above?
Is love extinguished in the source of love?'

O! would a just and merciful God have given us existence, if he knew such would be our inevitable and wretched doom?

'Father of mercies! why from silent earth,
Didst thou awake and curse me into birth?
Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
And make a thankless present of thy light?
Push into being a reverse of thee,
And animate a clod with misery?
The beasts are happy. They come forth and keep
Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.
Pain is for man, and O how vast the pain
For crimes which made the Savior bleed in vain!
Annulled his groans as far as in them lay,
And flung his agonies and death away.
As our dire punishment forever strong,
Our constitution too forever young,
Curst with returns of vigor still the same,
Powerful to bear and satisfy the flame.
Still to be caught, and still to be pursued,
To perish still and still to be renewed!
And this my help, my God, at thy decree
Nature is changed, and hell should succor me!
And canst thou, then, look down from perfect bliss,
And see me plunging in the dark abyss?
Calling the Father in a sea of fire,
Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire?
With mortal's anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?'

This is a wretched thought of deep despair. Yet wretched and awful as it is, thousands of our fellow creatures believe it, and go through life with their souls wrapt up in the very gloom of night, and constantly tortured with fearful apprehensions that perhaps some darling child, some affectionate friend, or kind neighbor, may be the subject of its awful doom.

Yes, heart-rending as it may seem, yet this is the prevailing and popular doctrine of the day. They honestly despise the soul cheering sentiment of universal reconciliation, and brand it with infamy, by saying as they did in the days of Christ, that it is a doctrine calculated for publicans and sinners! and I thank and adore my God that it is—'for I am not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ,' neither would I blush to defend it against a universe in arms! I esteem it the highest honor that heaven can confer, to vindicate the lovely character and impartial goodness of my God.

It is the common practice of the present day to resort to such means as are most effectually calculated to keep the gospel of God that bringeth salvation to

all men, unpopular. In this they have been but too successful. Sensible that no argument from scripture, reason, or from the works of nature, can stand the test of scrutiny, but instantly crumbles at the touch of reality, there is of course no other ground left to oppose the doctrine of universal philanthropy and beatitude than to heap upon it undeserved odium. Impressions are given to the public that the doctrine is dangerous to the souls of men—that it is of a licentious tendency—that none but wicked people believe it—and none but low characters attend to its preaching. Whisperings are often circulated that the traders by their attending such meetings, will lose their custom—that the physician will lose his practice, and the politician his popularity, and with it his seat in the State Legislature or in Congress. On this account many are deterred from attending meetings to hear their own sentiments, and like slaves are led in chains to a strange altar, and forced to sit down, and hear what they from their souls believe to be untrue. Though such men are born in this free country, yet their boasted liberty is but a name.

Is that man free who dare not speak the sentiments of his heart on that most sublime and exalted of all subjects, the universal emancipation of all rational beings from the slavery and bondage of sin to the liberty of sons of God in heaven? Is that man free who dare not go himself, nor lead his companion and children to what he solemnly believes to be the altar of truth? Is that man free who is led in strings in matters of religion, and by secret but modest threats is made to support a certain sentiment, lest he should incur the displeasure of some minister? No, he is not only a slave to the will of others, but he is a coward to fear a fragile threat.

Far be it from me to use means to bring any to a church that are not furnished me in Revelation. And if others, who believe our sentiment, out of shame or fear forsake our seats, still I am determined to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made me free, for I am not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

That the sentiment we believe is only embraced by the worthless, is an aspersion of the most ungenerous cast. The great body of Universalists throughout the United States is composed of persons who for rectitude of conduct would do honor to any religious society on earth, and whose talents would rival any in the council chamber, at the bar, or in the pulpit. There are some worthless persons among all orders, and our denomination will suffer in comparison with none

As to its being unpopular it is not wholly true. There are towns and places, where it is in its infancy unpopular. This has been the case with all doctrines in existence. Each one in its turn has had to fight its own battle against the older doctrines of the day. But our sentiment is more popular than any other where it has been constantly preached for any number of years. It stands high in the city of Boston. It stands high in all our Legislatures—yes, and in the Congress of the United States. It is spreading with the most astonishing rapidity, and the day is not distant when its impartial banners shall wave triumphant on the walls of Zion. It is founded on reason—on revelation—on impartial goodness. It is written in nature! It is written in the beams of the sun! It is written in the stars on the ethereal vault of heaven! It is written in the descending rains and in the power and majesty of the storm! It is written in lightning on the cloud! It is written in the field and the grove! It is written in sympathy on the soul! It ranges the universe, collects all its evidences—condenses them all to a focus on Calvary, and there with a steady, untrembling hand writes its truth in the very eloquence of pain in letters of blood! It is written on the buckler of Jehovah!

What then is there in the gospel of eternal life of which you are ashamed? Is it possible that you are ashamed to respond to the universal voice of nature? Are you ashamed of the songs of angels—those sons of the morning, who shouted aloud for joy when creation was born from the dark womb of chaotic night, esteemed it an honor to proclaim the birth of Christ, and shouted in prospect of the redemption of a world: 'I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord! And straightway there was seen with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host blessing and praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men!' And are you ashamed to be a companion with them? Are you ashamed of God Almighty? The majestic Being who made you claims to be the author of the gospel! The gospel inculcates the most sacred duties to parents, friends, and children, and awakens in the soul the most tender and endearing affections. And are you ashamed of all this? The gospel has brought life and immortality to light, and poured ten thousand streams of unmingled joy through the channels of the soul! And are you ashamed of this? The gospel has thrown its bright, unfading rays on the dark couch of death, and roused up, cheered and sustained the languid hope of the dying! And are you ashamed of this? It is the gospel that kindles up, in the bleeding bosom of surviving friends at the bed of death, the joyous contemplation of meeting again, even though they have shaken the mortal hand of everlasting separation in this world of wo. And are you ashamed of this? When death tears from our embrace the dear children, companions and friends we love, and leaves us solitary and pensive on earth, it is the gospel that breathes consolation as we lean upon their mouldering tombstone, and secretly whispers, 'Be of good cheer, you shall meet them in heaven.' And are you, my brother or sister, ashamed of this? On every hand we see weeds of mourning. We see the fatherless, the motherless,

and the lonely orphan, pour forth their lamentations in all the agonies of wo. We see the sick and the dying racked with pain, and the world rendered a vale of tears. It is the gospel of Jesus Christ, that declares death shall be swallowed up in victory—tears shall be wiped from off all faces, and there shall be no more sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. And are you ashamed of this? If so, then you ought to be ashamed to bear the name of an affectionate and compassionate man. You ought to be ashamed of all that heaven calls good. But if you are not ashamed of *this*, then you are not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ. You are worthy to live, and when you die, your bones are worthy to repose with the great men of the universe.

What is there in the gospel of universal salvation of which we ought to be ashamed? It teaches the perfections and attributes of Jehovah. It considers him the Creator and Father of his creatures. It teaches that he will reward and punish them in mercy as a kind parent does his children—that he will reclaim them from error by washing them in the blood of the Lamb—that he will take away the sin of the world—reconcile all things in heaven and in earth to himself, and that finally every creature that is in heaven, and in earth, and under the earth, shall be heard saying, blessing and honor, and power and glory be unto him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb forever and ever. It teaches that God is unchangeable in all his attributes, and that his justice, truth and mercy are not at war, but all agree. It holds him up to men in a character of the most consummate loveliness, so that the greatest sinner would be filled with love, and burn with adoration the moment he saw him. Therefore 'we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.'

What is there in all this of which to be ashamed? Nothing. We ought rather to be ashamed that we live up no better to the requirements of our doctrine. Paul says the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared, teaching, us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world.

This is what our sentiment teaches—this is what benevolence teaches—this is what all the better affections of the heart teach. For if ye love me, says Jesus, ye will keep my commandments. Yes, this is the teaching of the gospel of Christ. Do this, my readers, and let others sneer, you have nothing then of which to be ashamed. I envy not the condition of him who bows to God for fear of hell, or who is forced and kept in the paths of virtue and religion by the fear of some infernal monster.

I then affectionately exhort you to be of one heart and mind in the great work of reform. Be entreated by the bowels of mercy to live soberly, righteously, and godly among men. Curse not the venerable name of that Benefactor whose goodness you advocate. Let it never be pronounced by your mortal lips but with the deepest veneration. When you recline your weary head on the pillow of repose, reflect upon your words, actions and dealings with your fellow men during the past day. What conscience approves, continue to practise. What she condemns, resolve to forsake. Think also upon the countless mercies of your heavenly Father—upon the friends and friendships, house and home he has provided you, and upon the companion and dear children he has made to smile around you. Think upon the silken affections by which he has bound your hearts; and finally think upon death when all those earthly ties must be dissolved, only to raise you to sublimer joys. Then, with a heart overflowing with gratitude and devotion, breathe forth the evening prayer of faith for all his mercies, and most devoutly thank him for that gospel hope which is full of immortality, and which gives you the pleasing assurance of meeting them all in the unfading joys of heaven.

THE NAME.

BY CHARLOTTE.

A NAME is ringing through my brain,
It brings alternate joy and pain;
Now sounds it like a funeral knell—
And now sweet tales of love doth tell.

When through the blossoming flowers I stray,
That name arrests me on my way;
It haunteth e'en my very sleep,
And then I wake to muse and weep.

Surely I heard that well known-sound,—
It made my sickened heart rebound;
Alas 'twas but my fancy gave
The name of him, whose home's the grave!

Surely I saw that rich black eye,
Fixed with an earnest scrutiny
Upon my face;—'twas but a dream,
Those orbs no more on me shall gleam.

Sure o'er my couch that proud form bent,
With life and beauty redolent;
That voice—it made my bosom swell,
It breathed the name I loved so well.

Be still, my heart! that voice no more
Shall breathe the tones I loved of yore.
I sunk his tokens in the wave;
I seat him to his early grave.

That name—that ne'er-forgotten name—
Again athwart my brain it came;—
Ah once 'twas music to my ear,
But now I dread its sound to hear.

'Twas through my folly that he died,
And I am now another's bride;
'Tis this that dyes my cheek with shame—
For this I dread to hear that name.

Br. Bacon: In the preface to the 'Rose of Sharon,' allusion is made to the following article, which had been prepared for insertion in that volume, but was unavoidably excluded. At the request of many friends, I now place it in your hands for publication in the 'Repository;' believing that most of your readers have already perused the story of poor Kate, and that those who have not, will ere long have it in their power to do so.

KATE SCRANTON AND HER ORIGINAL.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Though the *narrative* is fictitious, Mrs. Scott has embodied in the *character* of Kate Scranton more of her own peculiar feelings and modes of thought and of life, than in any other production of her pen. Like Kate, she was in early life a 'Dweller Apart'—a communicant with the green fields and the blue sky; a loiterer upon the lone mountain tops, and by the shady springs 'overhung with goosebrier and witch-hazel.' Those little islands in the river, where Kate often went in search of the anemones and blue-bells, were also the haunts of *her* girlish days; and beautiful islands they are, skirted with drooping willows, and slant old sycamores, and musical all day long with the lapse of the sunny waves that murmur beneath the drooping grass upon their brinks, or wind in and out among the little pools where the trout hide themselves away from the sights and sounds of human life.

That she was a devotee at woodland shrines, needs no proof aside from the multiplied evidences of her own pen. Who that had not been an actual dweller in sylvan solitudes, could describe, as she has described, their strong, mysterious, silent influences? Who that had not seen the sunshine flicker through wavy boughs upon beds of greenest moss, and listened with breathless emotion to the soft trickle of fountains underground, and looked into the blue depths of nodding bell-flowers, and heard the gush of the blackbird's song upon the boughs of the witch-hazel and 'tag-alder'—who that had not seen, and heard, and felt all these, could portray as she has portrayed, those wild, sweet scenes in nature, which make so much of the charm of country life?

Indeed, she drew her chief poetical inspiration from what she had seen and felt. The impress of *home*, of her native mountains and river and valley is upon almost every thing she has ever written. The Alleghanies and the Susquehanna have lent their freshest beauties to her pen; and as almost her whole life was passed in that quiet cradle of the hills, it is not strange that she should have woven into her graceful verse the hues and shapes and sounds on which her spirit had been nurtured from its earliest existence.

Poor Kate was wont to steal away to the wood, and with a green bough spread across the pages of 'Hervey's Meditations,' or one of the bewitching romances of Scott or Cooper, sit whole afternoons reading to the music of her knitting needles; and perhaps it was from olden habit like this, that our friend Julia used to sit at her own fireside, knitting work in hand, and follow with a pitying heart, the foot-sore wanderings of dear little Nell. Even the figures done in 'poke-berry and pig-weed,' which used so much to offend our heroine's taste, may have been the ghosts of her own juvenile performances; for well can *we* remember the day when papa's old cast-away Day-Book was embellished with pictures splendidly colored with vegetable juices,—the fruits of our own most dainty handicraft.

But beyond these resemblances, let no one trace out history in poor Kate's life. Mrs. Scott was fortunately an exempt from the social miseries that fell so darkly upon the lot of the 'Dweller Apart.' Her early home was one of neatness, kindness and comfort—her later one brightened by the most devoted and unwearying love, the gentlest and most affectionate sympathy. She was a Dweller Apart, not because the kindly feelings of her nature were unappreciated, but because to a spirit toned like hers this world has little answering music save in the murmur of wind and wave, little corresponding beauty except in the far bright stars, and in the small, dewy, fragrant flowers. Yet in later life she became, also, like Kate, a dweller in crowds—a ministering angel to the sick, the suffering, and such as were in need. She lived for the purpose of doing good; and stifled the wants of her soul in the active duties of christian benevolence.

The sources of her song were in her heart. Religion—nature—human love and human grief—these were her inspiration, these her themes. Early death—the decay of the beautiful—grass-covered graves—young hearts breathing out their last fervent farewells—pre-figurings of her own approaching fate—these and kindred subjects were woven into all her later melodies, were, indeed, the burthen of her song. Yet even through all this twilight melancholy, the triumph of her faith shone out; it kindled in her song the noblest aspirations and the loftiest hopes; it cast a flush of beauty upon the cheek of Death; it gave sunshine, and flowers, and singing birds to the cold bosom of the grave; and said unto the sleeping dust of the beautiful, 'Daughter, I say unto thee, Arise!'

At last with a wild and thrilling gush, the lyre gave out and broke. That sweet, wild-toned, plaintive lyre, which ever sounded more like the rich throat-music of a woodland thrush, than like the artistical melody of an instrument of cunning device, broke in the midst of its loftiest strains—quivered a moment—and was forever stilled. Many waited and listened, hoping that some skilful hand might replace the broken strings; but the only Hand which could touch and not mar its delicate chords, had renewed the lyre for the music of his heavenly courts.

'*She is no longer a Dweller Apart!*' Her spirit has found companionship in the land of eternal beauty and repose, God forbid that we should repine. If earth grow more desolate with the loss of the loved, Heaven becomes to our hearts brighter and more beautiful, Death loses his terrors, and Life Immortal beams down into the dark places of our souls, to be dimmed or obscured no more forever.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE HOOSACK MOUNTAINS, IN OCTOBER.

BY D. B. HARRIS.

THE cold bright frost lies silvering hill and vale,
Freely the wind sweeps up the mountain height;
The forest leaves are dancing in the gale,
And flashing back the golden morning light.

How rich the drap'ry of the forest trees!
No longer do they wear their garbs of green;
But, like a sea of rainbows, in the breeze
They wave their robes of gold and crimson sheen.

The mingled sounds of running waters come
Softened by distance to the ravished ear;
Up from yon valley deep there breaks a hum
Of human voices on the atmosphere.

Oaks crown the hills which in the distance rise;
Their tops are nodding in the sun's first blaze;
There too, repose the blue and bending skies,
As if to listen to our morning praise.

And who feels not his soul ascend in prayer?
Who does not feel this world is one of bliss,
When, free from anxious toil and earthly care,
He gazes out on such a scene as this?

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

[THERE is a continual closing of beautiful eyes and a perpetual stilling of sweetly musical lips. Human flowers are daily nipped in their budding, and tears fall like rain on withering beauty. And, therefore, it is never amiss to speak a christian word in reference to the deaths of little children; to some heart it will come home with a balmy power and wear away the sharpness of grief by introducing to the mind right thought and lifting the whole being to communion with imperishable things. The gift of Jesus as a little child has thrown around infancy an infinite preciousness, and attached a sacred importance to their being. This was owned by the Master when he took 'little ones' in his arms and blessed them. He looked upon them as human angels—as immortal beings; and till we look upon them with the eye of Jesus, we shall worship idols of the dust, and agony alone will break the spell of the idolatry.

I would here present to the reader a beautiful article which I extract from an English work little circulated amongst us; for the gentleness of its tone is grateful to the bereaved heart, and the tendency of the thoughts expressed is of the happiest nature.]

'A Grecian philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend, that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour, would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveler does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but, in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over-head, alternately taking away the

sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field; and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realising her hopes; and gaiety, free from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise), they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavors, at all times, to turn pain into pleasure: or at least to set off the one with the other, to make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill-health, for instance, may draw it,) we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindliness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbors with the same idea.* The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "Of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on

* "I sighed," says old Captain Dalton, "when I envied you the two bonnie children; but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own!"—*Monastery*, vol. iii., p. 341.

earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.'

THE DEFORMED BOY.

Suggested by the following passage in Master Humphrey's Clock.

'A LITTLE knot of playmates—they must have been beautiful, for I see them now—were clustered one day round my mother's knee in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels, which she held in her hand. * * * I remember the fancy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there, and that when I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me. I remember the children looking at each other, and my turning red and hot, and their crowding round to kiss me, saying that they loved me all the same; and then, and when the old sorrow came into my mother's mild and tender look, the truth broke upon me for the first time, and I knew, while watching my awkward and ungainly sports, how keenly she had felt for her poor crippled boy.'

His eye was on his mother's, and his arm
Rested in loving grace upon her knee;
And when she spoke, 'twas like a fairy charm
To hush the wildness of his young heart's glee—
For in her tones, so musically deep
There was a sound that tempted him to weep.

A group of fair young beings at his side
Like rose-bud garlands, bright with morning dew,
Hung round his mother's knee; while he, in pride
Gazed on their eyes of soft, bewitching blue,
And smiled most sweetly as he sought to trace
Among the angels, each dear playmate's face.

But see! a shade of sorrow dims his brow,
And o'er his temples sweeps the burning blood!
Alas, the bitter thought hath found him now,
That he alone, is an unseemly bud;
That 'mid that angel group his form, alone,
May not be numbered, nor its semblance shown.

He saw the sorrow in his mother's look,
He knew the depth of her unspoken grief;
Her heart lay spread before him like a book,
And he could read the tale on every leaf—
'Twas one continuous tale of sorrowing love
For her poor blighted child, her crippled dove.

Forever more within his gentle breast
This bitter thought remained; and when at night
He sank into his calm and peaceful rest,
He dreamed himself transformed—an angel bright
To glad his mother's eyes;—then from his sleep
Waked to bewail the change, to suffer and to weep.

Poor child! the glorious morn will come at last,
When in transfigured beauty thou shalt stand,
A veil of radiant glory o'er thee cast,
The first and fairest of the angel band;
And this shall be *no dream*—and that fond eye
Will gaze upon a form that ne'er can die. S. C. E.

PROGRESS TOWARDS TRUTH:

OR THE TWO FRIENDS.

BY HENRY BACON.

CHAPTER III.

'THEN said the Lord, thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?' JONAH iv. 10, 11.

NOT long after the first introduction to our friends, Ellinor called upon Mary and found her in her garden, intently engaged in repairing, as far as possible, the disastrous effects of a late storm. It was truly interesting to watch the carefulness manifested in training the prostrate vines, propping up the bowed plants, and placing shields around the delicate sprigs. Mary's anxiety was plainly manifested in her countenance, and her friend could not but remark upon it, though she knew the passionate love Mary cherished for flowers.

'Yes, Ellinor, I should weep to see one of these die. I love them all, and what I can do shall be done to restore the drooping and prostrate. Every one has some precious association which makes it more dear than its own beauty, for with the poet I say—

'A flower I love,
Not for itself, but that its name is linked
With names I love. A talisman of hope
And memory.'

'Let me assist you in your work, and you shall pay me by the converse you promised,' said Ellinor.

'Well we can work and talk too, and will there not be sympathy between the employments of the mind and hands? I think there will, for how many a human flower is now drooping in sadness, unable to smile or drink in the grateful dew or sunshine, because of the storm of religious excitement that has passed over them, leaving them prostrate! Rachel Howard's garden is now like her own mind and heart—all in confusion, beauty in every part desolated and in weeds.'

'I met her as I was coming here. Poor girl! she looked awfully—the picture of despondency.'

'We have no such pictures of the early christian converts in the evangelical records; but far from this, the Apostles declared themselves to the disciples to be "helpers of your joy"—not merely prospective, but present joy.'

'I have been reading of late of the joy that is said in the Scriptures to be consequent on belief, and I cannot see how one can be full of joy by believing in the popular doctrine of the church.'

'And never, Ellinor, can any rational soul be able to discern this; there is no joy in them—past, present, or future. They make this world a vale of tears, and tell of an infinitely worse one as the next. They make the soul tremble whenever it thinks of God, and bring in dark thoughts when the mind meditates on eternity. "The more I think, the more unhappy I become," said a believer in these doctrines not a long while since; and that it is always so, can be easily proved by considering the difference between the aspect of professors in ordinary life, and when they are engaged in the interests of the Revival Meeting. Aye; the contrast of the every day and Sabbath appearance is sufficient. There is, and must be, an intimate connection between gloom and concentration of thought on the popular doctrines; and too often the people sit in our church as though they had come to the burial of all their glad and bright hopes.'

'I too have marked that, Mary, after I had read Sauriu's Sermon on Hell, where he speaks of the effects of the thought of his probable exposure to future endless misery, that the very thought was a mortal poison, diffusing itself into every period of his life, rendering society tiresome, nourishment insipid, pleasure disgustful, and life itself a cruel bitter.'

'O, Ellinor,' exclaimed Mary, as she leaned her hand upon the sod and gazed up full in the face of her friend—'O Ellinor! is it not awful to imagine that any thought of what God will do should produce such effects?'

Tears filled her eyes and emotions choked her utterance, for then came up that instant before her mental vision the image of a female she had visited some years past with her father; a miserable maniac, with the eye of a wolf and the expression of utter despair. She was fastened to the floor of a room, because she would use the least liberty to tear every garment from off her body and lacerate herself in the most dreadful manner. All this was caused by listening too credulously to the preaching of the doctrine of endless woe, and believing that misery to be the just punishment of sin. She was once a gentle and amiable being; what is she now, if death has not given her relief? Jesus healed many of madness, but he never made a maniac. And yet did he not preach plainly and severely enough? And was there not in his audiences the same varieties of characters there is now in our public assemblies?

Mary recovered from her sudden grief, and with a smile of inexpressible sweetness said, 'Ellinor. If these flowers were sentient beings endowed with minds, could any of them think that I would leave them to utterly perish without dishonoring me—my love for them?'

'No Mary,' was the reply.

'Neither do I believe that any one can doubt the eternal love of God without dishonoring him.'

'What! do you believe in the salvation of all mankind, like old Mr. Richards?'

'Yes, Ellinor, I do—I do believe that God's purposes of wisdom and power are purposes of love, embracing the salvation, through sanctification, of every human being.'

'Is that the doctrine your father believed, and which caused the old people to talk so much about "new notions," and "second childhood?"'

'Yes, Ellinor, my honored father spent long seasons of study in considering the subject in all its relations; for it was an idea against all he had for many years believed and preached, and against which a great deal had been said. But he was forced to yield to the power of evidence, and acknowledged that the redemption of Christ will be commensurate with his power—his power over all things—that he shall see of the travail of his soul—the soul that labored for the world—"and be satisfied."'

'Did he tell many of his change?'

'Yes, but they would not listen to him. Some said he was childish, and others said he was a little crazy, and all thought it best to say as little as possible about it, lest it should awaken curiosity. And when the funeral came, as you well know, the preacher only made one allusion to it, and sufficiently as he thought accounted for it by saying, "it was owing to the great benevolence of his disposition." Aye, they then admitted much, for what else could be inferred than that the doctrines he had preached could not satisfy such benevolent dispositions as his? And they cannot, no more than a lark could be satisfied with the height of that bower.'

'But come,' she added, rising from her stooping posture, 'come let us go into the house and talk of these things more freely.'

Ellinor gladly availed herself of the invitation as she was deeply interested, and felt very much inclined to converse with her friend. They plucked a few flowers and fragrant leaves, and after taking several views of their work in the garden, they entered the house, Mary leading the way to her snug pleasant study-chamber. It was a beautiful retreat. From the windows on the west the observer had a view of the towering hills in the distance, their peaks rising up like giant sentinels on the lofty towers of strength. Nearer lay the rich orchards, with here and there the waving fields of grain, and the highly cultivated tracts of land; while just at the base of the dwelling ran a

sweetly musical and merry brook, full of images of gladness and purity, as the sunlight danced upon the leaping waters. At the right, the neat dwelling houses of the village stood, with tall and noble trees intermingled, while the eye could catch frequent views of open spaces where were garden beauties in rich luxuriance. And it was pleasant to see beside such spots the shops of the village industrials, their windows wide open, taking in the fresh and healthy air, while the inmates had before them images of loveliness and freshness. On the left, the dwellings were more scattered and were those of the wealthiest class, with extensive garden grounds in view, more grateful to Mary's eye than would be the sight of the rich architecture of the fronts of the mansions. The old church was also within reach of the eye, and with its lofty tower rising up majestically, like one who is proud to maintain old fashions amid the rapid changes of the new age. From the window at this end a view was had of one of the principal streets of the town, the moving life therein giving an animation to the whole scene, needful to complete its beauty.

But the outward attractions were not so highly valued as the associations of the room itself. Each article therein was precious, for it had precious memories connected with it. There was the old arm-chair in which the venerable pastor had sat, with its moveable leaf on which so often the Bible had rested, and by which Mary had so frequently read to her beloved parent. There was the desk at which he had written, just as it was when he penned the last lines he wrote; and there too were his books, rich in comments from his pen, and marked with illustrative or refutive passages of scripture, or reference to other works,—a valuable treasure to the son just about entering the ministry and soon to be at home. And there too was the bed on which he had died—where he gave such proofs of possessing a truly patient spirit, and where he lay with the smile of the last and happy thought of heaven resting on his countenance. There also were the few pictures of sacred scenes and characters of which he was so fond, and of which he had said so much; and there hung the mirror in which he had marked the changes of time on his brow and face, as it changed the raven curl to snowy whiteness, and stole away the rose and smoothness from the cheek. O what would Mary not give if that mirror could have but retained as it once reflected the image of her own dear father, when he caught her own shadow therein and smiled at the contrast of youth and age. But her soul kept his likeness more faithful than the mirror.

Here was the right place for her to converse as Ellinor would have her. Here were all the human aids needed, and here association was more powerful to recall the instructions of her honored parent. Here she had sympathised with his inquiries, and here she witnessed the devout thanksgiving of his soul when he discovered the full grandeur and glory of the gospel and had the vision of the redeemed universe! Here she had wept in rejoicing over the satisfying hopes of her faith, and prayed for wisdom to appreciate the favors granted her. Here, Sabbath after Sabbath she had retired, devoutly thankful that her mind was proof against the terrors she so often heard declared, and which to her were no less dishonorable to God than injurious to the happiness of humanity. Here she now clasped the hand of her friend, and felt that she should be able to guide her to that faith in Jesus which would make him present in all his spiritual loveliness, and enable her to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

'O Ellinor, Ellinor, I never felt happier than now. My soul rejoices like a new comer to the heavenly city of the blest. I feel that a newness of life is granted unto me, and that I could float on the air, or walk upon the water.'

'I joy in your gladness, Mary, and feel a presentiment that this hour is to be to me a memorable one. Here we will talk freely as winds mingle, or flowers unite their fragrance.'

'Yes dear Ellinor, it shall be so, and I shall often feel the spirit of my sainted father with us. O that his wisdom were mine, and his virtues too!'

As she said this, her eye fell upon the open book case, and she rose to take down a volume over which she had pondered much. It was an interleaved Bible. As she took it, she said, 'Ellinor, our inquiry is now to be "*What is Truth?*"'

'Yes, to seek an answer such as Jesus would have given to Pilate, had he asked in sincerity and tarried patiently for it.'

'Father has written a short answer, as here I read,—Jesus might have replied—"*God—I.*"'

'That is more brief, than plain.'

'Yes, but I find also abundantly definite comments and remarks, which will give us a full insight into his meaning.'

'Read on, and I will listen as I would be glad to listen to your revered father himself.'

'Hallowed be his memory!' said Mary, as she fixed her eyes on the manuscript to read. She read as follows: 'An Indian philosopher at Athens, once asked Socrates, how he should begin to philosophize? Socrates replied—By reflecting on human life. The oriental philosopher smiled and said,—So long as we have not clear notions of the Divine, we shall get no insight into the Human. Here is a valuable reflection; it is light from the East, and if we obey its guiding rays it will lead us to the babe of Bethlehem—to "the Savior of the world." Men have groped in darkness because they hid themselves from this light, and in the caverns of mysticism, or the cells of the dark monasteries, have built their systems of theology on their conceptions of *human nature*, reasoning from this basis concerning the character and purposes of

God. They have thus *reversed* the order of thought. Take *Calvinism*, as an illustration. What is the first, or foundation principle of that system? Is it a direct scriptural assertion, fairly considered in all its relations, and logically carried out? O no. It does not presume to assert this. It begins with a deduction or inference, behind which there is a *supposed* fact, and this deduction or inference is the basis of the system. All reasonings on man, all history of actions, and all interpretations of Scripture, are made to bend to support this; and hence the harmony of the system, and the consistency which has preserved it. What is its foundation doctrine? It is the doctrine of man's innate and entire depravity. Touch this, and you touch a spring which affects and gives character and movement to the whole. Infer this from Scripture, and all the rest is easily deduced. The "Old School" of Calvinists acknowledge that it is so, and hence their anxiety to defend the full confession of the doctrine of innate and entire depravity. They hold fast to this; and in every departure from it, they see signs of the abandonment of the whole. And should there not be an abandonment of the whole —the whole of a system that founds itself not on God, but on man's supposed nature—that takes its position amid the vague and contradictory views of human nature, and *adopting the worst possible one*, proceeds to reason in accordance therewith—going from man to the Deity. Hence all its teachings of God, Christ, Human Ability and Destiny, partake of the narrow and miserable character ascribed to man, and all is shadowy, repulsive and unsatisfying. Now, of a truth, every advance that is made in the philosophy of man—in just acquaintance with his nature, capacities and powers, will afford irresistible reasonings against the depraved theory, or the theory of depravity. Let the assertion be pondered,—"Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man" (not *a* man, but *man*, in the generic sense) "*upright:* but they have sought out many inventions." And with this connect the declaration that Christ "took not on him *the nature of angels*, but the seed—that is, the nature—of Abraham." Now, if we harmonize the two, by asserting the opposite to the doctrine of "original sin" —of innate and entire depravity, there is no difficulty in the way of our receiving what is said of Christ's purity—that he was without sin, or knew not sin. But if we assume the other ground, we must maintain the revolting idea that Jesus partook of hereditary depravity—was born innately and entirely depraved, and "liable to the wrath of God and the pains of hell forever"—for he did not take on him "the nature of angels," but common humanity, and thus he was "*tempted in* ALL *points as we are.*" This is sufficient to convince any mind of the folly of building a theological theory on man's nature, or supposed nature, while we have an infinitely better foundation, even the nature and perfections of God.'

'Yes, yes,' exclaimed Ellinor, "for there we have all the acknowledged facts to deal with, and all our danger is in reasoning incorrectly. But continue the reading.'

Mary continued:—'This was the idea inculcated by our Lord. The divine character was the central truth, giving light and glory to all other truths. Acquaintance with that was knowledge of the truth—of the highest facts, having infinite relations. Ignorance of it was the source of all error—of all mental confusion, clouding the glory of mind and veiling the beauty of the universe. As we know God, we shall judge all things—nature, man, time and eternity; and correct knowledge can alone save us

> ". . . . . from the toil
> Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up." '

'I say amen! most heartily to that, Mary, for there is surely a fountain of living waters, and from that I would drink. I would I knew the path to it.'

'Well, here is a guide in what is farther written. We must receive the everlastingly glorious truth—"*God* IS *Love!*" and carefully gathering fact after fact, reason deliberately and thoroughly, and soon we shall see evidence of the justness of the ancient declaration, "His work is perfect." Then every part of the system formed, as well as the whole, will mirror God—the truth that he *is* love; as a thousand dew drops mirror each the sunbeam, and reflect the same when they flow together in a mass. Here is the perfection of Universalism. Every principle is instinct with God; and the whole, embodied, makes the Christ-like image of the Invisible. Hence it is that stripling Davids, refusing Saul's armor, go forth in full faith and return victoriously from meeting the boasting Goliaths—without the enemy's head indeed, as they would spare that to be made better. All sects allow that God's attributes are perfect, and an inspired Apostle assures us He is love. Here then is the position to be taken. Firmly we must hold to it. It is our life. And holding this fast, we must interpret Scripture, and every proposition of theology presented to us—receiving all that harmonizes therewith, and rejecting all that does not. If this, the true philosophical course, were pursued by all, all would have in their souls a divine impulse to say, "God hath not given unto us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." '

'I thank you very kindly, Mary, for the hints to study given in the remarks of your venerated parent, and I shall certainly follow their reasonable requirements. I regret that I must leave—but I must.'

'I could wish that we might longer linger upon this subject, but we can think when separated, and mingle our thoughts and reflections when we meet again.'

Ellinor returned home as happy as a student when

he has penetrated to a principle that will lead him on to sure and desirable discoveries. She felt that as great delight can be communicated by revelations of biblical truth, as by the opening of any door in the arcana of Art or Science. The repulsiveness too often connected with this study, she now owned, results from the erroneous nature of the leading teachings commonly imparted and received, which being inconsistent in themselves, involve the mind in mystery the more and more it thinks as they dictate. Yea, some have owned, that their only means of peace was, by far different subjects, to keep the mind from this range of thought.

Chapter IV.

'O would you be assured you love your God,
Make him a God that must be loved of need,
A God you cannot otherwise than love.
Doubt is not love, suspicion is not love.'

The friends had to regret on the morrow that stormy clouds were again gathering densely in the heavens, and that so soon another long continued rain should prevent their meeting. But now the heavens were clear, and the golden sun gave forth its streams of light, that bathed the world in beauty. The vegetable creation on every side wore an aspect of youthful freshness, and the traveler drew in the very air of vivacity and strength as the breeze came laden with the sweets of the new mown hay and the fragrance of flowers, while the birds charmed the ear with their most ambitious song. Ellinor went forth with a friend—a cousin from the city, designing to take a ramble and then to visit Mary—as she could not longer delay. They visited many a retreat of loveliness, where the heart could not but be happy if it did not secrete guilt within its folds. The stillness and calm beauty of the country favor not the dark designs of iniquity, and the heart that could forget amid the noise and bustle of the city the crime it concealed, has found the quiet and repose of the country unendurable.

The cousins pursued the winding paths round many a musical stream, where the gay cardinals nodded like saluting friends in holiday dresses, at a little remove from the clematis bowers; while all along smiled the violets, cinquefoils, and housatonias, like little children enjoying the same festival. Through wood, field, orchard, and pasturage, they roamed, and found everywhere a new variety of pleasant scenes and images; till at last Ellinor had managed to be in sight of Mary's home just as her cousin expressed a wish to halt somewhere to rest awhile. Ellinor pointed out the beloved mansion, and as they approached it, she gave her cousin such a description of Mary as made her feel a love for her immediately.

Mary had seen them from the window, and hastened to greet her friend. She flew down the path, her ringlets streaming in the wind, jewelled with some fresh rose buds and blooming lily-of-the valley's, and her countenance radiant with heart-winning good nature. Cordially she greeted the stranger as soon as introduced, and every attention was bestowed that she might feel 'at home.'

Soon the couple were introduced to 'the study,' for its shady coolness and the beauty of the prospect in view, made it the most desirable place. Clara,—for such was the city cousin's name—confessed the charms of the retreat so dear to Mary, and felt, as she afterward said, more devotional than she usually did in the splendid church she frequented. And when Ellinor told her of the conversations she and her friend had agreed to hold together, Clara desired earnestly that they would continue them and permit her to be a listener. The two friends consented, requesting her to offer any remark she pleased.

'Well, then,' commenced Mary, 'we were dwelling on the perfections of God as the central truths, with which all others harmonize.'

'Yes,' added Ellinor, 'and as I came out from home, my mind recalled—I know not why, save that it was the change in the weather since yesterday—I recalled the wise man's saying—"The light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun!" and with this came the Apostle's words: "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." And though I have busily conversed, and richly enjoyed our ramble, yet I have thought much upon these truths.'

'And that,' said Clara, 'is the reason why you made so many observations on the colors of flowers and fruit, and continually extolled the agency of Light. I shall certainly take a greater interest than ever in what pertains to light and colors.'

'That subject has a wide range,' added Mary, 'and presents us as good an illustration as we could desire to have of the harmony of the Divine perfections.'

'I thought you would so use it,' responded Ellinor, 'and I shall be glad to listen, as much is said concerning the operations of the Deity that "with one excellence another wounds," and "set at odds heaven's jarring attributes."'

'And thus the essential unity of the Godhead is not recognized,' continued Mary; 'Justice has an office that crosses the desires of Mercy, and while the first cries, "Curse the sinner!" the other pleads that he may be forgiven.'

'And is it not so?' asked Clara, astonished at the turn the conversation was taking; for she had never given attention to think and judge for herself in matters of theology. To her, the whole of religion was a mystery, and she was contented with the perplexity with which she was troubled on the Sabbath by the preaching she had listened to. 'I am sure,' she continued, 'that Justice required the eternal death of the

sinner, and that Mercy prevailed in obtaining his pardon by the blood of Jesus.'

'If Mercy prevailed against Justice,' said Mary, 'then the result must be injustice; and with *whom* did Mercy prevail to obtain pardon? There could be no pardoning power abiding with a Being whose justice required what excluded the idea of pardon; and if Mercy, with an opposite purpose to Justice, dwelt as a perfection in the same Being with this inflexible Justice, there must have been war in the very mind of God, and no harmony of the attributes of the Deity can be recognized.'

'This is a matter I wish to understand,' said Ellinor; for I have always heard that God is perfect in Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, and these perfections are infinite in their nature. How it is that the Deity should so often be described as a Being of stern and revolting justice, acting as a Sovereign or Judge, and no mention made of Mercy except in delineations of the compassion of Jesus, is something beyond my comprehension.'

'We shouldn't try to comprehend these matters,' said Clara, solemnly. 'They are mysteries, and the first requirement of religion is to yield reason and exercise faith.'

'Pardon me,' said Mary, 'if I remark here that there is a great difference between mystery and absurdity. "The secret things" which "are with the Lord our God," are mysteries; "but those which are revealed are for us and our children," said Moses to the people; but how could they know whether any thing was revealed or not but by the exercise of the reason? Only through reason could revelations be made unto them springs of action deep seated in the mind. It is Reason that makes us capable of receiving a Revelation from God; and it is Reason that enables us to perceive and feel the force of the evidences of a true Revelation, as well as to discern what the Revelation contains. It is Reason that teaches us the correspondence which exists between our most essential wants and affections, and the christian revelation, and makes the heart yield its love thereto.'

'Well, I have always been taught to discard Reason in matters of Religion and exercise faith,' added Clara.

'But you should remember that the systems which require of you faith, are very different. How do you know which to believe?'

'O, I shouldn't think of choosing for myself—I follow the church.'

'Excuse me, if I remark,' said Mary, 'that you should have said *a church*, instead of *the church*.'

'No, I think not, for ours is the true Apostolical Church, for does it not confess the Apostle's Creed, and is it not the most venerable?' said Clara with earnestness.

'Shall we *reason* the matter?' archly inquired Mary; 'for if we must not reason upon religion or theology, I know not how we shall settle the claim of antiquity, or the apostolic origin of the Creed. The Catholic will meet you with the same plea as you have used; and I think if he should, the very natural language of your mind would be, "What are your *reasons?*" '

'I shall not, I'm sure, meddle with all the differences of sects, for I should be soon puzzled. Truth is hardly to be found,' added Clara.

'I expected you would say, "except in our church," so common is it for people to imagine that they have all the truth in their own creed. But though you may well decline meddling with *all* the differences of the various sects, I think it would be well to examine some of them, by a plain guide, and perhaps you will be less puzzled than now in forming clear convictions of what christianity is.'

'We think we have discovered such a guide,' said Ellinor in behalf of herself and Mary, 'and I should be glad, cousin, if you would adopt it as yours.'

Here Clara inquired what was the nature or character of this guide, and the two friends gave her an epitome of their former conversations. This brought them all back to the opening of the discussion of the afternoon, and Mary remarked, 'Let me read a comment made on St. John's words, "God is light; and in him is no darkness at all." ' She reached for the manuscript again, and turning to the passage she found the following extract from Warburton: 'The light of the sun is not in the orb itself, what we see it in the rainbow. There it is one candid, uniform, perfect blaze of glory; here we separate its perfection into the various attributes of red, yellow, blue, purple, and what else the subtle optician so nicely distinguishes. But still the solar light is no less real in the rainbow, where its rays become untwisted, and each differing thread distinctly seen in its effect, than while they remained united and incorporated with one another in the sun. Just so it is with the Divine nature; it is one single individual perfection in the Godhead himself; but when refracted and divaricated, in passing through the medium of the human mind, it becomes power, justice, mercy; which are all separately and adequately represented to the understanding.'

'That is certainly a beautiful illustration, and I shall always remember it,' said Ellinor. 'It will always prevent my arraying one attribute of the Deity against another.'

'Yes,' added Mary, 'and will it not teach every one who receives it to set aside as error every doctrine which represents the Deity as exercising one attribute to the destruction of another? Whatever is upheld by his power, his mercy can reach, and his wisdom can control to effect any result his justice may require. He has wisdom to plan the purpose goodness dictates, and power to use means to complete the end planned; and by the complete salvation

of man alone, can the perfection of God be demonstrated.'

'Let us go,' said Clara, *rather* impatiently.

'At your service,' replied Ellinor. 'Good by, Mary—we'll meet to-morrow.'

WHAT ARE THY TREASURES?

BY IONE.

Hast thou culled from the depths of the rolling sea,
The gems thou art showing in pride to me?
Does their flashing bring to the wounded heart,
The balm of love when its hopes depart?
When they rival the tears from thy drooping lid,
Do they lighten the orbs in their sadness hid?
And these are thy treasures! oh! show them not
Till their hues can brighten thy changing lot!

Hast thou birds from a far-off ocean isle,
Where their mates bright plumes in the sunlight smile?
Do their songs of beauty, their eyes of light,
Make the home of thy spirit more clear and bright?
Does their gilded cage with such splendor shine,
That the captive birds have forgot to pine?
And are *these* thy treasures? oh! trust as soon
For vital heat to the pale cold moon.

Hast thou broad, fair lands in a sunny clime,
Where decay is not in the path of time?
Is thy home so princely, thy hearth so dear,
Thy spirit hath all that it seeketh here?
Does it teem with the sculptor's works of pride,
And thrill with the rushing of music's tide?
And are these thy treasures? Dost hope to bear
To the narrow tomb such a weight of care?

Hast thou toiled for fame till the crown is won,
And now dost thou boast of an errand done?
Hast thou sighed for beauty, and is it thine,—
Is thy heart at rest on its fragile shrine?
Hast thou courted love till it wove a chain
Thou wouldst joyous break but thy strength is vain?
And are these thy treasures? alas, for thee!
Thy bark is wrecked on a shoreless sea!

Hast thou loved in the good man's path to tread,
And bent o'er the sufferer's lowly bed?
Hast thou sought, on the buoyant wings of prayer,
A peace which the faithless may not share?
Do thy hopes all tend to the spirit land,
And the love of a bright unspotted band?
And are these thy treasures? oh, bliss untold,
Thou hast wealth that mocketh all gems and gold!

Boston, Mass.

'FORGIVENESS. Among the ancients, forgetfulness of injuries was considered a virtue; the heathen philosopher even said, that to forgive one's enemies was to be equal to the gods. Cato, whom all the world admired, said that he forgave everybody but himself.'

NOT FANCY SKETCHES. NO. II.

TY HYLER.

SHAKSPEARE has somewhere said, 'The world is still deceived by ornament.' And who that knows anything, will not endorse, without hesitation, the sentiment of the immortal bard? In the estimation of the world, he is the greatest and the best man who makes the greatest *show* of goodness and greatness. But it should be ever remembered, that a man may be truly great and truly good, and yet live unnoticed and die in obscurity. And so on the other hand, meanness and vice and imbecility, especially as society now is, can be gilded most beautifully by the gewgaws and trappings of wealth, and thereby be made to appear just the opposite things from what they are. In a word, money will ornament a man's vices, and cheat the world into the belief that they are virtues; and it will also magnify a thousand fold the few real virtues which he may chance to possess, and thereby the man becomes to all superficial observers, almost without spot or blemish.

I never heard but three men speak evil of Ty Hyler. I have heard many, very many praise him—even highly extol him for his many virtues. Ty possesses the tact of putting the best side out. His tact is his chief talent. He is now living in affluence in the most fashionable and wealthy street in Boston. A retired merchant, he does little else but attend to his religious devotions—being an active member of the Episcopal church in T. street, and to the affairs of the —— bank, of which he is a director.

Ty Hyler was and now is, although sixty winters have scattered their snows upon his head, a remarkably handsome man. Nobody ever did or ever could question this. His features, his complexion, his form, are just what they should be; and no man, unless he were a fastidious artist, or experienced sculptor, could detect a blemish or suggest an improvement in either. He is a Bostonian by birth, and one too by education, if we deduct four years of his early life which were spent in learning interest tables and studying Chesterfield at Harvard College. His father wished him to dedicate himself to the study of the dead languages and thereby become a learned man and a great scholar. But he was dead to ambition of this sort. He had heard of riches and had seen them too, and he longed to follow in the track of some wealthy lord. And heaven soon granted what his sire denied. At the expiration of his four years at Cambridge, Ty Hyler was placed in the counting of Dea. F. on India Street.

This Dea. F. loved two things pre-eminently—money and religion; and it was a definite object with him to make his clerks walk in his own footsteps. He found Ty Hyler one of the most tractable boys he had ever undertaken to make a man of. Ty was in

fact, that is intellectually and morally, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. Or, to speak phrenologically, Dea. F.'s brain and Ty Hyler's brain, were similarly organized and arranged. And as it is a universally received principle in philosophy, that like causes produce like effects, it is not surprising that the general character of Ty Hyler should bear a very close resemblance to the character of Dea. F. his master.

At the age of twenty-one, Ty Hyler having invested five thousand dollars which he had received from his father, in the business concern of Dea. F., he became at once one of the Boston merchants. His business talents were ordinary—quite. But yet his fine person and polished manners, set off these mediocre talents to the best advantage. No merchant on 'Change was more highly praised than he. His shrewdness—his cunning—his enterprise, neither of which, by the way he possessed, were held up as virtues worthy of all imitation. Fortune did indeed favor every undertaking in which he embarked. His ships never made a bad voyage; and if one *did* happen to be wrecked, he always gained by the disaster, for the insurance generally covered more than the value of ship and cargo. Ty Hyler, like Lord Timothy Dexter, was continually making some lucky blunder. But then he had the tact, as has been before hinted, of making it appear that his prosperous voyages and profitable bargains, were the result of great calculation and foresight.

The religious portion, too, of Ty's mercantile friends, regarded him with much favor and deference. He was spoken of by them as a man of exemplary piety. And Ty *was* pious, that is as the world calls it; for he never was known to neglect his religious devotions. No man was more punctual in his attendance at church on the Sabbath than he. No man was *so* fervent in his responses to the church service as he. No countenance in the whole wealthy congregation which assembled in the magnificent church in S. street, wore so devout an aspect. No one bowed his head so low, or remained so long upon his knees. And besides, he contributed liberally to the support of *his* clergy, and his name stood conspicuous in the subscription lists of the Missionary and Bible Societies. Not only his right hand, but the whole community knew what his left hand did, whenever it performed anything in the way of charity, which, we are constrained to confess, was not seldom. Is it to be wondered at then, that Ty Hyler was spoken of as a man distinguished equally for his zeal in religion and his skill and success in business? Ty was considered, and perhaps he in reality was, a very happy man—for Pope has declared, 'the fool is happy that he knows no more.' He—that is Ty, not the fool, never looked sorrowful except on Sundays; and then his face *did* wear an aspect of gloom—thick, dense and chilly as a November fog. On business days, while thinking and talking of stocks, exchange and kindred subjects, in his counting room or in State street, a benignant, bewitching, pleasant smile like morning sunshine, played around his mouth and circled about his eyes. Had he possessed the force of character and the courage of a Gloster, he would have murdered while he smiled. But he was a man of feeble temper and excessive caution, and could not nerve up his soul to any crime not sanctioned by his views of religion, the laws of the Commonwealth, or the common usages of commercial life. He could shave notes, praise his damaged goods without qualification, lie about his prices and his profits, sympathize with the sufferings of the man from whom he was extorting the last dollar, and all this he would do in such a bland and loving manner, that none but the most sagacious, and even they were frequently deceived, could detect the hypocrisy. Ty's victims praised him as a man of the best heart, and I doubt not prayed for his prosperity.

Ty married of course, and of course he married advantageously. He chose the eldest and the homeliest, because the richest heiress in the richest religious society in the city of Boston. This disinterested and pious act of Ty's memorable life, took place simultaneously, that is, on the same day of the declaration of the last war with Great Britain. I would not, however, have the reader infer that there was the remotest relation between the two events. Such an inference would be very unphilosophical and exceedingly illogical. The most you can make of the fact, is a remarkable coincidence of remarkable circumstances, very profitable to Ty Hyler. He married a fortune, which, added to the one he possessed before, made two fortunes. A large portion of these he invested in piracy—I mean privateering—for piracy, he of course abhorred, and would not, being a church member and a man of piety too, engage in; unless, indeed, it could be made lawful by some legislative enactment. Privateering is quite a different thing from piracy, although in both cases people kill, take, burn and destroy. One, the law allows, the other it does not allow—a distinction broad enough for any common sense man to perceive. And Ty, being a common sense man (no one can accuse us of ever having denied it), saw this broad difference between piracy and privateering, at a single glance. He had, therefore, no conscientious scruples on this subject. Ty's investment in privateering, like every other investment of his, turned out fortunately. The wealth of his country's enemies flowed like a coming tide into the coffers of Ty Hyler. His piety increased with the increase of his riches. He built a chapel at his own expense in the vicinity of his church, and increased his donations to the Missionary and other benevolent societies, especially to such as contained a large proportion of evangelical christians within their organizations. In short, Ty, with his usual tact, made the people believe he was more faithful than ever in the service of God. A few only saw how devotedly he served Mammon.

When the war ceased, Ty ceased fitting out privateers; for privateering after that would have been piracy. His wealth was now enormous, and he had invested a large portion of it in bank stock and real estate. Though he had become one of the richest men in Boston, he was frequently heard to complain of being poor whenever a mechanic presented a bill to him for payment, and insisted generally upon some small discount. It was evident that his passion for wealth had not decreased by gratification. It was still the ruling feeling of his soul, although he disguised it from the world, and perhaps from his own heart.

About this time he subscribed largely to the stock in the new church in C. street, the building of which he strongly urged, as being a necessary means of promoting piety in that section of the city. As chairman of the building committee, he contracted with the builders at a price at which he said (most imprudently) he knew they must lose. And lose they did, all that they were worth. The few hundreds which they possessed were wrought into the substantial and ornamental work of the edifice in which Ty and his wealthy society served the Lord on Sabbath days. Ty felt for the two poor mechanics who had made so bad a contract with him, and willingly headed a subscription paper with fifty dollars to relieve the distressed family of one of these same men. What is worthy of remark about this little incident is, that Ty would neither put down his name, or pay the money on Sunday, because in his view, the doing of either would violate the sanctity of the holy Sabbath, as he invariably termed the first day of the week. Other members of the society were not quite so religiously given, and did that, which he affirmed at the time, could be as effectually and conveniently done on any other day of the week.

On one occasion a small tenement of his in Dock Square, was about to be vacated. The tenant, thereof, a very worthy grocer, who had occupied the place for many years, had failed in business, and was obliged to sell out. After he had notified Ty of his intention to leave the premises, the grocer's friends proposed to him to recommence business in the same place, promising their assistance. The grocer, Mr. S., went immediately to his landlord to re-engage the store. I should be happy, said Ty, when Mr. S. had made his business known, 'I should be very happy to rent you the store again, but I must add fifty dollars to the rent. I have already been offered two hundred and fifty by Mr. Hunting, but I positively declined giving him a definite answer till I should hear from you. I knew your friends would help you, and I am willing to help you too, and will therefore give *you* the preference over Mr. Hunting. Pay me what he offers, and I will give you a lease immediately.' The poor grocer declared he could not possibly pay a higher rent than formerly, and must look about for another store. Ty made him promise, however, to call and see him again before he engaged another place. 'I may,' he added, 'abate something from the two hundred and fifty.' Mr. S. agreed to come again, and wishing Ty good morning, retired.

As the grocer went down stairs, he was met by Mr. Hunting, who had been requested by Ty to call about that hour. 'Well, Mr. Hunting,' observed Ty, as the latter seated himself, 'I hope you have made up your mind to take the store at two hundred and fifty dollars. I want the matter settled without further delay. Mr. S., who has occupied the premises for the last six years, has just been here, and offered me, almost without hesitating or objecting the same which I ask you. He even insisted upon my closing the bargain with him. But the truth is, Mr. Hunting, I want a rather better tenant. I am not over pleased with the man's religion. I have heard of you as a man of respectability and piety; and I prefer you as a tenant to any man who has yet applied. Now if you say so, I will fill out a lease of the store for five or ten years at two hundred and fifty dollars.'

'I told you, sir,' replied Mr. Hunting, 'that I could not and should not pay but two hundred. If I can have the store for that, 'tis well; if not, I must seek elsewhere.' With this brief and business like answer, Mr. Hunting took his leave.

Three days after this interview, Hyler's old tenant, Mr. S., called on him to obtain a final answer. You shall have the store, said Ty, after a few preliminary remarks on the hardness of the times, you shall have the store for two hundred and twenty-five dollars, which is twenty-five dollars less per year, than Mr. Hunting offers me. But as I told you the other day, I have a choice to exercise in renting my buildings; and I rather *you* should occupy the store than Mr. Hunting, although he offers me the higher rent. The bargain was immediately closed. Reader, this is not fiction, it is fact; and it is now for the first time revealed to the public. Why this, and similar incidents, in the life of Ty Hyler never leaked out, was owing to two things, viz. his tact and his good fortune. If his tact did sometimes forsake him, his good *luck* never departed. This has always clung to him through sixty years of mortal existence, and has made his path through life like that of but few—smooth and easy, and flowery.

In 18— Hyler was chairman of a committee for building the Absolution Bank. He was desirous that a young mechanic, for whom he had long entertained an unaccountable partiality, should superintend the erection of the edifice. But it so happened, that this young man was of an opposite political party and an opposite religious faith from his wealthy patron. This fact had but recently come to the knowledge of Hyler, and it produced precisely the effect which such things generally do, on all narrow and bigoted minds.

'Mr. D.,' said Ty one morning, in his luxurious counting room, at a meeting which he had appointed

for the purpose of looking over the plans and settling the preliminaries of a contract; 'Mr. D., I am both surprised and grieved to learn that you are a political agitator, and that your religious principles are of the most licentious character, and therefore dangerous to the welfare of society, and to the happiness of souls. In all my business transactions, I wish to act in the fear of God. I have always endeavored thus to act throughout my short life; and in consequence, I have been blessed with good fortune in all my pursuits, having laid up a little something against a rainy day, enough I trust, to support me comfortably when I get too old to attend to business. Now to be consistent with the high religious principles from which I have never deviated in the least particular, I must give the building of the Absolution Bank to some man whose influence is good and not evil on society. If I employ you, I shall be countenancing a religion which jeopardizes the souls of men, and I shall be encouraging political principles and measures which aim at the overthrow of all social order. And as the other members of the committee have empowered me to employ a superintendent for building the Absolution Bank, and, as I am desirous, as you know, of throwing the work into your hands, I will make the following reasonable proposal to you. If you will sign a paper renouncing your destructive agrarian principles, and hereafter attend meeting with me, or go to some evangelical church, you shall have my influence, not only for this job, but for many others of equal profit. I cannot favor you as I have done, while you retain your present religious and political opinions.'

All this was spoken in a mild, sweet, sympathizing tone, and when the flow of honeyed words had ceased, the young mechanic attempted to show the unfairness and unreasonableness of the whole proceeding. Ty replied somewhat pettishly, that he did not wish to have any discussion; but he would give Mr. D. three days to consider his proposition Mr. D. rose from the rich crimson arm-chair in which he had sat during the conference, and standing firm and erect like one conscious of right, and while contempt curled his lip and indignation flashed from his eye, replied in a tone loud enough to startle Ty from his seat:—'Mr. Hyler, I reject your proposal with scorn. I want not three minutes to decide upon the insulting proposition which you have offered me. Had you been a man, you never would have thought of insulting me with it.' Thus ended Mr. D.'s connection with Ty Hyler. Mr. D. dismissed him, and would no longer consider him his employer and patron.

And is it not time, reader, for *us* to dismiss him from our notice. We must do it, or alter the title of this article. We promised a *sketch* and not a *biography*. Let me say one thing, however, in conclusion, one thing which I wish to have remembered. Fancy had nothing to do in penning this brief outline of Ty Hyler. It is all true, every word of it. Did he not deceive the world by ornament?

DUN.

A TRIBUTE OF SYMPATHY.

Written one Year after the Death of Miss H. N. G.

INSCRIBED TO J. M. B.

'She thirsted for a spring
Of a serener element.'

I saw at morn, upborne by fragile stem,
A pure white lily. A bright crystal gem—
A dew-drop—slept within its beauteous cell,
Reflecting the soft sunbeams as they fell
And kissed the cup.
Time sped away.
Beneath the scorchings of meridian day,
The flowret drooped—a withered, blighted thing.
A cherub fair had bent his golden wing,
Had dipped the liquid spirit from the flower,
And borne it upward to his heavenly bower:—
The petals fell, and withered 'neath the blast,
While heavenward, on bright wings, the dew-drop passed.

'Twas thus with her—the loved and spotless one!
Too frail for earth's rude storms and scorching sun,
Her spirit, like the dew, so pure and bright,
Swift to the land of spirits took its flight.
The flower exhaled its last sweet odorous breath,
Then meekly bowed and kissed the earth in death.
A little while permitted here to bloom
In youth's bright morning smile, the chilly tomb
Entwines its icy chaplet o'er her brow,
And binds her clay where droops the willow's bough:
But, like the sparkling dew which upward soared
To join the living Fountain, whence were poured
Oceans of waters, blessings without scope—
Faith, love and beauty, truth and beaming hope,—
Her spirit winged its flight away from earth—
Away from chilly storms and pains and dearth,—
Seeking its element, where sin and death,
Can never taint its spotless, sinless breath.
Yes, heaven was hers, and how could she refrain
From going home to be with God again?
Yet, here were those—the truly loved, the kind;—
And 'Oh! how hard to part,' when kindred mind
Hath bound in silken cords communing souls—
E'en though bright angels lead to heavenly goals!
Said I the *loved* were here? and why so say
To thee, my friend, whose life was brightest day
Within her presence? Thou couldst not but know
Her soul's affections in their native glow!

Time, with his leaden wings, hath swept a year
Among the past; and Autumn leaves, all sere,
Have fell in mournful cadence round her head,
And wintry snows have shrouded oft her bed,
And Spring's reviving breath hath waved the fanes
Of stately trees, and touched the icy veins
Of algid streams, and set them bounding free,
Where bloom the loved sweet-brier and hawthorn tree;
And Summer, too, hath spread with deeper green,
The peaceful 'valley.' And the gorgeous sheen
Thrown o'er her grave like an emblazoned shroud,
Again the blast of regal Autumn, proud
Of conquering, hath touched with russet hue,

Ere it had bid the foliant months adieu.
And can the flight of time, or seasons' change,
Thy thoughts from thy affianced one estrange?
Thou seest her in faith and spirit still—
In every flower, and fern, and shrub, and rill—
In every orb in yon etherial blue—
In evening's shade, and morning's purple hue—
In pearly dew-drops on the bending blade,
And sighing winds that sweep the floral glade!
Her *soul*, unbound and free like ether-spray,
Is circling onward through one boundless day
Of heavenly light and life, where it shall reign,
Unknown to deathly chills or earthly pain.

The marble slab—'To DIE IS TO GO HOME'—
Reared o'er her head, is but the simple dome
To tell where rest the sad remains—the dust—
Which held her spirit in its earthly trust.
That damp and frigid house beneath the sod,
Holds not the mind—that, soaring far abroad,
Will seek sweet converse with the loved and pure,
While God, Eternity and Heaven endure. W. H. K.

Manchester, N. H. Sept. 8, 1842.

BIOGRAPHY. NO. II.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

A WRITER in the 'Western Messenger,' in his zeal to commend to young ladies sober prose and works of palpable utility, says he had rather be the author of one of Miss Sedgwick's works, than all that Mrs. Hemans ever wrote. And to this he adds a sneer in reference to her productions. We venture to opine that he is some old fusty chap who thinks far more of a potatoe patch than he does of the most luxuriant flower-garden, and values *'arbs* more than all the varied forms of floral grace and beauty. He can see no utility in that which does not treat directly, and in solemn prose, of the best way of increasing wealth, and developing a sturdy, common sense character. We will not yield to him in love of true utility, and maintain that in his judgment of what is good, he overlooks the finer feelings and tenderest sensibilities of the human soul. We were made for poetry, as much as for the plain prose of life; and the poem that exalts the affections and reveals the holy beauties of human sympathies, has a ministry of usefulness as truly as the sermon on love. Oftentime, it will affect the soul as the sermon cannot; for the poet is permitted to deal with the most secret feelings, and sing thoughts which are too sacred to be breathed with uninspired lips, while the preacher keeps aloof from allusions to those affections and emotions which grow out of life's tenderest attachments. And thus the productions of Mrs. Hemans are to be valued as of the highest worth. They can have no tendency but to purify, exalt, and awaken humanity to a deep and strong consciousness of the glory which love may reveal, when it has touched and embued with its own spirit every part of the mental being. 'She addressed herself,' says a eulogist, 'not to passion, or fashion, or the public, or any class of the community or country she lived in, but to human beings as such,—to their hearts, as well as their heads—with truth's transparent and glowing passport in her hand;—and it was an introduction that never yet failed to be effectual, nor ever will.' Where it does fail in some few cases, the failure must be from the want of 'the spirit of truth' within, by which alone the symbols of the highest truth are recognized and interpreted. 'She strove to be the worthy interpreter of worthy truth, deeply concerning the happiness of her race; and the vital spirit of virtue has inspired her to be equal to the task.' They who own it not, must be classed with those who have despised God's messengers because they knew them not! When her songs and hymns, and delineations of the heroic, are read with a voice that belongs to a beauty-discerning heart, in the home circle, or in the woody depth, or on the high hill, or by the leaping streams, or under the craggy rocks by the ocean side, a thrilling response within the breast answers to the high and beautiful, and religious thoughts which are uttered. She lifts our being to God through the path through which the affections only can bear the soul, and pours an unction upon the spirit that makes affection joyous for the strength it begets, and the increase of spiritual vision which it imparts. Hallowed be her memory! By the bed of the sick, and at the couch of the dying, her sweet and holy musings have been read, and as the soul has conversed with them, it has blessed God for the mission of the poet of the Affections—the poet of the Heart.

But to the sketch biography. Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool in 1794, in a small quaint-looking house in St. Anne Street, which was lately, if not now standing, old fashioned and desolate, in the midst of the newer buildings by which it is surrounded. 'Her father was a native of Ireland, and her mother descended from a Venetian house, among the members of which several advanced to distinction. She was the second daughter and fourth child, of a family of three daughters and three sons.' 'When about five years of age, her father owing to mercantile embarrassments, removed to the North of Wales. This new residence was well calculated to encourage her poetic turn. It was near the sea, shut in by a chain of rocky hills.' It was here, doubtless, that she saw those exhibitions of the terrible power of the sea, which made it a name of terror, and prevented her from loving to contemplate its beauties and sublimities.

As a child, Felicia is described as very beautiful—of brilliant complexion, long, curling, and golden hair, which, in later years, deepened into brown, but remained silken, profuse, and wavy to the last. She

was a creature of acute sensibilities, and early manifested a keen sense of the beautiful; these with an extraordinary memory which retained every thing, fitted her for the task of serving *poesy*. Her mother encouraged her earliest efforts, and at the age of seven years, she wrote pieces full of promise, the result of reading and observation, and these she confided to her sympathizing mother. In this respect, her early life was very different from that of many who are known to fame. And it was to her a happy difference, and reveals great amiability in the character of her mother.

'Shakspeare was one of her greatest and earliest favorite authors; and by way of securing shade and freedom from interruption, she used to climb an apple tree and there study his plays. She had not long made familiar acquaintance with his "beings of the mind," before she was possessed with the temporary desire, so often born, of an intense delight of personifying them. It is remarkable that the fancy led her to prefer the characters of Imogene and Beatrice. She loved the loneliness and freedom of the sea shore well; it was a favorite freak of hers, when quite a child to get up privately, after careful attendants had fancied her safe in bed, and making her way down to the water side, indulge herself with a stolen bath. The sound of the ocean, and the melancholy sights of wreck and ruin which follow a storm, made an indelible impression on her mind, and gave their coloring and imagery, and "a sound and a gleam of the moaning sea," to many of the lyrics which were written when she began to trust to her own impulses and to draw upon her own stores, instead of more timidly retiring under the shadow of mighty names. No extraordinary attention appears to have been bestowed upon the education of Miss Browne. She was never at school, and it is averred that the only things she was ever regularly taught were French, English Grammar, and the rudiments of Latin, communicated by a gentleman, who used to deplore "that she was not a man to have borne away the highest honors of college!"

'The first volume of poems published by Miss Browne, was in 1808. This contained some verses written when she was nine years old. This volume, inscribed to Lady Kirkwall, contains those little birthday compliment addresses to attached relatives, and expressions of affection, or regret, in which the young delight to exercise their newly discovered power.

'Miss Browne was married to Capt. Hemans, of the English army in 1812. There had been a protracted separation, and shortly before the birth of a fifth son, the union may be said to have closed. Capt. Hemans' health had been much impaired, by the hardships of a military life. A few years after his marriage he left his native land for the milder sky of Italy, but Mrs. Hemans pursued her literary labors in her native land.

'From this period to the time of her death it is well known that this gifted woman devoted herself almost entirely to poetry. It would be a work of supererogation to enumerate the brilliant productions of her pen; they are written upon the hearts and linger on the tongues of all lovers of poetry. She was ardently devoted to her children, and did every thing for them that maternal affection could devise. It was peculiarly gratifying to her feelings, amid the gloom of ill health that presaged her final dissolution, that her fourth son received an appointment in a government office. Whenever she spoke of this affair she described it as "sunshine without a cloud."

'The woman and the poet were in her too inseparably united to admit of their being considered apart from each other. In her private letters, as in her published works, she shows herself high-minded, affectionate, grateful—wayward in her self-neglect, delicate to fastidiousness in her tastes; in her religion, fervent without intolerance; eager to impart it to others—earnest, devoted to her art, to the service of all things beautiful, and noble, and holy. She may have fallen short of some of her predecessors in vigor of mind, of some of her cotemporaries in variety of fancy: but she surpassed them all in the use of language, in the employment of a rich, chaste, and glowing imagery, and in the perfect music of her versification. It will be long before the chasm left in our female literature by her death will be worthily filled; she will be long remembered—long spoken of by those who knew her works, yet longer by those who knew herself;

"Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found,
So let it be!"'

THE TOLLING BELL.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

O SOLEMN sound! that ever and anon,
Is mingled with the city's busy hum.
Thou hast a meaning in thy dull, deep tone,
That thrills the inmost heart. Dost thou not speak,
And tell the world that one of us is gone
To that far country whence none e'er returns?
And though unknown his nation, name, or state,
Whether a child of fortune or of want,
He claimed a common brotherhood with us—
His maker God, and ours his Savior too.
But yesterday perchance, he walked the earth
In youth and health, anticipating life,
With joyful hopes of happy days to come.
Now weeping friends stand round the bed of death,
And mourn the contrast! Contrast O how sad!
The heart that late with warm affection glowed,
Now beats no more. The hand is cold and stiff,

And the pale lips have closed—the sight is gone
From the once beaming eye, now fixed in death.
O 'tis an hour
Fraught with such woe that poor humanity
Doth oft-times envy him who feels no more.
Hard is the tax our best affections pay,
When dearest friends are called upon to part.
Despair would cloud the soul, did not the hope,
The blessed hope of life immortal rise,
To calm the mourner with the soothing thought,
That severed streams again shall re-unite,
And in one tide shall blend to part no more.

What though the daily funeral knell be felt,
So common an occurrence, that the world
Scarce heeds the solemn warning voice that speaks
And tells the living that they too must die.
That youth and innocence, and health and joy,
No barriers prove against the hand that may
E'en now be raised to strike our dearest friends,
And crush our fondest hopes to rise no more.
How feeble is the tenure of man's life!
Uncertain all the happiness of earth,
Where all is changing, nothing sure but death.
O might we learn to fix our thoughts on high,
Where pain, and sorrow, death, are all unknown,
And wean our hearts from earth to rest on heaven,
Then might the tolling bell not preach in vain.

East Randolph, Vt.

THE UNSYMPATHIZING HUSBAND.

BY MIMOSA.

'You intimated to Daniel that to-morrow would be a leisure day, Thomas; I should like to ride out to visit Mrs. Wilkins, if you can go with me. I might feel better for it, and I think, too, a ride would do little Johnny much good.'

'I know not how I may be employed to-morrow,' replied Mr. Moore, 'and a woman's place is at home. I presume you can find air and exercise about the house sufficient to satisfy the demands of health; and the children cannot lack either, so long as you allow them to romp out as much as they have lately done.'

'Very well,' meekly responded his wife, 'I will keep at home, if you choose I should.'

She resumed her employment with apparent cheerfulness; but her heart ached, and it was only by repeated efforts that she could check the hot tears which every instant started into her eyes. She loved her husband devotedly, studied his taste, and tried in all things to gratify it; her pleasure, often her necessity, was surrendered to his comfort, and sometimes she expected, at least, an affectionate acknowledgment of it from him whose approbation she valued more highly than aught else on earth. But even when asked for, it was reluctantly given; and only woman's undying love could have nerved her for her daily toils and sacrifices. Mr. Moore's heart was not cold; from the time he first saw his wife, when she was a gay, laughing girl of sixteen, he had loved her as deeply as man need to love. But he was of a reserved temperament; his heart often melted with tender emotions, but he thought it weakness to express such feelings. He knew not that the manifestation of sympathy, the breathing of kind words, the smiles of affectionate regard, were as necessary to his wife's happiness as the soft dew and radiance of summer are to the flowers. But so it was, and day after day she pondered his coldness and seeming indifference, and with a heavy heart administered to his necessities and comfort.

Years passed; four lovely boys were given them, and Mrs. Moore hoped they would render her husband less reserved and more amiable. So, occasionally, they did; for he loved them almost to idolatry. His general manners, however, continued unchanged. The little ones noticed how carefully their mother avoided doing anything which their father disapproved, and her unwearied efforts to anticipate his wishes and gratify them. Both by precept and example, she taught them not only to respect him, but to love him as a parent should be loved, and their innocent hearts bounded with joy whenever he approached them. They detailed to him their slight grievances, their plans for the future, and their blissful anticipations. Their glad prattle exhilarated his spirits, and he forgot, for a time, the weariness and vexation with which the outer world harassed his mind. Often his selfish taciturnity subdued his better nature, and then his wife and children were unnoticed, or answered by forced monosyllables.

'Father, father, see my sugar dog!' shouted Sammy as Mr. Moore entered his house one evening, in rather a pettish mood.

'And my sugar *rooster!*' continued Jemmy.

'And my whistle, father!' said John. 'Mother bought them for us.'

'What good will they do you?' demanded the father, seating himself by the fire.

A shrill blast from the hero of the clarion, replied; 'Do, father, see how sweet this whistles!' he continued, putting the moistened end of the crumbling instrument to his father's lips. 'Now blow!' 'Hear my dog bark,—wow! wow! he snaps, father; he is cross.' 'See my rooster crow, father! cookle doodle doo! there, now!'

'Stop your noise! go away;' sternly replied the father. There was no mistaking that decisive tone; the children retreated to the farther side of the room, and with looks of mortification sat down in silence.

'I shall eat my whistle now,' whispered Johnny.

'I shall give my bird to mother,' Jemmy replied.

Sammy sat awhile, thoughtful; then he said, 'I'll tell you what I shall do. I will keep my dog till to-morrow; father will be pleasant then, and I will give it to him.'

To-morrow came; at night the father returned from business and found not his wife at home. She went out after dinner, and had not yet returned. Such a circumstance never failed to render him sullen. When Sammy advanced to offer his dog, Sweet, he received a sterner repulse than was given him on the preceding evening. He hid himself and wept in bitterness of spirit. The children's sympathies were so often, in this manner, sent back wounded to their own warm hearts, that fear for their father gradually took the place of love; and they instinctively avoided him, except in moments of excitement when their buoyant spirits rose above the influence of habitual awe. Mrs. Moore perceived the effect her husband's temper was working on the hearts of their children, and spoke of it to him. He too, felt it, and had mourned for the cause; but to have his wife speak of it,—ah, that would not do! she might think she could influence him. His pride interposed.

'You are always brooding over some fancied evil; if I lose the children's love, see that you retain it.'

'I have no selfish motive in speaking of it; your good and the children's alone, induce me to do it. For myself, I would bear anything without complaining.'

'Wonderfully self-sacrificing! I want to hear no more about it.' His wife made no rejoinder.

When a lad, Mr. Moore frequently heard men curse 'petticoat government,' and he early learned to deprecate it. The prayer strengthened with his strength. It was against an imaginary evil he prayed, a chimera which he kept shrouded in a dark recess of his brain, and which roared and hissed and flamed to the detriment of his domestic happiness. He feared the world would think him governed in some cases by woman; so he never consulted his wife on any occasion, never asked her opinion; when he bought her a new dress, he never even asked her how she liked it. I wish Miss 'M. A. D.' could give him one of her meaning looks, and whisper in his ear, 'How do you like it?' He is almost nervously predisposed to take a hint.

When looking on his meek wife, with her pale, sickly face, I have wondered how her husband could be so cowardly as to steel his heart against the sweet influences of her amiable disposition. I felt that she could not have given him his horror of 'petticoat government.' One of Mr. Moore's friends, with whom, in boyhood, he had talked much about man's dignity and importance as head of all things on earth, and from whom he received his strongest prejudices against female influence, had married a lady of an ambitious business-like turn, and in her he placed entire confidence. This friend was as loud and as obstinate in denouncing 'petticoat government,' as he ever had been; yet a one-eyed person could see how completely his wife managed him. Her influence over him in matters of business, dress, and religion, was boundless; yet he knew it not, and congratulated himself on having never, by word or act, acknowledged woman's influence. Mr. Moore saw this; and he kept his wife ignorant of the state of his affairs, at times when a knowledge of it would have been a relief to her burdened mind. He feared to let her know she had his confidence, lest she should take advantage of it to bend his will to her inclinations. This apparent want of sympathy cruelly lacerated Mrs. Moore's heart, and embittered lives which might have been made happy by well-timed kindness, and a sacrifice of selfish feeling on the part of the husband and father.

Mr. Moore had, also, an erroneous notion that conjugal sacrifices must all be on the wife's part; that the wishes of the husband, as head and lord, should be gratified at any expense of physical ease and mental delight; that the wife should toil unremittingly for his comfort, and strive by means of muscle and thought, to increase his happiness, *because duty enjoins it*, and not because she looks for his smile and waits with a patience which would have vexed the patriarch of yore, for his affectionate approbation to reward her exertions. Should he thank his wife for a pudding seasoned to his liking? for a pie fitted to his palate? for the sacrifice of a party to make him happier at home? On no! this would be throwing off the dignity with which the 'lords of creation' are vested, and might lead the wife to think she had done what exact duty did not demand. This would be a dangerous precedent. It is always better to be governed by a sense of duty, and not suffer the promptings of affection, or an amiable disposition to lead us astray; so we may suppose reasoned Mr. Moore.

If Mr. Moore's children, as they advance in years, become reserved and distant in their deportment towards him, if they reluctantly converse with him, and in preference communicate to others their plans, their feelings, their hopes and aspirations, will he not impute it to his misjudged training of them? Probably he will recollect that his selfishness checked the expansion of the love and confidence which sprung up for him in their hearts. Should they evince a propensity to seek enjoyment at other places rather than beneath the paternal roof; should they spend their evenings abroad instead of cheering with their presence and converse the home circle; should they, instead of beautifying their father's hearth-stone, adorn themselves for public show, and chase the shade of happiness through halls of dissipation, whence from gregarious vices the reality retires in disgust,—his heart will upbraid him with Solomon's simple and solemn injunction, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

Should his wife mourn in uncomplaining submission for these results, yet fear to speak of their cause, and at last sick of 'hope deferred,' pining for want of a cordial reciprocity of affection, seek sympathy among the cold clods of the earth, will not the latent

fire of love re-act on its former lethargy, and sear the heart in which it so long slept unheeded? Poor man! God in mercy grant that he may not be a victim of his own unsubdued selfishness.

Augusta, Me.

SCRIPTURE SKETCH. RIZPAH.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

[We wish some power might rest upon the poet Willis that would keep him at word-painting of Scripture incidents, at which employment he was once eminently successful, and made many good hearts his debtor. He has written so much that is foolish, that he has lost the skill he once possessed, as is clearly seen by the poem 'Lazarus and Mary,' in the Christian Souvenir for 1843. The following, however, is of the same class of excellence as 'The Leper,' and 'The Raising of Jairus' Daughter.' We extracted it from the 'Brother Jonathan' something more than a year since.]

* * * * * *
* * * As he spoke, a step,
Light as an antelope's the threshold press'd,
And like a beam of light into the room
Enter'd Mephibosheth. What bird of Heaven,
Or creature of the wild—what flower of earth—
Was like this fairest of the sons of Saul!
The violet's cup was harsh to his blue eye.
Less agile was the wild barb's fiery step.
His voice drew hearts to him. His smile was like
The incarnation of some blessed dream,
Its joyousness so sunn'd the gazer's eye.
Fair were his locks. His snowy teeth divided
A bow of Love, drawn with a scarlet thread.
His cheek was like the moist heart of the rose;
And, but for nostrils of that breathing fire
That turns the lion back, and limbs as lithe
As is the velvet muscle of the pard,
Mephibosheth had been too fair for man.

As if he were a vision that would fade,
Rizpah gaz'd on him. Never, to her eye,
Grew his bright form familiar, but, like stars,
That seem each night new lit in a new Heaven,
He was each morn's sweet gift to her. She lov'd
Her first-born, as a mother loves her child,
Tenderly, fondly. But for him—the last—
What had she done for Heav'n to be his mother!
Her heart rose in her throat to hear his voice,
She look'd at him forever thro' her tears,
Her utterance, when she spoke to him, sank down
As if the lightest thought of him had lain
In an unfathom'd cavern of her soul.
The morning light was part of him, to her—
What broke the day for but to show his beauty?
The hours but measured time till he should come,
Too tardy sang the bird when he was gone.
She would have shut the flow'rs, and call'd the star
Back to the mountain-top, and bade the sun
Pause at Eve's golden door, to wait for him.
Was this a heart gone wild?—or is the love
Of mothers like a madness! Such as this
Is many a poor one in the humble home,
Who silently and sweetly sits alone,
Pouring her life all out upon her child.
What cares she that he does not feel how close
Her heart beats after his—that all unseen
Are the fond thoughts that follow him by day,
And watch his sleep like angels—and, when mov'd
By some sore-needed Providence, he stops
In his wild path and lifts a thought to Heaven,
What cares the mother that he does not see
The link between the blessing and her prayer!
He who once wept with Mary—angels keeping
Their unthank'd watch—are a foreshadowing
Of what love is in Heaven. We may believe
That we shall know each other's forms hereafter,
And, in the bright fields of the better land,
Call the lost dead to us. Oh conscious heart!
That in the lone paths of this shadowy world
Has blest all light, however dimly shining,
That broke upon the darkness of thy way—
Number thy lamps of love, and tell me now
How many canst thou re-light at the stars
And blush not at their burning? One—one only—
Lit while your pulses by one heart kept time
And fed with faithful fondness to your grave—
(Tho' sometimes with a hand stretch'd back from Heav'n)
Steadfast thro' all things—near, when most forgot—
And with its finger of unerring truth
Pointing the lost way in thy darkest hour—
One lamp—*thy Mother's love*—amid the stars
Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before
The throne of God burn thro' eternity—
Holy—as it was lit and lent thee here.

* * * * * *

SKETCHES OF SCENERY. NO. I.

BY REV. N. C. FLETCHER.

Are you for a walk Henry; or shall we harness 'Lightfoot' to the carriage and take an airing by the side of yonder mountain? I prefer the latter of course; but if I shall not be obliged to tax my locomotive powers to too great an extent, I will accompany you to its summit, after having been driven to its base by one who knows how to handle the 'ribbons.'

There is not a more romantic spot upon the footstool, than Dodge's mountain in Thomaston, Me. It is five hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and overlooks two as thriving villages as the traveler ever gazed upon. Upon the summit of this imperishable fortress of nature I am now seated amid all the wild magnificence of mountain scenery. The prospect around me is indeed delightful. The sun is declining in the West, and his slanting beams fall gently upon the lightening scathed rocks, and

luxuriant oaks with which I am surrounded. Before me stretches out in majestic grandeur the beautiful bay of Penobscot, whose pure waters lave our shores, rolling onward in deep and silent majesty by the unnumbered islands which the Almighty hath raised in its bosom, and clad with such robes of beauty that the very waves they have usurped, worship the loveliness of their intrusion. *Here* the beautiful and lady-like Steamer Express, is wending her way to the city of the East, cleaving the waters from her prow in fine undulations;—and *there* the numerous vessels, with their whitened canvass flapping against the masts which sustains it, are sluggishly moving upon the face of the great waters.

Among the number lying at anchor, I perceive a long black piratical looking craft, whose open ports and warlike appearance bespeak for her a passing notice. This is the 'U. S. Steam Ship Missouri.' She has been in our harbor for a few days and thousands have availed themselves of this opportunity to tread her decks and view her machinery and armament. On my right, 'Owls Head' is seen, against which the waves of the Atlantic when lashed into fury by the howling tempest, beat unmercifully and with tremendous roar, yet without effect; the hoarse murmuring seas may ever and anon renew their assaults on the huge 'head' that opposes them, and clothe it in the robes of awful sublimity, yet will it continue firm and unshaken, till the end of time. When the winds are sleeping in their caverns, the blue waters sweep gently along its base, sparkling onward and lighting up the faces of the humble fishermen with a smile, while they joyfully secure the prize for which they toil. At this place is a fine hotel where all the luxuries of the seasons are bountifully and elegantly served up. Here the invalid resorts to enjoy the gentle sea breeze of summer, that the flush of health may be reinstated upon his cheek, and here congregate the healthy to spend their leisure in all the varied pastimes which this romantic spot affords.

On my left is 'Jameson's Point,' which extends itself far into the bay. It is covered with rich grain and valuable pasturage, as well as stately forest trees that wave their 'abundant drapery against the deep blue sky.' In the 'East' is seen the 'Fox Islands,' whose foliage from the distance is softened into indistinctness, and they lay in the water with their 'well defined shadows hanging beneath them as distinctly as clouds in the sky, and apparently as moveable.' In sailing along by them in the night you seem to realize the mad girl's dream when she visited the stars, and found them

'Only green islands, sown thick in the sky.'

At the base of the mountain upon which I am seated, is one of the most picturesque meadows which my eyes ever gazed upon. Trees waving their palmy branches exultingly in the bright air; limpid streams blithely dancing along by their flower-lined banks, and flocks of herds here and there quietly grazing their tender food are among the objects to be seen beneath me. 'The eye is not satisfied with seeing,' and the landscape around me, recalls to mind that beautiful prodigality of faith which induced the ancients to behold a type of divinity in every thing around them. 'The woods and the grottoes, and even the fruits and flowers of earth, were to them fraught with celestial influences. They worshipped unconsciously in the stream and the sunbeam, that Power who created them, and nature was the beautiful shrine on which they offered up the indefinite emotions of the heart.' The village of East Thomaston in the distance *one mile* has been called '*the village of spires*,' from the four tall spires of its churches. It contains about three thousand inhabitants, who are frugal and industrious, and who possess much of the true Yankee's love of gain. They possess no taste for grandeur and exterior show, and their white cottage-houses are good indexes of their characters. Hark! is that not thunder? Let us gather up our scattered senses and depart.

East Thomaston, Me., 1842.

MY MOTHER'S BIRTH PLACE.

Is THIS thy childhood's home,
My mother? Was it o'er these moss grown rocks,
That e'en seem fashioned for some fairy's walks,
Thy infant steps did roam?
'Tis a lone spot and wild!
The beautiful and stern are mingled here
So softly, that it seems some brighter sphere,
Serene and mild.

The zephyrs gently breathe,
Through these old trees, beneath whose sheltering arms
Thou oft hast played, secure from all alarms,
Twining some fragrant wreath
Of these wild flowers,
That lift their graceful heads around thy feet.
Oh! on this spot, the pure and good should meet
In summer hours.

Smoothly towards the shore
The ocean waves majestically roll;
E'en now, I feel the beauty on my soul,
Of its lone music roar.
Was't on this beach,
My mother! that thy steps did often stray,
Watching the waves in silent gladness play
Within thy reach?

Here didst thou sit, and gaze
Upon the snowy sail, that, far away
Shone in the light of eve, or glare of day,
Through the dim haze,

Coursing its silent way
Along the shore, to some far distant clime,
O'er ocean's blue, whose waves through boundless time,
Have thrown their spray?

Resting in silence, too,
Upon its glassy breast, all mirrored, lay
Islands which seem'd to watch its sparkling play,
And ever varying hue.
Mother! thy home is lovely;
The dark embowering shade of these old woods,
Their softening beauty, their deep solitudes,
Fall soothingly
Upon my own sad heart;
And, unto thine, how dear was every glade,
Where thou with thy young sisters oft hast played!
For then no dart
Of sorrow e'er had thrown
Its shadow on thy bright and sunny years,
Nor had thy young eyes e'er been dimmed with tears,
For peace was all thy own.

But shadows now do rest
Upon thy home; the charm to thee is gone;
Thy own loved parents sleep in their long home.
Still they are blest.
For them thou shouldst not mourn,
Tho', as thy gaze on each familiar spot
Is fixed, sad memories come with visions fraught,
Of days long past and gone.

Though other spots there are,
Endeared to thee like holy dreams of heaven;
Though other dear ones, to thy heart are given,
And in thy care,
So often as thy feet,
In after years are turned to this dear home,
Thoughts of the past, the loved and lost, may come,
In visions sweet.

I would that my short path
Through life, might be in some lone spot like this,
Disturbed by naught save the soft zephyrs' kiss—
Heeding no tempest's wrath.
And I would learn
To be like thee, my mother! good and true;
My thoughts should take from these lone shades their hue,
Nor vainly yearn
For aught more fair.
All earth's exciting scenes should be forgot,
And with dear friends to roam this lovely spot,
My only care.

AMIE.

Thomaston, Me.

VIRTUE AND WISDOM. As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, and real worth, like the loadstone, never lose their powers. They are true graces, which are linked and tied hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other. And they who are truly virtuous, are like the stars of magnitude in the constellation.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

BY HENRY BACON.

THANKS be to God for those endowments of mind and dictates of a pure religion, which enable us to disregard the boundaries of sects and parties, and discern the excellences of such a man as WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. The brightness of the holy and beautiful eye has faded, the eloquent lip is stilled, and the heart which beat with boundless hope for man, stirs not its enclosure. The face of the dead has been looked upon, and man has spoken to man throughout our country—*Channing is gone!* In the high places of the nation, in every watch-tower of freedom, in every retreat where Truth trims and feeds her lights of progress and glory, in the halls of learning, in the homes of the lowly, in the heart of the slave, a loss is felt. He lived for humanity, and humanity will feel his death. He was a genuine lover of truth everywhere and always. He loved it as the bright revelation of God, and rejoiced in its power to light up the darkest depths of humanity with the radiance of hope. He was a true man; and well said a eulogist who happily executed his task, 'To be a man, was to him the greatest of gifts and the highest of responsibilities.' And in the pursuance of the aims involved in this lofty conception of manliness, he made his own words his motto: 'We belong first to God, and next to our race.' Whatever concerned man, concerned him; and liberty of mind and conscience, enlargement of thought and comprehension, generosity of feeling and judgment, nobleness of aim and purpose, high resolve, heroic action, boundless benevolence and philanthropy, found in him a worthy expounder and advocate. The beautiful light of his genius has shed on all the relations of life a new and attractive loveliness, winning the soul to duty by persuasion that appeals to all that is good within us. His expansive benevolence has shamed selfishness, his disinteredness has made boasters pale, and his calm, but fervently uttered truths, have entered souls with a virtue that breaks up the palsying disease, imparts energy to the active powers for good, and lifts up the whole being to a nobler and christian life. His words shall never die, neither shall his memory perish. His name is the heritage of humanity, and it shall never be sold.

We had intended to have presented the reader with a tribute to Channing, pronounced the Sabbath morning after his death; but its publication in a pamphlet having been requested, we must content ourself with a briefer notice. We take great pleasure in acknowledging our gratification in listening to the Eulogy delivered by the Rev. E. B. Hall, of Providence. It was a noble performance, rich with thought. A mind that could so well appreciate the greatness and fullness of the theme, and so well bring out the ideal,

must be endowed with no ordinary excellences. We have gathered a few incidents, recalled by memory, after hearing the Eulogy referred to. We give them with the thoughts they have suggested to our own mind. They have to us a deep interest, and we cannot but think that the reader will prize them.

STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

At the commencement of Channing's ministry in Boston, he established meetings to be held in private houses, for the exposition of the Scriptures. That these were meetings where freedom was exercised, where thought was kindled, where the desire was to gain truth, not opinions, where new interest was imparted to the sacred page, we may readily believe, not only from the testimony of those who attended them, but from the known character of the man—the teacher—the expounder. A lady once conversed with him upon the subject of reading the Scriptures, lamenting the small degree of interest which she took in the perusal of the sacred volume. In answer he said, 'You must not merely read, you must study, study deeply. You must not make it a rule to read just so much every day, as though the quantity perused answered the duty, but you must *study* a portion, search the letter for the spirit, and study a portion thus *every day*.' And this, we are told, was his custom. Did it not do something towards nourishing the spirit of God's revelation in his soul, which beams from all his writings, and makes them all instinct with love to reach, move and affect the heart and conscience? He loved the Bible. It revealed to him the only *real* Universe.

GRAVITY.

It was said of Channing, in the eulogy on his character noticed above, that an amusing topic was never introduced in his presence, and that his gravity sobered every light feeling. We can hardly believe this as fact; and did we believe it, it would not do anything to perfect our ideal of his amiability. Gravity we like—we like it especially in the minister, but perpetual gravity is against nature, happiness and virtue. A gravity that will not permit the introduction of those subjects which gratify wit and excite mirth, is a gravity that takes the richest smile from virtue, and the charm from moral excellence by which, especially, the young are won to the love of practical christianity. Channing, we know, vindicated a comic literature imbued with a religious spirit, and we cannot believe that he intended in his life to kill by gravity every thing comic in social intercourse. We often misjudge individuals who live lives of thought. We imagine that they love nothing but soberness, and fearing to indulge any comic feeling in their presence, the gravity in our mistaken souls is made an attribute of their character. When Channing was abroad in nature, amid the glories of mountain, lake and plain, there was deep enthusiasm not only in his soul, but in his language, and doubtless in his countenance and looks. If, in social intercourse, those who came near him felt that they were forbidden to indulge in comic or mirthful feeling, we believe the impression was an incorrect one. No writer has spoken more strongly against interdicting that which gratifies the comic vein, than Channing. 'The propensity to wit and laughter,' says he, 'does, indeed, through excessive indulgence, often issue in a character of heartless levity, low mimicry, or unfeeling ridicule. It often seeks gratification in regions of impurity, throws a gaiety around vice, and sometimes even pours contempt on virtue. But though often and mournfully perverted, it is still a gift of God, and may and ought to minister not only to innocent pleasure, but to the intellect and the heart.'

TRUE BASIS OF REFORMS.

All true social progress has been united with the christian spirit, and it is only by standing on the heights to which christianity lifts the faithful, that a view is given of man which is encouraging. To doubt man's capacities for improvement—to want faith in the utility of appeals to his best feelings—to regard social inequalities as they now exist as inevitable, is no part of the mental character of a true Reformer, nor is it countenanced by christianity. Christianity is the great Elevator. It gives the soul a sublime view of what man is capable of being and doing by opening the riches of human nature and the aids furnished by God's grace for the developement of the grandeur of that nature, and it shows a rock on which we may stand where the waves that overwhelm so many cannot reach us. 'I have no faith,' said Channing in a certain conversation, 'I have no faith in any Reform that is not based on christianity.' His knowledge of man—of our nature, and the complete and perfect adaptability of christianity thereunto, caused him to pronounce this opinion. 'Love and reverence for human nature,' said he in his last public effort, 'a love for man stronger than death, is the very spirit of christianity. Undoubtedly this spirit is faintly comprehended by the best of us.' 'The triumphs of christianity, however deferred, are not the less surely announced by what it has already achieved.'

'To effect any real reform,' says another, 'the individual man must be improved.' 'What the reformer, then, wants, is the power to elevate the individual, to quicken in his soul the love of the highest excellence, and to urge him forward towards perfection with new and stronger impulses.' This power Infidelity cannot supply. It has no affinity with man's higher being. It is no oak on which the bleeding vine may lean, and around whose giant arms it may wind itself to gain support, and that it may better

grow and become fruitful. It is the thought of what he is capable of being and the consequent glory of possessing the exaltation, which christianity infuses into the soul of man, that is the elevating power, and prompts to heroic action, as the consciousness of a noble alliance does a warrior. Lord Bacon has written that as a dog who finds himself supported by a man, has a generosity and courage unknown before, because he depends on a nature higher and better than his own, so man, conscious of his nearness to God, and leaning on a nature superior to his own, has a nobleness of bearing and a heroism of resolve and action, to which human nature could not otherwise attain. A dog that trembles in the night when alone, but who puts on the firmest courage when his master appears, so is man when he is without God, and when he feels the nearness of the Deity. The proposed Reform which does not recognize christianity—that does not give place to the religious sentiment, is radically deficient in the element of success and permanency. It gives no exercise to the noblest feeling of the soul. It does not strengthen the religious sentiment without which we cannot be true men. Religion enters as essentially into our conception of a perfect man—a reformed man, as the attribute of rectitude—in short, it is the soul and glory of Rectitude. Reforms must be based on christianity to succeed, for the creation groaneth 'for the manifestation of the sons of God!'

POPULARITY OF CHANNING'S WRITINGS.

The writings of Channing abound with Thought. They have nothing of Fiction, but very little indeed of Poetry, and are devoted to the advocacy of what are deemed unpopular doctrines. Yet his works are popular—the world waited to hear his voice, and when he spoke, the news went far and wide—Channing has given us another word! And is not this a cheering sign of the progress of the mind of the age—that thought is becoming more its element—that men are more willing to engage in searching out the reason of things—to appeal to the eternal principles of Rectitude? We may pause and contemplate the popularity of Channing's works, in view of what are the signs of the times, as well as other labors or sportiveness in literature, whose popularity is used as an argument in favor of the degeneracy of the age. His writings belong to the permanent—they belong to our true national literature—they breathe, as all true American literature does, the spirit of liberty, purity, and progress. But that which is cited to prove the degeneracy of the times, belongs to the transient—it must pass away, for it has none of the element of everlasting life. It does not exalt, and therefore cannot improve man.

FAITH IN THE INVISIBLE.

It is written of Moses that 'he endured as seeing him who is Invisible.' To see the invisible—to have the sight of faith, is essential to the possession of a true spirit of endurance in a life like this. Happy are they who have so clear and firm a faith that they would not be startled did they see the new clothed spirit come forth, as 'the winged gem' from the body of the chrysalis. Such a faith Channing thought he possessed. A lady was once conversing with him in reference to the departed, and remarked that she could not but desire that some one of them might come back from the invisible world. With a smile, he answered her, 'I do not expect that any of my departed friends will come back, but my faith in the life of the invisible world is so strong and clear, that should any of the departed appear, I do not think it would astonish me.' A blessed faith was that! A faith it was like that of our Master when pronouncing the omnific words over the sick and the dead. He was never astonished at the return to life and health of the dead and sick. He alone remained unaffected by the deeds of power, and therefore, he possessed the presence of mind which bade the Jews unbind the body of the raised Lazarus, and said to the relatives of the restored maiden—'Give her to eat.'—'Blessed are they which have not seen, but yet have believed.'

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Some of the stern critics of the literature of Liberal Christianity, have imagined that they could discover a growing dislike for outward ordinances in the writings of Channing. They think they can discern this where others discern a loftier and more fervent plea for spirituality in religion, and that outward ordinances might be more true as aids, by the agency of thought and feeling. And this is the correct idea. 'Bodily exercise profiteth little' in matters of outward rites; it is the indwelling of godliness that is the all in all—the spirit moulds and uses forms as its necessities require. That Channing loved and prized public worship—a great ordinance—to the last, is manifested in an incident of his last day on earth. The bells rang for the morning service, and he advised his daughter to go to church. She went. The afternoon came; he told her to go again—'Go to church,' said he. 'Go in the morning, go in the afternoon. It will do you good, Mary!' She went; and when she returned, he was dying—dying to mortal vision, but to the sight of angels, enlarging into beatific life.—The good of public worship will keep pace, with the true progress of mind; for it is indeed true that with the increase of mental and moral power, the significance, beauty and blessedness of public worship may be increased. 'Strength and beauty *are* in the Sanctuary.'

THE LAST REQUEST.

The last moments of eminent men have ever been clothed with unusual interest to the general mind, and a large catalogue of the names of those whose

last words are recorded, might be given. There is indeed not only a religious, but a poetical interest, connected with the entering of an eminent mind into the mysteries of death. All that is solemn and good within us is awakened, and we pause to hear the least whisper, as eagerly as of old the heathen bowed before the Oracle. What Channing's last words were, we know not; but his last request was this;—'Read to me from the Scriptures.' On being asked what portion should be read, he answered—'The closing verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew,' and then he repeated the verse, 'If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?'

O ever to my soul will there be a new interest given to those holy words of the Prince of Peace. I shall think of the gentle and loving spirit that repeated them, as the parent turns back ere he departs to leave a wise admonition. There is a need of the living and dying uttering the heavenly words of the Master, that in the souls of christians may be breathed a purer and broader love, and on the precepts of Jesus may rest the sanctity of heaven.

THE WORD QUICKENED.

The eulogist on Channing referred to, in speaking of that immortal man's last public effort—a voluntary labor for the slave—eloquently lauded the performance and its power to reach the minds and hearts of thousands, and added with touching pathos—"It is not quickened, except it die." Channing is dead and the word is quickened.' The poetry is better than the literal expression, for the poetry inclines us to compare the earthly body of Channing to the encasement of the germinating principle of the seed, and that as the throwing off this encasement imparts a quickening power to the germ, so the death of Channing has imparted a quickening power to his last words which they otherwise would not have had. The fact that it was a voluntary utterance—an effort when he was seeking health—and *his last*—will call attention to it, and cause it to be read with a more solemn and intense interest than would otherwise have been given to it. His death *has* quickened the germinating power of the word. In thousands of souls it will bring forth a new interest in the condition of the slave—a new zeal to labor for his emancipation—a truer estimate of the worth of Liberty. It gives to his last days a pure moral sublimity. He had visited the heights of Berkshire for vivification, and in the enjoyment of the glorious nature there, he gained new life—and used it immediately. A lofty use it was—and for it humanity will praise him, and his name shall be one with Liberty.

The stars twinkle in their gorgeousness, and the silvery moon looks smiling on! PR.

OBITUARIES.

Died in Haverhill, N. H., July 11, Mrs. Phebe, widow of the late Hon. Moses Dow, aged 91 years and 4 months.

A good old age indeed—good because of the peaceful and happy faith in God and his Christ which she cherished, and which enabled her to lie down and die in hope. While we dwell on the departure of one so aged, we are reminded of a pilgrimage we once took to an ancient burying place. We went from grave to grave, removing the veiling moss from the gravestones, that we might read the inscriptions thereon. We knelt down to one, and after removing the moss, read the following words—'Why should we weep that a new child is added to the company of the immortals?' A question that is, thought we, which implies a beautiful sentiment to check tears. We thought it must be the grave of a child, at which we were standing; but on looking again upon the stone, we found that beneath slept a female aged *ninety* years! A beautiful trust, thought we, prepared that inscription. To the living remembering heart, death to the beloved aged one, was the entrance to a new life. The resurrection was a 'new birth.' She had thrown off all the habiliments of age—its infirmities and sorrows, and had become a child among the immortals! Why should the surviving weep?

The heavenly influences of our blessed faith incline the believing soul to cherish the same thought in respect to the departed. Death is a change; but it brings no inglorious change to the spirit; all that was dear, still survives—their affections are immortal, and the change which touches those affections, is that which changes from glory to glory—from strength to strength. It is so with her whose death, or rather whose putting off of mortality, we have recorded. She died in the faith of the Restitution, and all the aged who die thus, depart like the setting of the Autumn sun when it bids us adieu in glory. The contemplation of the setting sun of Autumn always exerts a calming and sweet influence upon the soul, and so may meditation upon the departure of this aged mother in Israel, be to those in whose hearts her memory is dear. May they live in the faith in which she so happily died; and thus, walking in the fear of the Lord, they shall have the comforts of the Holy Spirit. May they have 'everlasting consolation and good hope through grace'—hope that is full of comforting expectancy.

In Providence, Sept. 28, Miss Lonira Cheevers, daughter of Mr. Adnah Sackett, aged 16 years.

By this death we were called to weep over another victim of Consumption; and as often as we are called to this melancholy duty, we are reminded of Percival's plaintive poem, in which he almost makes us in love with the insidious disease because of its beauty. His words come involuntarily to our own lips—

'There is sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
When all that was bright and fair has fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.
O! there is sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose,
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has poured her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.'

It was so with the maiden whose departure we have recorded. Life could not but be dear, surrounded as she was with all that the heart could wish—save health giving power; yet she could relinquish her hold upon earth in humble and sweet submission to the will of her heavenly Father. Her soul was at peace in the Redeemer, and in thoughts of heaven she found the elixir of a true spiritual life. Her conversations manifested the resignation to which she had disciplined herself, and she could look on death, as he slowly approached, without shuddering. The grave's gloom, was as the darkness of night to her—a wise ordination of a perfectly wise and good Deity, affording as clear evidences of his love as the brightness of noontide. Therefore, her death was peaceful—peaceful as the flower's close at evening; and dear to the hearts of her parents and friends, must be the sweet remembrances of her willingness to depart—of how she beheld the footsteps of Jesus as he returned from the tomb, and in deep love of his resurrection smile fell asleep.

We do not record this death as an addition to the thousands of illustrations of the sufficiency of our hope for the dying. We know not what were the thoughts of the departed on the extent and efficacy of Redeeming Grace. She saw enough of her Father's love and her Savior's tenderness to resign herself cheerfully and unreservedly to her destiny. Thanks be to God that she did—that we have seen another instance of how death can be won to do his work gently and kindly.—Another attraction is now added to heaven. Another link is joined to the golden chain which unites the heart to imperishable things. One *more* has joined the absent. May the God of all comfort continually abide with the bereaved parents, and prepare them for whatever must come to their surviving dear ones. May the 'consolations of Christ' in them abound.

In Providence, Sept. 29, Miss Marietta T., daughter of Dr. Elias Smith, formerly of Boston, aged 25 years.

Many years of sickness and pain are ended. We cannot but be thankful that they are ended, though the end was death. We know the depth of tenderness that is moved in the parent's heart by the anxieties consequent upon a constant ministry towards one liable every hour to convulsions and to be as helpless as a child. But with faith in God and his dear Son, christian consolation will abound; the parents will realize the deep truth of her own words—'There is more to die for, than to live for.' She in her last days was—thank God!—rational, and conversed calmly and affectionately of what she recalled of the past and in reference to the future. She gave herself to God without reservation, for in Him she trustingly confided. Though a child of pain and weakness, she was ever amiable and affectionate; her tender soul was grieved for the rashness she thought she might have manifested in delirium; but against her, her parents can recall no act contrary to a filial spirit. Farewell thou gentle and suffering one! We will remember thy amiability, and bear our lighter sorrows more patiently as we remember thy submission! May the God of all comfort strengthen the hearts of the parents and relatives. To the Gospel we commend them.

PITY AND CHARITY.

The very pirate that dyes the ocean wave with the blood of his fellow beings; that meets with his defenceless victim in some lonely sea where no cry for help can be heard, and plunges his dagger to the heart that is pleading for life—which is calling upon him by all the names of kindred, of children, and home, to spare; yes, the very pirate is such a man, as you or I might have been. Orphanage in childhood, an unfriended youth, an evil companion, a resort to sinful pleasure, familiarity with vice, a scorned and blighted name, seared and crushed affections, desperate fortunes—these are steps which might have led any one among us to unfurl upon the high seas the bloody flag of universal defiance, to have waged war with our kind, to have put on the terrific attributes, to have done the dreadful deeds, and to have died the awful death of the ocean robber. How many affecting relationships of humanity plead with us to pity him? That head, that is doomed to pay the price of blood, once rested upon a mother's bosom. The hand that did that accursed work, and shall soon be stretched, cold, nerveless, in the felon's grave, was once taken and cherished by a father's hand, and led in the ways of sportive childhood and innocent pleasure. The dreadful monster of crime has once been the object of sisterly love, and all domestic endearment. Pity him then, pity his blighted hope and his crushed heart. It is reasonable; it is meet for frail and sinning creatures like us to cherish. It foregoes no moral discrimination. It feels no crime; but feels it as a weak, tempted, and rescued creature should. It imitates the great Master, and looks with indignation upon the offender, and yet it is grieved for him.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., NOVEMBER, 1842.

Human Life; or Practical Ethics. Translated from the German of De Wette. By Samuel Osgood. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1842. 2 vols. pp. 409 & 368.

A valuable series of 'Specimens of Foreign Literature' has been issued from the press, under the editorial supervision of Rev. George Ripley. The present volumes are the twelfth and thirteenth numbers, and well merit a place in the series. The theme cannot but demand the attention of those who are engaged in the labor of unfolding correct morals, and who regard morality as having its foundations in our essential being, and as alone adapted to cause the growth of man's powers to be harmonious and beautiful. Were Ethics more studied and better understood, there would not be so many vague and contradictory notions concerning moral duty, and man would see cause to act from higher considerations than expediency or policy, and why he should become wedded to the Right. We thank Mr. Osgood for his labors. He has made available to English readers a work that ranks among the permanent literature of Germany, and gives them a better acquaintance with De Wette, than the reviews and sketches which so frequently come under our eye. Some of the chapters or lectures, are peculiarly valuable—though choice, in this respect, we well know is very much a matter of taste, and dictated by a person's habits of thought. We have read with much gratification the Introduction, and the Lectures on 'Clearness of Mind,' 'Strength of Will,' and the 'Alleged Conflicts of Duties,' in the first volume, and in the second we are hardly able to institute a choice. All the subjects are those of highest moment, and the discussion of them in this work will be found to be eminently suggestive.

The style of the translation is quiet and good, and of its fidelity we have no question. The publishers have done their part well; and we cannot but earnestly commend the work to public attention, especially to our readers. We have promised to tell them of good books, and we tell them of two when we present for their notice this translation of De Wette's 'Practical Ethics.'

Good Wives. By Mrs. D. L. Child. 'Yes, it 's a *heart*some thing to be a wife.' Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co. 1833. pp. 316.

'The Ladies Family Library' was the name of a series of volumes to be published from the pen of Mrs. D. L. Child, author or compiler. But three, we believe, were issued; those three, however, are among the most excellent for a Ladies Library. The present volume we are very desirous of commending to the notice of those who love the biographies of good women by one who 'defines' her 'position' thus: 'Even the most ordinary writer has some influence on mankind, and is responsible to God for the use he makes of that influence. I may sin against taste—I may be deficient in talent—but it shall ever be my earnest endeavor to write nothing, that can, even in its remotest tendency, check the progress of good feelings and correct principles.' She anticipates the question, why she has not inserted more biographies of American wives, and after alluding to the wives of Dr. Ramsay, the patriot Josiah Quincy, and John Adams, she remarks, 'But such cases as these furnish no details for the biographer, or any one strong point, on which to found a striking anecdote. I know that good wives and excellent husbands abound in every part of the Union; but it must be remembered that I could only give a sketch of those whose virtues were in print; and though there exists among us elements of female character, which, in time of need, would become sublime virtues, our national career has hitherto been too peaceful to call them into action in a manner likely to secure a place in history.' 'But since domestic love and virtue really have an abode with us, it matters little whether the world be informed of their full extent; it is our business to cherish, not to display them.' And most sincerely can we remark, that this is a book to incite to diligence in this 'business,' for by virtues is the cause of virtue here plead.

'*The Economy of Health; or the Stream of Human Life, from the Cradle to the Grave.* With Reflections, moral, physical, and philosophical, on the Septennial Phases of Human Existence. By James Johnson, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the King. N. York: Harper & Brothers. 1837.' 12mo. pp. 283.

So great is the number of works on the laws of health, and so important are those on which we can rely, that it is really a favor to have such an one as the volume before us pointed out. It appeals to common sense, and leads us behind many curtains that are too frequently kept drawn between the mind and the real truth of things. We like this work much for one peculiarity—it recognizes the reciprocal influence of the moral and the physical laws, and shows how seldom they act independently in the economy of life. One theme he touches peculiarly well, and that is—more is revealed to the physician than to the priest, of the real feelings of individuals; and by the discussion of matters pertaining to this, he speaks plainly of the many punishments 'not visible to the world, though keenly felt by the individuals on whom they fall;' and why we should, and safely can, conclude that all breaches 'of the laws of God and Nature draw after them penal infliction, whether that infliction be patent to the world or not.' The work is divided into Septennials, and admirably lays open the economy of health.

Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin, pastor of Waldbach in the Ban de la Roche. Compiled from authentic sources, chiefly French and German.

Faithful memoirs of such men as Oberlin are of the highest value, and the nurturing of a taste for them in the heart of a child is to favor the growth of everything good. Oberlin deserves to be ranked among the chief benefactors of his race, for who do a nobler work than those who demonstrate the practicability of the high requirements of christianity, its adaptedness to the debased, and its power to elevate and ennoble? We rise from the perusal of such works as this with a new trust in man, with a new love of the morally heroic, and a more fervent desire to do something for our race. We refer to this work, not only to commend it to renewed notice, but to speak of a feature which should be regarded by our Sabbath School Librarians. In the Pittsburgh edition, by Rev. I. Halsey, and in the Cambridge edition, by Rev. H. Ware, jr., pp. 180 and 200, we find a reference made to the peculiar faith of Oberlin in the Restitution. The remark of the author is, 'It is needless to say of these doctrines that they are fanciful and mistaken, and not to be defended by an accurate application of Scripture.' We of course are perfectly willing for the author to utter his whole mind, and all we want is, that a note may be made to answer the unevidenced assertion. The Cambridge edition is very handsomely printed, duodecimo size; the other is a 12mo. and poorly printed.

Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University, Providence, R. I., on Commencement Day, Sept. 7, 1842. By Francis C. Gray. Providence: B. Cranston & Co. pp. 40.

This is not an oration to read and then throw aside. Its truths are to be pondered, and well would it be if every American could and would read and deeply reflect upon

them in connection with the eloquent plea of Mr. Mann in his fourth of July oration. The oration by Mr. Gray is in the same lofty tone as his Eulogy on Washington, and will be found to be a finished production. The theme is—*The Mission of America!* This he developes with a masterly power, and earnestly advocates the means of fulfilling the mission.

Universalism Examined, Renounced, Exposed; in a Series of Lectures, embracing the Experience of the Author during a Ministry of twelve years, and the Testimony of Universalist Ministers to the dreadful moral tendency of their Faith. By Matthew Hale Smith. Boston: Tappan & Dennett. New-York: Dayton & Newman; Saxton & Miles. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves. 1842. pp. 396.

We can speak of this work with no measured language, for our contempt for it is immeasurable. This is the first time we have written the name of its author for the public eye since his inglorious evolutions, and we write it now with feelings which we dislike exceedingly to be forced to entertain towards any human being. His book is stamped with falsehood, and circumstances are detailed with great solemnity, designedly to make an impression on the reader as opposite to what the author *knows* to be correct, as darkness is from light. We should not notice the work were it not for the countenance given to it by the names of four respectable firms of booksellers, and the use that will be made of it by some of those who are held in high esteem in community. It shows an imbecile intellect, and to receive it will be an act which will confer no honor on any intelligent mind.

Oration, delivered before the City of Boston, July 4, 1842. By Hon. Horace Mann.

This production we regard as more intrinsically valuable than any other Fourth of July oration we have ever perused. Every American citizen who has one spark of the love of country in him, will feel grateful to Mr. Mann for the essential service which he has rendered the public. *We* certainly never read a book of any kind, with more thrilling interest. The style of course is forcible indeed, it is grand. But what gives the unusual interest to the production, is the startling facts which it embodies, and the clearness and conclusiveness of the reasonings from them. The grand conclusion which the able author aims to impress upon the minds of his fellow citizens is the importance—the absolute necessity of providing more ample means than are now employed, for common school education.

He shows that unless this be done, our cherished republican institutions will one day be at the disposal of voters so ignorant that they cannot even write their own names. He shows that not only the grossest ignorance, but the foulest crimes are spreading and increasing with fearful rapidity. All who love their country and their race, should read and ponder well upon this oration. Let the clergy, and all others who believe that intelligence and virtue are the only sure foundation for a republic to stand upon, labor in season and out of season to diffuse the one and promote the other. Whoever reads the oration will not, we venture to say, read in vain. D. B. H.

Morley Ernstein; or the Tenants of the Heart. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of 'Richelieu,' &c.

The copy of the above work which we have read, is published in the New World, of June 8th.

We do not practise indiscriminate novel reading ourselves, neither do we recommend the practice to others. But there are many works of fiction issued from the press, which every man and woman, unless they are saturated with prejudice and bigotry, can read not only with pleasure, but with intellectual and spiritual profit. Morley Ernstein belongs to this class. The plot is ingenious, the characters are consistent throughout, many of the descriptions are scenes beautiful, the moral reflections are just, and the denoument is just what we expected, with the exception that Lieburg, the consummate and finished villain of the story, turns out to be but a tenant of every human heart. The moral influence of the story is good. It is an interesting illustration of the antagonism of the two laws spoken of by the Apostle—the law which he found in his members, warring against the law of his mind. Or, which is the same thing, it shows the danger and certain destruction, of allowing the animal propensities and passions to predominate over the moral feelings. Read it. D. B. H.

THE

UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER 1842.

HONESTY IN MAINTAINING RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

BY HOSEA BALLOU 2D.

GAL. ii. 14: 'I saw that they walked not uprightly according to the truth of the gospel.'

THERE are many ways, in which we may be guilty of not walking uprightly; and whenever this is the case, be it in whatsoever way, we of course walk contrary to the gospel. But St. Paul here refers, as we shall soon see, to one particular kind of dishonesty: to dishonesty with respect to professing and maintaining the several truths of the gospel. That was the distinct fault he here had in view. The people, here spoken of, were guilty of dissembling their religious belief. They lent their countenance to doctrines they had no faith in; and, that they might keep in with a certain party, they openly discountenanced what they were persuaded was the truth.

There would, perhaps, be nothing very surprising in all this, considering how many have done the same thing, were it not for the distinguished character and standing of the actors in this scene. Who were these, that were guilty of this piece of dishonesty? They were some of the Jewish christians, together with Barnabas, the fellow-laborer with St. Paul; and at the head of them, alas, was St. Peter himself! St. Paul states the whole matter, here, very plainly, and without a thought of concealment or apology. He says, 'When Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed.' Then he proceeds to describe Peter's dissimulation; after which, he finally adds, 'the other Jews dissembled likewise, with him; insomuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation. But when I saw that they walked not uprightly according to the truth of the gospel, I said unto Peter, before them all, If thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews?' Such was the course of dissembling, which these otherwise excellent and devout men pursued, at least for a while.

But let us not mistake the case, and imagine it worse than it really was. Surely, it was bad enough, without exaggeration. It was not with respect to the gospel, taken as a whole, that St. Peter and Barnabas and their associates prevaricated. No, indeed; far from that. They did not go to that extreme enormity. But it was with respect to one particular doctrine of the gospel, one of considerable importance, however, viz. the doctrine that the law of Moses was abrogated, and that Jews and Gentiles now stood on one and the same ground before God. This was the truth they dissembled.

The circumstances were the following. When St. Peter came to Antioch, where was a large number of Gentile converts, he at first associated freely with them, eat with them, and appeared to be one with them, according to the requisitions of the gospel, which made no distinction between the circumcised and the uncircumcised. So far, he acted honestly. But after a while, circumstances changed; and it is mortifying to relate, that, with them, St. Peter himself also changed. Certain Jewish converts from Jerusalem came up to the same place, who had been familiarly acquainted with Peter. He knew their prejudices; he knew their bigotry. He knew that, although believers in Christ, they still retained the old law of Moses together with the gospel, and that they regarded it an abomination to hold intercourse with Gentile christians, who had never been circumcised. All eyes were on Peter, to see how he would manage in this delicate juncture. Which side his understanding and his heart were on, was well known from his previous conduct; but, would he dare to brave the sour looks, the sanctimonious indignation, of his Jewish brethren? Alas! he who would cheerfully have sacrificed his life for the gospel, as a whole, was so weak, in this case, that he virtually denied one of its important doctrines, and sided with the Jewish converts, in order to retain their favor. Peter eat no more with the Gentile believers, but, as we are here told, 'withdrew and separated himself, fearing them which were of the circumcision.' He went over to the side of the bigots, shut himself up in their narrow circle, and no doubt practised to look like them, to act like them, and to speak like them; for when a man dissembles in such cases, he seldom does it by halves. He felt that sharp and suspicious eyes were

on him, to mark the least deviation from the course prescribed by his jealous brethren.

But there were, also, other eyes upon him, than those of the Jewish christians. St. Paul was there, standing by, and looking on, all the while. He saw what Peter, and Barnabas, and the rest, were doing. And his honest heart could not away with such duplicity. Whosoever might practise it, he would not be silent; the more elevated and influential the offender, the more need of a corrective. He withstood Peter to his face; he rebuked him before them all.

From the stern and unsparing reprimand which St. Paul gave the dissemblers on this occasion, high as was their station, and excellent as were their characters in a general view,—from this, I think, we may, very clearly perceive in what light he regarded all temporizing, all prevaricating, about the particular truths that are important to the gospel. This suggestion will furnish the general topic, to which I now ask your attention; praying that God will enable us to address the subject to the understanding and to the conscience of every one who hears.

My friends, we see it was not enough, in St. Paul's opinion, that his brethren were faithful to the gospel, indefinitely as a whole, in distinction from other schemes of religion, or from no religion at all. He felt it a duty also, a sacred duty, to maintain that gospel in its purity, especially in its liberal character. He allowed none to shrink from the explicit avowal and maintenance of the several important truths it involved, if those truths were but understood. Any delinquency, here, was a subject of righteous admonition. O that his uncompromising spirit of straightforward honesty, of determined faithfulness, might be revived among us, at the present day! For there is, perhaps, no respect, in which professors of religion are more lacking in sound, thoroughgoing christian integrity, than in this one particular,—walking honestly according to the truth of the gospel. There certainly is reason to fear that a laxness of principle, in this respect, prevails to a wide extent among those of our own faith, as we shall have occasion to specify more at large; and I think we may see it also among others. I appeal to your own observation: has it not come to such a pass, that a great many, even among religious people, feel no sacredness whatsoever in the obligation to maintain the distinctive truths of the gospel, as they really understand them? I may bring the inquiry home to yourselves: Are not we, my brethren, apt to suppose that if we are only decided in our attachment to christianity in some form,—to christianity as distinguished, say, from Mohammedanism, heathenism, infidelity, &c. we fulfill our duty well enough, in this respect? As for the several developements of christianity, we treat it as a matter of little or no moral import, whether we give our aid and countenance to those principles which we think the true ones, or to others which we believe to be perversions. They all go under the general name, christianity; and that name sanctifies the whole to our use! sanctifies it to our conscience even, or rather to our indifference! The Arminian will give his attendance and his influence to support Calvinism, of which he does not believe a word; and this, too, when there is a church of his own faith, which it is just as practicable for him to attend. But circumstances, or to speak truly, considerations of profit, of fashion, of popular approval, or of worldly policy, which he calls by the more euphonious name, circumstances,—these are the apology he pleads in his justification. I presume it may be said, without giving offence, that the believer in the simple unity of God, often attaches himself to the Trinitarian cause, through such circumstances, and adheres to it, his life long. Many Universalists give themselves away, in like manner, to every other creed than their own, and never so much as lend their countenance, except in private, to what they really believe to be the truth of the gospel. So far as I have had opportunity to observe, the current of this dissembling sets almost invariably in one direction: the more liberal and enlightened fall back into the body of the bigoted and exclusive. Strange to say—in many cases, the more exclusive, the greater seems the attraction. Never is the general tendency the other way. Seldom, if ever, do the bigoted, or those of narrow faith, come forward to return the compliment, by patronizing the more liberal and enlightened. My brethren, why do we offer this premium to bigotry? for premium it unquestionably is, a standing reward held out perpetually to whatsoever class of men will shut their charities up within the narrowest compass, and deal the loudest damnation on all without. Why should we sacrifice honesty, in order to encourage these practices! It surely is not very creditable to court servitude at the hand of those who lord it over God's heritage.

'O,' it is sometimes said, 'they are all christians; mistaken, indeed, in some things; but it does not so much matter whom we connect ourselves with, if they be but good people; and we find good people in all denominations.'—Unquestionably. And we are bound to treat them as good people, to extend our fellowship to them as christians, if their character and lives are worthy. But what has that to do with the matter now under consideration? I trust we are not obliged to condemn others, or to abuse them, even if we do not follow with them, nor encourage them in their errors. Is it necessary to stop here, and show that we need not violate, in the least, the christian charity we owe to all our brethren, while we still remain true to our own convictions? The most inflexible integrity has no affinity with that sour and pugnacious sectarism which is eternally denouncing, or quarrelling, or battling. We would have the different sects live together, like so many families in a

neighborhood, not only in peace, but in friendship, and in the mutual interchange of good offices. We would have them treat each other as christians, and freely allow each others' claims to the service of our common Master. But shall we, therefore, make it a matter of indifference whether we ourselves support truth or error? So thought not St. Paul. Why did not he apologize, and connive, and say, 'O, Peter is a christian; Barnabas is a christian,'—(as they unquestionably were;) 'there are many good people among these Jewish brethren who came up from Jerusalem; and, therefore, let us humor their prejudices, let us bow down to their bigotry, and join with these worthies in dissembling our own more liberal sentiments.'

Do not mistake us, my brethren. We plead, as St. Paul ever pleaded, for the fullest exercise of charity. We say, with him, this is greater than all other spiritual gifts, greater than faith itself. But by charity, we mean the reality, not the mere pretence. We mean that pure spirit of heaven, whose eye is all light, at the same time her heart is all tenderness; who sees things as they are, knows there are such evils in our world as sin and error, and calls them by their right names, while she speaks in tones of gentleness and overflowing compassion. People do wrong to screen their sheer indifference to truth under her sacred name. Whom do they take charity to be? an idiot, with great moony eyes, and a stolid countenance, who knows only to babble '*good, good*,' at everything she meets? This is not charity. This is stupidity; or worse, hypocrisy.

If there is any concern under heaven, in which dissimulation is more out of place than in all others, it is the subject of religion, in which we deal directly with our God, who searches the heart and tries the reins. Beware of practising falsely here, if you do not wish to destroy all sense of sacred obligation in your soul. There is no half-way. You must be thoroughly honest in your religion, or at length have no religion. That is the only alternative. For what can be plainer, than that he who allows himself habitually to swerve right and left, at random, in any of his professed and immediate relations with his Maker, has already unfastened the hold which Heaven has on his conscience? and that the whole is becoming, with him, a matter of mere expediency or manœuvre? God will not be mocked, nor suffer the double-dealer to play a part before him, with impunity. If any should think our tone too severe; if any should think that indifference to the particular truths of the gospel, ought not to be dignified with so grave an admonition, so long as we adhere steadfast to christianity in general,—I beg them to consider this: that indifference, if it begin with those particulars, will not stop with them. Its nature is to increase by indulgence. It grows into a habit, a fixed state of the mind, and becomes general; like a mortification that spreads wider and wider, unless cured, and finally carries death into the vital parts. The same apathy, which began with disregarding the important details, naturally grows into equal indifference towards the whole system itself of christianity, and ends in a readiness to receive anything, in its stead, which the wisdom or the fashion of the day may be inclined to substitute. At any rate, this is the history of the matter, as it has actually operated, in all ages; and it is its *natural history*. Did we need confirmation, we might have it, in what we see taking place around us, in our own day.

We have said, there is a lack of christian principle, in these respects, among those of our own faith, as well as among others. Be not surprised, my brethren, if we should say, there is more lack among them, than in some other quarters. What multitudes of believers in God as the Savior of all men, lend their public influence to support doctrines of partial salvation, and even of endless misery! How many of this description are known all over the land, in almost every city, village, and town! many, in places where there are societies of our faith, from which they nevertheless stand aloof; many, again, where they themselves are numerous enough to form societies, and able to provide the regular ministration of the truth they believe, but dishonor by their neglect. It is a melancholy consideration. I appeal to you, my hearers. You are from different parts of the country; and I would ask you, one by one, If all, in your respective cities or towns, who believe that God will eventually reconcile all to himself, were to come out and walk uprightly according to the truth of the gospel, how different an aspect would it put on the condition of religious affairs in your vicinity! I think it a well founded remark, (I know it is a common one,) that there are more believers in this truth, who are attached to other professions, than to their own. How is it, in the place of your residence? how is it, in the whole circle of your knowledge? Now, this is a very wrong state of things. It ought not to be palliated, nor passed over in silence. There is danger, there is ruin to the public, in such an extended practice of dealing on false capital, if we may use the phrase. It cannot continue without bringing on a crisis, a wide-spread bankruptcy of everything that pertains to religious integrity. And it ought to be distinctly understood, that, as disastrous as the consequences must prove, both to public principle and to public confidence, they can fall nowhere so heavily, as on those bodies, in the christian community, which have the misfortune to embrace the largest share of such hollow professors.

Let us look into the motives that usually lead to the dissimulation practised in this matter. As we have already intimated, the cause which lies at the bottom of the whole, is indifference to all religious

truth; for did people regard the truth as they ought, no motives whatsoever could avail to bring about so extensive a defection. Here, perhaps, many, who are implicated, would be ready to protest, and say, What! are we not cordially attached to the christian religion? None more profoundly revere its institutions, than we; none are more prompt in attending, none more liberal in supporting them; none more faithful to enforce its requisitions. And are not these sufficient proofs of our earnestness? Yes, my friends; of your earnestness, perhaps. But have you ever considered how much of this earnestness springs from other sources than religious principle? Suppose a change in all the circumstances of life; suppose the standard of fashion, even in the soberer part of community, to which you belong, required you to renounce the very name and forms of christianity; suppose that, in order to stand well in society, and to bring up your families in a reputable way, it were necessary to discard all those institutions; how much of your earnestness would then remain? Be assured, if circumstances can induce you habitually to dissemble or compromise your faith in the grand results of the gospel, the same motives, did they only bear in another direction, would make you shun all connection with christianity itself. And your seeming attachment, with which you now so complacently flatter yourselves, would then appear in its real character, as the covert suggestion of selfish policy and worldly considerations.

To proceed, however, to the particular motives that operate on this indifference, to draw so many away from walking uprightly according to the truth of the gospel. The most common, perhaps, and influential motive, in the case, is an exorbitant love of what is sometimes called popularity, an ambition to rank in the more fashionable classes. With the aspiring, of all ages, this passion exerts a great force, but particularly with the young. And to the vain and inconsiderate, whether old or young, it seems so easy to creep into favor, by a little dexterous shifting of their relations, by sacrificing an obnoxious name, and by putting on a new badge, that they can hardly be dissuaded from making the experiment,—it is so cheap. There seems but a single step to honors and respect. It is only to enrol one's self with the envied ranks, to look as they look, to say as they say, and to profess as they profess,—what can be a shorter road to distinction, or a cheaper method of rising in the world! Ah, my friends, be not deceived by such shallow illusions as these. I shall not ask you, at present, to consider the aggravated guilt of tampering with your religious convictions in order to gain the favor of the world, even supposing it could be obtained in this way; I shall not say how insatiable, how greedy beyond the possibility of satisfying it, does the passion for popular applause become, when we once abandon ourselves to it. But if there be any here, who are tempted by this motive, whose name is legion, I would address myself only to what they can feel,—to their puerile ambition. I would say to them, in all frankness, You are taking the wrong course to the very objects you have in view. You are sacrificing that independence of soul, and that integrity of character, which alone can ensure you respect, or give you weight in community. If you wish others to respect you, respect yourselves. Do not, indeed, make an ostentatious show of independence,—do not be termagants; but neither be parasites, to cringe, or fawn, or court. Ask any man, who has lived long in the world, and watched the course of things, in this respect; he will tell you, that when he has seen people sacrifice their principles, or withdraw from their maintenance, in order to raise themselves in society, he has seldom, if ever, known them to succeed, in the end. For a while, perhaps, they might be encouraged with a show of favor, and even of promotion; because their service was wanted, or their flattery grateful. But it is out of the power of human nature not to despise a time-server, or to refrain from treating him as a menial. When he has done all the work, for which his baseness fitted him, then he is discarded at once; and even while he is retained, and paid in smiles as his wages, confidence and respect are out of the question. How can a double-dealer be trusted? or an obsequious slave be respected, though he be adorned with the entire livery of his masters? He began by fawning; and that is the business they will keep him at. It is thus God takes the foolish in their own craftiness. I appeal to all who hear me, Have you ever found that an open, independent, conscientious course, even though unpopular, lowered you eventually even in the public estimation? No, never. I beg you to look around, also, and see how the experiment results in the case of such as have tried the opposite methods. A little discernment, my friends, a little practical sense, would lay bare the fallacy which has duped its thousands, and strip this motive of all its power to mislead.

There is another class of motives which not unfrequently alienate individuals, and impel them to forsake the maintenance of the truth; I mean such as arise from personal resentments and dislikes, or from the prejudices awakened in public commotions. One man withdraws, out of spite to his neighbor, or in order to show his anger; another grows pettish because affairs are not managed according to his wisdom or caprice; another is offended, because the interests of some political party, or moral association, have been either too much regarded or disregarded. And in all these cases, the first step, with many, is to revenge the offence on their religious connection. This is the first thing to be given up; all other connections they value too highly to relinquish. I speak not of the multitudes who never pretend any decided attachments of a religious kind; we might, perhaps, expect them to take this course. But when professed christians set the

example, they who have themselves stood forward as advocates of the truth, it is mortifying indeed. Is it possible that they do not know what they are saying to the world? Do they not know that they are exposing their shame before the eyes of all men? proclaiming, that the very least matter of their regard is their religion, which they are ready to sacrifice for any and every other object with which it may seem to interfere! We will not dwell, however, on these particulars.

My brethren, we profess to be followers of him who 'came into the world to bear witness to the truth.' Well did our Master adhere to this great object of his mission, through all his course. He knew, as well as we, what temptations were; but never did the frowns of the world, nor its enticements, make him swerve, for a moment. He chose destitution, he preferred to become 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' to be 'despised and rejected of men,' rather than to withhold the truth, or modify it in the least to popular prejudice, although he knew that his faithfulness would cost him his life. For the truth, he patiently endured 'the contradictions of sinners,' the treachery of his own apostle, and the groveling ignorance of all his disciples; for this he spent himself in toil and mortal danger, and finally suffered the cruel death of the cross. I need not say to you, that one of the most prominent traits in his character, was his inflexible devotion to the truth. And are we, indeed, his followers? for nothing can be plainer, than that we, too, must be governed by that spirit of our Master, or we are none of his. Shall we dissemble, and yet claim to be his disciples? It is scarcely a figure of speech to say, that his voice yet calls to us, from the scenes of his earthly sufferings, from the waters of Galilee, from the streets of Jerusalem, from Gethsemane, and from Calvary, '*Be ye faithful even unto death.*' Amen.

Medford, Mass.

SUNRISE.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

HAIL, Aurora! thou art rising,
Gloriously from out the sea;
Flinging from thy shining tresses,
Sparkling drops o'er leaf and tree.

On before thee like an army
Are the fleecy cloudlets driven;
And the hoary folds of darkness,
As a gossamer are riven.

O'er the broad and waveless ocean,
Dazzling smiles of gladness rest;
And the mountain top is wearing
Sunlight like a golden crest.

Lofty spire and gilded turret,
Gleam like meteors in thy rays;
Forest-aisles and groves are swelling
With the feathered minstrels lays.

Up to heaven the lark is winging,
Carolling in merry glee,
And the eagle from his eyrie,
Soars aloft to welcome thee.

From the peasant's lowly dwelling,
See the curling smoke arise;
While the wreathing mists are lifting,
Like the breath of sacrifice.

Countless numbers thou art waking,
Sunny youth—and shadowy age;
Opening to all breathing nature,
One divinely glowing page.

Humble roof—and gorgeous palace,
Are alike thy place of rest;
Hope and joy to all thou'rt bearing,
Lowly heart—and princely breast.

Hail! thou art a glorious emblem
Of the Father's boundless love;
Lighting up earth's darkest places,
Lifting all to thee above.

Duxbury, Mass.

EARLY CULTURE.

BY MRS. S. BROUGHTON.

'Train up a child in the way he should go.' SOLOMON.

'How happy are you, my dear Mrs. Loring, in having such dutiful children,' said Mrs. Brown to her neighbor, one morning. 'Your little daughter, Rosetta, is always assisting you, though younger than my second girl, who never does an hour's work from morning to night. And your eldest daughter, Ann, has taught school these two years, and is making herself both useful and eminent; while mine, alas! is fluttering about like a butterfly, now pleased with one piece of finery, now fretting about another, until my patience is quite worn out. It seems to me she will never be pleased with anything, or adopt any settled rule of conduct. I do not see why your children should be so much better than mine.'

'I cannot suppose they are better,' said Mrs. Loring, 'I am sure your children are intelligent, and pleasing. Your little daughter, Maria, is a beautiful, sprightly creature, pray how old is she?'

'She is nearly ten.'

'I suppose by this time she does all her own knitting,' said Mrs. Loring.

'O no, she cannot knit at all. It is much easier you know, to hire it done, than to spend time in learning so young a child. She will learn easier by and by.'

'Perhaps her time is all taken up in study.'

'She attends school, but not too steadily. It would be too much like drudgery to keep her confined there.'

'Have you not yet begun to learn her that some useful employment ought to occupy a part of each day?'

'O no, I do not interfere with her pastimes. It is well that children should play much, it makes them so cheerful. Would you have me put my girls to hard work, as if they were to earn their own bread?'

'I certainly would not prevent the pastimes of children, yet, as I consider useful labor perfectly consistent with the refinements and accomplishments of a lady; I think it best to habituate the young mind to look upon labor as necessary to their happiness, and the proper development of character. Besides, how can we know that our daughters may not be obliged to toil for their living?'

Mrs. Brown looked thoughtful. 'Fortune is variable,' she at length said, 'and my daughters may indeed be obliged to labor; but it seems hard to make slaves of one's children, when there is no prospect of their coming to want?'

'Not slaves surely. That cannot be called slavery which teaches us to blend the useful with the agreeable; to feel that we are of some real worth in the world, that we are useful as well as agreeable to those we love. Now do you candidly think my eldest daughter a greater slave to her employment than yours is to fashion and her love of dress?'

'No indeed. Ann appears ever contented and cheerful, with a smile and a kind word for every one; and Louise is never satisfied, though I take every pains to leave no wish ungratified.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Loring, 'I suppose you gave the same course of instruction to your eldest daughters that you are bestowing upon your younger; and though you have praised mine so highly, I do not think she deserves more praise than yours. She is the same wild scion by nature, and cultivation has made the difference.'

'Pray then teach me your secret of education, that I may try it upon Maria before she is past teaching.'

'I am perfectly willing to impart all the information I possess, and give the credit where it is due. You remember my maiden aunt who formerly resided with me.'

'Yes, but I must confess I never fancied her much, she was so odd from the rest of my acquaintance. I am sure your daughter could never love her, she was so severe, and always restraining her innocent sportiveness.'

'And yet she did love her, and her love was founded on sincere respect for her character. My aunt had long been engaged in teaching youth, that laborious, yet delightful occupation; and had learned by experience that the heart long retains the bias it receives in the genial spring-time of childhood. She did not disapprove mirthfulness, save when it tended towards constant levity. It is true, as governess of my child during my long years of illness, that she would not allow her to romp through the fields in boisterous sport, or skate by moonlight upon a glade of ice, to the imminent danger of breaking her neck. She gave her habits of industry, by carefully blending amusement and instruction with the useful tasks upon which she employed her tiny hands; and awakened in her breast that feeling of honorable pride which ever attends the accomplishment of any useful or amusing design. She stored her mind with knowledge too. She would walk with her in the fields and groves, and bid her listen to the wild, mysterious melody of the many-voiced anthems, ever pealing forth from nature's sounding organs. She learned her to listen with delight to the early carol of the wild-bird, as it mounts upward in the misty morning twilight, toward the golden gates of the East, to warble its hymn of praise in the ear of the Most High. She would give her lessons upon a leaf, or a flower, until her young spirit bowed with reverence before that great First Cause, who kindled the fires of the day-king, and set his flaming orb as the centre of our system, who laid the beams of the vast ethereal chambers, and unfurled the gorgeous canopy of mystic azure, where suns and systems wheel their stated rounds through the vast immensity of space—who hung the earth in her golden balance, and piled up the vast rocky thrones where grandeur sits in solemn majesty, while round his brow the cloudy garlands weave their fantastic wreaths—who bids the magic hand of Spring unlock the ice-bound fountains, spread out the green carpet of the meadows, and woo the sweet-scented flowrets to unveil their blushing petals. These sentiments of devotion had a tendency to check the thoughtless levity of childhood, but it made her none the less cheerful; for her governess taught her from the great volume of nature, the power and wisdom of Him who rolls on the vast wheels of eternal ages, and guides with unerring hand the countless spheres that sail in order and harmony along the trackless oceans of space; and then led her by the light of his revealed love to place her perfect trust in Him, who is the fountain of all goodness.'

'But my dear Mrs. Loring, I never heard that your aunt was a christian. I always heard she was an unbeliever.'

'Her religion was not of a kind that needed to be proclaimed to the world,' said Mrs. L. It was of that quiet, unobtrusive kind that shuns the glare of ostentation, and displays itself more in kindness of action, than in words. "I know my own heart," she would say, "and the light and strength that is given me to combat with sin; but I may not judge the heart of another, its passions and temptations; nor can I say how far he may stand condemned or acquitted in the sight of Him who ponders the secrets of all hearts."

With such views and feelings, her too sensitive heart would not allow her to make open professions of religion, but her life was a severer satire upon vice than was ever written.'

Mrs. Brown thanked her friend for the useful hints she had given her, and resolved to practise upon them. And indeed it was becoming necessary for her happiness that she should begin to lay the foundation of character in at least one of her children. She was the mother of two sons and three daughters. She was a kind mother; if attending to all the fancied wants of a child, allowing it to roll in the streets for spite, and bestowing sweetmeats and sugar plums to soothe its ruffled temper, constitute a kind mother. But she had never supposed it devolved upon her to train the minds of her sons in youth, to fit them for the active duties of life. She was well pleased when they were old enough to play men in miniature, and as they were fine appearing boys, she never once doubted that the sons of the wealthy Mr. Brown, would, as a matter of course, become men of respectability, without any effort on her part. She never cultivated the garden of their minds, thinking that the plants of virtue, honor, and benevolence, would grow spontaneously; but while she slept an enemy sowed the tares of vice. And when they were of the ages of twenty-three and twenty-five, they were devotees of fashion, good judges of dress, but knew no more of the industry and calculation necessary for obtaining a livelihood, than the little boy who throws stones into the river, that he may count the bubbles as they rise.

About this time Mr. Brown passed from the busy, scenes of this life to the lonely mansions where silence and darkness spread their gloomy pavilion. Of course the funeral ceremonies were imposing, and the mourning deep, so far as crape and color were concerned; but when the burial was past, and the world began to look for traces of heart-sorrow, and reflection; then the frivolity and dissipation of sentiment, appeared. The sons and two eldest daughters were more gay and splendid than before. They were the very ton of fashion, and their splendor at church formed a subject for the comments of the unthinking during the week.

Maria was now the only companion and solace of her mother, who had turned to good account the advice of Mrs. Loring, and attended herself to the formation of her mind; answering judiciously all her questions, and giving her that instruction in her useful and amusing labors which it should ever be a mother's privilege to impart; and by becoming a companion for her child, securing in return the companionship of that child. O how much do mothers misjudge of their own true happiness, and the welfare of their lovely charges, who carelessly entrust them with uninterested persons, that they may be free from the task of watchfulness over them. At the age of thirty the eldest son married a splendid little beauty who had displayed her graces to some advantage at a series of parties which he attended. The younger son soon after absconded, to escape the opprobrium and punishment due to deeds of villainy.

The constant outlay for continued scenes of dissipation, with the careless manner in which business had been managed, soonbrought ruin to the splendid mansion of the Browns. This was a sorrowful stroke to the poor mother, who now painfully felt the evil of not inuring her children to habits of industry, and teaching them in their youth the value of time. She now regretted that she had neglected to warn them of the quicksands that abound in the streams of indulgence, and indecision. She had formerly neglected to discipline their minds, and fortify them against reverses of fortune; and now in their utter helplessness, they repaid her ill-judged kindness with murmurings, scorn, and ingratitude. The two eldest girls could not content themselves with this reverse of fortune. They knew not how to make themselves useful, and moreover they lacked the will, for they had never been taught to live for any other purpose than the gratification of their own selfish whims and caprices. But Maria was comparatively happy. She mourned, to be sure, for the sad reverse to which her mother was reduced, but being inured to active habits, the blow fell less heavily on her than upon her indolent sisters. She now found that she could repay in a measure the love and care which her mother had bestowed upon her in the helpless, infantile years; and that the sums that had been lavished upon her education, could now be partly refunded, and moreover that the use of her talents would not only serve to beguile the hours that would otherwise hang heavily on her hands, but would give her a sense of independence, which was far more gratifying to her than to spend her time in listless fashionable nothingness. With the proceeds of the sale of her drawings, she administered to the support and comfort of her mother; and she solicited, and soon obtained a number of pupils to instruct in ornamental needle-work, in which she was a proficient.

Time sped on with his usual swiftness, and two years had already passed, since Maria, in a humble cottage, had been the only solace and support of her widowed mother, and notwithstanding her poverty, she often found means to give comfort and consolation to those more wretched than herself.

At this time, George Loring, who had been some years absent, came on a visit to his parents. He expressed a wish to see his old schoolmate, Adela Brown, who lived with her mother and sisters about two miles distant, and accordingly a visit was planned, and notice sent to Mrs. B. Evening saw the little party apparently happy in the reminiscences of past scenes of mirth, and school-day pastimes; but there was one, who, notwithstanding her apparent

ease, was the prey of chagrin. Miss Adela, in better years, had deemed herself far superior to her playmates the Lorings, because they were not always on the highest scale of fashion in dress or appearance, and this to a weak mind, was sufficient evidence of inferiority. Mr. Loring, the elder, was a plain, sensible man, of small, but independent fortune, who made no effort to swim upon the tide of popularity; but wrought steadily with his sons, and took good care that they should learn to manage farming and other business, and have their daily tasks neatly accomplished. In her girlhood Adela had repelled the slight attentions of George; but when Rosetta Loring informed her that this visit was made on purpose to please George, who wished to see her, the rainbow visions of hope danced in the brightening vista of the future; for George had become a wealthy merchant, and she began to hope that she might again mingle in the butterfly circles of fashionable dissipation, and escape what she termed the miserable plodding of Maria and her mother. But she saw, or fancied she did, that when George addressed Maria, he displayed a greater degree of timidity than he seemed to feel in conversing with the rest. She could hardly forgive him, a rich gentleman as he was, that he should condescend to notice, and praise the ornamental work of Maria; for she was so unfashionable as to continue her work in this familiar visit. Business urged him to make a short stay at home, yet he found time to pay a number of visits to his old neighbors, and Miss Adela seemed to be the centre of attraction. At one time, however, as she and her eldest sister came in from a walk, they found George in close confab with Maria, who appeared to be laboring under a slight attack of palpitation of heart, attended with hectic. What was the exciting subject of their *tete a tete*, we cannot presume to say, as Maria declined giving any account of the matter. But after this, she was in the habit of receiving letters from the city where George resided, which she contrived to read and answer without her sisters looking over her shoulder. And when the golden sun looked brightly down from the pensive sky of autumn, upon the rich and glowing fruits, and mny-colored foliage of the landscape, George returned to his native village, and made Maria his happy bride.

She had at first refused to marry, as she could not think of leaving her mother desolate and helpless. And desolate she would be without Maria, for her eldest son had become an inebriate, and a nuisance to society; and her two eldest daughters were mere pensioners upon the skill and industry of Maria. But this objection was soon removed by the assurance of George, that his Maria's mother and sisters should always find a welcome home with him.

The eldest sister continued to reside with Maria at our latest advices, but the scornful, querulous Miss Adela succeeded at last in attracting the attention of a gentleman of no particular calling, and is now the miserable, neglected wife of a dissipated gambler. Mrs. Brown, at a good old age, passed from the varying scenes of this earth to that undiscovered country from whence no traveler returns; and to her last day thanked heaven for the valuable advice given her by her excellent, but humble friend, Mrs. Loring.

Malone, N. Y.

THE STORMY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO E. W.

Do you remember how it stormed,
That wintry night we watched together,
Upon that old gray rock which formed
Our only shelter from the weather?
How snug and cosey was the cave,
Which kept us safe from wind and wave!

How wildly shrieked the north-east wind!
How madly roared the foaming ocean!
How reckless went we forth to bind
Our boat amidst the fierce commotion!
For what cared we for wind or snow?
We both desired the storm might blow.

We loved that dark tempestuous night;
We felt, you know, our spirits higher,
Than if we 'd been where eyes were bright,
Around some pleasant, social fire.
We had no longing wish to be
Elsewhere than by that roaring sea.

And what are storms of human life?
Not things to fear, but things to cherish;
The soul grows strong amidst their strife,
Without them we should waste and perish:
Let's take our place on some high rock,
And brave the tempest's rudest shock.

D. B. H.

FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING.

I APPREHEND that the Scriptures term the preaching of the gospel *foolishness*, for two reasons. First. That unto those who are filled with the selfish wisdom of the world, its simplicity and straight-forwardness appear foolish. The humility which it teaches would be, by the children of the world, termed baseness; and the hopes which it cherishes would be, by the wise philosopher, considered delusive. Second. The means appear disproportionate to the end.—Preaching is designed for the salvation of mankind; and those who have found bolts and bars and standing armies insufficient to secure the morality of their fellow-men, cannot understand how simple preaching, being without the authority of the magistrate and unsupported by the sword, cannot only make men moral, but also devout and godlike.

With regard to the objections brought by the worldly wise, we find that the Greeks were not the only persons who regarded the preaching of the gospel as foolishness. Many whom the world has considered wise men—men of great genius and of extraordinary powers of mind, of great reading and research—have looked upon the gospel as a string of silly stories. On the other hand, men of equal intellect and learning, have reverenced the gospel, and written in its defence. We may be assured, therefore, that there is nothing in human learning and intellect which is necessarily *opposed* to the truths of the gospel. In so far as human learning is sound, it runs parallel with the truth. Surely there is nothing in the multiplication table, or in Geometry, or in the Newtonian philosophy, which contradicts the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is when men endeavor to fathom the deep things of God by the exercise of the same sort of reasoning and research which they apply to earthly matters, and when they place low selfish cunning in opposition to the simple and plain requirements of the gospel, that the artless simplicity and super-human revelations of the Divine will and purpose become in men's eyes as foolishness.

The wisdom of God and the spiritual knowledge of his kingdom, are unlike the wisdom of man and the knowledge of mere worldly matters. God is, of course, a higher being—a being distinct in his nature from the human creature; because he is essentially spirit, whereas man is bound by the chains of flesh and blood. Being partly bestial, he has no right to judge of the things of the spiritual kingdom, by the hearing of his ear, or the sight of his eyes. To be fleshly minded is death. The wisdom of the world cannot, then, be applied to the deep things of God—because it is carnal, selfish, and perishable. Preaching is foolishness to the carnal mind, because it is spiritual, and cannot be grasped by human reason. If an ox could speak, he would call our schools of learning, the fine arts, and our admiration of nature's beauties foolishness—simply because he can know nothing of mental pleasures, and the satisfaction which we derive from the pursuit of knowledge. The ox would think a wisp of hay of more importance than Harper's Family Library, and the swine would prefer a trough filled with offals to the most luxurious country-seat. When the intellect of man is prostituted to worldly purposes, it bears the same relation to the wisdom of the spiritual kingdom which the appetites of the swine bear to the intellectual desires of man. How has worldly wisdom been applied to the things of the heavenly kingdom? By endeavoring to subject the philosophy of spirit to the philosophy of human expediency. Men have found that in order to overcome cold, they must apply heat, and that in order to stop the course of a stream, they must build a dam across it. So in their worldly governments—they hold up the sword of the law as a terror to evil doers. They do this to preserve themselves from harm—to save themselves from the inroads of thieves and robbers—to preserve, by physical force, the harmony of society. Hence those who are appointed to enforce the laws are termed peace officers.

By applying the same kind of wisdom to spiritual things, they have supposed they could enforce obedience to the gospel, and make men religious, by holding up an endless hell, *in terrorem*. This is the wisdom of this world. This is the cunning of the carnal mind. Thus have they made void the commandments of God, and have instituted a law of wrath and vengeance in the place of a law of love—supposing God to be such an one as themselves, that he should be angry. But this has proved miserable philosophy, and has never made a christian, since it was first taught. It is one of those 'damnable heresies,' which come in when the church retrograded, and fell from its original brightness—and eagerly was it grasped at by rulers and potentates, by Popes and domineering priests, and by all interested men, who desired to exercise unlimited authority over the consciences of their fellow-creatures. Many minds have been ruined by it, in these latter days. God has been defamed and dishonored; while the barbarous, the tyrannical, and the intolerant, have used this cruel and diabolical engine in order to harrow the nerves of the timid, and bring them into subjection to themselves, both soul and body. Had the Apostles taught the doctrine of endless misery, the Pharisees, the wise Greeks, and other children of this world, would not have regarded it in the light of foolishness; for the end aimed at would have seemed to them proportionate to the means used for its attainment. Their barbarous policy would have been satisfied with the threat of an endless hell as an inducement to a holy life, and they would have seen no folly in such a system. We have many such persons in these days of greater light; but they hold out no real inducement to their fellows to lead a holy life.

This invention is the very poorest one that can be imagined; and when short-sighted human wisdom thus clashes with the plain revelations of Scripture, it proves that the foolishness of preaching still remains foolishness to those who would fain eke out something to give temper and pungency to its character.

But the great Author of the Scriptures knew much better what was good for us, than we know, and our wisdom has been confounded, inasmuch as the inventions of men have wholly failed to bring about the proposed effect. No doubt that when the first preachers of hell-fire thundered forth their impious threatenings, they imagined they were going to drive people into the christian church in droves. If the fear of hell has had this effect, the question arises, were they any better men and women after having been driven within the pale, than they were before? It is true that they might have been baptized; they might have

subscribed to what was called the christian creed, and given of their substance to support what was called the christian church—and now having turned 'christians,' they burned with hatred toward every one who did not hold the same tenets with themselves. One would think that such a conversion might have been dispensed with without any loss. Yet, although the Inquisition is abolished, and Popery is at a low ebb, and although we have no established religion in this country, yet I fear such conversions are nearly as common as they ever were. But why should these converts *hate* their fellow creatures? Simply because the wisdom of man has invented a place of torment which the foolishness of gospel preaching never had the *wit* to think of!

This very convenient, but somewhat dangerous ally, was not pressed into the service of the church until it had discovered that human wisdom was better than heavenly wisdom, and that the sword and spear were very convenient ministers for the execution of wrath upon the ungodly, and for the conversion of infidels. It was then that an endless hell was brought into the field, and a God of love was represented as the arch-destroyer of souls. When the heretic had actually expired amid the flames, and the priests could work him no more injury, they consoled themselves with the reflection that he would drop from their flames directly into a hotter fire where he would writhe in endless torments. Such are the merciful and comforting doctrines of the gospel of peace, of hope, of joy, of charity, of love unspeakable! How well is it calculated to inspire our hearts with sincere and honest love to God, to be assured and convinced that, unless we love him, we shall burn for infinite ages, and that of our torment there will be no end!

THE SPIRIT'S REST.

BY IONE.

'There remaineth a rest for the people of God.'

And shall that rest be mine?
Am I accepted of redeeming grace?
For peace withheld am I no more to pine,
While love and faith and hope my pathway trace?

Where shall that rest be found?
Show me the haven from life's billowy main!
Direct my bark, for rocks and storms surround,
And I am lost, if faith cannot sustain!

When shall that peace descend
To the far depths of my awakened soul?
When shall the smile of God my path attend,
And all my weakness, all my fears control?

When shall I cease to faint
For freer draughts from Heaven's unsparing well?
When shall the earnest voice of my complaint,
Win for me strength my spirit's foes to quell?

I know by many tears,
By the vain yearnings of a heart unfilled,
By the remembrance of unhallowed years,
That not on earth shall sorrow's waves be stilled!

Lead thy bewildered child,
Father Almighty, to the home prepared!
She trusts in thee, through Him, the undefiled,
Who all her conflicts, all her griefs hath shared!

Upon that perfect rest,
May I but enter when my toil is o'er,
Then shall my spirit, sanctified and blest,
Sing of redeeming love forevermore!

Boston, Mass.

SARAH SEYMOUR AND MRS. CARTER.

BY MIMOSA.

'Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee, unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee.' COWPER.

'If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home.' COTTON.

'Mrs. Winthrop, do you remember our friend Sarah? She lives in town.'

'I do affectionately remember her—dear, good girl! with her pleasant humor and elastic spirit. You spoke of her *living* in town,—is she married?'

'She was married ten years ago; but her husband's tastes and ideas are so different from hers that she is no longer the gay, happy Sarah that gladdened our youthful days. Beloved as she was, she made a poor match, and is, consequently, unhappy.'

'She is fortunate, then, in having her early friend near, to comfort her; you can lighten her sorrows, and bring back the smiles which formerly danced on her lips. She, doubtless, sets a high value on your society.'

'Indeed, Mrs. Winthrop, I rarely see her. After her arrival, I called on her, but she seemed changed, and her situation was different from the one she formerly occupied; so the pleasure I anticipated from my visit was not realized. Besides, she goes out but little; she devotes her time to domestic cares, therefore we are, comparatively, strangers. Once, who could have thought, Sarah would become commonplace and uninteresting? I think it is her husband's fault; it seems he has broken her spirit.'

'Mrs. Carter, I think the world misunderstood Sa-

rah's character; it regarded her as a butterfly, fluttering among flowers in a summer atmosphere, or as a gilded insect of fashion. But in her heart were deep feelings, and a well of living water strengthening every virtue that beautifies and endears domestic life. I cannot think Sarah's home is unhappy; if her husband is morose, her gentleness and good nature will not fail to smooth and soften his temper.'

'This, Mrs. Winthrop, is not the cause of her sorrows. Before her marriage, she was accustomed to the luxuries and refinement of high life; her style of living is now characterised by frugality; her house is small, plainly furnished, and Sarah with her own hands attends to the wants of her family. She was once a brilliant ornament of society; but from this proud eminence she has descended, and in her present humility, she is divested of her splendor and her charms. Is not this enough to make any woman miserable?'

'I think not, Mrs. Carter; Sarah's heart fed not on sensual food, its affections were not placed on the things you mention, and it could not grieve for the loss of them. Her aspirations were not satisfied with wearing the drapery of life. Of all on earth, that only, which is the image of its Maker, the soul exalted, pure, spiritual, received her homage, and with this she had joyful communion; nor was her reverence withheld when the divine emanation was shrouded in clay of a coarse kind or of a rough surface. I yet hope to find Sarah happy, as she always desired to be, in the society of loving ones. We must remember that happiness is not found in the excitement of crowds; it is not the child of affluence, it springs not from external circumstances.'

Mrs. Carter did not reply; for a little boy that had been out, playing on the wet ground, with dirty frock and hands approached to whisper something into her ear. Fearing he might soil her nice dress, Mrs. C. put out her hand to prevent his coming near. Thus repulsed, the little fellow retreated with a sad look, and his mother said to her visitor, 'How dirty boys do get,—I dread to have mine come near me.'

Late in the afternoon, these ladies walked out to see Sarah. Her dwelling was situated apart from the bustle and din of business, and surrounded by scenery of enchanting beauty. She received them courteously, and entertained them with her usual unaffected politeness and warm hearted simplicity. Mrs. Carter had determined to find Sarah exquisitely wretched; but she was forced to admit, that the tranquil happiness she enjoyed, was preferable to the pleasure found in fashionable society. A chubby little girl, just from a ramble, ran in with her apron full of wild flowers, and having bound together some butter-cups, clover-tops and daisies, she put them into her mother's hand and extended her arms for a kiss. Mrs. Seymour was answering a remark of Mrs. Carter's, but she bent her neck to the little one, and it was instantly encircled in its arms and warmly pressed, while kiss after kiss was applied to the maternal cheek till the little darling laughed in the fullness of its joy. 'Baby, too,' she said, and covered the infant's lips with lavish kisses.

A brother who had been guide to little Lucy's rambles, now came forward to kiss the baby, and seeing the attention of his mother's visitors directed to a passing carriage, he placed an arm about her neck, and imprinted a kiss on her forehead. His head rested one moment on her shoulder, while he spoke something in a low voice; she replied, and he left the room, followed by Lucy. The ladies had a glimpse of this; but fearing to wound the lad's delicacy, they kept their faces averted till he retired. This manifestation of filial love, was a new idea to Mrs. Carter. Her children never approached her unless they wanted to complain of injuries, or make demands for some indulgence. For any pleasure, often on mere pretence, they forsook her society—if such her forbidding coldness and repulsive dignity could be called—and associated with it no ideas of enjoyment. But the affections of childhood will cling to some object. They would, if not repelled, wind around the parent's heart, with fond and close embrace; but if they find it cold and uncongenial, with instinctive aversion they turn from it to something that offers them sympathy; or, failing in this, they twine their tendrils about the weeds and thistles in their vicinity, with a tenacity which only brings them nearer the ground. The delicate respect and tender affection evinced for Mrs. Seymour by her beloved children, brought a sigh from Mrs. Carter, as she thought of her own little ones avoiding her, or sent from her presence on frivolous pretexts, that she might be rid of their noise. To Mrs. Winthrop, the visit was delightful; she felt that Sarah, thus blessed, must be happy,—that the husband of such a woman, the father of such children could not be regardless of their happiness. Before leaving home, Mrs. Carter had limited their visit to half an hour; but hour after hour passed, and left them talking with Sarah. At length, warned by the descending shades of night, they departed.

'You are now convinced of your error, Mrs. Carter; you feel that Sarah is happy, truly happy,' said Mrs. Winthrop.

'In her family she appears to be; but confining herself at home, she cannot enjoy society as we all ought to do.'

'The husband, children, and the intimate friends she spoke of, are the choicest society, and should satisfy a sensible woman. A wife knows not the sacrifice she makes, when she exchanges the confidence and affection of her husband for the glitter of fashionable life, the bustle of artificial society,—when she barters the heart's purest, most elevated enjoyment, for the pride of equipage, the vanity of external attractions. Mrs. Seymour's neat, rural habitation, is a domestic paradise; she is the presiding spirit of

goodness, dispensing to all about her, their portion of bliss. Call her not wretched,—misery dares not look into a place so hallowed by the pervading influence of unobtrusive, watchful love; believe me, it leaves no dark foot-prints in Sarah's home.'

'Well,' replied Mrs. Carter, 'we cannot all be happy in one way; with my disposition, I could not enjoy a life so secluded as Mrs. Seymour's; misery would sit by me all day long.'

'It must first receive license to become your companion; we are rarely miserable against our wills. Happiness and misery spring up around us; we may extract either from the common objects and common occurrences of life. You have not drawn your happiness from domestic life; you have plucked its gaudy blossoms from public haunts by the wayside, and suffered weeds, dark, overshadowing weeds, to grow around your threshold, to flourish around your hearth, to cluster around your table. They have concealed and robbed of nutriment the germs of bliss which God placed there for your culture and your comfort. Has not the happiness gathered from the barren soil of fashionable follies, faded in your hand? has it not been as a shadow in your grasp? does it satisfy the affections or high aspirations of your heart? Oh, Mrs. Carter, you have left the real object which was near you, and chased a phantom, beautiful, indeed, at a distance, but retiring in mockery at your approach, like the illusive spring on a desert of burning sand.'

Mr. Carter, coming from his store, joined the ladies just before they reached his house, and the conversation was turned to other subjects. During the few days of Mrs. Winthrop's subsequent stay at Mrs. Carter's, this lady was more devoted to her family than she before had been; her husband wore an unusual smile of cheerfulness, and her children, she thought, were remarkably pleasant.

Since Mrs. W. left them, I have had no tidings from their family circle; but I hope, as the reader does, that Mrs. C. instead of squandering her smiles on the sterility of dissipated life, treasures them up to cheer, warm, and invigorate the virtues of her family.

Augusta, Me.

EXTEMPORE LINES.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

The pale wan moon
Is just emerging from a fleecy cloud,
Which hangs like graceful drapery around her.
Its silvery white, contrasted with the hue
Of the dark azure of the 'upper deep,'
Is beautiful—and countless stars are set
With dazzling brightness in night's diadem—
And moon and stars look coldly down upon
This vain, vain world, as if they would reprove
In solemn silence deeds of sin and shame.
Such times should be the Sabbath of the soul.
The laborer's task is done; the busy hum,
And cheerful tones of men, have long been stilled,
And bird and beast alike have sought their rest—
The very air seems hushed to calm repose.
All nature seems devout! shall I alone
Refuse to blend thought, feeling, soul, with these,
The sacred harmonies of earth and heaven?
I have been wont, and I would be so still,
To cherish fancies wrought from scenes like this,
And seek communion then alone with God.
In early youth I joined the giddy throng,
And once, when winding 'mid the mazy dance,
I saw the yellow moonbeams trembling through
The draperied window, and I stopped and gazed
Upon a scene, like this I look on now.
Though many a year since then has rolled away,
I ne'er forgot the influence of that hour—
Would I had heeded more its warning voice!
Which seem'd to tell me, in deep searching tones,
That I was made for better things than this,
The morning of my days to waste away,
In empty pleasure sowing seed which would
Bring no good harvest, when my night was come.

East Randolph, Vt.

NOT FANCY SKETCHES. NO. III.

SAUL BELLINGTON.

In one of the seaboard towns of New England, a town remarkable for its wild and rocky scenery, and somewhat noted for the hardy and unsophisticated character of its inhabitants, lives and labors a certain blacksmith. I was struck with the nobility of his appearance and address, the first time I set my eye upon him. He belongs to that class of mankind towards whom we feel irresistibly drawn by some invisible and mysterious influence. Whether this phenomenon can be solved by animal magnetism, I have never ascertained. But I know that I feel a confidence in the opinions of such men; a sort of safety in their presence, and a reliance upon their powers. I note their every expression and movement as I note those of no other class of mankind.

Saul Bellington is a man of this description. He is every inch a man—which is much more than to be every inch a king. In stature he is about the middle height, his frame strongly knit and sinewy. His complexion is dark, his brow lofty and expansive, and his features and expression indescribable by any other terms than noble—manly. His eyes are not large, but deep set and brilliantly black. Saul is a man of hard toil. I love to see him work. Unlike lame Vulcan, the originator of the sledge hammer art, Saul's every movement is graceful, and Longfellow would say, poetic. Whether he works at the bellows or strikes upon the anvil, you love to look at him, even though his swart bare arm is dirty and his face begrimed with smoke. His shop is most romantically situated. It stands upon the brow of a

rock which shelves abruptly down to the sea. More than once, in the darkness of a still autumn night, I have sat in a boat at some distance from the shore, and enjoyed the strange and picturesque scene before me. Had the objects been transferred to canvass by any one of our celebrated landscape painters, I should not have been more delighted, than I was on those occasions with the rude reality. The dark and easy swelling sea, the cloudy heavens, the frowning cliff, lifting itself some fifty feet in the darkness, like a huge monster, and this surmounted by the rude shop, which poured out at regular intervals through the open door and windows, broad columns of brilliant light, produced an effect at once grand and unique. When the blowing at the forge ceased, and the fire burned but dimly, the ring of the anvil and the low murmur of the surge, added music to the interesting scene, and gave to it an air of the wildest romance. Fanciful persons contemplating such a scene, if they did not know the man whose form they saw gliding every few moments in the glare of the forge, would have imagined the place the workshop of Vulcan, and that he and his cyclops were sweating there over some huge thunderbolts for Jupiter, but *I* could never bring Saul so low in my own mind as to compare him with the deformed and vulgar god.

Saul is not a drudge to his business. He does not make the accumulation of dollars and cents the main object of life. He has the elements of a true philosophy in him—and his leading maxim is, 'Life was bestowed for man's use and enjoyment, and not to be his tyrant and master.' Hence he seldom declines the requests which are frequently made by visitors to his town, to go out beyond the harbor on an excursion of pleasure. As soon as he learns that a party of his friends are down from the city to enjoy a sailing and fishing excursion, he flings aside his leather apron, hurls his hammer to the ground, changes his clothes, brings his large and commodious pleasure boat to the shore, and when all are seated takes the helm—and then he is in his element. A most skillful sailor, he frequently amazes us with his feats of seamanship. Sometimes he will run alongside some large craft, which is under full sail, so close, that our hands are involuntarily removed from the gunwale from fear of their being crushed between the two vessels. He will then sheer round and cross the bows of the craft so near that the masts of his boat just clear her bowsprit; and then heading for some rock half hidden by the waves, he entertains as well as intimidates the company by his near approach to the appalling danger.

He is always the soul of the company. No matter what subject is introduced for conversation or discussion, Saul has something to say upon it that is pointed and just. He utters his thoughts with such earnestness and energy, that his manner gives force if not beauty to his ideas, so that whatever he says is clearly understood and seldom forgotten.

He is a politician—one by birth and one too by education. Politics is a theme in which he delights. He throws all the energy of his sturdy soul into the subject whenever he converses upon it. No matter if the company on board are all Whigs, they love to hear him. Standing erect in the stern sheets, with his right hand upon the helm, while the boat is cleaving her way through the waters, he pours forth his arguments and invectives, as Carlyle would say of Napoleon, like Austerlitz battles. His left arm gesticulates vehemently, and his large muscular hand comes down upon the air, whenever he finishes a period, with the force of a sledge hammer. His eye, which is 'like Mars to threaten and command,' gives forth those terrible flashes which are the sure indices that the speaker *feels* his subject. He is a natural logician. But the unmeasured severity and the withering sarcasm with which he denounces the bank—tariff—distribution and other Whig measures, make you lose sight of his reasoning in your admiration of his powerful utterance and his earnestness of declamation.

Saul is a truly religious man, that is, he is constitutionally devotional. And then with his strong native intellect, he sees through the shell of things. He looks beyond the narrow circle of materiality and perceives and has faith in, the invisible. 'All nature,' he says, 'not only bears the evidence of God's existence, but likewise of his goodness. If God be not good, and does not design our happiness, why did he create such a beautiful world for us to live in? It is a sin, a great sin, and I will never be guilty of committing it, the sin of doubting the Deity's love to us here, and the continuance of it hereafter.' With Saul, religion is a matter of reason, feeling and practice. It is a thing which becomes him. If the comparison be not inapt, it fits him like a well cut garment, adding grace and beauty to the man. Yet he is unconscious of it. He retains it for its intrinsic worth, and not for display. On one occasion while repairing the buoys out beyond the harbor, there came up suddenly a severe hurricane. He was three miles from the shore, in an open boat. There had not been so violent a gale for many years. The storm was terrific; and the flashing of the lightning and the pealing of the thunder were incessant. There was but one vessel in sight, and she could carry no canvass, but her close reefed topsail. It was a perilous hour; but Saul quailed not, or for a moment lost his presence of mind. Two of his apprentices were with him. With the tact of an old sailor, he kept the boat's head to the sea and rowed for a buoy which was near; and making fast to that, he ordered the apprentices to keep bailing, for the boat was fast filling with water. 'No boat like this can live out this gale, my boys,' said he with perfect composure. 'Keep steadily at work, and if we *must* go, drowning is an easy death, and if we perish in the sea, it will be the Lord's do-

ing and for our good, though we can't exactly see it now.' For more than an hour the storm raged with unabated violence. Many vessels were driven from their moorings, and many wrecks were made, and some lives were lost—but Saul's boat rode out the hurricane, and he came ashore, praising the strength of his craft, and thanking God for his mercy. Saul reminds me very much of Hawk Eye, that admirable character so well delineated by Cooper. He blends a true philosophy with the most liberal views of religion, is always moralizing upon passing scenes and events, is never desponding, but faithfully and cheerfully discharging the duties of his humble life. Bold and decided in action, fearless in the utterance of his opinions, inspiring confidence and attracting admiration wherever he moves, we look upon him as one of nature's noblest works. After he had lost all his property by shipwreck, all he said about it was, 'Why should I murmur? I can get more, for the Lord has given me health and strength and materials enough to exercise them upon, and room enough on the earth to swing my hammer in; and though the times are hard, yet we shall soon have a democratic administration, and then the times will be better.' Thus, with philosophic and christian, and I might add, political resignation to the dispensations of Providence, his life glides on, occupied with hard toil, and pleasant thoughts—making the most of this world, and anticipating immortality in the other.

Such is the mere outline of Saul Bellington's character. Many readers will recognize the individual as an old friend, and such will bear me witness that the sketch is not fanciful in the least, but true to literal fact.

DUN.

GROUNDS OF TRUST IN JESUS.

BY HENRY BACON.

It is a common assertion and one by which timid, undisciplined, or wavering minds are sometimes sadly affected—that to deny strict and essential divinity to Jesus, is to take away all ground of solid and satisfying confidence in him as a Savior from sin. Such a remark reveals the existence of many theological errors in the mind that utters it, and shows why it is that all religion is made to depend on the belief of a few dogmas, rather than on the essential wants of the human soul and their adequate supplies in the revelations of God's grace in the Gospel. If it be allowed that there is no such thing as possessing confidence in Jesus as a Savior apart from the recognition of him as the very God, then it easily follows that none but Trinitarians are disciples of Jesus, and none but they are entitled to the name of Christian. This is a short way to gratify exclusiveness, but it is no more just than the dogmatism that begets it.

It may be well, in view of the evils of the assertion alluded to, to trace out the process of mind by which we conclude as we have done respecting it. Otherwise, it may be said, Assertion only meets assertion—it does not conquer. We, therefore, would devote a short space to set forth the true ground of confidence in Jesus as a Savior; and this ground we briefly state to be—*The unalterable ordination of God by which Jesus is the Savior of the world;* and there is no other name by which we can be saved. *What he is between God and Humanity*, is our foundation. Who has a better? And from the very fact that he is the Mediator *between* God and men, we must put from us the doctrine of the Trinity as subverting the order of the Redemption. It is not so much in Jesus as in God, that we repose our trust, for he is an Image to keep in view the Invisible. The ever-living, inexhaustible, and boundless love of God, was the moving spring of the Redemption; and of this infinity the spirit was given to Christ without measure, and he was 'full of grace and truth;' this grace and truth ever spake and acted in harmony with the declaration—'I came down from heaven, not to do *mine own will*, but the *will* of HIM that *sent* me.' Our trust is in that WILL which Jesus came to do; and in the office of *Doer* we see the beauty of Jesus, and why his birth was 'good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.'

And thus we claim that our foundation is on 'the very God,' while we affirm that we honor Jesus as he required of his disciples—as the Son and Representative of the Father. It would be easy to show that the objectors are really those who do not found their hopes in essential divinity, so far as *theories* are concerned. They first behold God on the throne of universal empire, robed in vindictive Justice, and the whole race of humanity, from Adam to the last of the latest posterity, doomed to everlasting and unutterable perdition. Jesus is seen stepping forth to avert this doom—to turn aside the bolts of vengeance, and proposing to satisfy the Justice of the Deity by suffering himself. As a *substitute* he came forth, and all the acts he performed tended to this one point—to properly constitute him a *substitute* for man. While the believers in this doctrine look at God, they see him adverse to human salvation; while they look on Jesus, they see humanity's friend. And it is what he hath done as a human being, that their confidence is reposed; therefore they are guilty of the folly they accuse us of—the losing sight of essential divinity as the ground of hope of salvation. But as for us we can say—'Our christian faith and hope rest not on the metaphysical character of Jesus, but on the evidence he produced of a Divine Commission.' 'The living love of God *is* the only Savior.' Jesus is to be loved and honored as the complete representative of that saving love. 'God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' For us he rose and lives—for us he reigns, and unto him be the glory due as Mediator.

EARLY FROST.

BY MRS. S. BROUGHTON

THE summer flowers are fading one by one,
Touch'd by the chilling wand of sad decay.
It was but yesterday the smiling sun
Look'd proudly down upon the opening buds,
Wooing them to unfold their velvet leaves,
And fling their perfumes on the breezy air.
It seemed that Flora had prolonged her reign
To gild Pomona's triumph. But alas!
The hoar frost came from out the northern caves,
And spread his star-like spangles o'er the bloom
Of the soft blushing petals. Brightly beam'd
The shining crystals, on the crimson leaf,
Lit by the silver moonbeams; but alas,
When from the golden chambers of the East
Aurora flung her rosy pennons out,
And Phœbus urged his coursers up the steep
Of the cerulean arch, and shed his beams
Of light and glory on the awakening world;
How sad the desolation which his rays
Reveal'd o'er hill and dale!
Tis true the gems
That pendant trembled on each tiny spire
Seemed changed to silver 'neath his radiant smile.
Diamonds and pearls in rich profusion hung
Upon the leaf-clad spray; and brightly gleam'd
The fair round globules on the silvery leaves;
And tear-drops by night's pensive angel wept,
Like tiny emeralds seemed, inlaid among
The damask folds of the half opened rose.
It was a splendid mockery; for the seal
Of stern decay, beneath those shining gems
That smil'd so gaily in the morning beam,
Sat with an icy chillness.
I have seen
The wretched dupe of ignorance and sin;
When innocence, and purity of soul,
And all the godlike qualities of mind,
That, like sweet flower-wreaths shed a fragrance o'er
The sterile desert of this fleeting life;
When all had wither'd 'neath the searing blast
Of the fierce simoom of ungodliness;
And moral death, and misery, and wo
Prey'd on the warm heart-fibres—I have seen
The joyous wreath entwine the aching brow,
And blandest smiles sit on the pallid lip,
When the dark soul was writhing 'neath the fang
Of stern remorseful thought. O sad, and drear,
Like shadows 'round the gloomy charnel-vault,
Rise visions dark, that in funereal train
Sweep o'er the mental vision: holy truth,
And seraph-innocence, and gentle love;
All sacrificed upon the Moloch-shrine
Of wild, consuming passion. And the hours,
The mis-spent, spectral hours, how sad they glide
Before the wearied spirit, that would fain
Hide from the world, with the fantastic gleam
Of pleasure's frosted spangles, the dark stain
Of the corroding worm, that preys upon
The sad heart's quivering strings. O were it not
For the all-glorious star, that points away
Through the bright opening vistas, to that clime,
Where an undying spring shall renovate
Each loved, sin-blighted bud of intellect,
And crown it with a glory ever pure;
The soul would pine along the weary waste
Of this vain life, and fondly wish to hide
Its sorrows 'neath the veil of endless night.

Malone, N. Y.

MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

How thrilling and yet how painful emotions may be excited by a name. None perhaps awakens those more powerfully or recalls associations in which admiration and pity are more closely blended than that of Mary Queen of Scots. Her residence in bright sunny France, is the only period of her life on which we love to dwell. Fortunate Mary, to have passed even a few years of thy eventful life in that happy clime where thy sun rose to its zenith in glory ere it set in darkness and death.

France at that period had attained a high literary pre-eminence among her sister kingdoms, and men of true genius and talent thronged the Court, and lent an additional lustre to the reign of Henry II. Knowledge was generally diffused, and the cottage as well as palace was often the abode of literary elegance. Surrounded by such an atmosphere, Mary could not have failed to imbibe the spirit of the society in which she moved. Possessing a mind of superior strength and activity, she early discovered a quickness of perception, an acuteness of understanding, far superior to her years. The most distinguished among the literati of France, were selected to superintend her education; and in the rapid progress she made in every branch to which her attention was directed, she eclipsed all her youthful competitors. Nor did she excel alone in the more solid attainments, but in the lighter accomplishments of the day, she was unequalled. The natural grace and dignity of her person, united with pleasing manners, excited the warmest admiration, while the vividness of her imagination, the originality and superior qualities of her well cultivated mind, commanded the respect of all.

Amidst the splendors of the palace, the magnificent fetes and gay tournaments, or listening with all the eagerness of her susceptible nature to the foreign ambassadors and men of distinction in the private drawing-room of Catherine de Medicis, or joining with the noble and high-souled Princess Margaret, in the encouragement of all that was great and good, still she was the gentle, confiding, yet talented and dignified Mary Queen of Scots. None looked upon her but to love her, and Henry delighted in rendering her life one uninterrupted scene of happiness. Time passed rapidly away in pleasure and improvement, in study

and amusement, until her marriage, which had been so long in contemplation, becoming, in her sixteenth year, the bride of the Dauphin Francis. Nothing could have exceeded the magnificence and extent of the preparations for this event. The ceremony was the most grand and imposing perhaps ever witnessed. In the church of Notre Dame, amidst assembled thousands, the youthful couple plighted their mutual faith, while the vaulted roof re-echoed the applause of the surrounding multitude. The festivities, pageants, tournaments and processions which followed, were in unison with the whole. For a while Mary was permitted to enjoy the quiet of domestic retirement, but the death of her affectionate father in law, Henry II., again recalled her to the scenes of public life.

As Queen of France and Scotland and heir presumptive to the crown of England, Mary seemed to have attained the height of worldly ambition, but misfortune had marked her for its own, and she was destined to drink to the dregs of the bitter cup. The death of her husband Francis, and of her mother the Queen Regent of Scotland, severed the ties which bound her to France, and called for her return to her native country. In bidding adieu to those happy shores, she bid adieu to happiness. Bitter trials were in store for her, trials of which her young heart had never dreamed. Sorrowful indeed were the tears she shed in her last fond farewell to the home of her childhood and youth; and though upon her arrival in Scotland, she was received with cordiality and apparent loyalty, accustomed as she had ever been to the warm, open, generous manners of the French, the formal respect of her friends, the coldness and even haughty disdain of the Scotch reformers, must have fell with a blighting influence upon her sensitive and feeling heart.

She found her kingdom divided by party dissensions and animosities, but her unwavering rectitude of purpose, her favorable, moderate and conciliatory measures, might have quelled the turbulent spirits and gained the respect and love of her people, had not Elizabeth of England, by her machinations, secretly undermined her influence, gained to her interests her most influential counsellors, those in whom she placed the most implicit confidence, and by every means in her power, incited her subjects to continual insubordination, gratifying her insidious enmity by every species of petty arrogance, by open and concealed opposition to every act or design which involved the interests of Mary or those of the kingdom over which she reigned. Surrounded by enemies the more dangerous because they wore the garb of friends, Mary was obliged to exert every energy of her powerful mind to guard against treacherous counsel and pursue a course which would be for the nation's true and lasting benefit. Her firm policy and integrity of principle, silently but steadily accomplished the fulfillment of her wishes, and established her well regulated system of government. Scotland became more prosperous and flourishing than under any preceding reign, and rose rapidly in the scale of refinement and intelligence, bidding fair to take a high rank among the surrounding nations.

But all events are in the hands of an over-ruling Power, no human foresight can foretell or avert impending calamities. A storm was gathering over the devoted head of Mary, which in its devastating influences should sweep her from her throne and kingdom. Rejecting the splendid advantages which would accrue to herself by a foreign alliance, to gratify her subjects and secure the interests of the realm, she chose from among her Scottish nobles their future king. But her union with Lord Darnley, instead of securing her own and her people's happiness, was, perhaps, the foundation of the future evils which befell her. His death, her unhappy marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, to which she never would have consented, had not a petition from the most distinguished of her nobility been presented her, the treachery of her nobles, the battle of Langside, her flight into England, the perfidy of Elizabeth, were events so rapidly succeeding each other, that the mind at first can scarcely comprehend the full extent of their calamitous influence.

Judging the queen of England by her own generous heart, Mary threw herself in her power, nothing doubting but that she should meet the reception due a sister and a queen. But the cold-hearted, selfish Elizabeth, seldom listened to the dictates of justice or humanity, where she fancied her own private interests were affected, or forgave where her vanity had been wounded. Mary's claim upon the crown of England had from the first, excited the jealousy of the English queen, and she had ever evinced towards her a spirit totally incompatible with every christian principle or the honor of a queen. Even before her leaving France, she had taken 'every opportunity to load with opprobrium a sister queen, whose descent, birth, station, and accomplishments, were so much superior to her own;' and on her return to Scotland, had refused the usual civility of granting her a passport, and even had the effrontery to make an attempt to intercept and secure her as a prisoner.

In pursuance of her base and insidious policy, she endeavored by every possible means, even in the most trivial affairs, to distress and injure her; by corrupting her subjects, and instigating them to rebellion; by actively opposing her forming any foreign alliance, using every secret art and influence for the accomplishment of her marriage with Lord Darnley. But as soon as Mary had decided in its favor, declaring it not only injurious to the interests of the two kingdoms, but prejudicial to the continued friendship of their sovereigns; by her artful insinuations at home and abroad, and even to Mary herself, that she was accessory to the death of her husband—the foul-

est slander that ever emanated from prince or subject, and could have originated but in the envious bosom of Elizabeth herself; by detaining her against all principle and right as a prisoner, when she had enticed her by fair promises to apply to her for aid, instead of treating her with kindness and hospitality, or suffering her to proceed for assistance to France.

By the insulting and degrading trial to which by false representation she prevailed upon Mary to submit with her rebellious subjects, granting their leaders the favor of a personal conference, a privilege she refused their queen. After having invested herself with the dignity of umpire, by violating every principle of justice in acting and consulting with the principal of her rebels, assuring them that if they could attach even a suspicion of Mary's guilt in the murder of her husband, their cause should rest in their own hands. But even with this assurance the only evidence they were able to procure, and upon which the fate of a queen and kingdom were made to depend, were a few sonnets and letters without address, signature or seal!

But even these were sufficient to justify Elizabeth in the cruel and unjust imprisonment to which she had destined Mary, though forgery was written upon them so legibly, that she not only refused that the originals, but that even copies of them should be delivered to Mary or her commissioners; by suppressing the Earl of Bothwell's confession, transmitted to her by the King of Denmark, in which he declared himself the murderer of king Henry, expressly freeing Mary from all implication in his crime, solemnly protesting her innocence, and speaking of her with the greatest possible respect; by causing the circulation of publications injurious to the reputation and cause of the Scottish queen, while those in her defence were 'positively interdicted.' To such low and contemptible means was Elizabeth obliged to resort, to disgrace the character of Mary; 'which must be done,' she writes by her minister Cecil, 'before other purposes can be attained.' What those 'purposes were,' her subsequent conduct plainly proved.

By acts of arbitrary cruelty too numerous to mention, and which could in any way injure the feelings or render more insupportable the sufferings of her victim; by instigating the private assassination of Mary, through the means of Sir James Paulet, her keeper, who though harsh and unfeeling, would not degrade himself so low as to become a midnight murderer, even though upheld by his mistress the queen of England, she proved that the life of Mary Queen of Scots, alone could satisfy the implacable hatred of Elizabeth: and by the most consummate art she at length accomplished her purpose—condemning to death the Queen of Scotland, her superior, as much in mind and person, as in birth and education; thus arrogating to herself a power, which no other sovereign in christendom would have dared usurp, a power which belonged to God alone.

In the hour of trial, in the prospect of an ignominious death, Mary still preserved the natural dignity of her character, the sweetness, serenity and magnanimity of mind which had ever characterized her, dying as she had lived, with the spirit of a queen and the christian resignation of a martyr. But Elizabeth, though her once fortunate rival was crushed to the earth, and no longer capable of exciting either her envy or her fears, still evinced towards her the same unforgiving, relentless spirit to the latest hour of her life. She gave her but a few hours notice of her approaching execution, a precipitancy which no criminality could justify, denying her request that a clergyman of her own faith should be allowed to attend her, and expressly commanding that none of her friends should be permitted to accompany and sustain her in the last trying scene. But in this her executioners were more merciful than their mistress, yielding to the earnest expostulations of Mary, and suffering six of her attendants whom she chose to witness her death.

Mary was not destined to enjoy an earthly crown, but she gained instead, the crown of a glorious immortality. Had she not had the misfortune to have been surrounded by ambitious and designing ministers, subservient to the interests of another, and had the sovereign of the neighboring and more powerful country of England, not only *professed* the christian religion, but *possessed* a little of its spirit, Mary's reign might have been prosperous and happy. Even her enemies were obliged to allow her to be the most able and talented woman of the age, and so long as she retained her power, she surmounted every obstacle, overcame every difficulty, but treachery and violence drew her at once to the earth—the morning beholding her a queen, the evening a helpless captive, like the imprisoned eagle her subsequent efforts to regain her freedom were useless and unavailing. The triumph of her enemies was as sudden as *it* was complete. Had she been permitted longer to have swayed the sceptre of state, the world would have been compelled to acknowledge the superiority of her talents, the wisdom of her government, the equity of her regulations.

Had she been fortunate, she would have been all that was great and good and noble. But she was too diffident of her own judgment, too willing to be guided by those she considered more capable than herself; she was too willing to forgive the most deadly injuries; she was too mild and gentle, too pure and open-hearted, too generous, too confiding. She possessed an influence over the heart more lasting than any rank or title has power to give. If in her happier days 'the vivacity and sweetness of her manners, her openness, her candor, her generosity, her polished wit, her extensive information, her cultivated taste, her easy affability, her powers of conversation, her

native dignity and grace,' excite our warmest admiration, the 'fortitude and nobility' she displayed in adversity, should command our love and respect.

'It seems certain indeed,' said the venerable archbishop who delivered her funeral oration in the church of Notre Dame at Paris, 'that Providence made her afflictions conspicuous only to make her *virtues* more conspicuous. Others leave to their successors the care of building monuments to preserve their name from oblivion; but the life and death of Mary are her monument. Marble and brass and iron decay, or are devoured by rust; but in no age, however long the world may endure, will the memory of Mary Stuart Queen of Scots and Dowager of France, cease to be cherished with affection and admiration.' B. S.

Randolph, Vt.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

BY MIMOSA.

O'ER him temptation threw its wiles,
Enticing with illusive smiles;
Round him its silken net-work wrought,
Till heart and mind were captive brought.

Now, seated at the gambler's board,
Elate, he shows the shining hoard
Which cunning suffered to be won,
A surety for the mischief done.

Bright, golden visions, dazzling, rise,
To mock his passion-blinded eyes;
But wealth and pleasure, nought he sees,
Hears gratulation, flatteries.

The wine-cup sparkles at his lip,—
The subtile poison will he sip?
Nay, sudden thoughts his hand arrest,
In tumult heaves his troubled breast.

The tempting cup is put away,
He flees from scenes which shun the day;
He turns from pleasure ill-acquired,
Spurns all his misled heart desired.

So blinded, duped, how could he see
His danger and iniquity?
A sister's warning, kindly spoken,
Showed him the moral statute broken.

It came upon his sleeping soul
With irresistible control;
Her soft, persuasive accents came
To turn him from his guilt and shame.

He saw her earnest, watchful eye
Look into his entreatingly;
Sweet words of caution, gently said,
A healing on his dark wounds spread.

A kiss upon his unstained brow,
Returned as pure,—he feels it now;
Time-hallowed tears his pale cheek laved;
They roused his strength,—the youth was saved.

Speak to the erring, speak again!
Who works by love works not in vain;
Speak with the sweet and pleading breath,
It will redeem from shame and death.

Augusta, Me.

'OUT OF THE HEAT A VIPER CAME.'

BY HENRY BACON.

'There came a viper out of the heat.' Acts. 28:3.

If in endeavoring to convey important moral truths home to the mind and heart, the preacher can engage the imagination and fancy in company with the reason, he will be sure to succeed better than if he appealed simply to the reason alone, and he will awaken an interest in his theme which he otherwise cannot create. The imagination and fancy sway too mighty a sceptre in the dominions of mind not to be regarded by the moralist or religious teacher, and desired as aids in the work of progress. They are regarded and appealed to by the true utilitarian—by him who values aright man's love of the beautiful, and esteems poetry as one of the chief ministers of God—who believes, and acts upon the belief, that nothing is useless that weans man from fastening his thoughts on mere earth and earthly things, and awakens him to a knowledge of the higher and nobler ends of his being.

In accordance with these thoughts, I would use an incident recorded in the book of the Acts of the Apostles: '*There came a viper out of the heat.*' I do not choose these words to attempt to gather from them some deep and mysterious meaning, but as the thoughtful uses a picture which embodies some part of a history, and from which he gathers good lessons as he meditates. The eye of the imagination has the province of the bodily eye, and gazes on the historian's portraiture, as the eye on the work of art, and reflection in the meanwhile is busy to learn what it teaches. Let it be with the reader, as it is with the writer, and *we* shall be profited.

And first to the historian's sketch. The scene is the island of Malta, or, as it is here called, Melita, and the time is that of the deliverance of Paul and his companions from the terrors of the stormy sea. The barbarians, who inhabited the island, exercised great kindness towards the shipwrecked company, and received every one to the comforts they could offer, while without were rain and cold. Paul was no idler, and therefore we see him gathering wood to feed the fire; when he laid the gathered sticks on the fire, a viper came out of the heat and fastened itself upon his hand.

The barbarians, according to the common superstition of the age, deemed this incident a certain sign that the Apostle was a criminal, who having escaped human justice, the gods were determined that he should not escape,and as the viper fastened itself on his hand, they deemed him a murderer, and that hand the living instrument of death. But as he soon shook off the viper, and they saw no swelling—no evidence of poison—they went to the other extreme of opinion, and considered him a god. They expected at first to see him swell, fall and die, under the subtile influence of the viperous poison, and gazed a great while on him with these thoughts, but saw no harm done by the venomous reptile; therefore they felt themselves to be in the presence of a superior being, and owned him as a god.

As I see the gathered group on the island, shut in from the storm, and screened from the cold by the fire, I think of social life, and the joy of escaping from the troubles and trials of buffeting with the evils of the busy world, and retreating from its noise and tumult, the storms of passions and the chilling influences of selfishness and duplicity. The storm may still rage, the winds blow, and the rain fall, but the sheltered group find happiness among themselves, as all exercise feelings of friendliness, and forget the false distinctions of outward life in the one feeling of the common need of each others aid. Here were the centurion, the soldiers, the sailors, Paul the apostle, Luke the beloved physician, prisoners of other ranks, and the barbarian inhabitants of the island. All these various characters, tempers, and dispositions, mingled together in peace, for generous feeling and a sense of dependance, brought into exercise the right disposition, and all was well. And so it would be in social life, if we all remembered our dependance on society for much that makes life a blessing, and were careful to keep in exercise that generous feeling which prompts us to contribute to the enjoyment of others. We must meet with all kinds of tempers, and it will not do to exercise any aristocratic feeling, for we are indebted to the humblest in society, as well as to the exalted and great—the head cannot say to the feet—'I have no need of you.' The centurion needs the soldiers, as much as they need the centurion, and they all, coming though they did from a polished and enlightened nation, had need of what barbarians could do for them. And Luke has recorded the fact that the barbarous people showed them no little kindness, but kindled a fire and received every one. In this they teach all to be given to hospitality—to kindle the fire of sociality and receive with generous kindness the variety that presents itself in the intercourse of life. Thus only can we obey the exhortations of our religion to be courteous to all men—to honor all men —and thus only can we awaken within them those sentiments towards us that will permit us to do them moral good.

As I see Paul entering the group and throwing on the fire the gathered wood, I see an example of well directed effort and industry to contribute to the comfort and happiness of others. He did not wrap himself in a stern dignity, and leave the work of feeding the fire to others—to the soldiers, the sailors, and the barbarians; neither did he move among them as one superior to them all. No; he encountered the rain, the cold, and the storm, and gathered for his own and others good the requisite materials to keep alive the grateful flame. The spirit of his religion would not permit him to be inactive when he could do something for the good of others, and as he threw on the gathered sticks, the increased warmth blessed himself as well as others. Should it not be so in social life? It should. We are bound to be active in contributing to the real enjoyment of social life—not clothing ourselves in repulsiveness, or disdaining to mingle in with the gathered group. Nor must we be content with mere feeling and desiring to contribute to the enjoyment of a certain occasion, but add thereto real and strong effort to contribute a mite, or much, as we may be able. The poor widow made an effort to add a little to the treasury of the temple, and she did so; though it was but a mite, it showed that her desire reached the springs of action, and was not mere desire, and the Lord blessed her deed. We all have the ability to add something to the enjoyment of social life, and if a kind and generous spirit is kept active within us, it will give birth to many little kindnesses, which are much in the aggregate. The wood gathered by Paul and added to the fire, is but a poor emblem of what we *can* do. He did more by conversation.

As I see the viper coming out of the heat, which the Apostle had unconsciously brought in with the wood, I think how frequently it happens in the social circle that a well meaning person unconsciously introduces a *viper* amid the contribution he brings to the grateful warmth of the circle. He would fain contribute to the enjoyment of the time, that the sorrows of the past and the evils around may awhile be forgotten, and the sweets of social life be participated in. He makes an effort to this end—he ranges from part to part of the mental island within—he gathers here and there a little, and throws it upon the fire of sociality which enlivens and cheers the whole circle. But alas! all unconsciously, he has brought in a viper! Soon it starts out from the heat which forced it from its concealment, as it is warmed into activity. Something that the friend utters is misapplied or wrongly taken, and degree by degree, as the heat of the kindling sticks, a warmth is created which forces out the viper—anger or resentment. Anger is, indeed a viper, for its form or aspect is hateful, the associations connected with it give it a hideousness that makes it hateful to us, and we are not easy in its presence. It is indeed a viper, for it hath a subtile

poison, which in a moment pervades the whole man, and he swells with passion, and there is, for the time, a suspension of real life—the life of affection. It is indeed a viper, for it can leap from person to person in a group, and fix its poison in each, and create much and terrible wretchedness. It is a viper, for we are taught to look upon it as such—all it begets is like the brood of the viper, ready at birth to do a deadly work, and in the language of Isaiah, 'that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper.' How careful then should we be, that from out of the heat of discussions and controversies there does not come a viper! Warmth, or a generous glow of feeling, we all desire in social life—in our circles, and in our intercourse with each other, but we certainly do not wish vipers to be warmed by the same heat; and if such is our desire—if we wish the warmth without the viper, we must be cautious what we throw upon the fire, lest a concealed or torpid viper be warmed by the heat into life to leap therefrom. And how can we do this but by examining what we are about to throw in—to see if wrapped up in the gathered ideas, there be not some epithet, insinuation, or implication, which will be a viper coming out from the heat of controversy, full of poison. We can have the warmth without the viper, and we should be as careful as possible to have it, though sometimes we may as unconsciously bring it in as did Paul; he was aware, as an inspired teacher and observer of society, that we are in danger of exciting anger and resentment, even when every feeling of our heart is right, and therefore his exhortation is, 'As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men'—live peaceably as far as the exercise of a christian spirit will enable you to live. Seek ever to be courteous and kind; as much better as our religion is than worldly principles of conduct, so much better should be the characteristics of our daily life, always remembering that a soft or gentle answer turneth away wrath, while grievous words stir up anger, as the heat of the kindled sticks did the viper. Here then is the caution to be used—against uttering *grievous words*, and to clothe our thoughts and ideas, as the preacher did, in 'acceptable words.' He tells us he '*sought* to find out acceptable words,' and so should we; for we can clothe an idea in words that will sound musically, as well as with words that cannot but sound discordantly, and that make the lips as Milton represents the opening of the 'lower regions'—'grating harsh thunder.' To seek out these acceptable words should be a principle of duty with us, especially when engaged in discussions or disputes on interesting and important subjects. 'Words cost nothing,' is a common proverb; they should cost some little labor in choosing. As we gather and throw on fuel for the feeding of the fire that warms without consuming, let us look first to our words, and if there be a viper there, let us put it away silently and carefully, and not throw it in to break up the circle and alarm and terrify the timid and gentle.

As I see the viper that came out of the heat, fastening itself on the Apostle's hand, I think how a grievous subject introduced, or word uttered, is soon made to affect the introducer, though entirely unconscious of offence being therein. He has added fuel to the social flame, but out of the heat comes a viper—the viper of quick resentment—and fastens itself upon him. All gaze upon him—all expect to see the poison work, and as the flushed countenance and kindled eye are seen, the observers may speedily adjudge him to be no favorite with God—no christian, though perhaps there may be a Luke among them who knows the Paul. How much depends upon the issue! The esteem and veneration of many will be lost or gained, and that is no unimportant matter to a christian. The memory of that hour will be connected with the whole life of the individual, and it will add brightness or shade to the mental portrait. The viper has fastened itself—is its poison felt—is the vitality of the heart impaired—is the person falling?

As I see the Apostle throwing off the viper, and behold him unharmed by it, I think of the nobility of the characters of some who permit the viper of anger or resentment of wrong, never to settle its deadly poison in them; and though, at the first, they may be startled and moved from their habitual quietness to momentary agitation, and we may deem them to be of the common caste, yet speedily the viper is shaken off, and no harm remains—and we acknowledge the God in them! we see manifested a true nobility of character; and the momentary storm only serves to make a beautiful manifestation of the divinity of the spirit that can effectually say, '*Peace, be still!*' Such show us a clear commentary on the Apostle Paul's language, 'Be angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' Not that he would have us to be angry, but if in the collisions of the world, the spirit of anger should be awakened, we should not indulge it—nurse it, and strengthen it, but throw it off speedily. For the sin of anger lies in the cherishing of it—and Solomon tells us to 'be not hasty in spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools,' or simple ones. And the same wisdom hath also declared, 'It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence;' which accords with the christian spirit, that demands of us the exertion of good in the conquest of evil—to shake off the viper into the fire that will consume him, as did Paul the reptile that leapt upon him. The barbarians owned him a god; and even the barbarous tempered of our age, will freely own the divinity of the spirit that makes, in the strength of goodness, a conquest over anger and revenge. In times of excitement, and seasons of warm controversy and discussion, let us fully honor the divinity of this noble spirit. We can think strongly, feel warmly, and speak earnestly, without being angry; and to be angry, is to deprive ourselves of the full power of thought,

the advantages of sober consideration, and bring out from the heat a viper, that will fasten itself upon us, and which we may not be able to throw off as easily as Paul did, harmless, but that may fix in us a long enduring and wide spreading poison.

Let us seek to have more and more of our Master's excellences, who when reviled, reviled not again; and then, as the blow of the axe on the sandal tree serves to bring out its delicious fragrance that tells of the virtues of the tree, so the attack of the vipers of anger and revenge, will only serve to enable us to manifest the christian spirit and prove the virtues of the well disciplined mind.

TO * * *,

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM A BEAUTIFUL, HALF BLOWN ROSE.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THY Rose, my friend, like the Dodonean oak,
Speaks in bright oracles of coming fate;
Shall *I* be priestess, and for *thee* invoke
Sweet prophecies of Manhood's rich estate—
And 'mid its delicate tracery seek to find
Prophetic readings of thy heart and mind?

Unlike Agrippa's mirror, which revealed
The *Future* only, there are visions here
Of pleasant hours the Past had fain concealed—
How bright amid these leaves those scenes appear!
Hast *thou* no mirror where thy soul can trace
As I do here, an absent form and face?

Thou wouldst have called this Rose a worthless gift;
It shall not be so e'er to thee or me;
For it hath power the veil of Time to lift,
To show what *has* been and again may be;
Hours of sweet converse, and of gentle mirth,
And playful wit to which thy mind gave birth.

But listen to thy Priestess. She will read
The sybilline leaves whereon thy fate is writ;
And thou, most dutiful, must give true heed
To whatso'er the oracle deems fit.
Doubt not its readings, for my soul hath power
To see deep meanings in thy faded flower.

There is a Temple—so I read, my friend—
Upon the brow of a most glorious Hill;
Thither ten thousand pilgrim footsteps tend,
Ten thousand now its golden portals fill;
Tablets are there where each one writes his name—
It is the Temple, and the Hill of Fame.

Thither thy course is tending. Slowly now,
And with most cautious steps thy way is traced;
Yet thou shalt stand at last upon its brow,
Thy forehead with a wreath of glory graced.
Wilt thou remember, when that crown is thine,
The village Priestess—and the rural Shrine?

Well, let her be forgotten. 'Tis not *then*
She cares to be remembered; but if now,
When thou art nameless and unpraised of men,
One kindly deed of hers can light thy brow
And fill thy heart with hope, *she is content*,
Nor deems her humble labor idly spent.

Go on, young poet—scholar—whatso'er
Title or mission suits thy spirit best;
Go on sublimely in thy bright career,
And keep, 'mid all thy fame, *a guileless breast.*
Go on—the oracle repeats the plea—
And she who reads it, hopes *all things* for thee!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. NO. V.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE A. FILLEBROWN.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

'Number thy lamps of love, and tell me now,
How many thou canst re-light at the stars
And blush not at their burning? One—one only—
Lit while your pulses by one heart kept time,
And fed with faithful fondness to your grave—
One lamp—*thy mother's love*—amid the stars
Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before
The throne of God burn through eternity—
Holy—*as it was lit and lent thee here.*'

THERE is something holy and touching in the expression with which young people gaze upon their first-born child; the new and strong link in the beautiful chain of their domestic affection—the tie which neither time nor misfortune, sickness, disgrace, nor even death itself shall have power to sever. As they bend over the helpless babe, imagination rapidly and hopefully pictures forth his gradual progress through the different stages of childhood, youth and manhood, and weaves bright crowns of honor, fame and happiness, to deck his brow; and the mother looks forward to the time when her hours of pain and suffering and the future cares that await her, shall all be amply recompensed by *his* love and welfare.

Such were doubtless the thoughts and dreams of Leslie Ashton and his young wife, the wedded lovers of a year, the parents of a few brief hours, as they gazed with speechless delight on the fair boy just given to their love and their embraces; and each sought to trace in its tiny features the lineaments of the other. There was another too beside that couch, a stately and beautiful woman, who bent with mingled smiles and tears over the young mother and her child, and blessed them with a full heart. This was Isabel Somers, the cousin of Mrs. Ashton, and the tried and true friend of her whole life. Isabel had been many years the wife of one who possessed every requisite to make her happy; wealth lavished its countless luxuries in her home and on her person—love the most devoted and untiring was around her

pathway, and her social and intellectual feelings alike met a ready response and sympathy—but one desire yet remained unsatisfied. Her spacious halls echoed not the sound of childhood's happy voice and merry laughter—the deep fountains in her heart had never been stirred by the lisping tones or the soft embrace of one whose very life-blood was her own. 'Would that I, too, were a mother!' was the earnest prayer of her spirit, as she looked on the quiet yet intense happiness of her friends—and then inwardly reproaching herself for her secret envy, she returned, languid and dispirited to her home. She entered her luxurious dwelling, so different from the small and simple abode she had just quitted, and strove to forget in her usual avocations that scene of domestic felicity. But in vain she essayed to charm away those haunting thoughts by the spell of sweet sounds; the notes were discordant, for the soul of the musician was away—in vain her flowers blossomed and shed their fragrance around her,and her birds strove by their sweetest songs to win her attention; her ear listed and her heart yearned for a far dearer sound. 'O that I were but a mother!' she wildly exclaimed, as she dwelt more and more on the happiness of the Ashtons; 'gladly would I exchange wealth, ease and every luxury, but to clasp to my heart a being to whom *I* had given birth, and to hear its first lisping accents murmur "*mother*."'

Days, weeks, and months went by, and daily and hourly was that wish repeated till it became an earnest aspiration, a fervent prayer; and then Isabel began to experience a new feeling, a sort of jealous envy towards the young cousin whom she had ever loved so dearly, and by degrees she discontinued her visits there, for the sight of their deep, quiet enjoyment made her very heart sick and weary. But at length her prayer was answered, and in the twelfth year of her wedded life, Isabel Somers embraced her first-born son. There were tears in her deep, dark eyes, as she imprinted the first kiss of maternal affection on its smooth round cheek, but they were tears of heartfelt joy and thanksgiving. This was *the* era in Isabel's life. She had been happy as the only and idolized child of the most devoted parents—happy as the beautiful and gifted heiress, flattered and courted in the gay circles in which she moved—happy as the cherished wife of one who had been the playmate of her childhood, and the beloved companion of her youth—but never, till now, had her felicity been perfect and entire. Time sped, and joyously it passed with the inmates of Somers House. The little Ernest grew in grace and beauty—each day developed some new infantine charm, and Isabel was blest indeed. Home was now to her the centre of all enjoyment; what to her ear were the warblings of the sweetest vocalist compared with the faintest lisp of that loved one—what to her eye the most graceful movement of the accomplished danseuse with the delight of watching its tiny feet, and training its feeble steps.

Till Ernest attained his seventh year, he had enjoyed the most unbroken health, and his doting mother had often exulted in his bright eyes, rosy cheeks and agile movements; but about that time a contagious disorder broke out among children. Among the first whom it attacked, was the eldest child of the Ashtons, who, unlike Ernest Somers had always possessed a feeble constitution and delicate health, and unable to resist the ravages of the disorder, he soon became its victim. From the time of his attack, Mrs. Somers had kept Ernest in strict seclusion, but her cares were unavailing, for scarcely had the grave closed above his little playfellow, when the young heir of Somers House was seized with the fever. Isabel was well nigh distracted. Mrs. Ashton, ever self-sacrificing, roused herself from the indulgence of her own sorrow, to administer consolation to her friend, whose less evenly balanced mind and ungoverned feelings so much required it.

'Do not talk to me of patience and submission,' cried Isabel, in reply to her cousin's gentle pleadings, 'I cannot bow my heart to this stroke, and say "Thy will be done!" *You* cannot feel as I do—you have lost your child, 'tis true, but you have others left to fill his place, while I, if I lose *him*, have no other hope, but shall be left alone, ay more than if he had never been given me. But surely God cannot be so cruel, he will not take my darling from me! O if he might but be spared to me, gladly would I suffer peril, pain, and privation of every kind, ay *death* even, for what were life without him? I know I am a wicked, sinful creature, Margaret, but if *he* is to die, I cannot, *will not* survive him, for how could I live when the sunshine and glory of my life had departed?'

Alas! how often does that which we crave as our chiefest blessing, prove to be our bitterest curse! At length the crisis of the disorder came. '*Must* he die!' murmured the trembling, despairing mother, in that low, sepulchral whisper, which sounds so fearfully in the silent chamber, to the kind and skillful man who bent over the couch of the little sufferer.

'While there is life there is hope,' was the reply; 'he appears now to be sinking into a quiet slumber, and "*if he lives till sunrise*," he may yet recover.'

'*Till sunrise*,' slowly repeated the mother, 'and the sun is but just now setting.'

In vain did her friends seek to withdraw her from the room, and urge her to take some needful repose; for it was now the ninth day of Ernest's illness, and during all that time Isabel had scarcely ate, drank or slept—nor would she now. 'If he lives, I would be the first to know it,—if he dies, mine must be the last look upon his living face.'

The long weary night passed away—the gray light of the morning dawned, and still that pale, anxious watcher sat by the bedside of her child, with her dark, heavy eyes fixed earnestly on his small and wasted person which lay listless and languid, and save his

low but now regular breathings, perfectly motionless. Once only her voice broke the silence to whisper to an attendant, a request that the shutters might be unclosed. The sun was just rising, and as its full, broad beams fell on the pillow of the child, he opened his large blue eyes, no longer bright with feverish delirium, but clear and unclouded as that morning sky, and turning them, full of love and recognition on the wan face of his mother, in a faint voice murmured her name. From that hour his recovery commenced gradually but surely, and ere many weeks had elapsed, Isabel's heart was once more elate with joy.

But the shadow of the Destroyer's presence had not yet vanished from her dwelling; the uplifted sword fell, and Mr. Somers, the husband and father, was cut off in the prime of his existence. Yet he died not by the wasting of disease, no premonitory warning was given, and his death fell like a thunderbolt on the hearts of his friends. He was taken ill in his counting room, was carried home, and in a few hours expired without having spoken to, or apparently even recognized his wife or son. Not till his remains had been consigned to their kindred earth, was the cause of his death discovered. That morning he had received letters from abroad, and it was after perusing them that he was seized with the attack which terminated his life. They proved, on examination, to contain tidings of the failure of some houses with which he had been so closely connected that their downfall involved his own—his fortune was completely wrecked, and he had probably dwelt upon the situation to which it must reduce his delicate and high-bred wife, and the fair boy to whose future eminence he had looked forward so proudly, till the revulsion proved too great for his highly wrought and sensitive nature to bear, and he had sunk beneath it. Thus in a brief space was Isabel Somers, the pampered child of luxury and fashion, left widowed and poor to struggle through the world with the child of her idolatry, with nothing but a '*mother's heart*' and a mother's never dying love to sustain her. Many wondered that one who had always manifested so much devotion towards a husband as Isabel had done, should make so little outward demonstration of sorrow; for in that light did they regard the simple mourning she had adopted, not as proportioned to the loss she had sustained, but as best suited to the straitened circumstances in which she had been left. When all her affairs were adjusted, but a small portion remained of what had been a princely fortune; with Mr. Ashton's assistance, this sum was safely invested, and a small, neat dwelling procured, not very far from the city, where Isabel was soon established with her boy. No sooner was she fairly settled in her new abode, than she set about the task of educating herself and Ernest. To many women this might have seemed no easy one, but Isabel possessed a mind which needed only culture and strong moral action, to render it capable of comprehending and performing any duty to which she might be called. Her education, despite the disadvantages, if so they may be called, of rank, wealth and fashion, had not been superficial; for Isabel had an insatiable love of reading, which having been under the guidance of the fine mind and cultivated taste of her husband, now proved of inestimable value to her. She was well versed in the branches which comprise the usual routine of a good English education, joined to the usual stock of young lady accomplishments, and it was to obtain a thorough knowledge of languages in which she was rather deficient, as well as of the higher and more abstruse studies with which it was necessary that Ernest should be conversant, that she now set herself to work; and with the strong stimulus of maternal love to urge her efforts, who can doubt that she was successful? The principal part of the day was devoted to Ernest's instruction, not neglecting those useful, though less carefully taught lessons which are to be found in green fields, singing birds, blossoming flowers and all beautiful things; but when he was at rest, then commenced Isabel's labors; and any of the villagers, who chanced to be out late at night, never failed to see the glimmering light of the solitary lamp, in the little study-parlor of the cottage, which told that the love-inspired student was still at her tasks. Night after night, she sat diligently poring over musty volumes, and storing her mind with the treasures of ancient and modern lore, ever and anon creeping stealthily into the adjoining bed-room, to look for a moment on the features of her sleeping idol, and then returning stimulated to still greater efforts. In order the better to economize her small income, and to enable her to afford Ernest every gratification as well as to excite in him a spirit of generous emulation, she received two pupils, the sons of old friends, by whom they were cheerfully committed to her care, to be prepared in like manner with her own son, to enter the University.

To accomplish this work, was an arduous task—but what mother ever shrank from aught that would promote the happiness of her child? Certainly not Isabel Somers! What mattered it to *her* that her cheek grew thin and pale, and her eye dim, or that many a silver thread mingled with her raven tresses—while she saw *his* stately figure developing itself into manly beauty—while *his* dear voice was heard singing merrily about the house, and his clear, bright eyes beamed with love and happiness upon her? At length her task was completed. Ernest, accompanied by his mother, went to Cambridge, was examined, and admitted as a student in the University, while Isabel returned to her humble home, to devise and practise some additional method of economy, by which she might be enabled to furnish Ernest with the means to make as good an appearance as any of his fellows. In order to effect this, she dismissed her only attend-

ant, on the plea that she required some manual labor to counterbalance the effects of her sedentary life, and then set about preparing her simple meals, and performing her household duties herself, for the first time in her life. She was urged to receive pupils again, but the grand stimulus was gone, and Isabel confessed herself unequal to the task; but to add to the little fund, which the strictest frugality, and the entire absence of every little luxury to which she had been accustomed, enabled her to lay by for Ernest's wants, she consented to instruct a class of young ladies in the lighter accomplishments of the day.

Little did Ernest dream, when he received his liberal allowance, of the toil and privations it had cost his mother to obtain it! Yet she heeded it not. Willingly would she have coined her very heart's blood, to afford him but an hour's gratification, and amply did she deem herself repaid by the tidings which reached her of his diligence and good conduct. 'He is my all,' she would say to the friends who remonstrated with her on the privations to which she doomed herself, 'and why should I not give my life even, if need be, to make him happy?' And when in the vacations he came home to her, still the same, only more manly, more kind and gentle, more like his dead father, it seemed as if her very heart would burst with excess of gladness. *Then* the cottage assumed a new face; during Ernest's visit the little parlor was carefully arranged, the books he loved were laid on the tables, and flowers, of which he was passionately fond, filled the room with fragrance; and a proud and happy woman was Isabel, when on the Sabbath she walked to church, leaning on his arm and looking up, with confiding affection into his open, noble countenance. But those days were too bright to last! When at the close of his second collegiate year, Ernest returned home as was his wont, he was accompanied by a fellow-student, to whom Isabel as if instinctively, took an instant and fixed dislike. She remonstrated with her son, but for once her pleadings were in vain. Ernest had contracted a friendship for the young man, by one of those singular fatalities which sometimes draws together persons of entirely opposite tastes and dispositions. Pedro de Castigne was the son of a Spanish shipmaster and a pale, gentle girl, whom he had half coaxed and half frightened into becoming his wife, and who died of a broken heart, when this her only child was but six months old. Since that time he had been under the protection of his father, if such it could be termed;—knocked about here and there, and gleaning now and then such information as could be obtained among a bold, piratical crew. But he was a shrewd, artful lad, and withal rather good looking, with a bright face and bold, black eyes; and some benevolent gentleman having taken an interest in his situation, had given him the means of studying, and finally procured him admission into the University, rightly presuming that his natural talents, combined with a good education, would enable him to make his way in the world, with honor to himself and credit to his benefactor. And so it might have been, had it been possible for Pedro to keep out of mischief; but his natural tendency to this, aided by his early culture, proved too strong to be resisted, and the consequence was, that he was not only continually in disgrace himself, but he was ever drawing some easy and unsuspecting classmate into the same path. Such was the dangerous companion with whom Ernest Somers had linked himself; and when at the close of the vacation, he returned to Cambridge, Isabel bade her son farewell with fearful forebodings of evil.

The mother's worst fears were destined to be realized! Soon after the commencement of the term, it began to be whispered about that mischief was brewing at Cambridge, and ere long the storm burst forth. Some atrocious act had been committed, the perpetrators were detected; Pedro de Castigne was the ringleader, and high on the list stood the name of Ernest Somers. They were arraigned before the government of the College, the offence proved, and the delinquents expelled. Castigne departed, none knew whither, and Ernest returned to the abode of the stricken mother whom he had disgraced, and whose dearest hopes had been crushed and blighted. Nor did the trouble end here. Had Ernest returned like the Prodigal of old, humbled and contrite, conscious of his sin, and pleading for forgiveness, Isabel felt that she could have borne it better. But it was not so. He had grown sullen and morose; he mocked at her tears, and turned contemptuously from her gentle pleadings; and the temper which she had ever deemed mild and even, proved to have been but a slumbering lion, which, chafed and irritated by the battle which had been done, now rushed forth in violent fury, to destroy all who came in its way. His mother could gain no information from him relating either to the riot in which he had been concerned; or to his friend, the notorious de Castigne; but that Ernest received frequent letters from him, she could not doubt. At length, one evening contrary to his wont, he remained at home, and the mother's heart bounded with joy once more, to see him take his seat opposite her at the round table, where he had been accustomed to sit in those happy days when she was his teacher, companion and friend. There was a softness in his eyes which had not been there before for many a long, weary day, and a tenderness in his voice as he bade her good night, that made her heart thrill as it had done in by-gone days, and called up a smile of pleasure to her pale wan face. Poor Isabel! that smile was her last! She retired to rest that night with a lighter heart than she had done for many months, for she had *hope* that her erring child might yet be reclaimed—'he will be once more as in those blessed days, and we shall be *so* happy.' With this

delightful anticipation she arose refreshed on the ensuing morning, and entered the parlor, confidently expecting the morning greeting from Ernest; but he was not there—neither was he in his bed-room or in the garden—he returned not that day, and after nearly a week of intolerable suspense, a letter came which told the heart-sick mother that her darling son, whom she had nurtured so tenderly, scarcely allowing the rough winds to blow upon him, had taken passage as a common sailor in a vessel bound for a long voyage to a distant land. He expressed no contrition for the past—gave no promise of amendment for the future, and now indeed was the last ray of hope extinguished in that MOTHER'S HEART!

From that hour Isabel Somers was a changed woman. For many days no one saw her; the cottage windows were closed, no smoke ascended from the chimneys, and there was an air of cheerlessness and desolation about the whole place. But on the succeeding Sabbath the lonely widow was seen slowly proceeding to church, and the few who ventured to steal a look at her, were shocked to see the ravages that short season of sorrow had made. Her stately figure was bowed, not with the weight of years; her hair, which had been remarkable for its redundant beauty, had grown thin and gray, and the large dark eyes which had captivated many hearts with their soft brilliancy, had now an expression of intense melancholy which saddened even the most indifferent beholder. Yet none approached her with 'the poor common words of charity' and consolation, for there was a sort of gentle, quiet dignity about her sorrow which forbade the intrusion. That day with a bowed and broken spirit Isabel laid herself with all her griefs and heart-aches at the feet of Jesus, and received comfort and support in her afflictions.

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Two years passed wearily and heavily away, although Isabel had gained a greater degree of calmness and resignation than she had dared to hope for, and then came another and more terrible shock. The crew of the ship in which Ernest and his mad companion had embarked, irritated by some harsh usage from the commander, and instigated by de Castigne, had mutinied and turned pirates; they had been captured by a vessel and brought into port, and Ernest was now in prison awaiting his trial. Not a moment did Isabel hesitate with regard to the course she should pursue. To go to him, to comfort and console him, to remain with him during the dreadful period of his confinement, was the course which her heart prompted, and agonized as she was, she set forth, alone, to seek the poor criminal. Dreading lest she should meet some old familiar face among the numerous passers in the well known streets, Isabel, on her entrance into the city, procured a cheap conveyance to take her to the prison; on her way she passed the splendid dwelling which had been her home in happier days—lights were glancing in the windows of what had been her nursery, and at the sight, came rushing back the memories of the past, soon to be dispelled by the fearful realities of the present. The vehicle stopped at the iron gate of the prison, and having obtained permission of the keeper, Isabel was conducted through the dismal stone galleries and down flights of steps into the damp corridor leading to the cells; and her guide having unbarred the iron door and removed the massive bolts, she was ushered into the presence of her guilty son. For a moment she regarded him in horror-struck silence, while he, unable to recognize in the wan, gray haired woman before him, the stately and handsome woman from whom he had parted less than three years before, stood before her, bending upon her a glance so fierce that she shrank before it. 'Ernest'—she at length faltered forth, and with a faint wild cry, the miserable man fell at her feet and pressed to his ashy lips, convulsively, the hem of his mother's garment. During his confinement on shipboard, and since, in that lonely cell, his mind had returned to its natural state; for strangely had it been perverted in his intercourse with the reckless and dissolute Pedro de Castigne; horror and remorse had taken the place of the wild, fierce desperation which had led him on to the cruel and terrible deeds in which he had been an actor. He was again gentle and childlike, and listened with tearful earnestness to the tender words of his grief-worn mother, as she urged him to seek forgiveness where he had most deeply sinned. With tears of heartfelt penitence did he confess and mourn over his apostacy and downfall—he spoke with shuddering horror of the dreadful crimes which he had committed, and lamented with bitter, though unavailing sorrow, over the untimely and disgraceful doom to which he had consigned himself—he, who had been so highly gifted, so carefully instructed! His mother sought to soothe him with kindly words, and promises from sacred Writ, and at length wearied and exhausted, he sank into a profound slumber with his head pillowed on his mother's knee. 'And is this,' thought Isabel, as she gazed on his sleeping face, 'is this the babe for whose birth I so longed—the fair child by whose sick bed I knelt in agony, and so earnestly prayed for his life—the noble boy to whose nurture and instruction I devoted the best years of my life—the manly youth whom I looked up to as the future support of my declining years? Yet oh how much dearer is he now than ever he was in the brightest days of his prosperity!'

The remainder of my story is painful, but it shall be very brief. Isabel remained with her wretched son till he was brought to trial—she stood near him at the bar, and listened in fearful suspense to those on whose words hung life and death—she nerved herself to bear the worst, and heard with unblanched cheek, the sentence which doomed her only son to the scaf-

fold—she returned with him to the dungeon, from whence he was to emerge once more, to become the gaze and talk of a vast and heartless multitude—she clasped his cold hand, and bade him farewell for the last time on earth—she heard the shout which told her that all was over—that she was a lonely, childless widow, and then her sight grew dim—she remembered nothing further!

In a remote corner of the little church-yard in the village where she had passed so many chequered years, did Isabel consign her son to his last dreamless sleep! She heard the clods rattle on the coffin—saw the earth heaped upon what had been her idol, and then returned to her home—desolate indeed! But not long did the weary spirit remain in bondage—ere the grass had grown on the grave of Ernest Somers, his broken-hearted mother was laid by his side.

Peaceful be thy slumber, thou martyr to maternal love! and in that *better land* to which thou didst fondly point *him*, mayst thou meet thy poor wanderer, ransomed from sin, and washed white in the blood of his Redeemer.

Reader! 'tis an ow're true tale—I have drawn my characters from life—nor is Isabel Somers the only mother who has seen her dearest hopes thus crushed and blighted; as many a poor, stricken heart will bear me witness; but never, thank God! has storm or blight, disgrace or even death, had power to dim or quench the lamp which burns on ever, with holy and steady light, from the cradle to the grave, through all chances and changes in the true MOTHER'S HEART!

Boston, Mass.

RAPHAEL'S MOTHER.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

'OBSERVE, said Raphael, the feminine softness of expression, the beautiful harmony of thought and feeling. When I take my pencil for high and noble purposes, the spirit of my mother hovers over me. It is her countenance, not my own, of which you trace the resemblance.'

IT was most beautiful, and startlingly
Like life. The painter sat and gazed upon
His glorious work. The soft, bright eyes met his,
The long, fair hair parted upon the brow,
Was strangely like his own; and like his own
The wavy curls, and the small, classic head.
But there was more. There was the soul that looked
Out from those deep, blue eyes, there was the meek,
The holy, chaste expression of the brow,
The earnest thoughtfulness about the mouth,
The heavenly light of heart and mind, that shone
In every feature's grace, and spoke that face
A woman's and a mother's.

What marvel that the artist thus could paint
That lovely countenance? that he could give
Such heavenly radiance to those tender eyes,
The seal of thought unto that glorious brow?
What marvel? Was it not his mother's face?
The eyes the same that watched his infancy,
That smiled upon his boyish sports, and looked
Upon his first, faint efforts in an art
He loved, approvingly! And had they not
With their soft, earnest gaze, looked as it were
Into his inmost soul? Were not those lips
The same that had so often pressed his own,
That duly as the evening came, had prayed
To God for blessings on his boyish head?
Those long, fair curls! O were they not the same
With which his infant hands had played—the same
Which had so oft been mingled with his own?
'Twas even so. Each feature of that face
Was graven on his heart; and when his soul
Swelled high with noble thoughts, that lovely face
Smiled on him, and 'twas his mother's spirit
Hovered o'er him. And who can tell what deeds,
What noble thoughts and aspirations, owed
Their birth to that pure source? O say, does not
A mother's spirit ever watch her boy?
E'en though she dwell in heaven, does she not look
Down on the earth, and mark him where he stands?
Whether bright laurels circle his young brow,
Or whether scorn and poverty be his?
Is not her spirit near him? Does it not
Sometimes whisper, to his o'er wearied heart
Sweet words of peace? O answer, ye, within
Whose hearts lie sweet remembrances of her,
Who watched you with a mother's holy care?

And though he dwell in heaven, does she not pierce
The clouds, and see him where he stands, amid
The angel throng? Does she not hear his voice,
Chanting sweet praises to his God? She knows
That God has called him to himself; He thought
Her cherub worthy of a heavenly seat.
Is she not blessed to be so marked of Him,
That her young treasure was deemed fit to dwell
In holy courts? Does not her spirit soar
Above, and with the angels, and her God,
Watch that bright one, himself an angel now?
He draws her heart to heaven, and makes her feel
That she herself, is nearer to her God
Since she has yielded up that angel form.
And so her spirit still bears on, she feels
That though he will not come to her, yet she
Shall go to him.

Somerville, Mass.

'LITTLE KINDNESSES. Goethe in a conversation once said, "Life is short, and we must miss no opportunity of giving pleasure to one another." He said this to one who desired to defer till the next morning a visit to a poor dramatist, when requested to communicate to him the complete success of one of his works. Goethe could not consent to take a night's happiness from him, and leave him to anxieties that were wearing the springs of life.' B. . . Little kindnesses are like the lesser stars, sprinkling the foreground of the Queen of Night! which is a star of much greater kindness, shining on all! PR.

GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

HOUR SIXTH.

WELL, Lottie, I am on my green throne once more—my comfortable velvet arm-chair, of gossiping notoriety—and who shall forbid me the luxury of a long chat with any true-hearted friend I choose to call to my side?—Have you any choice of a theme? I could give you some rude, crayon-like sketches of our little village in its dilapidated autumn magnificence; but descriptions of scenery are becoming trite; and 'the poets' have 'worked over the stock' (as the paper-mill phrase is) till there is scarcely a fibre left on which to string the pulp. So, *dilletante-ish* as you are, I shall not gratify your taste for the picturesque by cross-stitching upon my gossip-canvass any images of little crooked trees, such as threw you into ecstasies at L., or of moss-covered cottages, with creaking well-sweeps in front. No, you shall have something more transcendental; some 'Orphic-sayings,' whose wonderful wisdom shall be hidden from all those who are behind us in the flights of the 'Over-Soul.'

We are neither of us yet, like the year, dear Lottie, 'in the sere and yellow leaf.' We look not upon life as a pageant that is past, but as one in which we are, ourselves, now acting. True, we mingle not in its tumults—wear none of its panoplies—are not heard sounding alarms upon its watch-towers; nevertheless, all quietly though we sit in the myrtle-bowers of love, and peace, and domestic retirement, we cannot forget that we have *brothers*, friends, *knights*, perchance, Lottie, busily engaged in its conflicts. God strengthen their hearts and nerve their souls in every great and noble contest! Who fight so bravely as they? Who wield the sword of truth so valiantly? Who wear the snowy plumes of christian faith so gallantly waving in the clear breezes and glorious sunshine of heaven?

Hark, Lottie! The sound of trumpets and the cries of heralds! Let us go sit awhile in yonder deserted watch-tower, and look down upon the army as they pass.—What a glorious procession! How majestically the broad white Banner of Love swells to and fro to the soft winds of Heaven. Look! its insignia is but a simple cross, with the motto 'God is Love!' Yonder cometh the Leader of this splendid array. He is attired in pilgrim-robes, and his sandals are worn and soiled; but Napoleon never wore so proud a crest, as the thin, proud locks that wave upon this good man's brow. And here, Lottie, cometh another General—the pride of the army. With firm step and undaunted brow, he has been foremost and strongest in the battle. He has crossed Alps, and warred amid the Pyramids; nor has he been driven back by worse than Russian snows and Moscow fires. Yet see him when the hour of rest has come, and you will find a group of children around his knees, playing, may be, with the very sword that has slain giants in the battle.

There cometh a brave Champion—Hark! what a strong blast he blows upon that great *Trumpet!* 'Glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto ALL PEOPLE!' Again! Again! the cry is caught up, and echoed back by a thousand clear-voiced clarions far and near! And look, Lottie! Ah, yes, you have recognized him, I see—*our brother*—that gallant warrior, who finds it so difficult to curb the impetuous charger that has borne him proudly through many victories. And at his side is a still younger herald, who bears a silver clarion in his hand, and wears for his crest a small, radiant Star. Wave your scarf at them, Lottie—the bravest in camp and the gentlest in bower—Wave them your scarf from the turreted tower!

Now cast your eye along from right to left. How many kind, familiar faces meet our gaze. Fathers, brothers, members all of the great 'household of faith.' There is one in minstrel garb, with a wreath of olive around his brow. If need be, he can put on the armor of a soldier, and dash into the hottest of the fight; but he loveth better the soothing spell of Poesy—and in chieftain's hall and lady's bower, has tuned his harp to many a sacred lay, and rehearsed many a tale of Love Divine at the hearth-stones of the afflicted and the poor. God bless him for his earnest heart and active hand—God bless one and all of those brave and faithful soldiers that labor at his side.

Do you see that bright-eyed, smiling young warrior, who kisses his hand to us from the crowd? There is not a braver or more zealous-hearted and devoted knight in all the army of the Cross, than he. He is, moreover, the leader of the juvenile *corps*. And that sunny-lipped herald, with a garland of queenly lilies on his brow, who precedes the van-guard of the army—Hark! how the music of his clarion thrills through the hearts of the multitude! How deep its tones, and rich! How exquisitely they die away over the mountain-tops—and how sweetly they break forth again, and ring through the quiet valley! 'Peace on earth, and good will to men!' is the angel-like proclamation;—to which all the vanguard, noblest of the army, respond a loud '*Amen!*'

The vision has faded, Lottie, and here we sit again, as through the magic of Ali's carpet, in this quiet, secluded chamber. The gossip-spirit has deserted me; and I have a fancy, now, instead of amusing others, to be amused myself; so draw your chair a little nearer to my throne, and in your own beautiful words, give me one of the 'Lights *or* Shadows of Woman's Life.' Alas, Lottie, the Shadows are so numerous in poor woman's lot, that if you are in the mood for it, I would rather the present sketch should be a sunny one—a *Light* instead of a Shadow.

THAT man is happy who pleads for the fatherless.

THE MOURNER.

BY IONE.

THERE are people in this world of ours who scoff at the idea of enduring sorrow for the dead; and we must admit that there are too many reasons for the charge of infidelity to the departed, in the readiness with which the mind casts off its burden of grief, and again hurries into the excitements of pleasure or business; but to say there are no real mourners, is a libel upon many a wounded spirit. Beneath a calm, and even a smiling, exterior, there may be depths of unimagined sorrow, to which the spirit turns in its lonely hours and yields itself in the very hopelessness of grief.

I recall a remark made years ago by a highly respected friend which left a deep impression upon my mind. 'I think,' said he, 'that in general the human mind is too willing to forget its grief, thus preventing its salutary effect upon the moral and social feelings. I would have the remembrance of bereavement constantly present to the mind, solemnizing without saddening the spirit, like a sense of the immediate presence of God. Thus should we hallow the memories of the departed, and increase our energies to victoriously resist in the great battle with the world's temptations.' Subsequent observation on mankind has convinced me that the remark was founded upon a deep knowledge of human nature. An abiding sense of the presence of a pure and holy God, it is well known, produces a salutary effect upon the character, and such, in an humble measure, is the consequence of a nurtured remembrance and reverence for the holy dead. The omnipresence of God! The mind is tempted to exclude the thought from its very vastness, but let the erring, wandering sinner take this truth to his heart, and he has entered a fortress from which the powers of darkness must flee, appalled and defeated.

I would say to the young pilgrim upon life's lengthened journey, 'Strive, wherever you may be and whatever may be your occupation, to realize the actual presence of God, and do not exclude from your thoughts that gentle sorrow for the loved and lost, which elevates and purifies the character.' I have said there are real mourners, and I will give a sketch of one as it was told me a few days since.

'You said, Aunt Mary, that you have known Mrs. Montrayille from childhood. Was she always as calm and passionless as now? Did you notice yesterday when the merry laugh went round that she only smiled? She speaks in so low a tone, and at such long intervals, one would suppose that she feared her own voice. Tell me something about her, Mary, for I dearly love the romance of real life, and there are events in the history of all that possess a strange and thrilling interest.'

'Well, get your work, Jane, and I will tell you why she is sad when all around her are joyous, and ever reminding me of a flower which the frost has blighted without destroying.'

'In early life,' continued the narrator, 'she was a fair, light-hearted girl, motherless, and filling an important station in her father's house. It was with real pleasure that we heard of her betrothment to a gallant young sailor, who had been a highly esteemed friend for many years. His form was graceful and buoyant, his face beamed with generous emotions, and of his waving brown locks we suspected him of being a little vain. He was a general favorite, and his presence was an antidote for gloomy thoughts. They were married, and he continued to brave the perils of the great deep with a sailor's ardent love for his profession. At length his ship was ordered to one of the West India Islands, and with a heavy heart he bade adieu to his happy home and group of little ones. To his wife his absence was a source of real sorrow, and she counted the moments of separation with an anxious solicitude, which only those in a similar situation can understand. He had been absent the appointed time, and his return was hourly looked for with the most lively emotions of joy.'

'It was a mild autumn morning, and Mrs. Montraville sat at the breakfast table, surrounded by her children, whose artless inquiries about the absent and beloved one, were answered with truly maternal tenderness. At last the mother was alone, her head resting upon her hand, and her thoughts full of the subject nearest her heart. A neighbor entered bearing the dreadful story of her husband's death in a foreign clime. A wasting fever had robbed him of his strength, and conscious of his situation, he asked to be dressed and carried upon deck. 'My hours are numbered,' he said, 'and I wish to die looking out upon the sunny sea, and fanned by the pure breath of heaven.' They complied with his request, and he passed the day talking of his far-off home and family. 'Long will they wait for my familiar footstep and deeply will their hearts be wrung when hope shall forsake them;' he murmured as the day wore away. 'But I leave them with One able and willing to save. Oh! faithfully does memory portray their sweet faces, drawing me away from the spirit land I so soon must enter. My Ellen, dearer than when I first called you my own, and our precious children, what will become of you? It is sad indeed to die thus, beneath stranger skies and untended by the ministries of affection,—but God's will be done.' Ere the sun went down, his spirit was with its God. The remains of the true-hearted sailor were borne from the deck to fill a new made grave upon a distant island, 'and there was sorrowing among the crew—for a favorite had left them.'

'The young widow received the sad intelligence in silence and without raising her head. Friends ap-

proached to offer consolation, but she was like one stunned by a violent blow; they laid her upon a bed, but no tear came to her burning lids, and no wail of sorrow betrayed the depth of her anguish. Days passed thus, and her physician averred that she must weep or die. She could listen to no details of his sickness or death, as the agitation it produced threatened her very life. At length her overburdened spirit found relief, and she arose from her couch of suffering worn and wasted, and armed herself to bear a little longer the burden of life for the sake of the dear ones who clung to her in the helplessness of infancy.'

'Years, long and many, have passed since then, but the memory of that first, dark hour of bereavement, has lost none of its poignancy. Of her husband she never speaks, save when some familiar friend mentions his name, and then her words are few and mournful. I have never seen her laugh, and only a faint smile betrays her sympathy with the happy beings around her; but nothing like moroseness mingles with her sadness. It was a fiery trial for a young and devoted spirit, and no wonder it left an ineffaceable impression upon her whole character.'

Have I proved that there is one sincere mourner in this careless, selfish world? If so, my task is done.

Boston, Mass.

HYMN.

How MANY lessons, Oh our God!
Around our feet are spread;
On every flower-enamelled sod
Thy goodness may be read;
In every tuft of waving grass,
In every golden ray,
In all things beautiful that pass
Along our joyous way.

Oh may our hearts, as true to Thee,
Thy faithful goodness prove,
And wheresoe'r their lines may be,
Still execute thy love.
Thy love, which falls in sunny showers
Alike on good and ill;
Which spreads the fruitage and the flowers
At every creature's will.

Oh let us press this holy love
Within our heart of hearts,
And wear it, whereso'er we move,
A shield from sorrow's darts.
A gentle monitor of good—
A guardian spirit, given
To light our feet along the road
To happiness and Heaven.

S. C. E.

Shirley Village, Mass.

THOUGHTS ON THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

BY T. B. THAYER.

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago, or more, a company of shepherds were watching their sheep on the plains of a small tract of country bordering on the eastern waters of the Mediterranean Sea. The day had worn lazily away, the sun had gone down, and the angel watchers had hung out their star-lamps along the skies. The shepherds were gathered in companies to talk, or were scattered not beyond voice-distance, while the faithful wolf-dog, ever-moving, ever-watching, went his rounds to the outer-most circle of his trust. Much talk had these lone shepherds in their indolent employment; and it were not unreasonable that they should have given space to the all-absorbing theme of the day—the Deliverer that was to come, and of whom Jew and Heathen had made mention as expected to arise in the East.

Prophecies, dimly interpreted by Rabbis and Scribes, had spoken of one who was to come out of Zion, who was to be of the House of David, the great King of their glorious and heroic age, now long gone. All men talked of him, they of the palace and the hovel, and wondered. The olden records of law-giver and seer had been diligently studied, and re-studied for more decided and satisfactory information of the event and the man.

Weary had the people become of the power of Rome the seven-hilled. Oppressed by her servants, galled with their yoke, and with the memories of glory and dominion, they had grown impatient of longer suffering and endurance. Men gathered in crowds in the city and in the field, with dark and threatening looks, and ill-suppressed murmurs and throbs. The mailed soldier of the city, sword in hand, scattered the malcontents who met in the street and talked of their oppressors with expressions of hate, and in angry tones. But in the caves, and forests, and fields, and on the hills, stern men and fearless gathered, and bravely plotted for their country's deliverance. Every where the clouds seemed lowering. Herdsmen and shepherds were beset with promised Messiahs and Deliverers, were led away from their quiet employment to blood and battle and miserable death beneath the swords and javelins of Roman legions.

It was a dark time for the oppressed, yet did the low voice of discontent and threat continue to be heard—and many paused to listen. A dark time, yet true men hoped, and too faithful believed. True, no prophet had come to the people for hundreds of years; the fire of inspiration had been gone out that time, and the altar was cold. The Urim and Thummim were not; and dwelt not between the cherubim as of old. But for all this, many hoped in spite of themselves; and some hearts everywhere, in high places, and among the common people, were big with expectation.

So wide spread and deep had grown this feeling, that even the unbelieving had ceased to utter his jibes, and waited, for he could not tell what might be. And the scorner held his breath, at times, and listened, as though God might come, after all. And even the proud ruler who would lord it over his slaves, and the iron-hoofed legionary who insulted the descendants of David on their own soil—even these grew more respectful, for there was on them an undefined feeling, not capable of word-expression, that there was at hand some great change. They knew not what it might be, nor in what shape it might come—but something, such as not every day the world witnesseth. Even at Rome men talked, and wrote—and waited for the Star in the East, but knew not that it was a Star for which they looked.

Such was the far spreading feeling of dim, uncertain expectation, when the company of shepherds, named before, were clustered together on the plains not far from Bethlehem village, by night, watching their flocks. Their conversation would likely run on the great subject of thought and speech. Traditions of better days, when their chosen city was the glory of the whole earth, came upon them, and the general hope of a Deliverer, who was to restore those glorious old days, rose up in their hearts—when, suddenly, their thought and converse were alike broken up, by a strange sight, and awful! The heavens were opened, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and the voice of his angel was heard proclaiming the glad news of the Deliverer's birth! They were sore afraid, but the messenger of light, hushes all fear—'I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord.' 'And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, saying, "Glory to God in the highest—on earth peace and good will toward men."'

And so God revealed himself, by night, to certain rude and obscure shepherds, as they watched their flocks—and not to the learned and the scribes, not to the leaders of the people and to the high in place! Strange choice this, and unexpected. Nevertheless, consider it attentively, for there is much in it. Consider it, and thou shalt be wise for the study, and know more of God, and of his method of teaching the wise of this world by the foolish, and confounding the strong by the weak. God may be oft-times seen in the star-light, and heard in the solemn night-winds, when in temples built for him neither his voice is, nor his presence. God can make his own temples; and to his own, the pure in heart, he will reveal himself, however humble. Therefore, as seen, to shepherds, and not to Pharisees, He speaks to honest men, unsophisticated and simple, and not to the wise in world wisdom; to the crowd, and not to the honored, or sought-to-be honored of the crowd; not to them of the Priest's court, but to such as wait in the court of the Gentiles.

But what of these shepherds, and of the revelation made to them of the Zion-Deliverer! They rise up, and say, 'Let us go to Bethlehem, and see farther of this wonder;' and they go, and find as the angel had told them. But do the rulers and the teachers of the law believe their story? Oh no. What have they to do with the carpenter's son, born in a stable. He the promised Savior of Israel, the Messiah and anointed of David's God? 'But,' say the shepherds, 'God himself has so told us, lately, by night, on the plains as we watched our flocks.' 'Let him tell *us*,' reply the proud bigots of the old temple and synagogue—'God reveal this glorious King-birth of Israel to you, and not to us! to ignorant sheep-tenders, and not to priests! Absurd pretenders—who shall believe that God will do so foolish a thing?'

But the honest-hearted shepherds persist. They go to Scribe, to Lawyer, Pharisee, Priest and Rabbi, but no man of them will believe; and their story laughed at, and ridiculed, and rejected, they grow weary and ashamed of saying, 'God has spoken to us, and we have seen the desire of one nation, the Deliverer of David's house.' And so, by and by, turned out of doors, jeered at, believing nevertheless, they go back to their flocks, and among themselves they speak of it. And oft-times in the long night-watches, they call up that strange scene, and seek to divine its significancy; and they half-fancy the heavens are opening again, and wait, with quick-beating hearts, if God will speak to them once more!

* * * * * *

Thirty long years have rolled by, full of oppression, of plotting and suffering. The story of the Bethlehem shepherds is forgotten. What has become of the manger babe, none know or care, since none believe, save a few true hearts to whom God had also spoken. They believe mighty things of the child. Yet dimly, after years of waiting, burns the light of memory on the altar of even their hearts. Once, however, when found in the temple disputing with the doctors, they hoped much, for even then these were amazed at his knowledge, though they seem not to have known that this was he of whom, twelve years before, the shepherds had revealed strange things, as revealed to them.

Thirty years have gone by—and on the banks of Jordan there stands a stern man, having raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins. Rough-clad is he, but a prophet of God; and he baptizes to repentance and preparation for the long expected Deliverer. One cometh to baptism, a man of humble mien, of calm face, and few words hitherto. None think him more than others of the crowd—but as he cometh from the water, the heavens open, and God speaketh, 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased!'

So comes the revelation again to a crowd, on the bank of the Jordan, and not to the priest in the temple, not even to him who only once a year entereth into the Holy of holies. This also hath much in it worthy of thought.

But this meek man, whom the rough-clad man baptizes, and whom the heavens claim as beloved—who is he? It is he of whom the shepherds heard from angels on the plains of Bethlehem, thirty years ago, of whom they told their wild story, which was not believed. It is the lad who eighteen years ago left his parents to confound, by his wisdom, the doctors of the Temple. It is the great Deliverer of Israel—of Israel only? not only, but of the world also. His mission is opened. Mighty and beautiful thoughts he utters now, and on mount and plain the multitude of hearts are heaved to and fro by his thrilling voice, as the waves of the sea by the tempest-spirit. And his hand is mighty in wondrous works. The blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the dead live again! 'Verily,' say the leaders of the people, 'he speaketh as no other man ever spake, and with an earnest and solemn air; not as the synagogue and temple teachers, but as one having authority. And there are indeed strange and mighty works which he doeth continually—notable miracles, we must confess. But this is not the state in which the great Prince is to come. Not a carpenter's son is he to be; not so poor and humble as this man; nor yet is he to come from Nazareth, for no good cometh thence. Besides, he cometh not to *us*, the Scribes and Pharisees, and rulers of the people. He hath no counsel with us, and asketh not of our wisdom, but gathereth his disciples, his council of state, from mechanics and Galilee fishermen; and he goeth about preaching as a beggar, rather than a king to be. This is not the Messiah. We know more than he, and are better; and will not believe in him.'

So reasoned these men. But the coming to the common people, and the fishermen disciples! This, so strange to them, was significant of much; which, as seen, has been oft pointed at before, of God.

So reasoned the Pharisees and rulers, and therefore waited for another, who should come in the glory and dominion of David, in the wealth and splendor of Solomon the temple-builder, in the pomp and parade of a Conqueror, with clanging trumpets, and floating banners, and neighing steeds, and mailed men, and victor shouts! So waited they. So have they waited through eighteen hundred long and weary years—and he cometh not. Wicked men were these; proud and foolish—a stiff-necked, disobedient people even now. Yet amid all their unbelief and hardness of heart, can not we also say, Sublime men are there, who, after eighteen slow-rolling and awful night-centuries, can still trust so strongly, and amid degradation, and oppression, and contempt, and hope deferred, wait so patiently and bravely for the promise given to the fathers! A mightier and a loftier faith this, than much that is called christian. And though mistaken the faith and the men, they will get for themselves in spite of us, reverence for their greatness and far-reaching strength.

For one as David and Solomon looked they. Yet a greater than David, a wiser than Solomon and all the prophets, was this meek man whom they despised. He was the Messiah, after all; the great Deliverer of whom the Law-seers had witnessed. But he came for a mightier and nobler work than they in their happiest visions had ever conceived. He came to save, not from the Romans, but from the Jews; not to save the Jew only, but *all men from themselves;* not to establish the kingdom of David, but the kingdom of God; not a dominion over the outward world, that to-day is, and to-morrow is not; but a dominion over the greater world within, which is forever. He came not for meat and bread and raiment, not to draw water from Jacob's well, but to give to the world the bread from heaven and the water of life, of which if a man eat and drink, he shall never more hunger, nor thirst, nor die. His mission was to the soul, darkened, long-wandering—to call it back to light, to save it, to sanctify it, to enable it to gather up its wasted energies, to put on the likeness of God anew, to be true to its own dignity and heavenly origin, to be pure and brave, and erect as in the days of its youth and innocence, when it walked with God in Eden at eventide, and was not afraid. This was the glorious mission of that humble and true man, who was rejected alike of the proud Pharisee, the learned Scribe, and the sneering Sadducee. This was the God-sent Messiah, the true Prince of world-Israel, the anointed High-Priest of that divine temple of God, even the SOUL, which, though defiled, his Presence has never yet wholly deserted.

Do we wonder, then, that angels announced his coming? Do we wonder that the heavens were opened when he was baptized to the beginning of this great work? Do we wonder that God from out the heavens proclaims, 'This is my well beloved Son?' It is good, then, that the earth also should rejoice with songs and hallelujahs, that men should have part in the triumph hymn sung of angels, and heard of the Bethlehem shepherds eighteen hundred years ago, by night, 'Glory to God in the highest'—and doubly should they rejoice, for there is added to it, '*On earth peace, and good will to men.*' And herein might they who rejected and scorned, see something of the nature of his kingdom and mission.

No battle shout, no victory-hymn was that of the angels in which the birth of this divine Prince and Savior was announced. Not to make war upon Roman, or Samaritan, or Persian, did he come; but '*peace on earth*' is his herald cry. Not to create hate and evil among men, but to establish 'good will,' was the object of his mission—to break down the walls of

nation, party, sect, and gather all men into one great and holy family, breathing into every heart the feeling of common brotherhood, and of love to the common Father, God. And that this might be so, he revealed to them God as a Father, kindly disposed, having good will to all men, who were his children. He called upon them to love one another, and bear each other's burthens by the way, as they journied heavenward to their home. He sought to make men feel how great and sublime a thing it was to be the children of God, twice children, created and born of God. By the influence of these truths, he labored to inspire them with high and heavenly thoughts, to dispose and enable them to put under their feet all that is earthly and sensual, all that is base and wrong and sinful; and in the place of these he sought to beget within the soul a deep thirst for holiness, and a ceaseless striving to rise up and live with God evermore. Not to-morrow would he have them begin this work, but to-day, this hour—'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'

Not so have christians learned Christ or Christianity. With them Christ came to save from pain and suffering, from flames and hell, not to sanctify and make the soul God-like. Hence men are expecting to be saved from what is to come, and they labor not to be saved from what is. They wait to have their heaven hereafter, and so strive not to begin it here. This is the great error of the church, which values religion not for what it brings us and makes us now, but for what it shall bring us and make us in the future.

Let us escape this error, and remember that Christ may be our Savior now, if we will have it so. Let us not fold our arms, and wait for Christ to make us pure in the life to come, but seek, with his aid and God's blessing, to be pure in the life that is. This is the work of the true christian; this was the divine life of Jesus, and the salvation which he came to work out for the world. And this he would do by giving life and light to the soul, by calling out its energies into mighty spiritual action, till it shall again be toned with the Father-Mind, and once more there shall be perfect harmony in the universe of God.

Let all men rejoice, then, in his birth, and be glad for his heaven-directed mission, for not vainly did he come; not vainly have been spoken to the heart the holy truths of his religion. His ministry within the soul's Holy of holies, is silent, unseen, unheard of the crowd without, but not less true and sanctifying; and by and by the High Priest shall appear to the waiting world, without sin unto salvation, and praise ascriptions shall be made to the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world. Then shall the kingdom be delivered up to Him who is the All-in-all, and the angels shall again sweep their harp-strings, and earth, no longer silent, shall join, with answering chord, in the sublime world-anthem of 'Glory to God in the highest—glory forevermore.'

Lowell, Mass.

SONNET TO WINTER.

WHAT! here again winter? why what brought you back?
Have you come after something you wanted to carry?
We did not expect you,—alas and alack—
You'll make so much mischief! we hope you'll not tarry.
Have you come now to stay, or only to call?
'Tis not fair you should tarry—pray tell us now, is it?
We've had but a few days of summer and fall,—
'Tis too soon, O, by half for your annual visit.
You've made a mistake in returning so soon;
But a few days have passed since your old visage vanished;
You ought to be freezing the seas in the moon;
And forever from earth we all wish you were banished.
Old Winter heard not—for he stretched forth his hand
And froze every stream—every thing in the land.

D. B. H.

HAPPINESS.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'OH, happiness how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!'

ONE whose sweet and mournful lyre-strings are now hushed to waken in melody no more on earth, has described in thrilling lines the traveller's disappointment, when his long cherished desire was granted, and he stood by the source of that mighty river whose waters fertilize the land, and make glad the hearts of those who dwell upon its borders. He had experienced illness and want, weariness and suffering; he had braved every danger, and overcome every obstacle; and with throbbing pulse, and brow uncovered to the hot sun of Egypt, he paused from his wanderings at the goal of his ambition. Did the fruition of his hopes bring happiness to the weary pilgrim? did the springs of joy gush forth anew in his bosom? or did he not rather say, 'and is this all? have I toiled and suffered for this?' The burning sands were behind him, and the fiery sky above, and before him the dark, slow moving waters. Were there not rivers more beautiful in his own far away land? did not the voice of some bright stream call him back to friends and home? and was there not a whisper in the solitude saying to his heart, 'are not the rivers of England better than all the waters of Egypt? couldst thou not gaze upon them and be satisfied?'

'Night came with stars:—across his soul
There swept a sudden change,
E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal,
A shadow dark and strange,
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—*And is this all?*

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Beheld his bursting tears,
E'en on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years.
—Oh, happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!'

We may well believe it was even so: we may well sigh to think how many a wanderer has found disappointment, instead of happiness, at the end of his journey.

'And is this all?'—How often has this question been asked by the unsatisfied heart! how often does that for which we sigh bring only sorrow and disappointment, and how many find in the attainment of some long desired object a curse rather than a blessing. Alas, for our short sighted knowledge! alas, for our unwise desires!

'Man never is, but always to be blest.'

We are never satisfied, and never happy; for there is still a restless longing, an unquiet seeking after something which we do not yet possess; but could we say with the sacred writer, 'I have learned in whatever situation I am, therewith to be content,' we should find ourselves blest with one source of joy; for Contentment is the twin sister of Happiness, and where one takes up her abode the other will dwell also; but how few of us open our hearts and our dwellings to those angel visitants, though they stand without, waiting admittance, or sit by the wayside unseen, while we wander far off in search of them.

The young man will not make Content his bride, and dwell with her in the home of his fathers. There may be enough and to spare, within and without the domain; there may be broad lands, and herds and flocks; there may be fair sights, sweet sounds and healthful breezes; but he is not satisfied; he dreams that happiness dwells in the populous city, with the brilliant assemblage and the bustling crowd, and flushed with joyous expectation, he takes up his residence in the busy mart. But the glittering show which first allured him, soon becomes tarnished, the gay mask falls off, and he sees vice and misery and despair, walking at noon-day before him. His eyes are opened, and we hear him saying in the hour of disappointment, 'and is this all? was it for this I left my lovely and peaceful home?'

The maiden, too, tires of the quiet of her home, and follows the phantom joy, to the fashionable promenade, the gay party, and the brilliant dance, and though she turns from the empty show, the idle vanity, with aching head and disappointed heart, she cannot yet believe that happiness might more surely be found where her parents smile, and her young brothers con their books around the pleasant fireside.

That which the world calls pleasure is not happiness. Pleasure 'sits a queen in her palace hall,' and calls her votaries around her with music and revelry. She spreads forth tempting viands; she holds out the sparkling wine-cup; she displays the tissued garment, the jewel and the plume; and with honied words and syren smile, she robes her followers and leads them to the banquet; but deceit is in the word and smile, poison lurketh in the cup, and satiety renders tasteless the viands; and like the skeleton at the feast of the Egyptians, there is often something amid the mirth and song to sadden the unquiet heart, something which bids it ask if this be all? if pleasure brings no more than this?

Not so with Happiness. She shuns the glaring light, the giddy crowd, and the palace hall; but where two or three are met together in some shady grove or quiet spot, she comes with her soft smile and her beaming eye. When the gay motions and glad voices of childhood call forth our affection; when we minister to the wants, and sympathize with the feelings of those around; when we walk in the path of duty, be that path ever so difficult; when we overcome temptation, or yield willingly to the will of Heaven, or sit in the sanctuary with hushed and humble hearts, then Happiness is beside us, she takes us by the hand, and we are blest. She has not left the earth, as some would teach us, for a home in the skies, and we need not go far in search of her, for she will come to us. Wherever the sweet waters of affection are welling up pure from the heart; wherever holy love kindles a flame which the floods cannot quench or the waves drown; wherever mind triumphs over matter, and virtue comes forth from its trials, like fine gold which the furnace has purified; there, is happiness; in the loving, the purified, the trusting heart she finds her home.

She is not the handmaid of wealth, or grandeur, or fame; for the coffers may be full, while the heart is burdened with care, and dead to every noble or generous emotion; a name may be sounded wide over the land, while its owner is the victim of despair, with a heart full of envy and all unholy passions; and the multitude may bow in adulation around an idol, who will seek for a true friend among them in vain.

'For the most loved are they,
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion-voice
In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps!—till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.'

There was one who left the shades which would have sheltered him from many of the storms of life, and its fiery trials, though in the valley where his fathers had lived and died, love, and peace, and plenty wooed him to remain; but ambition had taken him up into an high mountain and showed him the wealth of the world, and the glory which seemed to follow it, till his soul was filled with brilliant visions and wild desires; and he turned away from the fond heart and tearful eyes of which he had become the idol, to seek the yellow dross that perishes in using; the wreath which pains the brow; or the empty name that is shouted for a season by the fickle crowd. His desires were granted. Wealth poured her treasures at his feet; the green crown wreathed his locks, and

his name and titles were familiar words in the streets of the city. But the once kind and generous heart had become hardened by contact with the world and its selfishness; his hoarded gold dispensed no blessings to the destitute, and brought no *real* joy to the possessor; the wreath won in the political arena soon lost its freshness; and the name which had no virtuous deeds to grace it, was soon forgotten. At last, when youth, and hope and peace were flown, he turned again with seared and saddened heart to his early home. One, who might have been his bride, had wept over his neglect and forgetfulness, till she faded away from earth, and the long grass now grew above her true and gentle heart. Other familiar names were written in the church-yard; he asked for the loved ones, but they came not back, and as the memories of his early and sinless years, rushed over his spirit; his soul was subdued within him; and he wept to think how widely he had wandered from life's peaceful and pleasant places, and how far he had fled her sweet paths in his vain search for happiness.

Philadelphia.

'WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.'

BY MISS C. A. FILLEBROWN.

We have been friends together, in happy days *lang syne*—
My heart has felt thy sorrows, and thou hast shared in mine;
But now alas! that holy light has vanished from thy brow—
We have been friends together—why are we parted now?

We have walked and sat together 'neath the solemn forest shades—
We have laughed and sung together in the green and sunny glades—
And are they all forgotten now, those blithe and gladsome days,
And shall those ancient words, no more re-echo to our lays?

Through the gay resorts of pleasure have our merry footsteps roved—
We have wept sad tears together, by the graves of those we loved—
And though the silver chord is loosed, let memory whisper thee
'We *have* been friends together, if never more we be.'

We have been friends together, and oh 'tis hard to part
The tendrils that have twined so close, around my inmost heart—
Nor mine alone—for still, despite the coldness of thine eye,
I'm sure thou canst not quite forget the sunny hours gone by.

And when thy thoughts turn wearily to muse upon the past,
And thy mind reverts to former days, too beautiful to last,—
Then let Faith's angel-finger point thy glistening eyes above,
Where broken *friendships are unknown*, for all is perfect Love!

Boston, Mass.

THE FAMILY BURYING GROUND.

If there is a place for meditation, a spot to call up thrilling scenes or summon the feelings of the past, it is the family burying ground. In a retired but verdant spot, surrounded by beautiful trees, which annually yield their rich and mellow fruit, guarded alike from the intrusion of the crowd, the noise of business, or the bustling of the wily politician, are the graves of our household. Here are the remains of the aged grandsire and matron, the blooming cherub of a few months, and the infant of a day old. Here too is the grave of my father! and as I lay aside the rose bush which, like virtue, yields continual fragrance to read the inscription, I am struck with a feeling of profound reverence.

'Each duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth conspire to say—
Sweet is the scene where virtue dies.'

This was placed on his tombstone not for a vain boast, but because of its literal fulfilment. Thoughts unutterable spring up as I recall the past. Mountains and valleys, rivers and streamlets, separated us for a few short months, and while I reveled in joy, in the luxuriance of happiness, the buoyancy of hope, and the anticipation of a happy meeting, I dreamed not of the trial that awaited me. I left him in all the strength and vigor of manhood; I found him quietly laid in his last resting place.

What a treasure is memory! How many scenes of by gone days are brought before me as I recall the past. I linger with pleasure on the contemplation of the many tokens of parental love, the sunny visions of youth, its bright and joyous dreams, its early but enduring affections. 'Its memories cling round my heart like hopes of heaven.'

O thou unrelenting past! Thou hast my better years, my youthful hopes, my dearest friends. Thou hast the good and true, the kind and venerable. Infancy with its helplessness, childhood in its mirth, youth in its buoyancy, and manhood in all its pride and promise, are yielded up to thy dominion. My spirit yearns for the loved and the lost. An intense desire struggles in my wayward breast to draw back thy bolts, and live again with thy captives. Unhallowed thought! Unholy desire! Thy gates are securely barred. The streaming eye or the bursting heart will never call them back to life. Beauty and excellence are hid in thy abyss; earth's wonder and pride, the good and the faithful, the charitable and the wise with their labors of love, in thy folds are gathered together as waters to the sea. Undying affection, imperishable love,—love that commenced in hope, that grew with years, that was nurtured with grief, that struggled with misfortune, and that faltered not even in death, are thine,—inevitably thine. Thine

for a little space, but not forever. Thou hast not the Eternal keys. Inexorable as thou art, thou shalt yield up thy treasures. There is a Power above thee over which thou canst not everlastingly triumph. Thy chains shall fall at the Almighty fiat.

Thy gates shall open before the King of Kings, and all that from earliest time was good and true, and lovely and glorious, shall come forth released from thy relentless sway, in all its prime and beauty.

'They have not perished,—No,
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features the great soul's apparent seat,'

shall all come back again. Each kindred tie shall be united, each fond affection shall be renewed, each blasted hope shall spring up with renovated vigor. Nought shall be subject to thy sway, or dwell in thy dark domain but sorrow. Then shall I again behold my early friends, the children of my love, the husband of my choice, and him by whose paternal side I grew, and who cherished and watched me even in maturer years. S. R. M.

Providence, R. I.

PROGRESS TOWARDS TRUTH:

OR THE TWO FRIENDS.

BY HENRY BACON.

Chapter V.

'To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves; to give way to anything but conviction; to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our lives.' *Rambler*, 185.

When Ellinor returned to her home, she was much interested by the earnestness with which her cousin reasoned against using reason in matters of religion, but as she deemed it idle to return like coin, she permitted her to talk on till she had finished. When there came a pause, she thus addressed her: 'You have heard Clara, of what is called the "Analogy of Faith"—haven't you?'

'Yes, our minister alluded to it last Sabbath, but I did not know what he meant.'

'Well, it is easily explained, and I have thought much of adopting it in my search for Truth, as Mary recommended.'

'O, I suppose then it is some Universalist scheme, but I thought our minister spoke in favor of it.'

'He might have spoken in favor of it, but certainly it is no Universalist scheme, for I looked out the reference in Buck's Theological Dictionary, as Mary recommended. Let me read it.'

'Certainly—my father thinks every thing of that book.'

'Well, here it is;—"The Analogy of Faith is the proportion that the doctrines of the gospel bear to each other, or the close connection between the truths of revealed religion. This is considered as a grand rule for understanding the true sense of Scripture. It is evident that the Almighty doth not act without a design in the system of Christianity any more than he does in the works of nature. Now this design must be uniform; for as in the system of the universe every part is proportioned to the whole, and made subservient to it, so in the system of the gospel all the various truths, doctrines, declarations, precepts, and promises, must correspond with and tend to the end designed. For instance, suppose the glory of God in the salvation of man by free grace, be the grand design; then, whatever doctrine, assertion, or hypothesis, agree not with this, it is to be considered as false." There, when I read that first, I determined in my own mind, God helping! that I would make it my rule of study; and my resolution to do this, was strengthened by reading some biographies of great discoverers in science and philosophy.'

'How did such biographies strengthen your will?'

'They strengthened my will, because I saw that the greatest discoveries had been made by persevering study to see what phenomena would agree with a given principle, and what harmony could be made by adopting a certain view of things. Thus it was with Newton, when he conceived the existence of the great law of Gravity or Attraction; he went from thought to thought, till "the whole material universe was spread out before him;—the sun with all his attending planets; the planets with all their satellites; the comets wheeling in every direction in their eccentric orbits; and the systems of the fixed stars stretching to the remotest limits of space."'

'Why, Ellinor, you are getting quite *scientific!*'

'It is best to be *a little* scientific in the formation of religious opinions, that if ever we get *a hope*, we may be able to give a reason for it, "to every one that asketh."'

'Well, I suppose that's right—'

'Suppose! Why, the apostle Peter, in so many words, lays it down as a duty (1 Peter iii. 15); and I'm determined to be able, at least, to give to my own conscience a reason for what I shall adopt as true.'

'I see you are in earnest; but be careful you do not yield to Mary—for only think, the Universalists are a good-for-nothing sort of people.'

'A people is one matter,—what is truth? altogether another. The whole religious world was against Galileo when he asserted the stability of the sun and the moving of the earth; and though it was said that none but infidels believed as he did, or professed to believe, yet now his opinion is universally received. I ask not what Judas betrayed, nor what Peter deni-

ed, nor what Thomas doubted, nor why the Corinthians were dissipated, nor wherefore the Thessalonians were idle and busy bodies; but I ask—What is Truth? for I know the truth must be favorable to virtue, however much men may have failed to endear it to their moral affections or to practise it. We read of "holding the truth in unrighteousness," (Rom. i. 18) but the unrighteousness did not alter the truth—did it?'

'Why—no; but I think we ought to inquire whether the religious and the learned believe the doctrine or not.'

'I thought so once—but I read of persons in our Savior's time who rejected him because the religious and the learned, as they were deemed, were against him, and it was thought sufficient to ask, "Have any of the rulers believed on him?" (John vii. 48). Yet I find by my reading that it is now, as in ancient times, many believed, but confess not, (John xii. 42, 43), and these facts seem so much like the accounts detailed in the history of opposition to great reformers in philosophy and science, that I have become completely free from the vanity of receiving opinions because great men believed them.'

'You are getting proud quite fast.'

'That may be. I feel a pride of mind to use my own reason to find out if I have a heavenly Father, and whether he loves me or not, without reference to how few or how many may be with me in opinion.'

The cousins continued their conversation for a long time, and it was evident that Ellinor had caught a portion of Mary's enthusiasm, and that Clara was in danger of imbibing the same. She had been awakened also to *think*—to think! that loftiest power of the human soul, by which the rich gifts bestowed on human nature are discerned and appreciated. How little does the great mass of professing Christians *think*—how little do they search into the real nature of the opinions they avow, and compare the doctrines involved in those opinions with the plain declarations of Scripture! But when once the soul is waked to the luxury of thought, and the divine influence of strong thinking pervades the whole being, as the cooling and vivifying influence of a sweet draught from a mountain spring on a summer's day, the spirit will not easily be made to yield the delight. The soul feels invigorated as by the mountain air, and the element of thought is found to be the element of health and true vivacity.

Ere Clara parted from her cousin, she was careful to renew her cautions, and to warn her that if she ever did adopt Universalist views, she must expect to be held in less esteem in social life. O it was a beautiful sight to see the queenly dignity with which Ellinor responded to these remarks, her countenance suffused with warmth of feeling, and her bright eyes flashing with brilliancy. There was that in her tone which told of the new passion that had been kindled in her soul—the passion for Truth—for that which God had revealed, and not for that which man had invented.

'I shall be held in less esteem, shall I? Well, be it so—if I find cause to receive Universalism as Truth. To sacrifice the good will of those who love opinions more than character, is but a small offering at the shrine of Truth and Duty compared with that which Jesus offered. If truth is unpopular, I'll not be a hypocrite to uphold the unpopularity, but that which I believe, I will confess and advocate firmly and truly. It is by what we do and bear for the Truth, that we test the depth of our sincerity, the strength of our convictions, and the value we set on Truth. You see I am resolved.'

'Yes!' answered Clara soberly, 'I *do* see you are resolved, and I mourn for the consequences.'

'What do you mean? I may not understand you precisely.'

'I mean that you will become a Universalist, for I have never known one who has cast off what you are casting off, who did not become attached to that faith. It is dangerous, and if you adopt it nothing can save you.'

'Nay, cousin, think not so. To do the commandments, will insure the favor of God.'

'True!' quickly responded Clara, as though a bright thought had dawned upon her,—'True! but *to believe* is one of the commandments.'

'What is it to believe?'

'Why, to be fully convinced of the truth or reality of any thing.'

'If so, then I shall believe when I am fully convinced, if ever I am, of the truth of Universalism.'

'O no! you must believe the Gospel.'

'What is the Gospel?'

'The Gospel—the gospel—Why, it is Christianity.'

'And what is Christianity?'

'Christianity is the doctrines Christ taught—to be sure.'

'Yes, and "to be sure" that we understand what are the doctrines of Christ is no unimportant matter. If I study and after I make all the effort of which I am capable, I am "fully convinced" that endless sin and evil is not a doctrine taught by Jesus, shall I not "believe" when I cherish the doctrine of eternal holiness and good for all?'

'But you must not be so convinced; you must receive the evidence of the truth of eternal death.'

'I am ready to receive it and *examine* it. A court *receives* all kinds of evidence, but it is another thing to so impress the minds of the jurors as to make them believe it. Belief is not voluntary.'

'You are quibbling, Ellinor. "You should'nt trifle with sacred subjects,"' said Clara, very solemnly.

'I plead "not guilty" to that charge. I have spoken very soberly, for I never felt such a solemnity in all my life before. When I look around upon humanity and consider what a vast majority have not

the means of believing Christianity, how few of those who have the means use them, and yet how few of those who do use them are faithful, I am filled with horror when I contemplate what must be eternity, if your doctrines are true! It is the worst possible view of things, and we should not adopt it without the strongest and most conclusive reasons.'

'We have them in the law of God,' replied Clara, —'in the penalties affixed to transgressions, and in the death of Jesus.'

'Those considerations afford the strongest and most conclusive reasons—do they? How shall I know it? how shall I choose between weak and strong, conclusive or inconclusive, reasons? I must exert my reason, or dignify *credulity* with the name of *faith*.'

'I see, said Clara, there is no use of talking, and so I'll bid you good bye. Come to see us soon. Francis will be home next week.'

The cousins parted—the one perplexed and troubled, the other marvelling why she felt so strong, why she had such elevation of spirit, why she desired so much to swell a chorus of praise with angels. Into her soul a new life had come; she turned to the Bible as to a book of wondrous enchantment, and bowed down before it as though it were, as a material thing, holy. It was a small neat copy which Mary had given her, to keep ever in her mind what she had frequently told her—'Believe nothing, receive nothing, merely because I receive and believe it. The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants.' She kissed it as the ardent Catholic maiden does her crucifix, or as she seals thus a vow on her rosary; and when this tumultuous feeling subsided, she knelt down and prayed. Never had she been so near to God before—never had there entered her soul such a heavenly bliss. She rose, and went about her tasks with a cheerful spirit, and her duty became her pleasure.

The Bible! is it the religion of Protestants? We feel it is too much the religion of Protestants as a material thing—as a book; and too little as a revelation of doctrines to be believed and duties to be done. When a new doctrine professedly founded on the Bible is broached, crowds will arise and furiously declaim on 'unsanctified reason'—'daring impiety,' and 'dreadful and dangerous tendencies,' who, at the same time, have never studied the Scriptures, nor given them one hundredth part as much consideration as they do their account books, their field, or 'labor saving machines.' The time is fast approaching when men shall hear the voice that commands them to THINK—the voice of the infinite God!—and obey it. Then shall they see that the fanaticism of our day had its origin, and received its food, from the consequences of blind subjection to the God-denying and man-degrading usurpation of spiritual teachers or dictators. But the judgment is even now upon master and slave. The clergy in many places are powerless to stay the increasing current of Millerism, and why? Why! because they have cultivated a blind reception of dogmas—a passive acquiescence in the most terrific views of the future in order to be on the 'safe side'—and because the weapons forged on the anvil of Orthodoxy to conquer Universalism are the very ones used by these desolating fanatics, and to break one of these does a double work—it proves that they were at fault at first in making the weapons, and second, it will destroy the best swords and spears with which they warred according to their motto—cut and kill Universalism. Had Universalian views of prophecy been received, Millerism never would have had a name, and the fanaticism that now destroys so much happiness would never have existed. Would to God that the Bible—its everlasting truths —all that makes it 'The Book'—were the 'Religion of Protestants!'

OBITUARIES.

DIED in Lancaster, August last, Miss ANN ELIZABETH, youngest daughter of Capt. Joseph Farwell, aged 17 years.

We wish the name of this young lady recorded here, because she was a *good* girl, and one who lived and died in the exercise of our most holy faith. Though not personally acquainted with her, we have been told that she possessed a most amiable disposition, and a temper mild, affectionate, and patient to the last. For many months we had been accustomed to see her in her wonted seat at church, till admiration of her meek, pleasant face, became almost a necessary link in the chain of our religious emotions; and the vacant seat in the family pew never meets our eyes without awakening pensive and almost regretful feeling that one so young, so devotional, and so dear to the hearts of her friends, should have been so suddenly removed from our midst. God be with and strengthen those whose hearts have been afflicted by this stroke of His chastening hand; and may the memory of her virtues, of the patient fortitude with which she endured her painful illness, and the calm faith which supported her through the trying hour of dissolution, cast ever a soothing light over the darkness of their bereavement.

There is a vacant place in our old church,
And the young, tranquil face is gone
That used to fix its earnest look of love
And holy reverence on the man of God.
That fair young face is gone. We miss its light
As old astronomers amid the host
Of glittering stars, missed from its wonted place
The vanished Pleiad. But we know its light
Has been rekindled at the shrine of God,
And shineth now amid the radiant host
Of those who worship in His heavenly courts
With blissful songs, and an undying love. S. C. E.

We give, by request, the following Obituary from the 'Christian Freeman.'

'Died in New Boston, Conn., Oct. 11th, of consumption, Moses D. Barnes of Andover, Mass., son of Joel Barnes of the former place, aged 29 years.

By this early demise a family has been broken, society has lost one of its principal ornaments, and the church at Andover, has been bereft of one of its main pillars. The affectionate husband, the kind father, the honored son, the beloved brother, the faithful friend and devoted christian, is gone—gone in early life. But early as he has gone, he has left behind him a name which will be embalmed in the memories of all who knew him, and a life which we trust will be sanctified to the good of many—many hearts. His name is a good name, better than "precious ointment;" and his life is one we may all imitate; for it is a golden link in that chain by which we ascend upward to the great Pattern of all excellence.

Br. Barnes was a *good* man; he was one who in the fullest sense lived so that they "of the contrary part" had no evil to say of him. Few men ever lived who combined more sterling traits of character than he. He seemed to possess all the virtues and none of the vices of mankind. In religious faith he was a Universalist. He lived in the practical enjoyment of this faith, and in death it sustained him. "Do not," said he to a friend a few days before he died, "do not mourn for me; I have a faith that sustains me now." And it did sustain him; he suffered without a murmur, and calmly, serenely, and sweetly fell 'asleep in Jesus. He often expressed a wish to live for his wife's and child's sake, but if it was God's will he was ready to go. He felt confident of meeting all his friends in another world, and herein did his faith give him great comfort and support. Nought but this could have sustained him in that hour. Nor does he shine as a religious man alone. All who knew him, loved him. In the counting-room he was esteemed for his unbending integrity and faithful application to business. And in all the relations of life whether as husband, father, child, brother, friend or citizen, he shone forth with a peculiar brightness, and a brightness that has made his name precious to all our hearts. We weep, and 'tis well; for in this we but imitate our blessed Lord and Master. We mourn, but not without hope; for "we know if this house of our earthly tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." We feel the wound that our Heavenly Father has inflicted upon us; but while we thus feel and most deeply feel that we are severely stricken, we do not forget that we have a faith which of all others is best calculated to enable us to meet this severe dispensation. "In the midst of darkness, therefore we are in the light;" and we do not forget in the loss we have sustained, that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." We will, therefore, trust in the Lord though he slay us. W. H. G.

TESTIMONY OF GOD, IN THE HUMAN SOUL.

I adduce what seems to me a convincing proof of the existence of an all-pervading Spirit, an omnipresent Being, from the simple fact, that we sometimes feel grateful emotions, arising spontaneously, towards some other object than our own species. When we, in contemplative mood, have recounted the blessings we enjoy,—when we have been rejoicing in health, surrounded by friends, and participating in delights provided for us without reference to any foresight or after-sight of merit in us,—have we not sometimes felt *thankful?* Has not an emotion we could not utter in words, a grateful feeling we could not exactly define, arisen in our minds? Towards *whom*, or *what*, did we cherish this emotion? To the dumb, inanimate things of earth? Certainly not. We never feel any gratitude towards the *soil*, that is rich and fertile; nor to the *trees* laden with fruit; nor to any of the unintelligent mediums and channels of good. But we *do* feel grateful towards *some* object. We feel the uprisings of this gratitude, till it matures to adoration; and this, of itself, without the utterance of the tongue, is a voice, speaking to the heart, of the Father of mercies. 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us.' It is the vibrating of a chord in our souls, when they thrill in delightful harmony with the great Spiritual Harp. J. P.

Essex, Mass.

SELECTIONS.

The Way to Make Men Better. A zealous man hath not done his duty, when he calls his brother 'drunkard' and 'beast;' and he may better do it by telling him he is a man, and sealed with God's spirit, and honored with the title of a christian, and is, or ought to be, reputed as a discreet person by his friends, and a governor of a family, or a guide in his country, or an example to many, and that it is huge pity so many excellent things should be sullied and alloyed with what is so much below all this. Then a reprover does his duty, when he is severe against the vice, and charitable to the man, and careful of his reputation, and sorry for his real dishonor, and observant of his circumstances, and watchful to surprise his affections and resolutions there, where they are most tender and most tenable; and men will not be in love with virtue, whither they are forced with rudeness and incivilities; but they love to dwell there whither they are invited friendly, and where they are treated civilly, and feasted liberally, and led by the hand and the eye to honor and felicity. JEREMY TAYLOR.

I am rich enough, says Pope to Swift, and can afford to give away 100 pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there were a friend in want above ground.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., DECEMBER, 1842.

The Book of the Year, in Twelve Chapters. Chapter Twelfth, unfinished.

The last chapter of the Book of the Year is being written; the whole will soon be completed, and sent forth from the press of Time. How varied are the contents of this strange volume! How perpetually do our feelings alternate from joy to sorrow as we turn over its mystically written pages! How much would each reader strike out, and how much he would like to have printed in bolder relief! But there, it will be unalterable, and he only is wise who reads it as it is, and learns from the past to better estimate the present and prepare for the future. We commend it for this purpose to all; we must read it for ourselves, solemnly and earnestly. Another volume will soon be put to press, but of its character we know nothing. Yet how often are we more interested in that which is in embryo, than in that which has been brought forth; and thus, too often, we let go that which would make the coming issue far more honorable to us—its details of our 'life and doings' more consistent and beautiful. How many give hours to the records of the flying visit of 'Boz' to our land, who are not willing to yield scarcely a moment to read carefully the Book of the Year! Yet how much more important are the records in that book, than all the 'Notes for *general* circulation' ever sent forth to the world.

Life of Washington. By Jared Sparks. Abridged by the author. Boston: Published by Tappan & Dennet. 1842. 2 vols. Pp. 330 and 344.

The sight of this work is as pleasant as a beautiful field of wheat waving in golden richness ready for the harvest. It is an evidence of patient labor well directed, and eminently does it 'give seed to the sower and bread to the eater.' Jared Sparks is a fine, clear, and strong writer. His historical researches are highly honorable to his industry, and his discriminating use of them evidences the superior talent and tact he possesses as an accomplished Historian and Biographer. The work now upon our Table is to be placed among the chief 'elect and precious,' and when a decided taste for such works shall be formed in community, a brighter star of promise will rise than now shines in the American firmament. We are confident that among the many minor volumes on the same great theme, the work before us will be the chosen one. Its author has been favored with materials of great value which have not been within the reach of others, and by them he has been able to present matters of importance and interest not found elsewhere.

The Author, it is well known, has been engaged on a stupendous work entitled 'The Writings of Washington,' in twelve octavo volumes. 'The materials have been drawn from a great variety of sources; from the Manuscripts at Mount Vernon, papers in the public offices of London, Paris, Washington, and all the old Thirteen States; and also from the private papers of many of the principal leaders of the Revolution. The entire mass of manuscripts left by General Washington, consisting of more than two hundred folio volumes, was in the author's hands ten years. From these materials it has been his aim to select and combine the most important facts, tending to exhibit in their true light the character, actions, and opinions of Washington.' The volumes before us are an abridgment of the first volume of the large work containing his life. 'The omissions are mostly of a political and general nature.' The work deserves an extensive circulation, and will add richness to any social or family library. It should also be in our Society and Sabbath School Libraries.

The Publishers have done themselves great credit by issuing the work in so elegant a style, even superior in typographical beauty to the 'American Biography.' We are enchanted by the exquisite profile portrait.

☞The Publishers of the 'Abridgment' are now engaged in publishing the large work—The Life—in monthly numbers, fourteen completing the set—the first was published August first. Each number is to contain between 40 and 50 pages; and during the issue fourteen fine steel and copper-plate engravings will be given. (See Advertisement on the Cover.) Nearly 4,000 subscribers have been already obtained, and among these are a large number of the most eminent men in the country. Agents for this Magazine can receive subscribers.

Tales of Shipwrecks and other Disasters at Sea. By Thomas Bingley. Embellished with Engravings. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 1842. Pp. 224.

This is a very pretty book of stories of the sea, told in a simple and interesting style. The volume contains enough of the terrific to satisfy the common love of the awful, and will give some idea to young minds of the evils to which those are exposed who 'go down to the sea in ships.'

☞ We have received circulars concerning several works, but there is nothing in mere *circulars* to inspire *us* to write. We do no guess work, though a Yankee.

The Rose of Sharon. *The* Annual of the Season. A. Tompkins, Boston. $2.

As this is our last issue previous to the incoming of the new year, we, of course, must again ask attention to this work. It needs but to be examined, to be chosen. '*The Knickerbocker*' has given a *very* favorable notice of it, more flattering than we could have hoped for, when we consider the efforts that are made to mark it as a sectarian work. If it is so regarded, we cannot but rejoice at the good influence it will exert, as the tendency of all that has a bearing on religion among its contents cannot be misunderstood, or made, even by prejudice's self, to favor any thing but the purest and loftiest aims in life. We have not seen an unfavorable notice of the Rose for 1843, and this we deem a very encouraging circumstance for the Editor. And notwithstanding the great parade of *names* connected with the '*Christian Souvenir*' for 1843, we cannot see how any one can estimate its literary contents any where near the excellence of the '*Rose.*'

We hope that the Christmas and New Year's gifts will exhaust the edition, for what can be more appropriate and beautiful as a Gift at those seasons than the '*Rose of Sharon*?'

Discourses on Channing. By Revs. Messrs. Gannet, Pierpont and Clarke, of Boston, Ellis, of Charlestown, Parker, of Roxbury, Bellows, of New-York, and E. B. Hall, of Providence.

The above present quite a variety of Discourses on the death of an eminent and good man. Far, very far beyond all others is the tribute of Mr. Gannet. It is a calm and affectionate and just offering to the memory of one dearly beloved—to one esteemed as man seldom esteems his fellow man. The influence of its perusal, as we contemplated the moral excellence of its theme, reminded us of what Dante said of Beatrice, 'When I think of her, I feel myself in charity with all mankind, and ready to forgive my greatest enemy.' We now understand what Dante meant. Mr. Pierpont's is too hasty a matter,—it does little justice to the preacher's talents, and *self* is altogether too much obtruded. Mr. Clarke's is a commendable performance, but nothing unusual, though rightly earnest. Mr. Parker's is an eloquent production, with many very fine passages, and here and there a touch that seems to say—'I've the same spirit, and my persecutors shall know it.' Mr. Ellis' is on

'the influence of a great mind when imbued with the spirit of the Christian Religion,' and we have no doubt we should have been better pleased with it had not the title caused us to expect more than we found. It is an excellent composition so far as style is concerned, but it impressed us with the fancy—it may be but a fancy—that the author was fearful of betraying enthusiasm, or that he did not feel any. Mr. Bellows' is altogether too much of *an effort*, pompous sentences which make us forget what should have been the object of the discourse. He came to *eulogize*, he said, but he mistakes the true idea of an eulogy on such a man as Channing, if he thinks he has done *the* work. Mr. Hall's is decidedly a good discourse, and is better adapted to give an idea of what Channing was to those whose minds and hearts were not drawn to him while he lived, than any other save Mr. Gannet's. We should rather transmit it to a friend than either of the other five discourses.

We rejoice that so many voices through the length and breadth of our land have spoken of the beauty and glory of that Mind which has done so much for humanity. We rejoice even that some have declared the teaching of their narrow doctrines, and have more than intimated that Channing is 'damned.' Men will see thereby, more clearly than a thousand sermons can make them see, the tendency of those doctrines which overlook moral excellence in devotion to dogmas. Br. Drew, in speaking of this, says, 'The orthodox will never be hung for their charity.' What does he mean by *charity?* If they think and believe as they speak, what kind of charity requires them to alter their speech? Let them only speak out clearly as they profess to believe, and the mind of community will understand what is the true character of that which commands the respect of man as of divine origin. Let them speak honestly, and men will hate the doctrines which blind the vision to all moral excellence that bears not the stamp of a sect.

Hints on the Interpretation of Prophecy. By Moses Stuart, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Andover: Allen, Morrill and Wardwell. New York: Dayton & Newman.

This work has attracted considerable attention, and we give the following notice of it from the New York Tribune as sufficient to give an idea of the production:

'The general attention which is paid to the Scriptural Prophecies, is a marked sign of the present times. Interpreters to be sure have before abounded—and have in various ages created alarm and hope by their divination of the future: but now men of every class—the learned and the unlearned—seem to have turned interpreters, and to have thrown forth their auguries in sermons, lectures or books—one or all—as suited them best. The latest, though neither the largest nor most pretending, work on this subject that has come to our notice, is that of which we have given the title above—written by a gentleman widely known as a learned and able commentator on the Bible. The position he assumes and seeks to maintain are these three:

1. He contends that the Sacred Prophecies do not contain the double or occult sense which is almost universally ascribed to them: but that they bear precisely and only the meaning which their words import.

2. He maintains that Prophecy is perfectly intelligible—even before fulfilled; and that every book is fully interpreted when the exact mind of the writer is unfolded.

3. He insists that, with regard to the designation of time, every passage in Prophecy is to be interpreted as bearing a primary and literal sense: that a prophetic day is not a year, but simply a day: and that therefore all the labor and learning that have been bestowed upon tracing the events of History with a view to adapt them to the Prophecies, on the ground that a prophetic day means really a year, have been quite thrown away.

These are the chief points he seeks to establish: the discussion is conducted with the fairness, ability and learning, which are characteristic of the author; and all men of candor will receive enlightenment and benefit, if they be not convinced of its truth, by reading the work.'

The Heirophant; or a Monthly Expositor of Sacred Symbols and Prophecy. By George Bush. New York: Dayton & Newman.

The Lectures of Professor Bush on Prophecy, have attracted considerable attention through the Reports published in the New York Tribune, and it seems that this work is to embody the researches given in those lectures and whatever of knowledge may be obtained by subsequent or future studies. The name of the work is meaningless to the mass of mind, but signifies 'The Expounder of Sacred Mysteries.' It was commenced in June last, and the numbers thus far have been of an interesting character. The tendency of some of his opinions may be judged of from the fact, that he has been spoken against as favoring Universalism by his system of interpretation!

The work is very handsomely printed; each number contains 24 pages; and the price is $1,50 per year.

Lowell Offering. Published at Lowell, Mass.

We have received from our friend, the editor, the first number of the *third* volume of this interesting publication. The former proprietor, on removing from Lowell, transferred the work to Mr. Schouler, by whom it was united with the 'Operative's Magazine,' and placed under the editorial charge of one of the former contributors to the 'Offering.' The work is therefore now not only supplied with articles from the 'mill-girls,' but also *edited* by one of the number. As our copy, above alluded to, happens just now to be 'borrowed,' we cannot notice it so particularly as we desire. The *best* piece, according to our judgment, is that on 'Pocahontas,' whose character is very ably and beautifully delineated in a brief outline of her history. Some very pretty verses to Queen Victoria open the volume. There is also a poem of considerable merit, illustrating the pretty mezzotint—'The Bridge of Sighs'—by Sartain, by which this number is embellished.

The editor, among her notices, speaks of the *one* exchange with which the 'Offering' is favored. Let our publishers in future be more gallant; they will lose the reading of many fine articles by their neglect, as well as fail of receiving the notice of one of the most talented writers in New England. S. C. E.

☞We should deem ourselves just did we not insert the above, inasmuch as the 'Offering' has not been sent to us for a long time. It has 'long, long ago,' been sent to us, and we have noticed it and then—we received it no more. What is meant by the *one* exchange? Ours has been sent—or, at least, so have we directed.

New Hymn Book. By George Rogers. Cincinnati, O. 1842.

We learn by the 'Star in the West,' that Br. Rogers is about issuing his new hymn book which has been promised long. It is now stereotyped, and of course, will soon be in the market. It will contain 668 hymns, arranged under 45 heads, embracing a great variety of metres, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' It will doubtless be found an excellent collection, perhaps better adapted to the West than any hymn book now in use.

The new hymn book is to be substantially bound in sheep, at 75 cts. the single copy, 62 1-2 cts. by the dozen. To wholesale dealers, a liberal discount will be made.

A Funeral Sermon, occasioned by the death of Moses D. Barnes, of Andover, Mass. By Wm. H. Griswold. Boston: A. Tompkins. 1842. Pp. 16.

This is a *good* sermon. The heart of the preacher was evidently in his work; we see the friend in the eulogist, and cannot but admire the sincerity and earnestness with which he weaves a chaplet for the tomb of the dead. It is well to let the world know how the deaths of the faithful disciples *speak*—what voices come from the past of their lives to impart wisdom to those to whom the present is given for virtuous and heroic action. We thank the author for our copy.

Drawn by J. D. Harding from an Original by Cassas. Engraved by O. Pelton.

RUINS OF TYRE.

EZEK. XXVI.–XXVIII.

THE

UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY 1843.

'HE GIVETH SNOW LIKE WOOL.' Ps 147.16.

BY HENRY BACON. 147:16 Ps

THE poet of the seasons, in the sublime hymn of praise which embodies his theology, has expressed himself in the strongest language in reference to the manifestations of God in the shifting scenes of the rolling year.

> 'These as they change, Almighty Father, these
> *Are but the varied God.*'

The peculiarities of each season, the adaptations to human good, and the harmonies of the relations of each to the others, present to the eye of wise contemplation varied manifestations of the Sovereign Deity. Not, as some unpoetical minds have charged upon Thomson, that he would represent the Deity as variable, and thus assist in countenancing a theology which regards God as altogether such a being as man. He looked on nature as the sacred writers did, as the garments by which the Divinity is seen, or the medium by which he manifests the attributes of his unsearchable perfection. And this philosophy is of the highest worth, inasmuch as by a thousand tokens it preserves in the soul a consciousness of the presence of God, and that consciousness has an intimate relation to every thing of moral goodness and mental loftiness. To the poet it whispers of the ministries of infinite Grace as he looks out upon visible beauty and strengthens his perception of nature's loveliness; and as he sings of the blooming beauties, or the solemn grandeur, or the astounding magnificence of the world without, he does not simply stand upon the Alpine summit, or ride upon the clouds, or visit the stars, but he penetrates all the veils that hide the Deity from grosser eyes, and pays his adoration in the third heaven of glory, before the very throne of Light. And it is this that gives the mightiest power to his song—that causes his theme to satisfy the deep heart and bring refreshment to the aspiring spirit that would feel more and more of God. Aye, without this, there is no true poetry, and from the lyre can spring no sound which shall travel to the most secret and holiest chambers of the soul and live there as an everlasting echo, like the eternal voice of the sea, which in its lowest murmurs and in its hoarsest thunders utters—God!

This is the philosophy of the Psalmist's declaration, '*He* giveth snow like wool.' It teaches a divine lesson in the falling snow, giving far better than natural beauty. As we look upon the wavy, descending flakes, robing the earth with a warm garment, and crowning hill and tree and tower, which when touched with the golden light of the unveiled sun or moon, will remind us of the silver-haired old man radiant with goodness,—as we look thus on the Snow coming down in purity, we should remember by whose laws it is so, that it is a gift and a rich one, and that not only in appearance, but in reality, it is given like wool.

We need this God-discerning philosophy. Not the pantheistic mysticism that makes the phenomena of nature to be Deity, and the changing seasons literally 'the varied God;' but that poetical sentiment which sees the character of a Mind in the works its wisdom has given birth to, or wrought out. Earth's beauty is heaven's veil; but God is not the veil he has drawn between the outer court of the great universe-temple and the holy of holies. Within the veil—beyond all that we can see, is the presence of God. But through all we see He shines, as in the Temple of Israel the presence of the Deity was *also* without the veil; and therefore, there was the table of shew-bread, or 'bread of the presence,' and the soul of the believer felt God visited him.

The sacred writers in guarding us from pantheism, keep us also at an equal distance from the Epicurian idea. They do not seek to exalt God by deifying second causes and enthroning the Sovereign above all concern for his works. They rather speak of him as acting directly—as touching the first spring of all motion, and imparting to the first link of the great chain of causes the electricity of power that leaps from link to link through the whole range and pervades the earth with its vitality. And thus it was that the omnipresence of God was a felt-truth; and hence we read, 'Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth, and in the seas, and all deep places. He causeth the vapors to descend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings for the rain;

he bringeth the wind out of his treasuries.' And thus it was with the great Teacher when he taught of the Deity's impartiality: 'He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' And so also with the Apostles: 'He left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.' 'In him we live, and move, and have our being'—dwelling surrounded by his presence as by the atmosphere we breathe.

This is the philosophy which we need to give us a wise insight to the presence of God in nature; to bid us speak of its phenomena and to study them, with a reverent spirit; to enable us to exercise a proper temper of mind when the cloudy vapor and stormy wind which do God's bidding, operate against the desires we cherish and the works we would perform; and to welcome every aid to the unfolding of scientific truth and the evolving of the facts of natural theology, that we may acquaint ourselves more with God, apply his laws of action, and constantly feel that 'he is not far from every one of us.' This is the spirit which will defend us from the foolish fears and vain surmises that have done so much to retard the progress of science and the consequent advancement of Art; and this is also the spirit that will keep the mind in a proper mood for patient discussion of its own and others' thoughts, preventing the outbreaking of volcanoes that do *not* 'minister good to man.'

Are not these reflections suitable and in some degree effectual, to cause us to reverentially consider the sentiment of the Hebrew bard—'*He giveth snow like wool.*' To so consider it, as that when our own individual comfort is lessened by the storm, or its fury spreads around the elements of suffering, we may remember the idea which the idea expresses, and be led thereby to religious thought and action;—thought that shall quiet our own mind, and action that shall bless and benefit others.

The language of the Poet first treats of the descending snow, as a *gift* bestowed by the Ruler of the elements—*He* GIVETH *snow*. A gift is an outward act expressive of invisible mind; and the more we are able to enter 'the treasuries of the snow,' the more we shall see the divine benevolence in its various phenomena.

It is not a trifling matter to pause here and acknowledge the gratification afforded to the sense of beauty by the feathery snow—to some a great gratification. This, I have said, is not a trifling matter, for whatever ministers to this sense exalts man, redeems mind from a sensual thraldom, and breathes into the soul a diviner life. It makes him conscious, if conscious at all of the divinity of his make, that God benevolently constituted us to enjoy life—to look abroad with an open and glad eye, and feel as the poet felt:

> 'O, what a deathless beauty lies
> Upon this world of ours!
> By night, it has its starry eyes,
> By day, its eyes of flowers;
> Its very tempests walk the skies
> To give the rainbow birth;
> And every where, methinks, love lies
> Upon this blessed earth!'

If the outward does take the hues of our own spirits, it is certainly of the highest importance to keep the eye of beauty open and clear and anointed to bear the strongest light which gleams out upon the earth. And not in vain has God given pleasantness to the light of the stars, the rolling clouds, the floating vapor, and the infinite variety of the beautiful above and around us. The law of beauty mingles its element in the fashioning and the descent of the snow, and not for a light matter is it done. In every clime the snow visits, it has its aspect of beauty, and the poet's song has praised it. Not less to the deep searching and severely scrutinizing philosopher is pleasure from this source given, than to those who are contented with the surface of materiality—imaginative creatures whose spirits leap merrily in tune with the dancing snow. To such, it has its aspect of glittering purity, its fantastic evolutions, its eccentric forms, and its adornments of the landscape in dazzling beauty. In other climes, where it finds a lodgment only on the highest mountains and loftiest hills, it is a hoary crown of exquisite loveliness, as the thoughtful mind reflects how it will there cool the hot and feverish winds that rush toward the valleys and plains in the summer season, and be thereby robbed of pestilential power. And he thinks also how that the same intense heat that will dry up the brooks, streams, and even the rivers, will melt those treasures of snow, and the glad waters will leap down the rough rocks to their relief, and fill again the exhausted channels. He thinks also, how from among the harvesters will go out the pitcher bearer to the cascades amid the rocks, and bring from thence the delicious refreshment—so delicious as to suggest to Solomon a happy metaphor;—'As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him; for he refresheth the soul of his masters.' He thinks also, how to many a weak and sickly one it will be borne as the richest draught, and what relief it will afford in the time of burning thirst. And he loves to gaze with fancy's eye and see it fall from the mountain head, as silver hairs from a hoary crown, and deems it one of the most pleasant features of the landscape. But to the calm and cautious thinker who sees beauty only as it comes through philosophical analysis, the snow is a divine gift and is lovely to behold and investigate. He has examined with microscopic precision the falling flakes, and seen how each was a regular crystal, and a hundred varieties in a small collection present themselves. And as he ad-

mires their beauties—the perfection of their conformation, if others tell him they are not so attractive as other crystallized substances, not being transparent, he has new admiration awakened by remembering that this want of transparency is caused by the lodgement of air in the pores of the snow, by which it is fitted for bestowing many benefits to the earth and plants—and even to preserve life and afford a dry and warm shelter to those who can have no other. He regards also as beauties in this gift, its extreme whiteness, its lightness, and its low conducting properties. He must continue his analysis by an examination of these properties, in order to discern the beauty of God's wisdom in the gift of the snow. And this examination will lead to a wide range of thought, too wide for me to follow out in the space I can venture here to occupy. Yet it is well to look in thereupon, that a few facts may present themselves to increase the devotional tendencies of our reflections.

Snow is indeed white, but wherefore is it so? Is there any marks of the beauty of divine wisdom in this effect? There is no accident in this, but it is a result of the action of the established laws which relate to colors, in connection with the absorption and radiation of light and heat. 'Consider,' says Prout, 'for a moment, what would have been the consequences if snow had been black, or in other words, if blackness had prevailed in the Polar regions. In this case, all the little light and heat that reach them would have been absorbed, and the effect would have been darkness, more or less complete. From the rapid melting also of the snow on the least exposure to heat and light, we should have been constantly liable to inundations. Thus the whole of the Polar regions of the earth would have been one dark and dreary void, inaccessible to organic life. But by the present arrangement, all these consequences are obviated. The white snow absorbs a certain portion of light and of heat, while so much light is reflected as is useful, and no more. Thus the adjustment of the colors of bodies to the circumstances in which they are placed, constitutes an example of the expedients by which those minor incongruities are obviated, that are necessarily incidental to the modes in which heat and light are distributed over the globe; and presents altogether one of the most obvious and beautiful instances of design connected with the agency of heat and light.' These are hints to an important branch of investigation, leading to beautiful evidences of the benevolence of God in the adaptations and harmonies of the material world; and attention given thereto, would bring forth sweet proofs of design in the *whiteness* of snow, as in the greenness of the vernal grass and the foliage of Summer, or the gorgeousness of Autumn's robes 'of many colors.'

The extreme *lightness* of snow, is another wisely ordained property of the gift of snow, which gives it the appearance of wool, as though ten thousand angels were drawing it from an inexhaustible storehouse and scattering it over the earth. A young and imaginative child once expressed the thought that the clouds of softest whiteness were flocks of lambs, and called her mother to see their gambols. Easily she might have carried out her fanciful idea, and deemed a season of snow-falling to be shearing time. Young thoughts have poetry in them—the poetry of innocence. The extreme lightness of snow results from a general law of matter, and in this instance the greatest benefits are seen to result from its application. This lightness 'is owing to the excess of the surface, in comparison to the matter contained in a snow-flake; as gold itself may be extended in surface till it will ride upon the least breath of air.' Were it not for this, what destruction would often ensue—to be computed in some measure by recalling the fatal effects of storms of hail. But by the beautiful law of adaptation, the snow falls gently on the trees of the forest, wood and field, and clothes them in its robes of purity, which shine and glisten in great and witching beauty when the sun returns. I know of no scene more grand that has thus been presented. The snow having continued to fall through the day, the coldness of night brought into closer adhesion its particles, forming over the whole a polished surface, which glitters in the beams of the risen sun, like purest pearl thickly studded with diamonds. Could we bear the intense reflection of light so as to be able to examine this jewelry of Winter—to gaze with a magnifier on its exquisite crystals, what splendid beauty should we behold, what delicate operations of the crystalline laws, what indescribable richness in the minutest forms of endless variety! But we cannot do this, for the attempt would blast our sight; and thus in this unapproachable beauty—in the gift of the snow, we have a type of what eye hath not seen, and in the mortal state cannot see, of the loveliness of the spiritual world. O glorious is the thought of that anointing by our God in the resurrection, which shall give us power to look steadfastly on forms of loveliness that now are veiled in mercy to our feeble vision! God giveth an eye according to the sphere of being in which his creatures are placed; he has given wonderful powers of sight to be developed by wisdom; and when it pleaseth him, he will lay his finger of power on the eye of the soul, and it shall open to take in a vision, the half of the glory of which, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

To the lightness of snow we owe many other properties by which it is to earth a blessed gift; by which tree, plant, and tender germs, are not crushed, and the earth is like a body clothed in a light woollen garment, which by its lightness permits the body to use and enjoy its warmth. And to the millions of human beings and animals who must bear the falling

snow, of how much importance is this consideration of the lightness of these particles of ice! And not of little consequence is this property when we take simply into an account the labor required during a winter in removing the snow from place to place; and as often as we are engaged in this work, we can have cheerful thoughts to lighten our task by recalling these associations.

And this brings us to another property in the gift of snow—its *protecting* influence. By this I allude to the low conducting properties of snow, by which it is given like wool; covering many parts of the earth, it shields them from the severity of the cold, giving a warm retreat to many insects who are miniature ploughs in spring around the roots of tree and plant, and who without this protection would perish, as have perished Alpine plants in England notwithstanding all that could be done. Snow on the earth is as wool on the human body; being a bad conductor of heat, it prevents the vital heat from passing off, and retains it with its nourishing power, so that seed is still given to the sower and bread to the eater. Were it not for this, every thing herbaceous would be destroyed in the severe cold of the higher latitudes. From these properties of snow, it is a great fertilizer of the earth, and quickens vegetation by stealing down gently to the buried germs; so that we are assured that on 'the declivities of Mount Atlas, in the month of April, the green points of wheat are seen making their way through the dazzling surface of the snow. The inhabitants of Savoy and Switzerland, regard snow as the best source of their wealth.' On the return of Spring, the Swiss shepherds, followed by their flocks, go forth, with prayer and praise, from spot to spot where the warmth and nourishment of the snow have given growth to the grass so that their flocks find sweet food. And in this connection we cannot fail to recall the tales we have heard and read, or the sights we have seen, of persons and animals living beneath the snows; and it may not be vain here to remark, that, as saith Rees, 'when living animals, as hares and sheep, are buried in the snow, the water which the warmth produces, becomes absorbed into the surrounding snow by capillary attraction, and the creatures are not moistened by its droppings upon them; but the cavity enlarges, as the snow dissolves, affording them both a dry and warm habitation.' Thus travellers have sheltered themselves from death by cold; and thus also, we can discern how the snow habitations of the Polar regions are more comfortable than they otherwise could be—for snow is very porous, and contains much air in its pores.

But we must turn to the direct moral application of our subject. And first, it teaches us to search out, that we may appreciate, the peculiar blessings of each season, that the year may be full of poetry, and that of Winter we may say;—

'O, many gifts are thine,—
Many for eye, and soul, and deep, deep heart!
A sweet divinity of *homes* thou art,
And ever ready at the fireside shrine
Love's offerings to impart.'

The stars shine brighter, and the shooting streams of light glow in richer beauty than at any other season, and the air that is our life is ladened with health and strength, to crimson the cheek, make the fire of the eye beam brighter, while a warmer and speedier flow is given to the vital current. And more than these are Winter's blessings, for how many are its teachings of the worth of the social feelings, and how many are its peculiar incentives to their cultivation! Add to these, the opportunities presented to exercise the social virtues, and the privileges of imitating him 'who went about doing good.' God ordained summer and winter, heat and cold, and it is only by these reflections that we can be able to discern his wisdom and how he crowneth the year with his goodness.

Again, our subject teaches us a lesson on Purity and its loveliness. The unsullied snow is always beautiful wherever and whenever seen, and its purity is often light to our path in the gloomy night when the stars are hidden. Even so is humanity clothed in moral purity—true virtue—lovely in every age, under all circumstances, and imparting light to guide us safely in times of darkness and peril. There is indeed no loveliness like that of the pure in heart. Remember this, ye that desire beauty—a beauty that is not vain, and that perisheth not. Remember this, ye who are guardians of innocent childhood—childhood that is like the snow flakes we sometimes see discending while the sunbeams are out on their gilding errand—pure and gilded with heaven's radiance. Aye, well has the poet said of the innocent child—

'That youth like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the darkening rain;
When once 'tis touched by guilty tears,
'Twill never shine so bright again.'

Snow is only beautiful as it remains pure; but when defiled, heaven's law of regeneration alone can purify it. There is such a law, natural and spiritual, and God's work is perfect. Some writer has well remarked concerning habits,—'Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant actions of life succeed each other. As the snow gathers together, so are our actions formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitants and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulations, may overthrow the edifice.'

And this thought leads me to the Scripture associa-

tions with the snow, and they are all precious, especially the invitation—'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' This is cheering language indeed, as it assures us that even the scarlet sinner is capable of reasoning in some degree with God; at least so far as to discern God's grace in the requirements of duty. And this discernment will impart the most powerful persuasives to apply for baptism in the pure and broad river of sanctification; as the anxious soul stands upon its borders, waiting for the moving of the waters, its prayer will be that of David,—'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.' And O how intimately connected with every thing mentally and morally good and desirable, is this purification of soul—this 'washing of regeneration,' 'by the word!' To a subject of this heavenly baptism, we can use the Psalmist's beautiful figure,—'Though ye have lien amid defilement, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.'

And O as we gaze on this transfiguration—on this glorious change from sin to holiness—this throwing off the scarlet robe and crimson vail and the putting on of the glistening white robe of Righteousness, we cannot but desire to see universal humanity thus clothed and sandalled with immortality. And while we thus pause in thought, a voice as from heaven steals upon our ear and we listen with joy as it says to us;—'As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' This gives us the assurance we need, and a bright and glorious picture rises up before us; we see and rejoice in a consummation worthy of the infinite perfections of Jehovah.

To what shall we yield this glowing picture? Who can present us a more beautiful one? No faith hath a genius so divine as to bid such scenes of immortal loveliness to pass before us as our faith can, and we may use Jeremiah's metaphor in answer to those who invite us to go away with them;—'Will a man leave the snow of Lebanon which cometh from the rock of the field? or shall the cold flowing waters that come from another place be forsaken?' That is;—when a man is athirst in the heat of the open field, will he turn away from the cool streams of melting snows that flow down the sides of Lebanon, or run along in brooklets? will he leave these in hope of better waters? No, if he have once tasted of them, admired their beauty and felt the pleasure they impart. Neither can we forsake the streams of Salvation from which we have drank and which have satisfied us. There can be no better streams, for these are living waters issuing from the river of Grace whose streams make glad the city of our God!

'Ho, ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.'

Providence, R. I.

IT SNOWS, IT SNOWS.

BY MRS. HALE.

'It snows!' cries the school-boy—'hurrah!' and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of the swallow he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy
As he gathers his treasure of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

'It snows!' sighs the imbecile—'Ah!' as his breath
Comes heavy, as if clogged by a weight,
While from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer his soft cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame—
He dreads a chill puff of the snow burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame.
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die, only proves that we live.

'It snows!' cries the traveler—'Ho!' and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by and its howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared—
Ay, though leagues intervene, he can see
There, the clear glowing hearth and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babes on her knee.
Bless'd thought, how it lightens the grief laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power.

'It snows!' cries the belle—'Dear, how lucky,' and turns
From her mirror to see the flakes fall.
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek burns
With musing on sleigh ride and ball;
There are visions of conquests, of splendor and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tidings of hope on the snow beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow flakes away.
Turn, turn thee to knowledge, fair maiden, for bliss,
The treasures of earth are all fleeting but this.

'It snows!' cries the widow—'Oh, God!' and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer,
Its burdens ye'll read in her tear swollen eyes,
And her cheek sunk with fasting and care.

'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But 'He gives the young ravens their food,'
And she trusts till her dank breath adds horror to dread,
And lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer, that sorrow thy God only knows—
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.

[*Selected.*

A TALE OF THE BLIND.

The advantages of Traveling have often been discoursed upon, and the theme is by no means exhausted. But among those who are best able to discourse with enthusiasm upon it—strange as it may seem—are some of those over whose visual organs the Almighty has been pleased to draw a veil—I mean the Blind. I feel the truth of this, not only from what I have read, but more especially from conversation with one who has seen much of the world notwithstanding his blindness. I have never been more interested in any human book than in him, and take my pen to sketch what he has put in my mind to write, collected in his own by journeyings. Among the many intensely interesting 'incidents of travel' to which I have listened, is one with which is connected a somewhat remarkable history. But as 'the ower true tale' which is to be penned, needs no embellishment by fictitious ornament, I shall give it as near as possible in the narrator's own language. Let him* be considered as the writer.

In the Institution of which I was a member and from which I derived all the knowledge I possess, the most trivial incident was sufficient to change the monotony of common school life, and the ordinary incidents of every day, which to us, confined as we were to a very limited round, were sufficient to awaken great interest, and are as fresh to my memory as the transactions of yesterday. I well remember, though many years have since passed, when Maria Bordon became an inmate of our school. The fact of her having arrived was whispered around among the pupils; and when the hour arrived for the introduction of a new comer—the time when we were accustomed to meet for the practice of music, the most delightful of all employments to the Blind,—to every pupil in the school was known her name, the place from whence she came, and the time she would probably remain with us. These facts had been grudgingly obtained from our good natured Director, who was by no means willing to tell us at once all that he knew, as his principle in dealing with the Blind was, that they should gain knowledge gradually that they might value it the more.

It is now necessary that I should introduce Maria to the reader, but as I have never looked on a human face, or beheld a human form, it will not be expected that I shall occupy much space in describing her exterior appearance. Maria *was* beautiful, if we may judge from the caresses of those who judge of beauty only by the symmetry of form and contour of person; but to the Blind she was beautiful, as she possessed a most sweet and musical voice, which to those who know the existence of those around them only by hearing and feeling, is the very *sine qua non*. The unusual sweetness and the superior qualities of her voice, were themes of conversation among the pupils for many a day, and one on which they delighted to expatiate. Maria, like most persons, when first admitted, was sad; but this we attributed to the regret she felt in having left home and the beloved scenes of childhood, or, perhaps I should say—associations, which to the Blind are as powerful as is any thing beheld by the seeing, and of which they delight to speak as constituting 'the charms of home.' But when day after day, for many months, Maria, still continued sad, we were surprised, and none of us were able to divine the cause of such habitual melancholy. She was one of the most gentle and amiable of the females, and every one, without a single exception, admired the traits of her character as they gradually unfolded themselves. No adverse circumstances, no petty annoyances which constitute so great a part of every day life, could annoy her. She seemed to be placed above being affected by those things which severely try common tempers. Her intellect was of no common order, and having enjoyed the blessing of sight for the first ten years of her life, she had acquired many things which those born blind are obliged to obtain after they enter the Institution. But of the advantage which she thus possessed over her companions she did not seem conscious, and to it she never alluded. In short, in the ordinary language of all men—'She was Beautiful!' beautiful, I say, in the highest and best sense of the term. 'She seemed,' in the language of Shakspeare, 'to be the very top of admiration, made of every creature's best.' During the whole time which Maria spent in the Institution, there was only one perceptible change of the aspect she wore—only once did the sadness which rested upon her like the shadow of a cloud depart and leave her an altered being. It was then that we first perceived what she might have been in her earlier years—a merry, laughing, happy creature,

'too good
For human nature's daily food.'

Now that I am about to introduce another character, I would remind the reader that I am not dealing in romance or fiction, but simply portraying what belongs to the real occurrences of that period which was to me the beginning of life, though it was not till after I had somewhat advanced in years.

* B. B. B.

One day, a little more than a year after Maria came among us, we were officially informed that a young medical gentleman, a veritable disciple of Hippocrates, who had recently been, by accident, deprived of his sight, was about to become an inmate of our home. As he had received a collegiate education, and was withal a great man, having the grave title of 'M. D.,' some of the knowing ones among us prophecied that the 'Doctor' was destined for an instructor. In this, however, they were mistaken, as many a pretended prophet has been. Dr. Rochford, for such we will call him, having been deprived of his sight by one of those accidents to which medical men by their chemical experiments are exposed, and having thus all his bright hopes in life taken from him, was anxious to seclude himself from society, or if that was impossible, to spend his life with those who, like himself, were forever shut out from the light of heaven. He requested of the Trustees a room, and to share in the amusements and occupations of the pupils, on an equal footing with them. The day on which he entered was of course, a marked one in the annals of our school; he was regularly introduced, first to the males, and then to the females; and it was remarked that when he was introduced to Maria he repeated her name with emphasis, and so in like manner did she his. There seemed to be a silent recognition on the part of both, which could only have been perceived by those to whom the human voice is the only index to the human heart. It was remarked on that day that Maria seemed more cheerful than ever, that her laugh was more frequent, and that she was altogether a happier being. The Teachers—the seeing ones, I mean—attributed this to the natural cheerfulness and gayety consequent on the introduction of a new comer, which was in our school a sort of Jubilee; but the most reflective among our number thought of matters much deeper, but said nothing.

In a few days, the Doctor found the way round the Institution, which was always the first lesson to be learned; and it was observed by some of us that the Rotunda, the place where Maria often chose to practice her voice alone, was the place which the soonest became to him familiar. This was, of course, unobserved by the majority. There was between him and Maria a similarity of tastes—they loved the same songs and admired the same poets; there seemed to be a harmony, a unison of feeling, which can easily be accounted for on natural principles, but which some now-a-days would attribute to the influence of Magnetism. Yes, dear reader there was a magnetic something between these two hearts as I shall reveal in the sequel.

I must confess that long before I knew any thing of the real history of our hero and heroine, I could not but suspect that there had existed some relationship between them, but farther than this, I could not penetrate the veil. I never shall forget one occasion when unperceived by them I chanced to stroll into the room where they, as usual, were singing duets together. Although I have many times heard that beautiful Swiss air which so touchingly appeals to the tenderest feelings of the human heart, yet never did I listen with so much pleasure as on that occasion when with their clear and beautifully blended voices they commenced the following melody:

'Why, ah! why my heart this sadness?
Why 'mid scenes like these decline?
Where although strange is joy and gladness,
O say what wish can yet be thine?

All that's dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless here I roam,
A stranger's joy so e'er enchanting,
Can never be to me like home.

Give me those, I ask none other,
Than those who blessed my humble dome,
Where dwells my father and my mother,
O give me back my native home.'

The song so wrought upon my feelings that when they finished, I unconsciously moved my chair; the noise was perceived by them, and the Doctor immediately walked up to see who had been intruding. Before I could succeed in making my escape he caught me by the collar, and made me speak, as this was the only way by which he could know who I was. I expressed some surprise that he should be astonished to find any one in that place, as it was the room where we frequently met to practise music; but he seemed to perceive intuitively that I knew more of his heart's history than he was willing should be known. And so without any hesitation he immediately made me his confidant. He told me very briefly that he had known Maria in happier days. They had both played on the green before the same homes; they had walked in the shade of the same verdant trees, and gazed alike interested into the waters of the beautiful Kennebec. They had looked on the same sunsets, and watched the infinitude of stars with kindred emotions. Nature had been alike eloquent to them, and to them the world was full of enchantment. They had looked on the blossoms of Spring, on the luxuriance of Summer, and the gorgeousness of Autumn, and in all the thousand beauties of the seasons there was always something that knit their hearts still closer together.

The first disappointment which they knew was when Rochford's father left his native village for a new home far away from the scenes of his boyhood. One of the objects of the removal was that Rochford might receive greater means of education, as his father had contemplated the fitting of his son for college, and this could not be done in the place where he then resided. Rochford entered the academy, made diligent improvement of the means afforded him, and was

subsequently received into Bowdoin College, where he graduated with all the usual honors which crown the career of the persevering and successful student. But amid the new scenes and occupations consequent on this course, it may well be supposed that Rochford forgot the associate of his earlier years; not so with Maria—she remembered him as the friend with whom she had loved to roam in the wood, or sit beside the stream, and listen to the music of waving forests and running waters. She had heard nothing concerning him, save occasionally a word or two from the minister of the parish who kept up a correspondence with Rochford's father. His place was in a measure supplied by a beloved brother; in a few years he fell a victim to that dreadful scourge of New England—Consumption, and she was left again alone to wander in paths familiar to her tread and dear as home. The friends of Maria perceived that day by day her appearance betokened that health was departing from her; her step became feeble, and her countenance pale and wan. The physician of the village advised her parents to provide her with a change of scene, or she would soon lie low with her brother in the grave of the early dead. It so happened that about this time that the 'Commencement' of Bowdoin College was to take place, and the Physician being one of the Curators of the Medical Department, and the Minister being invited, it was arranged that Maria with her mother should accompany them to Brunswick, with the hope that the pleasant excitement of that interesting season might dissipate in some degree her gloom and revive her wasting spirits. During the journey the Minister remarked to Maria that among the students who were to graduate the next day, was her old school-mate—Francis Rochford. This called up in the mind of Maria thoughts of the past, and induced the reflection whether the proud student would remember at all the poor girl with whom he had so often roamed 'on the banks of *their* beautiful river.'

On the day of the Exercises the church was filled with the *elite* of Maine, and great expectations were excited by the very unusual large number of young gentlemen who were that day to receive the honors of the Institution. When the procession of students entered the church, the position of Maria was such that she could not discern distinctly the individuals composing it, and therefore, did not, of course, recognize her early friend. But as they each took a station upon the stage, she had a full view of them; and with no ordinary interest did she watch for the appearance of a new speaker, in hope of being able to distinguish her Francis; one by one, the speakers left the stage, till but one remained to attract the attention of the audience. All eyes were turned to him who was to deliver the 'Valedictory Address'—to bid farewell in behalf of himself and his fellows to the friends and the scenes of their college years. As he ascended the stage Maria gazed intently to discern what changes time had wrought, and gladly did she perceive in the man the fuller developement of all the graces and charms of the boy. His cheek was indeed pale, and there was a shadow of deep thought upon his countenance, but there he stood to her a noble man—

> 'A pure, warm heart and spirit high,
> Were written on his lofty brow,
> And in his manly eye.'

In his address, Rochford spoke of the social feelings—their power and their charms, and of the ties which would bind him to the scenes of his most studious years. He turned to the Faculty and addressed them in a most feeling and eloquent manner, and took farewell of them and all in behalf of himself and those who like him were to leave the classic halls, so long their home. A simultaneous and enthusiastic burst of applause complimented his noble effort; and as he descended from the stage, it was to Maria like the departure of the sun to him who has no hope of beholding it more. Rochford did not, as may well be imagined, recognize Maria among the vast throng; and the next day she left with a relative to spend a few weeks in Augusta.

This, as will subsequently be seen, was a visit attended with most melancholy circumstances. A remnant of the Penobscot tribe of Indians had about that time visited Augusta, and all the lads of the place had acquired a great passion for bows and arrows to rival the skill of the savages. One day when Maria was out in the open air, her cousin was at his usual play, and by a most unfortunate accident, the arrow which he discharged from his bow, pointed to resemble a spear, entered her right eye. In consequence of an inflammation which afterwards ensued, the other eye became affected, and—sad to relate—she was at length pronounced by the eminent and skillful Dr. Warren to be totally and incurably blind! Every means was used for her benefit that promised to relieve, and she passed through a season of suffering most dreadful to endure. At last her friends made the necessary arrangements whereby she entered that noble monument of christian philanthropy—the New England Institution for the Blind.

After leaving College, Rochford spent a few months of recreation with his father, during which time he became acquainted with a young lady, of whom it is necessary that I should attempt a description. Amelia Brownell was a young lady whose principal attraction was a fortune which her father intended at some time to leave her. She had received what is denominated 'a fashionable education,' that is to say, she had spent a few years in a seminary of course not in her own town, but at a considerable remove from home, where she had been instructed in every thing but that which would have rendered her useful as a wife or companion. At this time she had just returned from the seminary, and had arrived at that precise

period in such a young lady's life when she is very desirous of making an impression. She seemed to be conscious of her personal defects, but hoped to make up in flippancy and ostentatious display all other deficiences. She was very particularly desirous of making a decided impression on our young hero, who was the guest in many a circle, and with whom she frequently met. Rochford did not admire her, nay, he was not infrequently vexed with her efforts to conceal her real deficiencies, but in consideration of the fortune in perspective, he overlooked all the want of real excellence of character, and when he left for Boston to pursue his studies as a physician, he was regarded as her accepted suitor.

Rochford's progress was rapid as a successful pupil of the Medical School, and was about, at the end of the third year, to receive his degree of 'M. D.' with honor to himself and his teachers, when by a sudden explosion of some chemical preparation with which he was experimenting, the fragments of the glass bottle which contained the substance, were thrown into his eyes and he was almost instantly rendered blind! He had expected at the close of the term of his studies in Boston to have returned to his father's and to have fulfilled his matrimonial engagement with Amelia. But on learning his misfortune she positively refused to receive any farther attentions from him, and it is easy to perceive that her affection had no sympathy with the true and holy passion which impels even to the martyrdom for the one beloved.

Dispirited by his misfortune and unable to make any use of his acquirements as a physician, he resolved to enter the Institution of which we have more than once spoken. It was there, as we have seen, that he again met Maria—his mind was carried back to the happiest years of life, and the powerful associations of the past came thronging into the soul, leading him captive to what had once so delighted him. It was natural in meeting with the being he had known in other days, sharing with him a common misfortune, and being in other respects similarly situated—it was natural for him to feel for her a deeper interest than he would be likely to feel for any others with whom he was surrounded. Associating with her day after day, and discovering the many amiable traits of her character, he soon found himself cherishing towards her a deeper affection than he had entertained towards any human being; and in short, gentle reader, he loved her with all the ardor of which his nature was capable. And this was strikingly manifested when by the regulations of the Institution the male and female departments were made entirely distinct, and of course, the opportunities of their meeting were less frequent. It is singular to see how difficulties will be overcome by the ingenuity of a mind when impelled by that master passion which poets and philosophers have vainly endeavored to describe. This ingenuity was brought speedily into requisition by the separation made by the regulation alluded to; and the contrivance they adopted whereby to correspond with each other was singular indeed. They had a method used in the Institution—that of pricking the letters with a sharp pointed pencil so that by the touch on the opposite side of the page, the words could be read. The room occupied by Rochford was in the left wing, and that of Maria was in the right wing of the building, and the windows of both opened into the yard. Rochford would tie his letter on the end of a long string or cord, and would then throw it a few times till he succeeded in making it lodge on the window sill of Maria's apartment, retaining in his hand the other end of the string; she would tie her letter on the string and Rochford would speedily draw it in to himself. This correspondence was of course carried on at night when the darkness favored them, and was continued for some time undetected. Now it chanced that there was a tree in the centre of the yard, and on a certain time when Rochford was endeavoring to draw back the answer to an epistle he had transmitted, the letter caught in the tree, and in endeavoring to extricate it, the string broke, the letter fell, not on the ground, but on a man's hat, and he—the man under the hat—was the last person into whose hands they would have chosen to have had it fall, for he was none other than the chief in authority. He could read it, and the effect of it may be judged of by the following: Both parties were severely reprimanded for indulging those feelings with which God had endowed them, and the exercise of which constitutes in those who are so fortunate as to cherish them, the purest happiness which this world affords. This long lecture however did not turn them from their purpose, and therefore, the first opportunity of meeting was improved to fashion *a new Alphabet*, by which they were able to correspond in a manner, or with a mystic language, which could not be read by any third person. In this way they did find ways of corresponding for a considerable time, though the windows aforementioned were nailed down. It was deemed proper in consequence of this, and the known ardor of their affection, to make more complete the separation and to stop if possible all means of intercourse between them. Accordingly matters were so arranged that Rochford received a peremptory letter from his father requiring his immediate return home. He was determined not to comply with this requisition till at least he could have one interview with Maria, and be able to leave her with a full understanding of their mutual feelings and purposes. This interview he obtained the eve previous to his leaving the Institution. They met at the place to which I have before referred as the home of music, and both seemed to feel a vague apprehension that it would be long before they should meet again. Rochford told Maria briefly that his father was a firm man and would doubtless object to their union, yet he was de-

termined that although he had never disobeyed his commands, yet he now should consult his own feelings, and Maria might depend on his unchanging affection. It was arranged on the part of Maria that at the coming vacation, she should return to her mother's and Rochford should meet her there. But now they must part, and the lovers were agitated beyond expression. As Rochford clasped his Maria to his breast, language was inadequate to express the deep emotions of their souls, and in nature's simple eloquence they but uttered each other's name—O Francis! O Maria! They separated, melancholy proofs that what God intended to constitute our purest bliss is too often made a source of our keenest misery! The next day, Rochford departed.

A few weeks passed and the vacation came. Maria was soon in her own home, full of hope and joyous expectancy. In a few days Rochford joined her, and once more they walked amid the scenes of their early years. It was a beautiful evening in June, at the mellow hour of sunset. The loveliness of the heavens reflected the serenity and beauty of their own souls, and they felt the charms they could not see. But alas! how changed was their condition when contrasted with what they were when last they stood amid those endeared retreats and walked by the glowing waters of the majestic river! They sat by the waters on a prostrated tree, and both, without any understanding save that which was natural to two hearts thus sympathetically tuned in harmony with each other, commenced the following melody;—

'Softly the shades of evening fall,
Sprinkling the earth with dewy tears,
And nature's voice to slumber calls,
And silence reigns amid the spheres.'

The last sad notes of their voices died away over the quiet waters, and a silence ensued which was broken by Maria.

'Francis, it is a beautiful evening! O how often have I wished that the close of my life might be as calm as such an eve fading away into night, when I have wandered amid these scenes with you or alone, and have felt the holy influences of the hour. Did you ever think, Francis, that the time must come when we must part—when one of us should be called to leave this world and no more listen to the voice beloved or the sounds so dear?'

'That, Maria, is a thought on which I delight not to dwell. When I am with you, my affections are satisfied, I am contented with the present, and ask not to look into the future.'

'But,' replied Maria, 'love must have a future. It is a dread thing to think of love only where death is permitted to exert its power, and my dearest meditations are of that world where reigns immortal youth.'

'There is poetry in that; but my reasonings have been confined to the present existence. I know indeed that we shall live again, but more than that is not revealed.'

'No more revealed! For what did Jesus live? for what did Jesus die? for what did Jesus rise? Was not the great object of his advent and mission to reveal God's everlasting love, reaching to all souls and enduring through all ages, here and hereafter? This, Francis, this is a truth which I have learned at Jesus' feet, and it is to me the sweetest solace in every hour of gloom and pain, and which I would not relinquish for the greatest boon which I could possibly receive—no, not even for the gift of sight! Gladly would I look on the scenes of life's earlier days and admire the beauties which once so entranced my vision, but dearer, far dearer is the hope of gazing with an undimming eye on a world of fadeless loveliness. O say, Francis,' said the enthusiastic girl, clasping, almost wildly, his hand in hers, 'O say, Francis, do you not believe that we shall meet in that bright and better world.'

The earnestness of the girl astonished Rochford, and he exclaimed—'O God! is this a reality, is the beautiful creature at my side my Maria, or is it all a dream and she an angel!'

'No,' replied she, 'I am no angel, but the weak, erring girl you call your Maria. I am earnest, for there is something—I know not what—that tells me this is the last time we shall meet on earth.'

'Nay, nay, Maria, there is yet for us many happy years in store. But the hour is late—let us return to the house.'

They arose and directed their steps towards Maria's home. All the cheerfulness and gaiety which Rochford could throw into his conversation as they pursued their way, could not remove the weight of melancholy that pressed on Maria's heart. When they reached the dwelling, Rochford felt that he must part, and he briefly informed her that he was required to set out early on the morrow to meet his father, and must therefore say farewell to her.'

'Ah,' said the poor girl, 'are we then never more to meet!'

'O do not utter such words. We shall meet many times—I have told you there are happy years for us in store,' and imprinting a kiss upon her fair brow, he bade her 'Good night!'

Early the next morning, Maria could have been seen sitting at her chamber window listening intently for the sound of the departing coach that should bear the beloved away. At length the rumbling noise, disturbing the hush of morn, broke on her ear, and she intently listened to the sound till it died away and no echo remained. Then did she feel her doom was sealed, though she could not in the least account for the apprehensions under which she labored.

At evening Rochford arrived at his journey's end. His father immediately called him into a private apartment; and there he frankly informed him that by letters from Boston he had been fully advised of

all that had occurred between him and Maria, and that he should not consent, on any account whatever, to any farther intimacy between them. 'You are blind,' said the stern father, 'and can do nothing for yourself! I must therefore provide for you. Now, Mary Ann Neal is a good girl, she has lived with us several years, and I know she will make you a good wife. She has consented to marry you on condition that I will settle upon you a sum the interest of which shall be sufficient to maintain you and her. This, though my property will hardly justify it, I agree to do, if you will decide to be united to her. To-morrow I shall go to Portsmouth, and shall return in a week—that time I give you to decide, with the understanding that if you still cling to your present wild project, I shall discard you forever!'

We will not attempt to describe the feelings of Rochford, but return to Maria. Two days after the departure of Rochford, she was called to the bedside of her dying mother, who, always in feeble health, had received several apoplectic strokes, was now struck down by another and a fatal one. But the religion which had always consoled Maria, did not now fail to afford her the consolation she needed in this the most trying hour of her existence. Her mother had been to her all that maternal love could be in the soul of a christian, and now that she stood by her side in death, a new and the darkest mystery of life pressed heavily upon her soul. But she remembered God and was comforted.

After the last sad rites were attended to, and Maria began to feel how much had been taken from her, a kind sister, residing at a distance, sent her word that her home should be hers if she would make it so. Maria received this affectionate message with gratitude; and after a few days, she visited for the last time the graves of her sainted mother and darling brother, and strewed a few flowers on the place of their repose, as the last offering of her undying love, and then bade farewell forever to the scenes so hallowed by the varied events of the past.

The week apportioned to Rochford had now expired, and after vainly endeavoring to dissuade his father from his cruel purpose, he yielded a reluctant consent and promised to marry a being he did not love. Having taken this step, he dictated to a confidential friend, a letter to Maria, in which he informed her of the situation in which his father's determination had placed him, and that he was compelled to unite his destiny with a woman he did not love; but that though the husband of another, she would always have his affections.

One day, sometime afterward, Maria was sitting listening to the reading of a newspaper by her sister, and among the variety the list of marriages and deaths attracted attention. Her sister, unconscious of reading a name dear to Maria, read the marriage of 'Dr. Francis Rochford to Miss Mary Ann Neal.' The effect of this was electrical, but as soon as she recovered from the first shock, Maria immediately concluded that there were two Dr. Rochfords—she thought the 'Doctor' sounded unnatural, so unwilling was she to believe the fact of the case. But this indecision was of short duration, as soon afterward she received Rochford's letter that had been sent to her former residence, and after a long delay was transmitted to her enclosed in an epistle from the minister of the parish. The awful truth now flashed upon her mind. She was now indeed miserable. This was the last of a long series of misfortunes which had made her life a painful one, but which had revealed to her the power of religion in the soul. The effect of this last, sad and heavy stroke, was not perceptible to the observer, and while a tear trembled in her sightless eyes, she prayed God to bless *her* Francis.

Not long since it was my happiness to visit Maria, and as I conversed with her of the past, she appeared to have lost nothing of that enthusiasm which seemed to be a part of her very nature. 'But once have I seen Francis since he was a man, but oh! that once was sufficient to keep him ever distinct in my soul, the ideal of all perfection. He is compelled to drag out an existence far less happier than mine, united as he is to a being he cannot love, and who has no sympathy with his high endowments of mind.'

I mentioned to her that I should probably visit the East, and might perchance meet Rochford. 'Tell him, then,' said she, 'that at the hour when last we met, I shall ever offer up to heaven a prayer for him.' Then in a more subdued tone, she added, 'Tell him not to forget me.'

Before I parted from her she sang to me, with the same touching sweetness as in other years, Rochford's favorite—The Flower Girl's Song, in the 'Last Days of Pompeii.' As I took my leave of her, I could not but say half audibly, 'Poor girl! sad victim of a love too deep, too pure, for such a world as this.'

But yet in her soul she has hopes that give her the living waters of immortality, as she rests her spirit in the expectancy of the time when the mighty and loving voice of God shall speak—'*Ephphatha!*' ('that is, Be opened!') and on her vision shall burst the ineffable glories of that world where there are no changes but from glory to glory!

LITTLE KINDNESSES. 'Life is short'—let us add as we are able to the happiness of each other; pluck thorns and plant roses as fast as possible. It is little kindnesses that make up the great sum of pleasant sensations; and little deviations from the law of love form the greatest mass of afflictions. Happy is he who always means there shall be an affectionate meaning even in 'the soon forgotten charity of a kiss,' and whose heart of affection gives pulses to his hand whenever he clasps another in the courtesies of life. *He* shall 'be free from the great transgression.' B.

SONG.

BY MISS C. A. FILLEBROWN.

When the dark shadows of night come on,
And the winds are revelling free;
Or, sleepless, I watch for the coming dawn,
Then, dearest, I think of thee.

When morning wakes with her glowing-smile,
And gildeth each flower and tree;
She has no power my thoughts to beguile,
For they are engrossed by thee.

I hie me away to the crowded ball,
And the merriest seem to be;
And gaily I tread the festive hall,—
But I only *think of thee.*

Unheeding I list to the viol's tone,
And the laugh of careless glee,
But I long for the hour to be alone,
To sleep, and to dream of thee!

Boston, Mass.

MINISTERIAL AND PAROCHIAL DUTIES.

A SERMON.

BY W. M. FERNALD.

We have received not a little pleasure from the perusal of a Sermon published in the 'Trumpet,' and the 'Freeman.' It was preached before the Middlesex Conference at their last session, and deserves an attentive reading from Universalists, especially, every where. It is a good performance, full of excellent thought, and plain and direct tothe purpose. If we could command the time, we would give an epitome of it, with extracts; but as we cannot do this, we present a few passages which we decidedly like. We learn that Br. Whittemore of the 'Trumpet' objects to the sentiments of the first extract which we give, and we are very desirous to know what his objections are. We hope he will not keep silent. The preacher first treats of the 'Dignity of the Pulpit'—an important theme—and under this head he speaks of sacrificing *duty* to a desire to present mere entertainment and amusement. He speaks of two forms in which this is done, and the first is thus treated.

'The first is, a *catering to vulgar taste*, to supply, perhaps, a want of edification in a more substantial and profitable manner. How many painful instances of this sort are among the records and remembrances of human folly! We mean that appetency for popular fame, or interest for the time being, which induces so many to come down from the purity and strict propriety which their office demands, to hold converse with that more numerous host who are rather taken and charmed with a light and superficial, and perhaps sophistical, illustration, than a just and well-conducted argument; or a low witticism, than a serious presentation of the truth. And they do this willingly. It is by this that men capable of the purest taste, and deepest research and demonstration, have brought dishonor to the cause they have advocated; they themselves, by this same unworthy compliance with the flippancy of vulgar taste, preferring, to the homage of the exalted few, the clamors and plaudits of the multitude. Young as I am, and in this delicate situation, I would rebuke such a spirit! It is unworthy and dishonorable to our sacred office. If propriety and purity are demanded anywhere, it is in the sacred desk. And if public taste is corrupted, be it our place (for we are the ones) to *correct* it—not to cater to it, for the miserable object of a wider popularity. All the Knappism and other such like notoriety in the land, is but the effect of such degradation. God knows that it is not talent. It is the willful prostitution of the mind and the office, to coarse familiarity, low witticism, levity and vulgarity in religious matters, for the low ambition of being run after, or some other equally unworthy motive. All of us might successfully aspire to such a popularity. In any secular cause it might not succeed; but in religion, there is such a disparity between its real solemnity, and this outrage committed on it, that the faculty for perceiving incongruities is stimulated to such excess, that the public very readily awards to such aspirants, the glory which is sought after. Verily, we may say of them, they have their reward.

'But it is our duty, I say, to *correct* public taste, if we find it perverted. We should rather set up a standard for *them*, than come down to theirs, even though, at first, we sacrifice the popularity of a superficial or a vulgar interest. We shall afterwards preach with more power and effect. And by all the solemnity of religion, by all the characteristic dignity of the pulpit, by a regard for ourselves and for Him who spake as never man spake, may we feel it pressing upon us, to preserve, in this respect, the propriety, solemnity, and religious decorum of the pulpit ministrations.'

He speaks next of the common misconception of the common mind—the idea that common people know nothing. We have heard of ministers who have declared that they could preach in the afternoon the same sermon they preached in the forenoon, with a new text, and the people would not know it! This seems to us to prove that the *text* must have been all that was really worth remembering! What a miserable opinion do such have of the 'people,' while at the same time they will often declaim loudly on what they are as sovereigns! Br. Fernald refers to this—quotes an excellent passage from Dr. Dewey, and adds:—

'I repeat, we cannot be too intellectual, or too rational. We may be too obscure, too dry, too fanciful,

or too poetical; but not too intellectual. How in the world can you *bring* a great moral point to bear with the utmost feeling power upon the people, without taxing the hardest reason to shape and hew it, and point it to the very centre of the heart, and make the conscience own it? And if the people do not yet understand this, I insist upon it, they should be made to understand it. And, finally, the minister has a wonderful power to *cultivate* a proper taste among his people. He can train them to almost any habits of thought, so that they will easily detect the difference of a stranger; and it is our duty, in the exercise of this power, to preserve, by all the foregoing considerations, that character to our pulpit, which its sacredness, seriousness, and importance, all pressingly demand for it.'

He next treats of preserving the *interest* of the pulpit—the peculiar value of timely and local sermons. Then the *efficiency* of the pulpit receives attention; and by this he means, that the great aim should be to cause the truth—the facts of the Bible, human nature and life, to so act upon the moral feelings as to induce to a christian course every where and always and in all things. He then turns to *plain* preaching, and makes judicious distinctions; then he considers the importance of *words:*

'But I must pass, again, to a bare allusion to the importance of the preacher's words, many times more important than he is aware of, in making impressions that never wear off. I have recently been convinced of this by circumstances altogether unlooked for. How much may a *word*—a *single sentiment*, a barely *incidental* turn of thought accomplish for the minds placed under our influence! Much more, an habitual ministration from week to week, and from year to year. The words we utter fall upon the susceptible mind, and, not *there* and *then* do they cease their work; but, like the dropping of rain into the gentle stream which is almost unnoticed at its source; the stream receives it, it mingles with its waters, it flows onward and is a part of that river as it swells and widens and rolls down in its importance; and as finally it empties itself into the ocean, and becomes heaved and agitated with it, those drops of rain are no less a part of that body of waters, than when first received into the stream, it was a part of *it*. So the preacher's *words* fall upon the mind, and especially the young mind; and the thoughts mingle with *its* thoughts; and they go down in the stream of life; and they are no less a part of that *mind* when heaved and agitated with the temptations and trials of manhood, than they were a part of the thoughts when the preacher placed them there to work out their destiny! How should it affect us, when told without a figure, that one of these representations is, literally, as true as the other! And how should it stimulate us to look well at that efficiency, for good or for evil, which we may throw into the pulpit!

'I confess, that when, from the places of my poor ministry, I receive any thing which amounts to a testimony of this sort, I am humbled under a sense of the importance of the stand we occupy. How affecting is it to read in the hand and lines of friendship, traced by the honest simplicity of those who have trusted to our fidelity, such private and confiding testimonies to the influence of our public labors: "I shall ever remember the sentiments of your sermons to the last day of my life"—"I love to dwell upon the influence of the past"—"I trust they have made some impressions upon my mind which will never wear off." And is it so? And I have been moved to ask before God, what *were* those impressions, those sentiments, and that influence? Is it for good or for evil? Is it indeed what it should be? What have I done, and what are we all doing, my brethren, to honor our office, and to last with so many through all life? These considerations, together with the former, conclude what I have to say on the importance of a right and careful preservation of the proper efficiency of the pulpit.'

The *Independence* of the pulpit then becomes the theme of discourse. By this the preacher tells us he does not mean fearlessness in the *treatment* of subjects, nor does he refer to *plainness* of utterance, but to the *presentation* of subjects—that the minister should be independent in presenting those subjects which his convictions tell him are important, whatever they may be. He well alludes to some preachers who are indeed independent in treating whatever subjects they do present, but who are 'bound hand and foot upon certain other subjects upon which they dare not open their mouth.' He then goes on to say:

'And there are two views in which this topic may be presented. The first is, with reference to any new truths which may be discovered, either in nature, bearing upon revelation, or in that revelation itself. For it is not supposable that we have yet reached the very meridian of all christian truth, so that nothing more is to be learnt, but we must sit down contentedly within the same old circle, and never venture to explore or expatiate beyond it. And God be thanked that we have neither *creeds* nor *institutes* to cripple us. I believe there are truths, which, if they are not all undiscovered, have never yet found their way into our pulpit with that freeness and fearlessness which they should. And there are, undoubtedly, truths yet hidden from us, which are yet to arise and shine. And yet, with all the rationally looked for light, there are still *some* among us (but blessed be God, they are few) who would form a theory of christianity so solid, so compact, and so dogmatical, that it should seem to say to Science, stand back! and to the newly starting inquirer, approach not here!—a theory well proved and so complete, that not another idea shall ever offer to encroach upon it.

'Now I say not that the preacher should make the pulpit a stand to unsettle all things by a vain daring to broach doubts, and speculations, and half-formed opinions on subjects of importance, to an audience which needs the products of a well disciplined and confident mind. But I do say, that if the minister, by faithful study, has found a truth which has his confidence, he is bound to lay that truth before the people. If it *is* a truth, it will abide the scrutiny and go out for profit to the world; if it is error, the sooner divulged and killed the better. Are we, at all times, and frequently upon matters of the utmost importance, faithful in this respect?—

'Another view which I would take of the Independence of the pulpit, is with reference to those questions which mightily agitate the public mind. And I say, let the minister be faithful. I do not say—now mind—faithful to *present* these matters invariably; but, faithful to his *own convictions*. If his conscience trouble him in withholding them, then let him present them; and let not the people put a chain upon his soul. They have no *right* to do it. And thank God, they have no power! They have a right and a power to change ministers, but none to fetter his soul. And if the minister submits to be enchained in one thing, what assurance have the people, that he will not be a mercenary slave in another and a more important thing? I believe there need be no trouble here. Surely none, if minister and people have a spark of that christian tolerance and freedom which they ought to have. It is never expected that all the people will agree in all things which the minister may utter.

'But, I say, let the minister be faithful—not to bring up all matters invariably—but faithful to his own convictions. If his conscience tell him that these matters may be withheld—that the cause of christianity, under the circumstances, does not require him to speak either morally or politically upon them, then let him be silent, and the independence of the pulpit is just as faithfully preserved. For it is the conscientious *independence*, and not the *universality*, if I may so speak, of the pulpit, which, after all, is the only matter in debate. He may be silent, or he may speak upon these topics; but the independence of his pulpit is quite consistent with one as with the other; and must not be sacrificed in either way to the frowns or favors of the people.'

The preacher next proceeds to speak in relation to Parochial Duties. To this should have been given time equal to that occupied by pulpit matters, for there are subjects which ought to be plainly treated, and which if plainly treated would awaken valuable thought.—*Ministerial Gossiping*, would be a good theme for some writer who loves to write honestly and treat matters with soberness, with true respect for the common mind. We like the following exceedingly, and should like to see the reasonings of those who think, as not long since we heard a brother say in his charge at an Installation—'A minister can do ten times more good *out* of the pulpit than he can *in*.' This is reversing the scriptural order of things. But to the extract:

'How then shall this be done? Is there any rule or principle that could be set up with reference to the proportionate amount of time and labor which we should devote entirely to the parish? All things, I suppose, may have some rule, and there is philosophy in every thing. I then propose this for one principle, of which I am very confident. It is this:—That *we should not slight our* SERMONS *for any thing*. Visit or not visit—talk or no talk—I still hold on to this principle, that *we ought not to slight our* SERMONS *for any thing*. The *pulpit* FIRST! And if it takes a whole week to be faithful to that, then be it so, the pulpit must come *first*. That must not be neglected. But can we not do more *out* of the pulpit than we can *in* it? No, never! What folly it is to set up any pretension of this sort, after all our conclusions on the interest and efficiency of the sacred desk! The man who does it, knows not the *power* of the pulpit. I have no hesitation in admitting that some *do* more out of the pulpit, than they do in. But that any man of respectable talents should set up the pretension that he *can* do more out of it than he *can* in, is, truly, humbling himself and the pulpit, to a very inconsiderable affair. No power that he can gain in enforcing his preaching, by seeking the wants and affections of his people in this way, can for a momont be set against this consideration. I say the pulpit requires *study*, and *labor*, and *toil;* and that, week after week, and month after month, to make it what it should be. There are mighty and enduring interests clustering there. And old matter will not always do for that stand. It must be ground over, and over, and over again. And it were a curious, but important question, were it capable of being accurately solved, how much *more* efficient and *more* attracting, would the pulpit be, were all the time spent in *useless* visits and chit-chat from house to house; the hours, and weeks, and months that are thus squandered—were all this time spent in faithful application of the minister's mind to the gathering up of useful and entertaining matter to redeem the pulpit from that charge of "everlasting sameness" which now sits upon it like an incubus, and drags it to the dust? And how much better would the people like it, too, should they once well find it out! No; the minister cannot do more out of the pulpit than he *can* in; he can do ten times more in than he can out. Or if he cannot, then I must say, that he has mistaken his office, and should seek another calling. And I say not this in any disparagement of the very humblest intellect. It looks to me, the most reasonable truth in the world.'

In conclusion, the preacher alludes very briefly, to the duty of cultivating acquaintance with the people, and especially, the duty of visiting the sick and be-

reaved and sorrowing. Thus will the minister be like the great Master, going about *doing* GOOD, not wasting time in idle and hurtful gossiping, gathering praises and criticisms on sermons, and becoming like one of old who kept his shield turning—the white or black side out—just as circumstances needed. The pulpit is the place of power, and yet the minister mistakes his duty if he does not feel convinced that he should school his feelings, sympathies, and social tendencies, as that he may become one with the people, so that they may feel always assured that in their minister's heart is a deep, true and affectionate interest in their well being. Yet the apostolic direction is one which is seldom observed—*the people* should *seek* to KNOW *their minister*.

THE CHILD AND THE BIBLE.

BY IONE.

'I LEFT my little son asleep with his arms folded around the Bible. He calls it mother's book and wishes it read to him at night.' The child is about two years of age.
Conversations with a Friend.

HE sleepeth; and his soft, white arms enclose
God's holy word!
Peace o'er his brow her soft enchantment throws,
Nor is his bosom stirred
By one wild throb of anguish or of woe,
Such as maturer hearts must often know!

Fold ever thus, sweet boy, close to thy heart
The book of life!
It shall sustain thee if thy strength depart,
In the great battle's strife—
Bear thee triumphant through a world of sin,
Open the gates of heaven and lead thee in!

Blessings upon thee for the lesson taught,
Unconsciously by thee!
Within my heart its mission shall be wrought
Where none but God can see.
Love, with a single heart, thy guarded prize,
And keep thy sinless spirit from disguise!

I feel that bending angels mark the scene
With solemn joy!
Thou in thine innocence and sleep serene,
Which care does not destroy,
Clasping a gem unconscious of its worth,
While they are breathing 'it is not of earth!'

Boston, Mass.

'LIFE. Many have learned secrets under the roof of a poor man, which would add to the luxury of the rich. The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye come from nature, and the trailing of a vine may develope them as well as the curtaining of a King's chamber.'

A CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following correspondence between a clergyman of the Free-will Baptist denomination, and a lady, who had for some years been a member of the church over which he is now settled as pastor, will explain itself. Its publication has been deemed desirable. It will undoubtedly be read with interest, by many whose circumstances have been similar to hers who forms the subject of these letters. A.

E——, N. H. *Sept.* 20, 1841.

MISS —— ——

DEAR SISTER:—Having an opportunity to send you an epistle by sister —— ——, and being desirous to know the state of your religious feelings and views, I embrace the occasion, deeming no other apology necessary than this, that I am now Pastor of the Free-will Baptist church in E——, N. H.

You can doubtless, call to mind the happy seasons you once enjoyed with your brethren and sisters in E——, when you met with them for the worship of God, and knelt there together for prayer to God for his Holy Spirit to be poured down upon you, and the blessed answers to your petitions, which you received, and how you sat with your brethren and sisters, in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and enjoyed that hope which made you not ashamed to speak of his goodness to your soul; nor to warn sinners, and point them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and to plead with men to be reconciled to God, and come and taste and see how good the Lord is, and call on them to come and you would tell them what the Lord had done for your soul; that he had taken your feet out of an horrible pit of miry clay, and established your goings, and put a new song into your mouth, even praise to God. You can, in all probability, remember the place which you then selected for your retreat for secret prayer, and the heavenly season you there enjoyed, when you retreated from the bustle and busy concerns of life, to spend a few moments there in more intimate communion with God, when you had said to all of the world, stay here while I go and worship yonder. Oh, can you not remember how lovely Christ appeared to you then, and how you enjoyed a young heaven on earthly ground, and glory in the bud; and how your soul was wrapped up in visions of glory, and your soul could say, 'My willing soul would gladly stay in such a frame as this, and set and sing itself away to everlasting bliss?' Do you not remember how your soul yearned over the poor sinner, and how full your soul was, and how deep were the emotions of your heart when you saw sinners turn a deaf ear to the calls of the gospel of Christ, and slight offered mercy, and choose to roll sin as a sweet morsel under their tongues? Do you not remember how your soul was fed with heavenly manna, as you listened to that de-

voted servant of God, whose tongue now is silent in death, and heard him pray men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God? Have you forgotten all of those seasons you once enjoyed while you heard the word of life dispensed by ministers called of God as Aaron was, who counted their lives not dear to themselves, if they could but win souls to Christ?

Where is the blessedness of which you then spake? Where are the joys you then felt? By what spirit was you then led? Were you deceived, or did you in reality feel the love of God shed abroad in your heart, which passeth understanding? Did you not then feel a christian attachment to your brethren and sisters, which gave you an evidence that you had passed from death unto life? Did the spirit of God make these impressions upon your heart, or was it all delusion and fanaticism? I almost seem to hear you say, 'No; it was not delusion nor fanaticism, it was the spirit of the living God.' Then, my dear sister, why is it that you suffer us to pass on month after month, and no epistle comes from you to us to tell us of your prosperity or adversity, so that we may know how to bear your case to the throne of God's grace, and there remember you in our prayers? You may say, possibly, that you did not know you still was a member of the Free-will Baptist church in E———. If you do say so, sister, let me tell you it is no excuse, for you possess all the means of knowing, any time you please.

As there has been a report circulated here, in relation to your *belief*, permit me to ask you a few questions, which you will please answer by letter, and send the same by sister —— ——, by whom this is sent.

It is here currently reported that you have become a believer in the doctrine of Universalism. Is it true that you do believe that doctrine? Do you think it is proper for a Free-will Baptist church, believing as they do, in future rewards and punishments, and in the eternity of these, to report a Universalist as a Free-will Baptist?

If you do believe in Universalism, what would be a course of propriety and consistency for us to adopt, if you do not abandon it? If you cannot and will not abandon Universalism, can you blame us if we erase your name from the records of this church? Will you tell us plainly, what you do believe, and what you do mean to do?

This is all which relates to the church. But for my own private benefit, will you give me an explanation of Ezekiel 13th chapter and 22d verse, and tell me wherein that whole charge does not lay against Universalist preachers, in full justice?

Yours in all good will,

——— ———.

Salem, Mass. Oct. 24, 1841.

Rev. —— ——: Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th ult., conveyed by the politeness of sister ——. In perusing its contents, there were two characteristics which gave me a high degree of satisfaction—they were the commendable interest which you manifest in my welfare, and the friendly and christian-like spirit which pervades the whole epistle. And inasmuch as you request and expect an answer, I would respectfully present the following to your consideration, as my reply.

You say I can doubtless call to mind the happy seasons I have enjoyed with the brethren and sisters in E——. Yes; I well remember those days. I was sincere in my faith and in my attempts to worship and serve God, and enjoyed much happiness therein —as all must, who are sincere and faithful followers of Christ, and diligent seekers after truth. But I praise my heavenly Father, that he has opened my eyes, and led me to see that the Religion of Jesus contains sources of happiness of which I was then entirely ignorant — sources as far exceeding those I formerly possessed, as the ocean exceeds a drop. No comparison can describe to you how much more happiness I now experience, in worshiping my Creator as 'the God of love and peace,' and the Father of the human race, than when I mingled with your church in former years, with my then limited faith.

You remind me of the time when, (to use your own language) I 'warned sinners, and pointed them to the Lamb of God, who *taketh away the sin of the world.*' Yes; I remember this too. But Oh, how blind and inconsistent I was, at the same time, to believe that Christ, the Lamb of God, would *not* take away the sin of *the world;* but that the sin of a vast part of the world, would remain untaken away forever! I pray God to forgive me this ignorance and unbelief in which I was then so deeply involved—and beseech him to give to all who are still cherishing this unbelieving spirit, the same happy deliverance he has mercifully granted unto me.

You also remind me of the time when I called upon sinners 'to come and I would tell them what the Lord had done for my soul—that he had taken my feet out of an horrible pit of miry clay, and established my goings, and put a new song into my mouth, even praise to God.' Yes; I had much to tell then, of what God had done for me; but blessed be his name, I have now, *much more* to tell of what he has since done for me. And I rejoice in this opportunity to tell you, and my dear brothers and sisters of the Free-will Baptist church at E——, what the Lord has done for me, while I have been away from them. He has removed a dark veil of ignorance, which then intercepted my spiritual sight—he has caused the scales of prejudice and unbelief to fall from my eyes—he has revealed himself to me in a light so adorable and attractive, as to captivate and fill with love and reverence, every capacity of my soul—even as a God of

power Omnipotent, of Wisdom unerring, and of Love, boundless, impartial, unchanging, and eternal—as a God who rules his creation with so much wisdom, perfection and goodness, that everything shall finally eventuate in such manner, as shall promote his own glory, and secure the repentance, purity and happiness of that great family which he has created upon the earth! He has also revealed his Son unto me, as 'the Savior of the world,' as the Lamb of God, who *indeed* and in *reality*, 'taketh away the sin of the world!'—so that when his work is finished, there shall be no more sin, no more evil, no more wretchedness, no more tears, but all shall be filled with the love of God, the holiness of the angels, and the happiness of heaven! Is there not perfection, and beauty, and glory here? I ask you—I ask my dear brothers and sisters of the church at E——, if you, or they can find anything in the pure and christian feelings of your souls, to object to, or dislike, in these views of God and of the Lamb? If you can, from what *spirit* is the objection made to so general a spread of righteousness and felicity? With these soul-cheering prospects in view, revealed unto me by the grace of God, can you wonder that I feel he has truly 'taken my feet out of an horrible pit of miry clay,'—even out of the pit of dark, dreadful, soul-withering and peace-destroying error,—and put a *new song* indeed, into my mouth—a song of praise to that *justice* which chastens and punishes us 'for our profit'—praise to that wisdom which can bring out good from all evil—praise to that love, that 'great love wherewith he loved us, even when *we were dead in sins*'—(see Eph. ii. 4, 5)—to that impartial love which influenced him to send his Son into the world, '*not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.*' This is the *new song* that has been put into my mouth; and can you be surprized that it gives me a joy and peace which is inexpressible?

You write me another inquiry—'Oh, can you not remember how lovely Christ appeared to you then—and how your soul was wrapped up in visions of glory?' I answer in the affirmative. Christ did appear lovely to me then, even when viewing him as saving but *a part* of the world. But I ask you to conceive, if it is possible, how *much more* lovely—yea how transcendently lovely—he must appear to me now, as the actual 'Savior of all men' from sin and death. It is true, I had visions of glory then; but there was ever a dark cloud resting upon those visions, which destroyed their brightest lustre. While rejoicing at the prospect of *my own* salvation, the thought that some of my beloved relatives and friends, and millions of my fellow-beings, whom God commands me to love, will be plunged into ceaseless woe, and darkness, and sin, where they can have no opportunity to repent and turn to God, but where they will blaspheme his holy name forever—gave me inexpressible pain and anguish of heart, which embittered all the peace that I might otherwise have enjoyed. And what soul possessing the spirit and love of the gospel, what soul that has benevolence and compassion within it, can fail of being unspeakably pained, in contemplating such an awful prospect as this! If you, or the members of your church, declare that the contemplation of these terrific evils, in your visions of glory, do not dim those visions, and give you great pain and anxiety, then I have erred in giving you credit for more of that spirit of love and compassion, which moved the Savior to 'give himself a ransom for all,' than you would thus represent yourselves as possessing. I rejoice that this dark feature is entirely removed from the visions which now enwrap my soul, in worshiping and praising the purest and best of all beings. I behold in the Divine Nature, in the all-perfect attributes of Jehovah, and in the gospel kingdom and reign of his Son, such measureless depths of grace, and mercy, and love—such infinite and inexhaustible capabilities and resources,—such unknown vastness of ways and means at disposal for the accomplishment of all good, and desirable, and benevolent, and righteous works—as to allow me to indulge in the most joyful hope and assurance, that at such times and seasons, and by such means as 'the God of love' shall judge best, he will bring to repentance, reformation and happiness, all his imperfect creatures! Oh, here is a vision that may well enwrap the soul of the christian with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory!' Here is a vision which now fills my mind, as much exceeding those that formerly visited me in brightness, in splendor and glory, as the beams of the glowing noon-day sun exceed the twinkling of a solitary star of night!

You ask—'Where is the blessedness of which you then spake? Where are the joys you then felt? By what spirit was you then led?' I answer—The blessedness of which I then spake, has become enlarged into the broader and sweeter blessedness, which I now constantly enjoy. The joys I then felt, have been magnified, infinitely magnified, into that higher and holier joy, that joy too deep for human utterance, which now fills my heart, in the assurance, that not a few here and there, shall repent and live, but all for whom the Savior tasted death, shall repent and live. As to the spirit by which I was then led, I am apprehensive it was a small, partial, selfish spirit, which led me to endeavor to find satisfaction in believing in my own salvation, without reference to the doom that might await others around me. But I cannot be too grateful to my Creator, that as he has put a '*new song* into my mouth,' so has he put a *new spirit* into my heart—even his own spirit of love—a love so deep, so broad, so all-comprehensive, that I cannot feel ever to be infinitely happy, unless I can be assured all my fellow beings will be righteous and happy also!

You ask me why I have not written to the church

at E——, to inform them of my prosperity or adversity. You will pardon me, Sir, but this appears to me a very singular inquiry. I have always supposed it to be the duty of the pastor to look after his flock, especially those of them who are in danger of going astray. May I not, then, inquire why I have received no letter, except in the present instance, during the many years I have been absent, from either pastor or church member at E——, asking information as to my spiritual welfare? I have been in company with at least one of your predecessors, and with many of the members of the church, since the enlargement of my faith, and no questions have been put to me,—no steps taken to reclaim me from error, if I was wandering into it. If, therefore, there is any fault to be found on the subject, I think I have more reason to complain of neglect, than the church.

I will now attend to the particular inquiries which your letter contains in regard to my faith, and my connection with your church. Your first inquiry is as follows:—'It is here currently reported that you have become a believer in the doctrine of Universalism. Is it true that you do believe that doctrine?'

In answer to this inquiry, I would state, that I do not suppose I believe in what *you call* Universalism. But that there may be a perfect understanding upon this subject, I will briefly state my belief in regard to the *extent* of salvation, which is the point involved in your questions. I believe that in 'the seed of Abraham,' which the Apostle says, is Christ, 'shall all the families of the earth be blessed.' Gen. xxviii. 14; see also Gal. iii. 8, and Acts iii. 25, 26. I believe it is the 'will,' the 'good pleasure,' and the 'purpose' of God, to gather '*all things*' into Christ. Eph. i. 9, 10. I believe in 'the times of the Restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began.' Acts iii. 20, 21. I believe that 'all the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him.' Ps. xxii. 27. I believe that 'the Lord will not cast off forever.' Lam. iii. 31. I believe the words of the Savior, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' John xii. 32. I believe that God will 'reconcile all things unto himself.' Colos. i. 20. I believe that 'as in Adam all die, even so in Christ, shall all be made alive.' 1 Cor. xv. 22, and that 'if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature,'—old things have passed away; behold all things are become new.' 2 Cor. v. 17. I believe that 'as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.' 1 Cor. xv. 49. I believe 'God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have *mercy upon all*.' Rom. xi. 32. I believe that God 'will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.' 1 Tim. ii. 4.

The above Scripture passages express my belief as to the extent of salvation. If these declarations of God's word, are Universalism, then I am an Universalist; but if they are not Universalism, then I am not an Universalist. I am quite indifferent as to what *name* I bear. If I can but love God and my fellow-beings—if I can but cherish the spirit and faith of the gospel, and *believe the declarations of divine inspiration*, it is all I ask. I care not whether the world call me Universalist, Free-will Baptist, or any other name of sect or party. With the love of God shed abroad in my soul—with faith in him as my Father, and in Jesus, as my Savior, and 'the Savior of the world,' I am content—all else in regard to sectarian names, I deem as empty as 'sounding brass.'

You inquire—'Do you believe it is proper for a Free-will Baptist church, believing as they do, in future rewards and punishments, and in the eternity of these, to report a Universalist as a Free-will Baptist?' I answer, No.

Your next inquiry is as follows:—'If you do believe in Universalism, what would be a course of propriety and consistency for us to adopt, if you do not abandon it?' To this inquiry I would reply—If the Free-will Baptist church of E——, deem my belief, as above expressed, to be heresy—if they have no fellowship for such belief,—then 'propriety and consistency,' would seem to require that they should grant me a respectful letter of dismission, signifying their consent that I should withdraw from their church. And in case of such disagreement in faith, I would hereby notify you of my desire and design to withdraw my membership from your church.

This concludes the portion of your letter which relates to my connection with your church. And I wish my brothers and sisters of the church at E——, to believe, that in requesting to be allowed to withdraw from them, I am actuated by no feelings of bitterness or enmity. I still cherish toward them the same emotions of regard and sisterly affection that I have always entertained. I pray that the richest of God's blessings may descend upon you all, individually and collectively—that you may be led speedily to a knowledge of the *full* truth, as revealed in Jesus—that you may be filled with the kind and gentle spirit, and the broad universal love of the gospel—that you may faithfully love and serve God in the present life, and be received with the ransomed of the Lord, into purity and bliss, in the life to come. It is impossible to describe the joy and peace I receive from the assurance, that although we may differ in our faith here, we shall meet hereafter with a redeemed and reconciled universe, in a world where there will be 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.' In this hope and belief in the final repentance of all sinners, the ultimate reconciliation of all beings to God, I can find rest and peace. It crowns the whole work of creation, and the whole scheme of redemption, with a perfection, a beauty, and glory, which I look for in

vain, in any of the creeds or doctrines of man. It is such a termination of the reign of Christ, as every true christian must desire, must hope for, and pray for. And finding the most convincing evidence of it, in Scripture, in reason and nature, and believing it as I sincerely do, can you wonder that my soul is filled with rejoicing? Would you not rejoice could you believe that all for whom you pray—even all the sinful world,—would in due time, (in such time as God, in his infinite wisdom shall deem the most proper,) be turned from the love and service of sin, to holiness, blessedness and peace? I know that this belief would give you the most inexpressible joy. Blame me not then, brothers and sisters, that God has mercifully enlarged my faith so as to take in this crowning glory of the gospel, this brightest beam in the lustre of the Sun of eternal and impartial Love! this perfection of all faith, this entire filling up of the cup of joy! May you all in due time, be led into this light, this liberty and this joy of the gospel. May you be brought, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit of Truth, to give God the glory that belongs to him—the glory of creating the world, not under such circumstances of imperfection, as that a part shall fall into endless ruin, which he must have foreseen, but the glory of creating them in such a manner, that they shall all at last, become stars of beauty in his kingly diadem of love! May you be led also to give Christ that glory to which he is justly entitled—the glory of not only *attempting* to save the world, but of actually *succeeding* in his blessed work, and actually saving all for whom he tasted death!

At the conclusion of your letter, you say:—'For my own private benefit, will you give me an explanation of Ezekiel xiii. 22, and tell me wherein that whole charge does not lie against Universalist preachers in full justice?' I must express my great surprise, that you should suppose this passage contains any charge against Universalist ministers. They are the last class in the world, which can be considered as subject to its imputations. Were you to address your inquiry to any of those ministers, I have no doubt they would return an answer which would place the subject in a very different light from that in which you now seem to view it. But as you have directed your inquiry directly to me, I shall return you such answer as my abilities will allow, and one that I hope may prove satisfactory. The passage to which you refer reads as follows:—'Because with lies ye have made the heart of the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad; and strengthened the hands of the wicked that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life.'

In regard to the first part of this passage; you will perceive that the question is not who makes the Free-will Baptist sad—or who makes the Methodist, or Orthodox, or Universalist, sad; but who makes the *righteous* sad—who makes the good man sad, the man who has the spirit of Christ, and the love of God shed abroad in his heart?

Now how does this passage apply to Universalist ministers?—how do they make the heart of the righteous sad? I suppose your reply will be, that they make the hearts of the righteous sad, by the doctrine they preach. But what doctrine do they preach? They preach that God will overrule all evil, and make it terminate in Universal good. Does that thought make the heart of the righteous sad? They preach that Christ shall destroy the devil and all his works—see Heb. ii. 14, and 1 John iii. 8. Does this thought make the righteous sad. They preach that all sinners shall be brought to repentance—that every child of Adam shall be reconciled to God—that every member of the human family shall become pure and holy and happy—that the Good Shepherd shall *seek* and *find* every lost sheep of the great flock, even all men, for whom he died—that he shall bring them back to God the rightful owner, and that thenceforth there shall be but one sheepfold and one Shepherd! Can any of these doctrines, make the heart of the righteous sad? If these sentiments make their hearts sad, pray what will make their hearts glad? No. If Universalist ministers wished to make the righteous sad, they would preach that God will not or cannot overrule all evil for good—they would preach that the devil shall never be destroyed, but shall forever live and forever triumph over millions of God's creatures, and eternally deride and laugh at all that God, and Christ, and angels, can do to break his power or deliver man from his clutches—they would preach that all sinners shall not repent, nor become reconciled to the Father of spirits—that all shall not become pure, nor happy—that the Good Shepherd shall not find all his lost sheep—but that countless multitudes who were created in the image of God, and for whom the Savior shed his precious blood, and who are the objects of the love of God, and Christ, and angels and good men, shall be plunged into ceaseless despair and agony, there to blaspheme and writhe, world without end! Oh, horror of horrors! If Universalist ministers were to preach such doctrines, and were to make the righteous believe them, then would they become sad, sad indeed, if they possessed the least spark of love, and if their hearts were not harder than the nether mill-stone! Judge ye what kind of preachers make the hearts of the righteous sad!

But do Universalist preachers 'strengthen the hands of the wicked?' This inquiry can be answered by showing what they preach to the wicked, in regard to their wickedness. They preach that God will bring the sinner into judgment for every crime that he commits—that 'the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt'—that 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die'—that 'though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished'—that no man can possibly sin, without

receiving, either in this world or the next, all the punishment that his iniquity deserves, or God's justice demands! This is what they preach to the wicked; and I ask you candidly, if a wicked man hears this preaching and believes it, can it strengthen his hands? Your own good sense will tell you it cannot. But if they were to preach a different doctrine—if they were to leave a loop-hole through which the sinner constantly flatters himself he will avoid the penalty of his sins—if they were to preach a doctrine which teaches that a man may run riot in sin, and plunge into iniquity, and glut all his wicked passions, for three score years and ten, and then by repenting of his crimes, can escape all punishment here and hereafter—then they would indeed *strengthen the hands of the wicked!*—judge ye, then, what class of ministers strengthen the hands of the wicked! I trust I have dwelt sufficiently on this subject, to satisfy you, that to whomsoever this passage of Scripture does apply, it cannot be made justly applicable to the preachers of God's free and impartial grace. If Universalism strengthens the hands of the wicked, why is it that our prisons are not filled with Universalists?—why is it that in a late examination of Charlestown, Mass. State Prison, not one Universalist was found, while the great mass of the convicts are believers in endless woe! If the proclamation of doctrines of endless wrath and fury, is so salutary and restraining, how is it that at least nine tenths of all the most wicked wretches in christendom, are believers in those doctrines, and have never heard any different sentiment preached? I pray you sir, look around and let *facts* convince you, that you have been led by prejudice to attribute influences of a corrupt nature to the preaching of the gospel of impartial love, which it never does and never can produce!

In conclusion I would respectfully request that you would read this letter to the Free-will Baptist church of E——, as my reply to your epistle.

I remain yours in the love and charity of the gospel, —— ——.

LINES TO A PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

MAIDEN with the meek blue eye—
Hair of richest golden dye,
Lip of coral, snowy brow,
Beauty's charm is on thee now,—
Yet a nobler gift hast thou!
Genius rare, and lofty thought,
Tell thy mind is richly fraught
With aspirations strong and deep—
Yearnings that shall never sleep;
Breaking from th' immortal soul,
Onward they must ever roll,
Till in heaven thou dost find
All desires of the mind,
Shall be 'satisfied' above,
Dwelling with a God of love.

More than this thine eye doth tell,
And I read the tale too well
In thy sad and chastened brow—
In the sorrow that doth now
Steal the roses from thy cheek,
And the lily's reign bespeak—
In the sadness of thine eye,
And the rising of that sigh,
There are shadows o'er thee cast
By the memory of the past!
Maiden! hast thou not believed
Thou hast loved and been deceived.

East Randolph, Vt.

A BEACON-LIGHT.

BY DELTA.

THE quaint John Bunyan hath written what will cause thousands and tens of thousands, not unfrequently, to regard this life as a perilous and danger-encompassed *pilgrimage*. Though no equal genius has been employed in the representation of life under the allegory of a *voyage*, yet that is a similitude which as often as the above occurs to us. We think of ourselves in life as employed in making a voyage upon a dark and stormy sea, our bark beaten about by tempestuous winds, tossed upon tumultuous waves, and ever in danger of damage or shipwreck from rocks and shoals, and those eddying whirlpools and disastrous currents or trade winds of which a diseased public sentiment is the origin. Truly, and profitably too, may life be regarded as a dangerous and difficult voyage; for how often, alas! do we see shipwreck made of man's best treasures, best hopes, best blessings. These shipwrecks should not be without warning to us. Where others have foundered we should erect a Pharos, a beacon-light.

Of all the rocks which we have laid down in our chart, we guard particularly against one. Of all the beacon-lights which we have erected for guidance over this dark and stormy sea of life, there is one marked and prominent. The rock is that on which *a whole nation* foundered; the beacon-light burns brilliant where once, upon Mount Zion gleamed resplendently in the rays of the sun, the Jewish Temple of our God. The rock which shivered to pieces the nation of the Jews was Prejudice—obstinate adherence to traditionary dogmas. On that rock have we built our most brilliantly illuminated light-house. Of that rock would we call on all our friends—on all our race, to beware. Besides the Jews, that rock has shipwrecked and sunk its thousands.

The city of Jerusalem was laid in ruins—the guilty nation of the Jews was scattered abroad, and why? Because they obstinately persisted, in spite of the

clearest and strongest evidence, in adherence to priest-prescribed, popular, and traditionary opinions relating to their expected Messiah. They rejected, in consequence of this obstinate adherence, the clearest proofs of the Messiahship of the lowly Nazarene—even miraculous attestations of the divinity of his mission. The faithful and true Witness—the well-accredited Messenger of Heaven, they denounced as a blasphemer and impostor. For this, in conjunction with many previous departures from duty and abuse of privileges, were the seed of Abraham cast off, and visited with great tribulation, 'such as was not since the beginning of the world to that time, no, nor ever shall be.' And in the scriptural records of the facts connected with this case have we not a beacon-light, an admonition by God himself, to all succeeding generations, to guard, with utmost caution, against this rock on which his chosen people suffered shipwreck?

In the case of the Jews we see, in a strong light, the power of Prejudice, Pre-conception, Pre-judgment. We see in them a signal manifestation of the truth that a mental bias or prejudice is inaccessible to the strongest evidence, even the evidence of miracles—that where interest or pride of opinion or attachment to party are in the way, no evidence—not even that of a miracle,—can avail to banish cherished ideas, or withdraw the mind from its previous modes of thinking.

Let us then cherish openness to conviction—a Love of Truth, which is indeed that 'Spirit of Truth,' which Christ promised to send to his disciples as their 'Comforter'—as the best substitute for his personal presence and teaching among them. Love of Truth is the Love of God—to love and obey the Truth, are the only means by which we can elevate our thoughts of God, and so love Him more, or by which we can elevate our own nature, and so develope what is God-like in ourselves. Let the Beacon-light of the Jewish nation warn us to beware of Prejudice—and to cling, with full purpose of heart, to an unfailing devotion to Truth: and freedom, progress and heavenly peace shall be our portion and reward. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

THE FLEETNESS OF TIME.

BY MRS S. BROUGHTON

When we look abroad upon the darkly undulating wave of human life, we readily discover that change, blight and ruin mark our passage through this vale of sorrow and tears.

Life is a continued quarantine, where our frail barks are tossing about, vainly striving to enter the port of happiness, that we may escape the rough blasts of adversity that sweep wildly over the stormy billows. Time waits for no man. Whatever of good we purpose to perform, let us be diligent, remembering that the night cometh wherein no man can work. Can we in any way aid a fellow pilgrim; let us not postpone the work. Can our humble endeavors promote the great cause of religion and humanity? Let us not forego the present opportunity. Sleeping or waking, our days are on the wing. If we look upon the past, they seem but as a point; and change and desolation have marked their flight. New characters arise in every scene, new principles, and even a new creation insensibly arises from the ashes of the old. The great feature of human nature is rapidity of growth and declension. Ages are renewed, generation succeeds generation, but the fashion of this world passeth away. God only remains the same, unchangeable, immutable, and glorious. The torrent that bears us onward down the vale of Time, rushes to mingle with the waves of eternity's ocean, which through the countless lapse of ages has rolled around the pillars of his imperishable throne; where veiled with unapproachable grandeur, he sees from the dazzling clouds of his glory, the puny race of mortality, as they swiftly pass their onward way; cheating their pride, and insulting his majesty by the visionary hopes of sharing that attribute that belongs to him alone.

Change, change is written upon the very threshold of existence; and until we pass the hoary portals of Time, we shall in our own natures verify the definition of the word. I know there are some among our own order, who say that when the spirit passes the bonds of mortality, it shall at once be endowed with infinity of vision and knowledge, and can no more be susceptible of change. To me this is an unintelligible idea, for I cannot conceive how we can ever comprehend the Godhead. And for one I suppose there may be enough of the unexplored mysteries and glories of the boundless creation, to gratify even my unsatisfied mind, through cycles of eternal ages, while still I am at an immense distance from the fullness of knowledge which I may attain. It may be because science has barred her doors against me, that I esteem her pearls so highly; but it seems to me as if knowledge—that knowledge which shall compel the spirit to reverence and adore the inexhaustible fountain of Truth and love, must be the very foundation of all our bliss, in the glorious state we so fondly anticipate. Nor does it derogate from my anticipations of happiness, to suppose that I shall continue to learn from age to unending age, while still new glories of the Incomprehensible One are forever unfolding to my enraptured vision.

But I am digressing. My object in penning these feeble remarks, was to endeavor to impress upon our brethren and sisters, not to forget amid all the changing scenes that surround them, that God is unchangeable. That what he requires once, he never ceases to require of us; and that the service he requires of us, is for our best possible good, as well as his own

eternal glory. Now in all humility I would ask, (and I put the question to those whom God has endowed with abilities for obtaining wealth, and blessed the exercise of those abilities,) whether they do as faithful stewards use their energies for the advancement of the gospel kingdom; whose purifying influences alone can lead the human soul in that path, which shall shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. When the unseen angel shall hover around our pillow, what legacy would we wish to leave our children? Surely, the priceless pearl of a religious heart, as an amulet to guard and keep them, in every trial and temptation. Then let us be faithful, and according to our best ability help to establish and spread the glorious gospel that was proclaimed on the hills of Judea by him whose life was a tissue of goodness.

Malone, N. Y.

THE DYING STUDENT* TO HIS NURSE.

'Talk to me of heaven; tell me of Jesus.'

Oh! talk to me of heaven; of that blessed shore,
For which my spirit's pluming its swift flight;
The feverish dream of life will soon be o'er,
Shut out its pageants from my fading sight.

Tell me of heaven; earth cannot aid me now;
Vainly I've striven for its gilded crowns;
What now to me with death-damps on my brow,
Its smiling honors—or its chilling frowns.

Tell me of Jesus; him who knelt and prayed
In agony—the cup might pass away;
How shall man meet the contest undismayed,
When He the guiltless—struggled for delay!

Have *I* not struggled? mighty the conflict's been,
Between the spirit and this trembling clay;
Mournful and long has been the task to wean
All bright affections from the world away.

But I have conquered; comes it O God! from thee,
This soaring triumph o'er the dreaded grave?
It must be so; none else the soul could free
From the strong fear of death's o'ermastering wave.

Farewell, old Harvard! from thy ancient elms,
The summer leaves by Autumn winds are riven;
Revealing in their fall night's starry realms,
Those realms that breathe high hopes of bliss and heaven.

So from my spirit, while its leaves are shedding,
Look I thro' death and gloom on one bright star
Beaming from courts my feet will soon be treading,
Guiding me onwards to that land afar.

Oh! cease not yet; thy words are meek and mild,
Shrouding the future in no rayless gloom;
A fitting teacher of His truths who toiled,
To break the mists that gather round the tomb.

Still let thy voice of heavenly glories tell;
I've yielded up the palm—the Laurel wreath;
Let holier visions on my last hours swell,
God's name the last—that hallows parting breath.

Boston, Mass. C. W. H.

* A member of the Senior class of Harvard College.

THE GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

HOUR SEVENTH.

There, the fire burns brightly now, and its genial warmth, diffused through my chilly frame, has acted by a kind of sympathetic magnetism upon my brain and heart. How unfortunate, now that I am in a social mood, that no kind neighbor will 'just drop in' to chat an hour with me.

Rap! rap! rap! How like a fairy benison comes that welcome announcement of a visitor! Who, I wonder, can it be? Let us take a peep through the window before giving admittance. Ah! it is old Uncle Moses, the village sexton. I know him by his long white hair and low-crowned hat. It is too bad to keep the old man standing so long in the furious storm. I will hasten to admit him.

Take the arm-chair, Uncle Moses, and let me unlade your cloak of the snow that has gathered upon it like a drapery of ermine.

'Shake off the snow, you mean, girl, I suppose. Pray don't starch up your sentences, and embroider them over with so many figures and fine words. I am an old man, and love to hear things said in the old-fashioned, homespun way. Young ladies are getting to be sadly artificial, now-a-days.'

True, Uncle Moses; and I beg pardon for having offended your ears with 'fine words.' It is not a common fault of mine, I assure you. If any body talks simply, it is I. So allow me to draw my chair close to your side, and have a real gossip with you about things past, present and to come. First, then, is there any 'news' about the village:

'*News*; yes, that's it! You women are also wanting something new. Gossip is the food you live upon.'

Now don't be so hard upon us, Uncle Moses. You know there must be a little pepper in the dish of life, and I have had none in mine for a long while past. So do tell me directly, have there been no births, deaths or marriages within the last month?

'I used my spade yesterday.'

Oh, Uncle Moses! you make me shudder. Pray don't be so frightfully laconic. Tell me at once, who is dead.

'No one. I used it to break the ice from my door-step.'

How could you frighten me so for nothing. But as you seem determined to tell me nothing of recent oc-

currence, do satisfy my cravings for novelty with some fragments from your basket of memories. I am sure you must be rich in reminiscences.

'I am, I am, girl! An old grave-digger like me is always picking up some little incident to lay aside in his store-house of recollections. But they are all of them simple and trite—scarce worth repeating to one who is eager as you are for novelty. However, I will talk to you awhile about some of the tenants of *my* houses—those narrow houses with green, grassy roofs, and graven slate-stones for tiles. Do you remember a beautiful white rose-bush, the only one in the grave-yard, that hangs its blossoms over the wall, near the gate?'

Yes, I have often paused at that spot, and wondered whether it were a grave—for there is no monument or name to give token of any sleeper beneath.

'If you had searched more carefully, you would have found a small tablet which lies quite hidden by the grass. "Jeanette" was the name of the lovely girl whose grave is there, and it is the only epitaph left to memorialize her quiet history. I had not been many years a digger of graves, when there moved into the little mossy-roofed cottage by the church, a young Scotch gardener and his wife. One day as I stood by a half-made grave-pit, leaning wearedly upon my spade, a little fairy of a girl came tripping modestly to my side. I am a great lover of little children, and never repulse them when they come about me at my work. This little girl fastened herself to my heart at once. She told me her name. It was Jeanette. She was the daughter, the only child of the Scotch gardener.

'From this day forth she never saw me at my work, that she did not make herself my companion. How she would chase about among the old gray tombstones, plucking the yellow dandelions and the purple heal-all, and weaving them into garlands to hang upon the baby-headstones! One day she found a nest of young robins close under the shelter of a reclining grave-stone; and such delight as the sweet creature experienced in feeding and watching the little brood, was beautiful to behold. Till she was sixteen years old, this darling girl never long neglected her favorite haunt. She became to me the angel of the place, cheering me ever in my hard and gloomy toil, and bringing her own serene and cheerful piety to brighten the darker colors of my own.

'About this time she suddenly neglected me; and I used to see her walking in another and more retired retreat, accompanied by a young, dark eyed youth, to whom in the course of time she was solemnly plighted by the holiest of lovers' vows. The young fellow enlisted as a soldier, went to battle, and was killed before he had gained a single honor. Poor Jeanette! she returned now to her olden haunt, but with a face and step so changed, it used to sadden, more than in former times it had cheered me to see her approach. She never spoke of Harry; but she brought green and fragrant shrubs and planted them in the corner by the gate; and then she came to me with a sweet moonlight smile upon her lips; "Uncle Moses," she said, "I wish you to dig my grave just in the centre of those rose-bushes; and then, after you have covered me over, let the green grass grow upon the spot, and have nothing but a simple tablet bearing my name, laid there to designate my resting-place."

'Long be the time ere I am called to so mournful an office,' I replied, looking anxiously into the dear girl's eyes, which were unnaturally large and bright. She smiled again, and glided silently away. It was her last visit. When next she came, she was borne by the hands of eight weeping boys, and lowered into the grave which she had bade me dig among her rose-trees. That beautiful bush which now clambers over the wall, is the only one that has till this day survived; for it is now twenty years since they laid that little lamb in her quiet bed.'

Poor Jeanette! I shall visit that spot with a new interest in future. It is true, then, that woman does sometimes die of a broken heart.

'Indeed she does, often, often. If you doubt it, go with me some day among the tenements in yonder church-yard. I can point out to you more than a dozen mounds beneath which moulder away the fragments of broken hearts. Some have wasted beneath neglect; some have been corrupted and betrayed; others have been eaten away by sorrows that are without names; and not a few have died as Jeanette did, because the link of love was irremediably broken, to be re-united, only, in the world of enduring bliss.'

I doubt it not, Uncle Moses. Indeed, I presume I may follow their example.

'Not while that "lurking devil" in your eye (Uncle Moses reads the poets) so strongly belies the presumption. There are forty-nine wild spirits to be tamed in your heart before it will be in a breaking condition.'

Do you think so? So much the merrier my life will be, then—that is all. But why do you go so soon? You have not given me half your reminiscences yet.

'Wait till another time, child. My heart is too sad now, thinking of pretty Jeanette.'

TO THE MEMORY OF W. P.

I STAND beside the foaming shore,
Where once so oft in youth I stood,
I hear the restless waters roar,
The awful music of the flood;
Sad thoughts come o'er me—and I think
On by-past hours of mirth and glee,
When I have trod their mighty brink
With thee, departed friend! with thee.

And thou hast passed the peaceful shore
Beyond the reach of toil or pain,
And I, in sadness, must deplore,
That here we cannot meet again;
We parted, as friends ever part,
With kindly look and troubled eye,
Oh! who that knew thy gentle heart,
Could part from thee without a sigh!

But little deemed we then, that ere
My footstep there again should roam,
Thine should be hushed within the drear
And silent limits of the tomb!
That o'er thy dying pillow, far
By distant Afric's burning wave,
No friend should watch thy slumbers there,
Or weep above thy lonely grave.

Dim tears are in mine eyes—my heart
Is with thee on that lonely shore,
I watch thy flitting breath depart,
I feel thou art on earth no more;—
But shrined within my inmost soul,
Shall be 'mid thoughts most dear to me,
Till Life's dark billows cease to roll,
Sweet memories, lost friend! of thee.

S. A. N.

'MEMENTO MORI.'

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

I HAVE been walking through Chestnut Street, that scene of business and gaiety and fashion, where the Philadelphia lady goes to display her silks and satins; where the gentleman of *ton* shows his fine broadcloth and finer ruffles; where the merchant piles and unpiles the choicest goods, and sets a price upon them which even the wealthy are unwilling to pay; where through the wide windows, every article of dress and ornament, the rich fabrics, the glittering jewelry, the splendid china, the shining glass, the costly plate and glowing pictures, are all displayed to please the fancy and tempt the eye. There the tailor will cut your coat in the most approved fashion, there you may purchase shoes, and hats, and gloves, such as are patronised by the exclusives; and there art, and genius, and industry, bring the fruit of their labors, and wealth and luxury receive them and give the merited reward.

It was a fair and sunny day, such as calls forth the man of leisure, the lovely woman, the delicate girl, and the happy child; there were many such passing, with measured pace and languid air; and there were others also, who, on business thoughts intent, were hurrying to and fro along the pavement. But were all well dressed, and wealthy and gay? No, oh no! for there too, was the old man in tattered garments leaning upon his crutch; the woman wrinkled, and thin and pale, offering her little store of cakes to the passer by with a beseeching air; the poor sweep with his soiled blanket and sooty face; the weary news boy and the ragged, neglected child. I did not envy the fortunate who passed me in their pride; but I pitied the weary, the old, the forsaken and the poor. I thought there must be something in wealth to harden the heart, else would the rich man have taken him by the hand who asked for bread and led him to his fireside and his board; else would the fair girl, smiling in gems and satins, have guided the weeping child to a shelter, and clothed and fed it from her abundant store. I would ask for wealth only to be generous, only to have the means of doing good, but if the possession of much gold, brings with it much selfishness, I would say with the wise man, 'give me neither poverty nor riches,' let not my heart be insensible to the miseries of those around me, which I have the means, without the will, to relieve.

But where was all that throng of human beings hastening? They were coming and going, hither and thither; but however far their paths might diverge, the end of their journey would be the same; for the aged pilgrim, with tottering steps, the woman in her summer years, the purse proud man, the wandering child, and the lovely maiden, were all hastening to the same place, the grave.

There are many grave-yards in, and around this thickly peopled city, and all who now hurry over the pavements in the vigor of life, are few compared with the dead who have been buried out of their sight. How quiet the lost and mourned are slumbering, each in their narrow bed! they wake not from their rest at the dawn of morning, and the noonday sun dazzles not, nor unseals their eyes. The daily din does not disturb them; the thundering noise of the heavy wagon, the fireman's shout, the pealing bells, and the trampling of many feet, are all unheard by them; but the sound of the last trump shall awaken them, the voice of the Redeemer shall call them from their rest. How startling is the contrast between the life, the noise, the activity without, and the stillness, loneliness and peace within, the burial ground of a city! We pass from the thronged street, to the deserted grave; from the laugh, the jest and the shout, to the records of sorrow and the memorials of perishing mortality; from the paved way and the stately dwelling, to the green sod, the weeping willow and the mournful yew.

I would rather choose a cemetery without the city for my place of rest. Laurel Hill is a lovely spot. It was a fair, mild day in October that I first saw it, when the sky was soft and the air balmy as summer, and the mellow tint upon the foliage and the purple haze in the atmosphere, subdued the brightness without taking the beauty from any thing around. It is on such a day that I love to linger among the tombs; for a sweet sadness, a pleasant melancholy, fills and softens my heart. The frost had not stepped over the green turf to steal its freshness; only a few leaves

had fallen in the pathway; bright roses were blooming among the graves, and the soft sunlight shone over all like the smile of a mother watching her children as they sleep. A sparkling river rolled its silver waves along, and the eye followed their bright path between the green and sloping shores, till far away, river, and shore, and upland, were lost in the hazy distance. A dreamy quiet reigned all around, and with slow steps and subdued emotions we passed among the sculptured monuments, and over the hallowed ground. Affection has caused many a touching emblem, many a fond memento, to be carved in marble over the spot where she has buried her dead. A fair child was cut down like a rose in its morning beauty, and the fond parents placed its marble semblance to point out where its perishing frame was laid. O, beautiful is the sculptor's art which could mould from the inanimate stone such a form of innocent, infantine loveliness, that seems to need but the breath of life, to make it perfect, to warm it into a cherub! How soft seems the pillow on which the young head with its straying curls is reposing; how delicate the flower clasped in the little hand; and how heavenly the expression of the still face, the round cheek, sealed lids, and silent mouth; and when the setting sun seemed to light those features with a holy smile, I almost fancied that angel wings were folded beneath its form, which would soon unfurl and waft it to heaven.

There too, in that place of graves, is 'Old Mortality;' but he moves not about with his chisel and mallet to renew the epitaphs which the elements have defaced; he no longer relates to the curious tales of the olden time; of the wars of royalist and covenanter; of the loyalty of Lady Margaret, the fanaticism of Burley, and the cruelties of Claverhouse; but turned to stone, he seems still to be engaged in his favorite occupation of retracing the letters on the tombs of the Cameronians, while he moralizes over his task to the meditative man, who leans in listening attitude against a stone near by. There too, is the grave, sedate, and faithful animal, which bore Old Mortality about the country on his labors of love, and he looks as though he could tell a tale, or preach a homily as well as his master; for I never saw a horse who appeared more humble or more wise. It is worth a long pilgrimage to see that sculptured group; for the scene so beautifully described in the words of the novelist, is here as faithfully represented in stone, and the characters appear before us like some old familiar friends.

How beautifully the broken column, the wreathed urn, and the tall shaft of stainless marble, gleam out from among the dark green trees! Art and taste have united to adorn this favored spot, for it is here that the wealthy and the high-born are reposing. Hither comes the hearse, with nodding plumes, bearing the costly coffin which contains the lifeless form, followed by the long line of carriages with the numerous circle of mourning friends; here the flower is planted, and the tree cultivated, by the hand of affection, and fair blossoms and bright foliage make pleasant the resting place of the dead. But how many in this great city yield their breath in loneliness and despair; and are carried to a nameless grave, with none to care for, or weep over them; how many in their last suffering hours ask vainly for some kind and loving friend to receive the farewell words, to wipe the death damp from the brow, and pay the final tribute of respect to the cold remains from which the spirit has departed. There was one thus unfortunate, thus deserted, who lately left this suffering world, and some circumstances were told me, connected with his life and death, which seemed peculiarly affecting. It is a brief memorial of a stranger, and alas! it is no 'fancy sketch.'

Thirty two years of joy and sorrow had been numbered by him of whom I now write. Of his early life little is known, for he had been in the city but a short time, and his acquaintances were few; but he was a man of unblemished character and upright conduct, with pleasing manners and a sensitive and kindly heart. His profession was one which too often yields only a precarious support, and which is generally found united with warm affections and quick sensibilities. Alas! for the poor artist! who dwells among ideal shapes of beauty, while misery and want are entering his doors; whose mind is filled with glorious visions, while he lacks the necessaries to sustain his mortal frame; who goes on, dreaming bright dreams, toiling for excellence and sighing for fame, till disease palsies the hand, and suffering dims the vision, and the restless spirit wears out its tenement of clay. He seemed truly to be alone in the world, for he had no near tie of relationship either in this place or elsewhere; neither father or mother, brother or sister, wife or child. How sad to be thus deprived in early life of all our dearest friends; to be left to struggle and suffer in solitude; to know that there is not one heart near which beats in unison with our own; to see no loving eye light up with joy at our coming, and hear no gentle voice asking tenderly of our welfare!

The unfortunate man could not find employment sufficient to keep him above the reach of want; he was taken ill at his boarding house, and scant attentions were bestowed on one so destitute; for food was brought him as if he had been a prisoner, and left without one kind inquiry, one question of his wants, or one word of sympathy. He partially recovered, and a kind hearted man, who had become interested in his welfare, met him soon after on the deck of a steamboat, leaving the city in search of employment. It was a cold day, and he was thinly clad in a summer suit, while others were wrapped in their overcoats and cloaks. He had left his clothes where he

had been boarding, for he would not dress himself handsomely while indebted to any one, and it was in consequence of such exposure, while yet weak from recent illness, that he suffered much, and was hurried to the grave. The kind man, mentioned before, who seemed to be the only one that cared for the lonely artist, lost sight of him for awhile, till one day a messenger came, saying he was very ill and requested to see him. A pressure of business prevented his answering the call directly, and when at last he found time to seek the sick man, he learned with sorrow that he had that very day been removed to the Alms House, which was a long way out of the city, and again he was for awhile prevented from going to inquire of his welfare; but as soon as possible he went out to visit him. He inquired for him by name; at first they seemed to know of no such person; but finally they took him to the 'dead house,' and there, on a rude bench, was a coffin of rough boards marked 'no friends;' he opened it and recognized the ghastly features of the one sought. O, how he then sorrowed to think he had come *too late;* to think how one kind word, one pitying look, from him would have soothed the sufferer in his hours of agony, and yet he was not there. He had breathed his last breath away from all who knew him, among the cold-hearted and indifferent, the careless and unkind. The gifted artist, the man of warm sensibilities, and high aspirations, who had suffered much, and seen 'friend after friend depart,' was carried away with the destroyer's seal already stamped upon his brow, to die within the cheerless walls of an Alms House, among the outcasts of society, with none to smooth his pillow or compose his features for the grave. How the heart shudders to think of the untold, bitter agony, which must have been his portion in those last fearful days; for one wild and horrid fancy which had taken possession of his mind, and which he mentioned to a stranger, was, that the physicians were giving him medicine to hasten his death that they might the sooner obtain his body for dissection. Such was the end he anticipated; he thought no prayer would hallow his rest, that no mourner would weep over his grave. O, God! can such things be in a christian land? Must body and soul thus suffer, and the world look coldly on? Shall the upright honorable man of gentle calling, because he is pennyless, be thus cast out? Is there no remedy? Will none among us rise up and say that it ought not so to be? O, Charity, Pity, Love! ye angel sisters! will ye not come among us and take the hardness from our hearts?

'No friends.' Is there two other words in the whole scope of language of such melancholy import? Can anything convey a more mournful idea to the sensitive heart? I heard the story of the stranger's fate; I read those words upon his rude coffin, and my mind was impressed with a sense of the sufferings of humanity, and life's stern realities, such as I had never felt before.

He who had come too late to soothe the last hours of the dying man, was yet in season to save his body from the dissecting knife, and give it a decent burial. He told the circumstances to a friend of his own, who generously gave a spot of ground in one of the city's pleasant cemeteries to make a grave for the departed; he then came for his pastor to attend the funeral. I was one among the few who went as mourners for the stranger, and I trust my heart was made better by what I saw and felt that day. Some of us had never known him while living, but we wished to pay a tribute of respect to the dead. No plumes were on the hearse which bore him in his plain but decent coffin; no long list of relatives and friends swelled the procession; but kind hearts followed him to his rest; with a feeling address and fervent prayer he was consigned to earth, and all wept who stood around the grave. O, if he could but have known that he was not wholly abandoned and forgotten; that his fate would awaken so much kindly sympathy, and that so many pitying tears would be shed when the dust received him, how would his awful fancies have been banished, and his last hours made comparatively peaceful and happy. But this comfort was denied him; Heaven so ordered it; we may not question why. Such is the story, such was the fate, of an unfortunate, 'a forlorn and shipwrecked brother;' and again I say it is no 'fancy sketch;' for stern, and sad, and *true*, were all the circumstances here related concerning the death and burial of the stranger.

Philadelphia.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Gone! gone for ever—Like a rushing wave,
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

The gay Spring
With its young charms has gone—gone with its leaves—
Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds
Slumbering like seraphs in the air—its birds
Telling their loves in music—and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks,
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.
And Summer, with its dews and showers, has gone;
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud,
Like spirits of the storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers, and budding trees,
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain-tops, as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, too,
Has gone with all its deeper glories—gone
With its green hills, like altars of the world
Lifting their rich fruit-offerings to their God—

Its cold winds straying mid the forest aisles
To wake their thousand wind-harps—its serene
And holy sunsets hanging o'er the West,
Like banners from the battlements of heaven—
And its still evenings, when the moonlight sea
Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great Universe. Ay—these are now
But sounds and visions of the Past—their deep,
Wild beauty has departed from the earth,
And they are gathered to the embrace of Death,
Their solemn herald to Eternity.

Nor have they gone alone. High human hearts
Of Passion have gone with them. The fresh dust
Is chill on many a breast that burned erewhile
With fires that seemed immortal. Joys, that leaped
Like angels from the heart, and wandered free,
In Life's young morn, to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of Nature, and to list
The woven sounds of breeze, and bird, and stream
Upon the night-air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust. Exultant Hope,
That roved for ever on the buoyant winds,
Like the bright, starry bird of Paradise,
And chanted to the ever listening heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or soared into the opening sky, until
Night's burning gems seemed jewelled on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wing, and made her home
Within the voiceless sepulchre. And Love,
That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and gazed
On his heart's idol as on some sweet star,
Whose purity and distance make it dear;
And dreamed of ecstacies until his soul
Seemed but a lyre, that wakened in the glance
Of the beloved one—he too has gone
To his eternal resting-place. And where
Is stern Ambition—he who madly grasped
At Glory's fleeting phantom—he who sought
His fame upon the battle-field, and longed
To make his throne a pyramid of bones
Amid a sea of blood? He too has gone!
His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
Is nerveless on its clod—his very name
Is but a meteor of the night of years
Whose gleams flashed out a moment o'er the earth,
And faded into nothingness. The dream
Of high devotion—Beauty's bright array—
And Life's deep idol memories—all have passed
Like the cloud-shadows on a star-light stream,
Or strain of softest music when the winds
Are slumbering on the billow.

Yet why muse
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty—yet, why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedest to the past—in their bright round
The Seasons come and go—the same blue arch
That hath hung o'er us will hang o'er us yet—
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch,
Will blossom still at Twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of Day—and still
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old affections—Hope,
And Joy, and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen—and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.

Weep not that Time
Is passing on—it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air
When the fierce tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward with his night of clouds
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant FREEDOM—and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of her western home:
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood—
And 'FREEDOM!' 'FREEDOM!' is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The day-spring—see—'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign;
From tower to tower the signal fires flash free;
And the deep watchword, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing! Yon glorious bow
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence; and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of Glory and of Peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

[*Selected*.

PRAYERS AND EXHORTATIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

A HAPPY New Year, beloved readers, one and all! And *how* shall it be happy? What charm shall I call around you to ward off the accidents and privations of time? You who are poor and needy, whose earliest thought at morn is an anxious one for the daily bread that must be won by the sweat of the brow, shall I petition the God of Grace to send you luxury and wealth?

Behold the petition granted! No longer is there need for the instrument of toil; and the garments of labor that are marked by many a sturdy stroke, and

torn and worn by conflicts with the machinery of human industry, are banished from the home of luxury as unpleasant memorials of dark and troublous days. The sons are recalled from their manual crafts to play the gentleman in foppish attire; and the daughters retire from the wash-tub and the weaving-loom to drum upon the piano, and 'work little dogs upon crickets.' Rich carpets overspread your floors. Costly furniture surrounds and fills your apartments. Luxurious viands minister to your appetites. Is my wish granted, and are you happy?

No, *you are not.* I see it in the anxious and perplexed brow; in the fevered and sallow cheek; in the proud and disdainful eye. You are not happy, for wealth has brought with it a train of curses, unknown to those who are poor. Strife for public precedence, anxiety to maintain splendid appearances, continual thirst for admiration and display, and all the hollow pageantries of artificial life, have tortured your minds, and thronged your hearts with a host of evil spirits; while luxury and indolence have enervated your frames, and filled them with incurable disease. *You are not happy.*

Young student! Thou who art bending with feverish enthusiasm over the lettered page; whose days and nights are wedded to wearisome thought, and whose dreams are troubled with visions of future fame, what shall I wish for *thee* but the fulfilment of those dreams, that the measure of thy happiness may be complete?

Behold the petition granted. Thou art master of all eloquence. Thy name is shouted by thousands with acclamations of praise and admiration. There is none to rival thee. Old age and youth, and blushing beauty alike bestow their applause; and who shall say thou art not happy? And yet, *thou art not!* Something more thou cravest, which is not thine. *Love* — pure, unselfish, deeply devoted love; and health, and rest, and spiritual peace, which have been sacrificed on the altar of fame. Thou art not happy, and my prayer has been in vain.

Gentle maiden! I know by the deep thought in thy shrinking eye, by thy quiet and subdued manner, and low, half-plaintive voice, that there is a fountain in thy soul that is not filled. Every night thy pillow is wet with tears, and thou fallest to sleep with a gushing and sorrowful prayer upon thy lips that the God of mercies will bless thy devoted love.

Thy prayer and mine is answered, and thou art loved, even with the completeness that thy heart desired. Verily, thou *must be happy*. And yet, why comes that settled paleness to thy cheek, and why so often droop thy thoughtful eyes with tears? Thou seest too truly that thine idol is of perishable clay; that decay is stealing upon him with slow and stealthy, but irretraceable steps, and that soon—O sooner far than thou canst willingly resign, he will be called forever from thine earthly gaze. Good God! and so, even *thou* art not happy!

* * * * * *

A happy New Year, beloved readers, one and all!

And *how* shall it be happy? By *effort*—serene, earnest, and hopeful. We must labor for many things. First, to meet, unblenching, the inevitable destiny that awaits us, be it weal or wo, joy or sorrow, life or death. Second, to be good and useful to our fellow beings by every sacrifice that duty demands, and every work that ability permits.

We have much to do for religion. Let us be ready and earnest in the work. Stop not to gaze around and ask, is the harvest ripening to reward our toil? but work on with resolute hearts, trusting to God to tassel forth the grain, and streak the cheek of the fruit with crimson. We can speak, we can write, we can *act*. Life is a scene of *works*. Shall they speak for Christianity, or shall they blacken and defame its sacred name? Oh! be thoughtful of the interests of religion. It is the first, greatest, crowning duty of our lives. See to it that we falter not by the wayside, but press nobly on with the strength of God in our hearts, and ere we are aware, the garner will be filled to overflowing with all spiritual riches and delights.

Let us strive earnestly to be *charitable*. Not with that charity, alone, which feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; but with that long-suffering, never-failing, unwearying love, that is ready, ever, to pardon iniquity and assist the fallen; to excuse weakness and palliate faults; to be gentle, merciful, patient, and easily entreated; without partiality or hypocrisy; preferring another ever to itself, and finding sufficient reward in its own exercise. Oh God grant that we fail not in this great and holy work of self-reformation. God grant that we become more and more partakers of his holiness and love.

Let us be trustful, hopeful, confiding. If the hour of trial come; if want, disease and death beset our way; if we are forsaken of friends; if our fondest hopes are blighted; if every beautiful hue fade out from the sky of our future,—Oh let us still cling to that faith that will *never* forsake, or fail, or deceive us. Let us still trust in that celestial mercy that endureth forever.

How often we have murmured in the past, and been prone to forget the kindness and long-suffering of our heavenly Father. Shall it be so in the future? Are we to make no progress in spiritual strength and religious faith? Are we to pass on to the grave the same repining, unthankful creatures we have been through many by-gone years? Oh Father, help us, for we are, indeed, very weak and very weary. We have no hope nor strength save in Thee. Make us, then, more wholly, more sensibly thine, and we shall, indeed, *be happy*.

Time may come with its changes. It may steal away our youth and physical strength; impair our

intellects; dull our senses; rob us of friends, wealth, human affection; but Thou, O God, art Eternal. No time can change *Thee*. We never look to Thee in vain for either strength, or comfort, or love. *Thy* promises never fail. *Thy* goodness never wearies. *Thy* love never decays.

Beloved readers, a happy New Year to you all! Be active in the cause of religion; be charitable to your fellow-mortals; be full of hope and trust in the God of your salvation; and when the next New Year comes round, we will ask our hearts the simple question—Has the Old Year been *a happy one?* And God grant that from their secret depths shall go forth a joyful answer to bear witness to his eternal Truth.

THOUGHTS,

ON THE REMEMBRANCE OF MRS. BETSEY HADLEY.

BY MRS S. BROUGHTON.

It is the solemn midnight; and the stars
Gaze quietly upon the darken'd scene,
And glance along the undulating wave
With softly tremulous light. The fitful glow
Of their reflected beams, seems like the soft
And hallow'd light, by memory's veiled lamp,
Shed o'er the mystic tablet of the soul.
'Tis sweet to cast a retrospective glance
O'er the long vanished years, and fondly muse
Upon the treasured images that love
Has shrined within the garners of the heart.
O memory, sacred charmer! how our souls
Should bless the Giver of each perfect gift,
That thou art sent to cheer our pilgrimage
Along life's varied desert. When the bruis'd
And stricken heart, in every fibre bleeds,
And the lorn spirit wearily bows down,
Nor longer strives with sorrow's tyranny;
When the aspiring soul has sadly knelt,
And wept through the dark hours of agony,
'Till hope's receding star was lost in gloom;
How soothing then to bid thy magic wand
Call from the mystic chambers of the past
Visions of worth, and spirit-loveliness.
How would the soul grow weary on its way
Through this vain world, where sin and vice abound
To mar God's beauteous heritage; could we
Not rest our mental vision, and refresh
Our saddened spirits as we contemplate
In memory's faithful mirror, noble hearts
Where shone the glory of that spirit
Which God implanted in the human soul.
Alas! how few in this world's changing scenes
Can stand the trying ordeals, that test
The spirit's excellence. How very few
Maintain their native dignity of mind
Unsullied by the false world's flattering tones
That lure but to deceive. And when our hearts
Have almost worshipp'd at some earthly shrine
Where the undying seal of love and truth
Had stamped its holy impress; then how chill
And drearily the solemn sounding knell,
Has startled the sad spirit from its dreams
Of earthly happiness. But oh how sweet,
When we have seen the snowy folds enrobe
The form so much revered,—when the loved brow
Has turn'd to marble 'neath the blighting seal
Of death's chill signet, and the half clos'd eye
Mirrors no more the indwelling spirit; then
How sweet to know the lov'd one passed away,
Resting upon the arm of Him who gave
His life blood as the seal of changeless love.
How sweet to feel, that in those flowery meads
Those bright parterres, and ever smiling groves,
That wooed the parting spirit,* as it hung
Reluctant o'er the dark and shadowy waves,
Dreading the gloomy passage; we shall meet
In robes of stainless splendor, the pure soul
Whose lustre seemed an emanation bright
From him whose nature, and whose name is Love.

* During her last illness she often spoke of seeing the most beautiful meadows, the most splendid groves of trees, clothed in such richness of hue, that she could not express her admiration. Her last whispered words were 'those beautiful meadows, those tall and beautiful trees, how rich and green.' She died in the enjoyment of that faith, which alone can give full joy and consolation, proving that a virtuous life and the full belief in the gospel can divest death of its terrors, and gild with immortal splendor the gloomy pathway of the tomb.

Malone, N. Y.

WORDS, OR A GLIMPSE AT PUBLIC LIFE.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

'O many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.'

Words, what are they? Things of vast import, and yet how lightly are they spoken. We send them out into the world regardless of their errand, or careless of the effect they may produce upon our fellow men. Words are the messengers of Thought. Careless, light-winged messengers are they, they tell their errand and are gone. We send them forth, and they cannot be recalled; and like the arrow sent heedlessly from the bow, they oft-times find a mark we little meant. How needful then, that they should be fitly chosen, for vast is their power. The kind words of sympathy, may fall upon the bereaved and stricken heart like dew from Heaven. O give then unto the mourning, kind words of affection; do not wound by light and unthinking remarks, the heart that is already bleeding from affliction. Stir not up with bitter words of anger, the spirit that is worn out and tired in the stern conflict of life. Speak gently to him whose quick temper can brook no restraint, but O, above all, speak no careless and unthinking words, no words against the character, the fame, the moral

reputation of your fellow man. For O, if there is one habit or rather vice, which does more hurt in the world than any other, it is the vice of slander. This pouring out upon our brother, from whatever cause, the light, unthinking jest, the contemptuous sneer, the railing words, which of themselves may mean nothing, but yet, spoken in such a manner, in such a place, and to such a person, may mean so much, and may fall upon that brother's path like a deadly blight, and send misery to his heart, and discord and contention to his hearth-stone.

And if there is one vice in our land, if there is one blot upon the fair escutcheon of our country's honor, it is this vice of slander, this treating as though it were a thing of no worth, the honor, the reputation dearer than life of our public men. This raking up by one party, all the evil it knows, and much that it only conjectures of the other, and spreading it abroad, as though it were a meritorious action. And adding to known facts, such high and distorted coloring, as wholly to pervert the truth, and so, by destroying the character of our brother man, and trampling his honor to the dust, rise upon the ruins we have made, making them our own stepping stones to public favor. And for what? That we too in our turn, may have our own character as basely handled, our own motives as misjudged, and actions as widely perverted, as the poor fallen fellow being upon whose ruined honor we have risen. And all this results from the evil influence of too much party spirit, the crowding and fretting for public office, the upholding those whom we know have no principle nor honor, merely for the sake of party. Is it not a shameful blot upon American honor? But I may not pause to moralize, I have a short, a simple tale to tell, merely to illustrate my meaning; a tale of the present day, of real life, and wholly unvarnished.

There was not in the whole town of G——, a man of stricter integrity and honesty than Mr. Vinton. No stain rested upon his character, not even the slightest whisper of calumny or envy, had ever been breathed upon his name. All owned him strictly honest, of pure moral worth, steady habits, and an unblemished life. He had grown rich by untiring industry, not by fortunate speculations. Much of his worth and prosperity in life sprung from a silent, a hidden and unnoticed source—even from the encouraging, the gentle spirit, the ready hand and untiring affection, of an exemplary wife. She had made his home pleasant, so that he had had no inducement to seek for happiness elsewhere. She had toiled with her own hands to assist in supporting a rising family, and truly had the labors of husband and wife been blessed.

Mr. Vinton was now about forty years of age, his wife some years younger. There was a romantic tale connected with their marriage, but it concerns not my present narrative to relate it. But any one to look upon the broad open brow of Mrs. Vinton, into the clear, sparkling eyes, would say that in his younger days her husband must have been as proud of her beauty as he was now of her virtues. Their wedded life had passed in harmony, mutual forbearance had been exercised and Christian charity extended by each to the other. Yet life had not been to them all flowers. In the village grave-yard, side by side were two green graves, and a white stone marked the head of each, and there lay buried two buds, which had once graced, for a short, sweet period, the home and the hearts of the now bereaved parents. And so among other virtues, they had learned that of Christian resignation. But still there had been spared to them three children of rare beauty, who grew up around their hearth-stone; thankful for those who had been spared, the mother looked to heaven, and felt that it was well her infants were there, else the ties of earth might be too strong.

But I linger too long on this part of my story. We have said that all spoke and thought well of Mr. Vinton. He had been chosen to fill various offices in town, and they had been filled to the satisfaction of all parties, and none dared to say that he looked more to private than public interests. A year came when party spirit ran high, and nothing but elections and candidates were thought or spoken of. Each party called its members to the rescue, glorious victories were to be won, and the country saved from ruin. Neither party was spared by the other, but open slander and calumny stalked abroad; envy with his dark, frowning brow was busy, and private malice was often gratified under the mask of public spirit. There might have been a few who condemned those violent and unjust proceedings, and who would have done things 'decently and in order.' But those spirits were few, and their voices could not be heard amid party rage and tumult. And among these few stood Mr. Vinton. He had the fortune, we cannot say whether good or ill, of being held up as a candidate for the highest office, the very bone of contention between the parties. We may not pause to inform the reader of the details of the election. Suffice it to say that Mr. Vinton was elected and the dispute decided. But party feeling was not dead. Disappointed and embittered spirits were abroad, who paused at nothing to gratify their malice. The worst passions of men had been roused. There were some who had looked for public honors and emolument, who were now sadly disappointed. I speak not of either party. An unprincipled man will vent his indignation and malice, as quickly upon friend as foe; and there might have been some of Mr. Vinton's own party who were among these office seekers, and who under the mask of well meant friendship, with soft words and meaning looks, were endeavoring to sow the seeds of malice and ill will in the hearts of their townsmen.

The character and reputation of Mr. Vinton which had ever been fair and pure, his honor which had

never been doubted, were now handled, and in not the gentlest manner, by his townsmen. His motives were misjudged, his very words perverted, and every action of his life made a theme upon which every idle speculator might comment, and turn and twist to suit his own base purposes. And the man who had ever served aright his fellow men and his God,—upon whose past life rested no stain,—who had passed the fiery season of youth, and escaped its snares and pitfalls, who stood in the proud strength of his manhood, with pure intentions in his heart, and honesty and integrity written upon his broad, open brow, that brow which care and time were but just beginning to furrow, —whose step had never swerved in the path of duty, before whose strict worth and purity the unprincipled and base would cower as before a master spirit,—that that man should be held up now, in such a light, that the tongue of slander should be let loose to blast his spotless name, was a shame and a disgrace, a foul stain upon the name of party and freedom. It is dangerous to stand in high places, for the spirit of envy rises up and follows close on to public fame and honor; and ere the honeyed words of praise and flattery have died upon the ear, the voice of slander is heard, and its envenomed sting is felt in the heart which was but just beating with triumph. It is dangerous to be the idol of a people, for of all worshipers they are the most faithless. They raise up an image of their own, they bow down and worship it with their tongues, they look up to it as a god, but it is faithless worship, and ere the object of their idolatry has been well placed upon its lofty pedestal, rough hands have been raised to demolish it, and hoarse voices have shouted for its downfall and cried, 'We will not have this man to rule over us.' The voice of the people! The west wind is not softer nor more welcome to the heart, than its approbation,—nor is the thunder of Heaven's artillery louder, nor its lightnings more hot and blasting, than its slander and hatred and malice! Trust it not! It will turn like the viper, and sting the very bosom that has nourished its interests, and devoted a long life to its service. Trust it not. History will point you to the scaffold and the guillotine, where patriotism has been repaid by death. And though in our land no blood may flow, though the scaffold can have no terrors for the upright, honest man, yet let him beware! there is a snare around him, his path is beset by dangerous enemies, who aim at his dearest interest, even at his honor—dearer than life, his stainless name which he would guard as his heart's blood.

But to proceed with my narrative. One short winter of public service, a winter of toil and servitude, and the man of upright heart and honesty, had seen more of care and misery than ever before in his life of manual labor. It had preyed upon his constitution, it had marked deep furrows upon his open brow, drawn lines around his handsome mouth, and saddened and depressed his heart. He had been blamed as who that has served his country has not? and he was not a man to bear blame calmly. He had been misrepresented, accused of base motives, and his soul sickened and he turned from his country's halls with a sad heart. A cloud was on his brow, and the smile which had ever hovered around his mouth and illumined every feature, came now but seldom or with a pale and sickly light. Even his very home seemed less joyful than usual. His children seemed to look coldly on him, and the wife of his bosom to greet him less cordially. It was but because his own soul was ill at ease, that disappointment and discontent had invaded his heretofore peaceful heart. He was harassed and perplexed, and knew not on which side to turn. He mistrusted those who professed friendship, for some whom he had considered fast friends, had proved to be his worst enemies.

Mr. Vinton was a man of many virtues. He had learned many lessons,—honesty, integrity and moral purity, and by suffering he had been taught Christian resignation and patience. But he had yet one more lesson to learn, a lesson which would comprise every other virtue, and which experience alone could teach him—a lesson which needed much practice, and hard for him to learn. It was to stand forth in the strength of a good and honest man, to go right on in the path of duty unshrinkingly, to lend no ear to base slander, to let its light stories pass by him as the idle wind. There is to the man in public life, one straight and narrow path, to be trodden. It must be trodden firmly; there must be no indecision, no shrinking back from the future; the eye must see clearly and quickly, the mind decide promptly, but not rashly; yet he must walk carefully, as if surrounded by hidden snares, but seemingly fearless, as if fearing and thinking no danger. And the lesson is a lesson of firmness and forbearance, firmness in the right, and forbearance towards those in the wrong.

Mr. Vinton left the walks of public life, as many a good man had done before him, in disgust with the world's heartlessness. And the man who might have been an honor to his country, who would have served her to the best of his abilities, retired to the quiet of domestic life, when his term of office expired, with a determination never again to be held up as a mark for every idle speculator's jibes and jeers. It is hard for a good man to tread the walks of public life. Hard because he must heed more or less the vile slanders which ever are afloat. But for a bad man it may be comparatively easy, for the breath of his enemies will pass him unheeded, he will give back slander for slander, rebuke for rebuke, in high words he will not be outdone, falsehood will be met with falsehood, and vice does very often seem to be best foiled with its own weapons. And so he will pass on, and men will call him a smart man, an able speaker, and his party will hold him up higher than ever. But still

we trust there are good men in public life, men who have learned to walk that narrow path, and practice that difficult lesson; and whose worth will sometime be appreciated, and whose names will sometimes rise in all their freshness from the foul breath of slander, falsehood and envy, and before whom the fabricators of those falsehoods will flee as the beasts of prey flee from the glorious sunlight. But it will not be while party spirit runs so high, it will not be while men will listen and believe every idle tale, because they can turn it to their own advantage. But when the mist of excitement has blown over, when men can see something else in freedom, than the rule and dominion of their own party, then and not till then the time will come.

It is merely a sketch, gentle reader, that I have given, a sketch of one whom all would call a good man. I did not intend to awaken your sympathies, or call forth tender feelings; had I designed this, I should have clothed my narrative in glowing colors, and called imagination to my aid. I merely state the plain truth, as any one may see who looks abroad upon our land; how the vain and foolish words of the idle and the ignorant, have power to weaken the influence of the good, and how men will bow and cringe to the voice of the multitude, though it be but the voice of slander, envy and falsehood.

Somerville, Mass.

VIRTUOUS AND VICIOUS PROSPERITY.

'The Church of England Magazine' contains an excellently written essay entitled, 'The mysteriousness of some of the Divine Dispensations.' We give it, save a few subtractions, and ask for it an attentive perusal, knowing that the reader will have an abundant reward.

'That God is righteous in all his ways, and, however frequently mysterious, just in all his dealings towards the children of men, is a truth which is inseparable from our notions of a perfect being. The declaration of the prophet Jeremiah will readily be allowed—"Righteous art thou, O God." The indignant reply of the apostle will readily be adopted—"Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid." And yet, perhaps, there are few persons to whose mind the question has not suggested itself, wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper—wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously? We find Job, for instance, asking, "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? Their seed is established in their sight with them, and their offspring before their eyes. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them." While Asaph uttered the language of complaint—"I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men. Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment. Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency." And it was to correct this spirit of complaint—a spirit by no means unusual—that David gives the salutary advice—"Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity."

'This apparent injustice in the dispensations of a gracious Providence, however satisfactorily it may be reconciled to the mind of the true believer, has yet been employed by the enemies of the truth as an argument that the Supreme Being does not concern himself with the affairs of his creatures; that what are termed the leadings and purposes of his providence, are merely the results of chance; that it is absurd to suppose that God would act so unjustly as to permit his faithful servants to encounter a variety of hardships, not unfrequently to pass their lives in sickness and destitution, while those who have not his fear before their eyes—who despise and set at nought all his requirements, are in the enjoyment of the comforts and frequently of the luxuries of life.

'The design of this essay will be to "justify the ways of God to man;" to prove the injustice so much insisted on by the unbeliever, is only apparent, and that, in fact, God's dispensations are all regulated by the tenderest feelings for the welfare of his creatures. Nor is the establishment of these points a matter of little importance. There is in man an inclination to murmur against God; to call in question his goodness, his wisdom, his justice. Of this inclination the enemies of the truth have not been slow to take advantage. How needful is it, then, for each one of us to become fully convinced that whatever God does must be just as well as merciful; that, if there be any apparent inconsistency in the plans of his providence, it must be only apparent, and that in reality, all must be ordered by him for the best.

And first, it may be well to consider whether the way of the wicked may be said to prosper, or that they can be happy "who deal very treacherously." Prosperity and adversity are terms which convey very different notions to different minds. To the worldling they convey the notion of an abundance of earthly possessions, and the sensual gratification which this abundance places within man's reach. But, by the true believer, he only is regarded as prospering whose soul is advancing in grace and in knowledge, and in a participation of heaven's glories; and he only is esteemed happy who, being mercifully reconciled to his heavenly Father, is enjoying the privileges, and participating in the blessings, and animated by the hopes conferred upon the adopted children of God. The wicked may prosper in a worldly point of

view. Their riches may increase; their flocks and herds may multiply; their garners may be full and plenteous with all manner of store; and upon the change or in the market-place they may be regarded as persons of consequence and of property, and as exceedingly fortunate in all their speculations, and lucky in all their enterprises; and yet, meanwhile, they may be utterly destitute, and poor and wretched in God's sight; and they may be total strangers to that peace of conscience and serenity of mind without which happiness can never be found. It is of importance to feel assured, then, that outward prosperity, as it may exist with internal destitution, so it is not to be regarded as a mark of the divine favor, nor as an evidence of real happiness and substantial joy: and this conviction will enable us to perceive how untenable is their position, who, viewing man's estate simply with regard to his external circumstances, scruple not to affirm that there is injustice in the dispensation of the Almighty.

'But again it may be remarked, that this very prosperity which calls forth the envy and excites the astonishment of so many, who, discontented with their own condition, scruple not to sit in judgment on the Almighty's procedure in the government of the universe, may prove, and must prove, a curse rather than a blessing to its possessor, if not employed, as God would have it, in the furtherance of his glory and the promotion of the good of others. How frequently is the man of wealth an object of envy, even at the very moment he deserves to be an object of most intense commiseration; and such he ought to be when he squanders on the indulgence of his own selfishness (in pampering his appetites and gratifying his pride) those resources which are placed in his power for far higher, and nobler, and more important ends. It has been well said, indeed, that "the prosperity of fools shall destroy them;" and in how many instances has this been the case? How melancholy is it to observe the tendency of worldly riches to alienate the soul from God, to impede their possessor in the road that leads to Zion. Perhaps there is not an object on earth more painfully distressing, than of a man for whom God has done much, but who will do nothing for God; who has received many blessings from the hand of his Creator, and yet will not dispense with his own hand for the supply of his fellow-creatures' necessities. Surely such a one ought not to excite our envy: surely his wretched condition need not be the object of our desire. Over him we ought rather to weep, as we doubt not the angels of God are weeping, while we earnestly pray that he may yet feel the responsibility that there is laid upon him, to improve the talents committed to his care.

'The class of objectors alluded to, argue solely on the supposition that man's life is to consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth; that, where there is an abundance of earthly goods, there must be happiness; that where there is a want of these, there must be misery. Here lies the fallacy of their arguments. It were vain to assert that a certain competence is not necessary for the enjoyment of life, that health and strength are not blessings, that poverty and disease are not truly hardships; still must it be acknowledged that, even under external circumstances apparently the most adverse, true happiness is to be found; and this will be the case when the heart is surrendered to God; when a living faith in the Savior enables us to overcome not merely the follies, but the miseries of the world; and when the hopes are substantially fixed on that better and never-ending inheritance which is laid up in store for all. But who is it that can appreciate this happiness? Certainly not those who seek to arraign the divine wisdom and justice. Who is it that can tell of the unspeakable comfort which arises from a sense of the pardoning mercy of God in Christ Jesus? And who would not exchange this comfort for all the treasures of earth? Certainly not those who are envious at the supposed prosperity of the wicked. It is the true believer who is qualified to judge of the attributes of God. It is he alone who can form a correct estimate of the character of Jehovah; who can bear his testimony to the infinite mercy of that Jehovah towards himself; and who, enlightened by the Eternal Spirit, the fountain of light, can discover the admirable adaptation of all Jehovah's dealings for the promotion of the everlasting welfare of his creatures.

'Enough has been said, I trust, to show how vain and futile is the argument by which the unbeliever, on the score of injustice in the divine dispensations, endeavors not only to throw discredit on that sacred volume which proclaims the tender care which God exercises over his creatures, but even to root out all notion of a particular and superintending Providence. It is quite a mistake, then, to suppose that it is unnecessary to enter upon such topics as that under consideration, when it is more than probable that to the minds of some, the notion of injustice on the part of Jehovah may have presented itself, and they may have been thence led to entertain unworthy views of his character, which lie at the root of all practical atheism. They may be led to adopt the paralyzing notions of those who exclaimed—"It is in vain to serve God; and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinances?"

'Is any reader inclined to cavil at the justice of the Divine Being, from this apparent inconsistency in the mode in which he bestows his temporal benefits? Let him seriously consider what has been now advanced: let him be assured that not only has the Lord Jehovah a right to do whatever pleaseth him in heaven and earth, in the sea and all deep places, but that he ever exercises that right with consummate wisdom, infinite justice, boundless mercy. For listen to his own gracious declaration: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom; neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his

riches: but let him that glorieth, glory in this—that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." Let him endeavor to realize the humiliating fact that it is his own blindness and ignorance which cause him to err when considering the divine procedure, and that the day will unquestionably arrive when every difficulty will be solved—when the Lord God Almighty will not only be admitted to have been great and marvellous in his works, but in his ways just and true.'

THE SEASONS OF THE HEART.

'My heart has passed through its budding and its prime. It is now in "the sere and yellow leaf." Yet all of its glory has not yet departed. Many Indian summer days still visit it; and when these are passed away, then will come the *immortal* spring time!' *Letter.*

The *Spring* of the heart! 'Twas in that young hour
When its dearest treasure was some pale flower;
When it gathered its dreams from the dim, wild dell,
And wove them in wreaths by the moss-grown well;
When Life lay spread like a fairy book
In whose spell-fraught pages I dared not look,
Yet fancied each tale was of love and truth,
Like the chronicles kept in my artless youth.

Then the *Summer* came. 'Twas when *thou* wert near;
Thou, whom it ever hath held *too* dear!
When the birds flocked gaily around Life's tree,
And each sang sweetly of Love and *thee*.
Oh that was the Summer—the heart's sweet prime,
When Hope played music, and Love kept time!
When its waters sparkled, and bright trees shook
Their blossoms down o'er its half-read book.

'Tis the *Autumn* now! the *perishing* time;
When its streams run deep, with a saddened chime;
No flowers are found on its sere, brown knoll,
For the frost hath entered and chilled my soul.
Yet something of solemn magnificence broods
O'er the heart's wild desert of rocks and woods;
And the rook that haunts it with mournful cries,
Still builds its nest where the sunshine lies.

Will the *Winter* come, with its clouds of snow,
And bury the soul in still deeper wo?
Shall the raven that feeds upon *Death* be there—
The black-winged croaker they name Despair?
Oh never! The clime of the heart shall know
No dreary season of clouds and snow;
For its Autumn sadness shall melt away
In the beauty and bloom of an *endless May!* S. C. E.

No Use. There is no use of meddling with others' affairs—no use in wishing that a poor person may be better off—but there *is* some use in looking after self, and use in *relieving* the needy. PR.

WISDOM BETTER THAN WAR.

BY HENRY BACON.

[We make up our work for general interest, and always design so to do, but for once we insert an article for our own gratification, that the *hearing of the ear* may be, perhaps, to some, corrected by the *seeing of the eye*. This discourse was delivered May 15, 1842.]

'*Wisdom is better than weapons of War.*' Eccl. ix. 18,

The pulpit would be false to its trust were it not to have a solemn and earnest voice for these perilous times; and it would be as false to its trust were that voice to be a partizan one. I call the times perilous, and they are so—look from whatever point of view we may on the political aspect of the community, remembering the lessons of history. Much that is and should be dear to the patriot and the christian is periled; and no man, to whom peace, order, and progress, are dear, can be without anxiety. The pulpit should speak to utter the monitions of religion—to call men to a consideration of their common responsibilities, and to bid them amid political strife to remember and obey christian principle. If it were not so, the christian ministry would not be adapted to man as he is—to all his relations in life—to all times and circumstances—to follow him wherever he goes, and be with him wherever he tarries. And is there not as much need of religion speaking with power in the soul when man is surrounded with political excitement, and loud voices are pouring into his ears the arguments for various positions, as under any other circumstances? I cannot but think so; and if so, the pulpit must speak—it must use the sacredness of the Sabbath and the sanctities of the temple to impress the mind and calm the passions, that rationally and soberly, and with manly patience, all parties may approach a consideration of those higher duties which govern and mould all others. For what is the object of our gathering here? It is not simply to make a public manifestation of our respect for religious institutions, or to offer public homage to Almighty God. We come to correct, improve and strengthen our principles and feelings—to question the character of our six days course—to implore grace to assist us in holding to the convictions of our sober hours amid the heat and controversy of other gatherings—and to deepen in our hearts the truth that wisdom *is* better than weapons of war. We cannot forget the state of the community—we cannot keep down the questionings of our hearts, and we should—we must confess that we need a Higher than ourselves to guide us. We are not here to overlook the world and think only of heaven; but rather to think of heaven that we may better—more justly and prudently look upon the world, see the position to be taken and maintain it—come weal, come wo.

I have said the pulpit must not have a partizan

voice, and it must not. We can choose to our liking, and have to our heart's content, party utterances without entering the sanctuary. Here ye have gathered from all parties, with all the variety and shades of opinions, and for me to use the hour to party purposes, were to outrage the unity of mind that placed me here. No, my brethren, we are to day to recognize but one party—the Christian; and as here we are removed from all disturbing influences, it becomes us, as responsible beings, to consider well the character of our passions, to scrutinize our motives, to temper our zeal, and to clothe ourselves with patience and hope, that we may act as those fully convinced that wisdom *is* better than weapons of war.

Some may, perhaps, be ready to ask, is there really a necessity to ponder on that truth? I answer, there is—that it may be felt to be a truth. There would be a necessity for discussing this axiom were our domestic disturbances all quieted, for the time has not yet come when men study war no more. The histories of martial achievements and stories of battle fields are still too much delighted in, and the show and pageantry of war have yet too much attraction. The roll of the drum, the floating of banners, the glitter of burnished arms, the gorgeous dress, and the martial array, still combine to exert a powerful magic. Take these away, and the pride of the eye has no food. Let man be met as he is met in social and busy life, and war would not be dreamed of; but dress men up in the usual fantastic uniforms, and a veil is drawn over what revealed a friend or fellow citizen, and the soldier seems to belong to a different race than the man. I never felt this difference so deeply till I beheld the late chief magistrate of Massachusetts on the day of great parade, move on clad in his usual dress of simple black, surrounded by his guards. All looked strange but him—the man was not hid beneath feathers, lace and embroidery, and in his plain costume he looked the governor of a republican people. And as all eyes were attracted by the contrast, and many comments with one spirit were made, I could not but feel that wisdom *is* better than weapons of war. Wisdom in its own dignity and unadorned majesty, appeals to better feelings and fixes deeper convictions in the soul, than all the array that can be made by weapons of war. Wisdom calls into exercise the reflective faculties, inclines men to labor to compass right ends by right means, and wait patiently for the issues of the operation of truth, while weapons of war—the exhibitions of force or compulsion, drive them to their own armories, to take up corresponding weapons.

Wisdom is better than weapons of war, because wisdom will supersede the necessity of weapons of war. If this be not true, why was the proclamation of christianity one of peace and good will among men? And what is the meaning of those eloquent prophecies that seem to point forward to a golden age of peace when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and they shall study war no more? There is a divine meaning in these prophecies, and that meaning is being clearer and clearer developed. Men are beginning to discern that one conquest over mind, is worth a thousand over the mere outward man; and that it is one thing to put the foot on the neck, and quite another to subjugate the heart. The genius of our philanthropic institutions is decidedly for peace, as it speaks for the worth of man and pleads the cause of human sympathies. And wisdom, breathing in every power that is active for progress, for the advance of true civilization, offers demonstrations of the intimate union which exists between peace and every promise of permanent good.

Wisdom is better than weapons of war, because it has the work of preserving and strengthening a just position when obtained. When men yield to the temptation to use force in domestic political matters, they cannot keep from the excitement that disturbs the power of forecast, and they deal too much with the present, to the neglect of the future. They consider too little the difficulties which will press upon them; and in striving to withhold, or aiming too speedily to grasp, the effects of the strife linger as wounds upon the body politic, preventing its healthy and most powerful action, and transmitting the evil to other generations. There is a beauty and a glory in the calm reliance upon the right—in a patient waiting for results from the clear utterance of opinion, and a firm belief in the accumulation of moral power with the evolving of circumstances, which never was and never can be gained by weapons of war. Why should we seek to fence round the Truth with glistening bayonets? Why offend the genius of Republicanism with the show of royalty? Why put on a look of defiance when we believe we have right principles within that alway impart a majesty more commanding than any frown or aspect of sternness? Wisdom *is* better than weapons of war; and what is gained by wisdom, can be, in due time with patient energy, brought out with overwhelming power. God is with Wisdom.

Our difficulties are not with a foreign power, and we should hear as spoken to us the exhortation—'Let there be no strife between ye, for ye are brethren.' Forget not this great truth in the tempting hour—in the season of excitement—in the time when a practical trial shall be made of how much we trust to the law of force, and whether we do indeed believe that wisdom is better than weapons of war.

And do we not all need to listen to wisdom's voice as she teaches the true idea of Liberty—the increase of responsibilities with the enlargement of the freedom of government? We think too seldom of this—we talk so much of the sovereignty of the people that we forget that really the law of Justice and Rectitude

is sovereign. There is a higher than the people—there is something better than any freedom ever yet wrought out, and still to the future must we look for the true realization of a free government. We hold up the great declaration of our fathers and declare ourselves free and independent; but are we really so? have we the true attributes of the freeman? is freedom with us a feeling, or a solemn trust? When freedom is made the burden of the orator's declamation, it is spoken of as a blessing and a great blessing, and it is so. Its cause is justly described as the cause of human right, virtue, and progress; and high wrought pictures and glowing descriptions are given whereby the shout is made to rise higher and higher that freedom is the greatest good! that we are a free people! But is the solemn moral brought out with the same eloquence and felt with the same power? Would to God that it were! for then a greater degree of soberness and rational prudence would pervade the doings of the political world, and men in power, and men aiming to be in power, would act in view of lofty responsibilities. Then would our halls of national legislation be free from those disgraceful scenes which clearly exhibit the dogmatism and the blustering folly of the independence of self-will. Then would a more manly and courteous tone be assumed in political discussions everywhere, for the freedom of others would be as much respected as the freedom of self. And then no longer would the stranger to our shores have the means of inferring from our journals, that the leaders in all the various political parties are men of worthless characters and utterly devoid of principles of honor and integrity, as they are now set forth by their antagonists.

And what is the solemn moral of freedom? It is that liberty is a trust, to be used as all precious gifts from God are to be used—prudently, not as disuniting us from any allegiance to the right—to duty. It absolutely takes from us many apologies for wrong doing which might have been put forth before our freedom was bestowed; and the wider the range given for action, the greater is the danger, and the greater is the necessity for prudence and caution—as on the part of him who goes out from a narrow strait into the open ocean. As the mariner moves out into the wide waters, he has indeed more freedom, and it is well—but it is a freedom which demands the exercise of the most cautious prudence, a frequent consultation of the chart, and a perpetual reference to the course desired to be pursued. He is free to sail, but he is bound to duty, and can alter no law which rules wind, current or tide; and truly does he realize that wisdom *is* better than weapons of war—for weapons of war can, at most, befriend him against but one kind of danger, while wisdom can aid him against many forms of evil.

Indeed, I think all must allow that we dwell altogether too exclusively on the blessings of Freedom, and too little on its Dangers and Duties. I do not say this to imply that freedom is not the great good it is described to be, nor that it is possible to exceed the reality in the grandeur of description. No; for there is not a chord of feeling that does not respond with quivering music of joy to the shout, *We are free!* As the pealing chorus rises, we know an elevation of feeling that pervades our whole being and makes us realize our consequence in the scale of existences. The winds as they blow, the waves as they roll, and the birds as they fearless cut through the blue air, are types of our liberty, and we exult to speak of them as such. While we do thus speak of them, the eye kindles, the countenance is more and more illuminated, and the voice increases in enthusiasm. We are all orators then, and the 'flow of soul' in the current of words is deep, strong, and continued. And all this is well, if beneath all is a right consciousness of responsibility to ordained and perfect laws. It is only in obedience to similar imperative and unvarying laws that the types referred to are such—that the winds blow, the waves roll, and the bird wings his high and venturesome flight. This we should take into our analogy, that our favorites may teach us lessons of obedience, as well as awaken exulting feeling—lessons that would moderate this feeling and direct it to good purposes, that whereas it before would incline the hand to grasp weapons of war, it now, sobered and made rational, inclines the heart to inquire after and exercise wisdom as better.

And do not the checks and balances of government—and does not the complicated machinery of the conventionalities of state, continually speak to us of the dangers of freedom? Where is the public man more strictly regarded as accountable than in our country? where is he brought before more judgment seats, and where is there a severer scrutiny examining his conduct? In our estimate of our freedom we regard every man as capable, or at least permitted, to judge of those in power, and we delight to speak of them as 'the servants of the people.' They are instructed how to act, and directly or indirectly limits are set to the exercise of the right of opinion in legislative debates. If they rise above the sphere assigned and burst any one of the gilded bands, then have we the burning censure that almost sears the soul, while through the land sounds the voice of condemnation. Here and there may be a more generous spirit maintaining a broader idea of freedom, but it is as a voice from the shore drowned amid the tumult of tempestuous waves.

It is not my object to question the correctness or justice of all this—I only refer to the *fact* because of what it teaches. And does it not teach that there lies at the base of our ideas of freedom a feeling or sentiment of responsibility? That feeling or sentiment is right, for under no government is individual responsibility so clearly defined, as under the free or republican. Here the right of every man to speak is

recognized, and the worth of every man is acknowledged. Here individual virtue and intelligence are confessed to be the sources of national strength and glory; for without virtue and intelligence a despotic government may stand, but a republic must perish—the unalterable records of history declare it. Weapons of war may work out monuments of grandeur for a monarchy, but wisdom alone can glorify a republic. Faith in the great ends desired, energy to work with the appointed means, and patience to wait the due time for results—these are the elements of true patriotism, and their power in the soul forms a beautiful and normal character. It is these that continually say to the freeman that liberty, as saith a certain writer, 'imperatively calls upon us to be thoughtful and serious and wise; that its very greatness should fill us with caution and self-distrust; that its very glory, like that of reason and a moral nature, may be turned only to more exceeding shame and ruin.' Let him who strives for more freedom, resolve to use that freedom when obtained to work out loftier virtues—to give nobler expansion to all the attributes of the true man, and live more faithful to the great interests of the state, the country, and the world. A greater work is ours than was ever given to any people. From the past ages of blood and strife—of noble struggling and devoted heroism, come voices bidding us be true to the great duties, which if well performed, will give to the world, what ages have desired to see, the beauty and glory of republican freedom perfected. When that shall be, the last groan of despotism will soon be uttered, the last link of tyranny's chain will be broken, the last pillar of the thrones of monarchies will fall, and the music of our sphere, as the earth rolls round, will be an everlasting hymn of praise to the God of Liberty! O let us bow down and own with devoutest reverence that wisdom *is* better than weapons of war!

What is the history of war, in comparison with that of literature, science and art? How different the pictures that rise before our vision! On the one hand, we behold misery, crime, and desolation! we see how true to its purpose war has been as the art of destruction, and where the shout of conquerors rose, now abide abject want and pining misery. Europe has trusted to weapons of war, and the bloody pages of her history tell the result. England has boasted of the glory of her arms upon the land and her thunder on the sea, and what is she now? Is she an object of envy? Hear the groans of her suffering millions, and the cries of vengeance that ring far and wide. Yea, from her own midst there comes a voice that tells her—

'There's blood upon thy jewelled sword,
And shame upon thy crown;
Pollution marks thy belted lord,
And sin thy churchman's gown;
And from the islands of the sea,
The groan of millions curses thee.

Thy masses in their hovels pine,
Or curse thee, while they toil;
Thy nobles, of illustrious line,
Like vampyres suck thy soil;
And now, proud "mistress of the sea,"
The meanest wretch gives food to thee!'

But turn from the dark and blood stained picture—from the outward wretchedness and inward desolation of the progress of War, and behold the blessings of Wisdom, as she has wrought through literature, philosophy, art and science! Is she not a divine artist—are not her pictures beautiful! She is the patron of every industrial vocation of productive labor; she smiles on the inventive arts that increase the comforts and conveniences of life, while they lessen the drudgery of labor; she goes with the artizan to the work-shop or the manufactory, and the laborer to the field, and the mariner on the sea, and assures them all of the security of the rewards of industry; she encourages the erection of the hall of science, the retreat of philosophy, and the schools of learning; she teaches respect for the means of knowledge, for the instructors of mind and the educators of the heart; she guards the altars of religion from profanation, and leads the people to them; there she draws out the deep and strong affections of the soul, and makes men feel the highest purposes of their being; there she reveals the beauty of virtue, the glory of holiness, the loveliness of Jesus, and the grandeur of God; there she trains willing subjects for active and unswerving devotion to the immortal principles of goodness, and unveils the blessedness of the invisible that they may nobly endure the evils of the present and labor for humanity with the spirit of Christ. How peaceful is her mission! How charming is her aspect! She is the high priestess of the good, the beautiful, and the true. The angels of God bless her, and from the throne of eternal Majesty comes the perfect benediction. Let us serve her.

And how shall we serve her? We can serve her by tearing away the tinsel coverings of the hideousness of War, and by solemnly rebuking the spirit that jestingly treats of the probabilities of warlike movements at home or with enemies abroad. We can serve her by strengthening pacific principles in our own hearts, and exerting the influence of a correct example in calming turbulent feelings and passions. We can serve her by preparing ourselves for all times of excitement, that whatever may be our station or circumstances, we may not fan the flame that may destroy many of the golden bands of social harmony and lay waste the hopes of the christian philanthropist. We can serve her by patient study into human rights, by examining the true position which man should maintain towards man, and by the advocacy of broad and generous views of freedom, without par-

ticipating in denunciatory declamations on the one hand or the other—which denunciations do nothing towards union and peace, but kindle strife and prevent the best action of the mind to think, reason, decide, and rationally act. Wisdom *is* better than weapons of war—than any show or exhibitions of force. May God give us 'the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.'

[NOTE. I have just met with the following eloquent passage—its author I know not—but add it for its truth and beauty.]

'More heroes have been crowned with laurel than authors; but have they won more victories? Do they achieve as much? Your great captain may overrun a continent, and the nameless adventurer, Mohammed or Bonaparte, may become a despotic king over kings. Your world-renowned man-killer may acquire sovereignty; gold and a gory glory may be his. He reigns, at best, over so many millions of human bodies susceptible of pain and fear. But the author too governs, though less externally; he rules men's minds. All potent in his proper sphere, he may be equally a conqueror therein. To conquer, to reign, are to achieve and hold dominion. Hence, rightly speaking, he conquers whom he convinces. If I overturn one common error, put in its place and propagate as an active principle, one new truth, I achieve a greater victory over mankind, than he who wades through seas of slaughter to a throne; inasmuch as mine is bloodless and perpetual; it is not of an age, but for all time. Alexander and Napoleon won and lost empires, and in one score of years thereafter, was left no sign of them but some ruins and a name; while Aristotle and Bacon, Christ and Luther, have conquered and still conquer, not in this country or in that; but Christendom. The founder of a system is greater than the founder of a kingdom, as the perdurable pyramid is more stable than the perishable pillar. A kingdom established is less than a truth, by as much as the temporal is less than the eternal. For this kingdom of the Saxons' to-day is the Normans' to-morrow—is now Harold's, now William's. But the author's conquests are enduring. Heaven and earth shall pass away; but not one word shall pass away. The power of the sword perishes with the arm that wields it; but a good book lives and works forever. Well said the poet who felt its truth:

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

So it is, and so it has been always. But if there is truth in prophecy, or insight in man, a brighter and milder day is yet to dawn upon us. Letters shall some time civilize all men, whom wars shall cease to consume. The schoolmaster shall go abroad among the nations, bearing in his hand the Book of Peace, fulfilling the high destiny which is foretold of the human race; a destiny as certain as that Christ shall ultimately reign, and put all enemies under his feet; the swords shall be turned into ploughshares, and the spears into reaping hooks, ere Time shall close his record, and the heavens pass away as a scroll.'

THE WARRIOR'S DEATH.

BY IONE.

IT is related by Mr. Bancroft, the Historian of the United States, (and to what better authority can we refer) that, during the battle of Bunker Hill, the regiment to which Major Pitcairn and his son belonged, was crossing Charlestown Neck, when a shot deprived Major P. of life. His son sprang to his side exclaiming, 'I have lost a father!' and as the news spread through the ranks the soldiers took up the cry and repeated 'we too have lost a father!' What a touching and comprehensive eulogy! Before relating the story Mr. B. remarked, 'let us do justice even to our enemies, or, I should rather say, let us do justice to our enemies before all others!' A truly noble and christian sentiment.

From the broad battle plain
Went up a fearful cry!
A leader of that martial train
Had lain him down to die!

Not from that veteran's lip
Escaped a word of fear!
He quailed not death's dark stream to sip,
Nor shunned a soldier's bier!

A brave young warrior came,
And raised that lifeless form.
He saw that death had quenched the flame,
And bowed beneath the storm!

But one low mournful wail
Hung on the morning air!
'I've lost a father!' hearts might quail
To see such anguish there!

As drew each soldier near
The hero's grassy bed,
'We too have lost a father here,'
In broken words they said!

Up from the blood-stained sod,
Glanced many a tear-dimmed eye,
As if to mark the path he trod
To worlds beyond the sky!

A fearful price to thee
Unhallowed war we pay!
God give us grace the curse to flee
While time shall roll away!

Boston, Mass.

GILDED butterflies of mortality! how soon ye decay. Thy memory is put out like a lamp. PR.

'A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.'

BY MRS. S. R. MORRIS.

Among the many sayings of him who from ancient time has been proverbial for wisdom, is one to which we give our hearty assent; 'There is a time for all things.' There *is* a time for Youth. How bright and sunny its visions,—how rich and varied its hopes, how pure and joyous its pleasures,—how strong and ardent its desires, how fond and glowing its expectations,—how blest its loving and guileless spirit. The earth is clad in richer verdure, the sun imparts a more brilliant light, the rays of the night queen are sweeter and more silvery than can ever be given to maturer years. There is a charm thrown round youthful scenes, which succeeding years can never obliterate, or corroding cares destroy or efface.

There are hallowed remembrances, gladsome thoughts, and golden dreams, almost bursting the fount of feeling, which can never die; they were born in heaven, and must live and expand, and flourish there. The days of my early youth, how fresh to my vision, ere yet the glad fount of mirth had been broken, or the contents of sorrow's cup been tasted. The cottage by the wayside, the garden and surrounding grounds, within whose enclosure was a beautiful reservoir, on whose sloping and grassy bank I have spent many happy hours, catching the shining fishes that played in its pure and limpid waters. On either side was a broad and pleasant pathway, shaded alternately with the majestic oak, and the stately elm. At one extremity, standing on their everlasting bases, apparently unchanged by time, and as yet spared by a more ruthless hand, towered a ledge of granite. A little murmuring rill, which had wound its way quietly along for many miles through woodland and meadow, scarcely disturbed by the tiniest pebble, rushed down this rocky precipice as with youthful ardor and impetuosity, paying to the little pond its never failing tribute of bright and sparkling waters. From the fissures in the rock, where deposited by the passing winds was a scanty supply of earth, sprang up the wild rose and columbine, which I have oft-times climbed to procure for a little brother now in heaven, while his tiny fingers almost convulsed with impatience to grasp the 'beau'ful poseys.' To me how numerous are heaven's attractions. Four little beings whom I watched over with a sister's affection and almost with a mother's care, with seraph harps are mingling their praises with the redeemed on high! Three darling babes cherished with all the ardor and affection of a youthful mother, around which clustered the fondest hopes, are numbered with the pure spirits who continually worship around the throne. He who loved me in earliest existence, and him to whom I plighted my youthful vows, are also numbered with those whose garments are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. But I digress, pardon me. When the future is spread before us like a picture in the distance whose gorgeous coloring and gilded surface entrance the vision, covering thereby its shades or imperfections, then is the time for youth.

There is a time for Joy. When the eye is brilliant with smiles, and the heart light with mirth. When hope's enchanting cup is circled with pearl and gems, sparkling in the sunlight of enjoyment, before one string has been broken or one brilliant dimmed by sorrow or disappointment. When the holy light which illumines fancy's paintings is fresh and glowing, when every scene is colored with happy thoughts, when imagination casts her magic spell on passing events, when on her tireless wing we soar, and by her powerful influence discover untold beauties. Before the feelings are seared by distrust, or the thoughts corroded by suspicion; before the heart is made sad by deception, or the mind stamped with unyielding reality, is the time for unsullied joy.

There is a time for Love. When from the wellsprings of feeling rise up deep and fervent thoughts, when in the heart are awakened glad sensations, and undefined and varied hopes. Like the glow which gives brilliancy to the sunset cloud, whose light gradually changes to soft and mellow twilight filling the soul with devotion and gratitude, so does pure affection awaken thrilling memories, which give peace and joy in retrospect. Before the treachery of the world is known, or its bitterness felt, is the time for love.

There is a time for Grief. When musing on the buds of promise which fell and withered before us ere the flower was permitted to expand or shed its refreshing fragrance; when busy thought calls up the loves which gladdened our path-way, and brings again voices on every breeze like those which gave melody and sweetness to young existence ere the golden sunlight of joy had been obscured by clouds, or the wave of time became turbulent by the storms of adversity. When each fond remembrance is forever crushed, and the recollection of each departed joy rushes through the very springs of feeling, then is the time for grief.

There is a time for Peace. When nature's unutterable though powerful voice speaks in soft and gentle accents to the sorrowful spirit and with its music-tones brings rejoicing to the bursting heart, and bids it cease to feel its cheerless bitterness. The verdant hills, the cerulean sky, the glittering stars, give peace in contemplation. The little summer bird, whose entrancing melody as he rests on the grassy bank of the quiet stream chanting his evening song, speaks peace in eloquent tones to the listening ear. The very atmosphere speaks peace at the twilight hour, and instills its silent breathings into the thoughtful spirit until grief is utterly banished therefrom, and the eye swims with tears of ecstacy. Prompted by this silent though eloquent voice, whose silvery tones are given to the soul in abundant mercy, the spirit learns to trust in that God, with whom are the issues of life; in the order of whose providence there is a time for all things.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JANUARY, 1843.

Eighteen hundred Forty Three. A serial work, in twelve chapters, 365 pages, with 'pictorial illustrations,' 'engraved on' earth and sea and sky, in the most perfect style. Veritable Time, publisher.

The issuing of this work may be depended upon, for if the publisher ever disappointed any one, it was not his own fault, but was in consequence of incorrect anticipations. We mention this, because some think it will be suspended in the early part of the volume. It will be published punctually, and will deserve an attentive consideration on the part of every human being. Subscribers are not asked for, as the work is prepared for the public good; but the enjoyment of subsequent issues, we are well assured, depends in no small degree on the right improvement of those which take precedence. Readers should be careful to preserve what 'notes' are suggested to them as they go from title page to preface and thus carefully on from page to page, as we have reason to believe that these suggestions will be of great value in the sequel. We trust all will appreciate the efforts of *Time* in this great work, and gratefully acknowledge the divinity and goodness of the AUTHOR.

Sermons of Consolation. By F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D., Minister of King's Chapel, Boston. Boston: Little & Brown. 1842. Duodecimo, pp. 335.

This is a beautiful volume, pleasant to the eye as the calm and engaging face of its author. He always writes as one who has a good purpose in writing, and who feels that purpose to be an important one. He is, moreover, an eloquent writer; and no one will question the truth of this remark, who has read his articles—'The Eternity of God,' 'The Falls of Niagara,' and 'Teachings of Autumn.' The latter production is placed in the present volume. When we speak of this work as a beautiful volume, we do not so speak merely in reference to the letter press and binding, but to 'the inner life'—to the volume as a work of thought, as a rich out-breathing of a soul that lives in the heavenly, and whose words are sweet and balmy to a bruised or bereaved heart. His philosophy is a christian philosophy, inclining us to think of the strokes of pain, (to change one of Goethe's figures) as the beat of the thresher's flail, that brings from 'the dry and fallen ear' 'so much of nourishment and life.'

The following will give his idea of the Future in reference to the sinful: 'An exchange of worlds is best even for those who have grossly abused the present life; because it is well known to Infinite Wisdom, when the time of probation has been sufficiently extended, when the souls of friends have been sufficiently tried, and when the discipline and awards of another scene, should in their deep mystery be commenced.' Pp. 121, 122, see also p. 116.

We must add our regret that Unitarian preachers when they wish to discuss the subject of Death as an appointment of God, cannot find any other text than Heb. ix. 27. We can refer to three or four Unitarian sermons, at hand, on 'Death as an Appointment of God,' with that verse as a text or *motto*.

Claims of the Country on American Females. By Miss Coxe. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1842. 2 vols. Pp. 243 and 243.

We were disappointed in the purchase of these volumes, and have learned a lesson—not to send for works written by authors of whom we know nothing, or whose productions we have never seen. The author is an Episcopalian, and 'our fallen nature' is a theme for frequent remark and dull comment. The volumes are very different in character from what almost any one would expect from the *title*. The first volume aims to bring out the fact that under Protestant Christianity, woman holds a higher rank and exerts a wider influence than under any other form of religion. The second discusses the characteristics of our political condition, and treats of what woman's influence should be in order to perpetuate our free and good institutions. These present good themes; and discussed with concentration of thought and directness of purpose, they might be made powerful in chaining attention and moulding character.

We do not wish to be understood as condemning these volumes. No; there are many good things in them, but they are very different from a work that would be written on the same theme by a liberal christian—by a Miss Sedgwick.

The Salem Belle: A Tale of 1692. Boston: Tappan & Dennett. 1842. Pp. 238.

This little work has been received with universal favor, and deserves the immediate popularity which has been given to it. It is written in a very good and agreeable style, and very graphically describes the times of Witchcraft and Folly. The narrative is well calculated to enchain the attention, and the reflections—suggested by the turn of events—are well timed and judicious. The reader will rise from its perusal with a vivid picture of the times of 1692, and with, we trust, devout gratitude for the passing away of those superstitions which clouded the mind of the good and were successful aids to the evil in prosecuting their wicked schemes. It does 'expose the danger of popular delusions,' and will do something to 'guard the public mind against their recurrence,' and will render it more difficult for dreamy fanatics to establish their vagaries and prostrate reason before error.

Fables of La Fontaine. Translated from the French, by Elizur Wright, jr. Boston: Tappan & Dennett. 1842. 2 vols. Pp. 247 and 290.

The first issue of these Translations was made in a very expensive form, and we are exceedingly glad to greet the present edition which is in a very neat and convenient style and form. There has certainly been no work of this character which has received more praise than this, not only from the press everywhere, but from eminent scholars, and one commendation we quote for its brevity and point; 'It is certain that this French diamond has lost none of its value in passing through your hands.' And the diamond, we may add, is one of the 'first water,' rare and beautiful indeed. We know not how we can better give an idea of the spirit of the work, than to quote a part of a recommendation of it—the Original and the Translation—given by a distinguished Professor of French in the Albany Academies:—'To all those who have read La Fontaine's Fables, no recommendation is necessary; and to those who have not yet read the beautiful translation of Mr. Wright, the following extract from the eulogy of La Fontaine, by Chamfort, will be sufficient proof, that in no other book now in the hands of children is more regard paid to morality and virtue.

'"What distinguishes La Fontaine from all moralists, is the insinuating mildness of his morality; it is that wisdom, natural as himself, which appears to be only a happy development of his instinct. Virtue, with him, is presented in its most pleasant robes. Does he offer any example of generosity, any sacrifice, he makes it spring from love, from friendship, from a feeling so simple, so pleasant, that the sacrifice itself must have appeared a blessing. But if he generally shuns the harsh ideas of efforts, privations, and self sacrifice, it seems that they should cease to be necessary, and that society should have no more need of them. He speaks to you only through yourself or in your own stead; and from his lessons, or rather advice, general happiness would spring."'

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SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE. NO. V.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

'How CAN you, Lucy, persist in seeing Mr. Raymond, when both our parents have forbidden you to do so? You know they are not only displeased but grieved at the thought of your giving him any encouragement to pursue the acquaintance farther.'

'Why Charlotte, I cannot help seeing him occasionally; what would you have me to do when I meet him in my walks?'

'I would advise you not to walk *with* him. You know you never can marry him with the consent of our parents, (and surely you would not do so without) and they have good reasons for withholding it. The infidel principles he is known to hold, form a sufficient cause for discountenancing his attentions to you, if others did not exist, in his circumstances, and his evident ill temper.'

'I do not see why a person is to be blamed for not thinking exactly as we do, and as to Raymond's poverty, I care not for that. What is that love worth, which would not share the fate of its object? And you forget that his profession will at least afford him a competent support.'

'I am sorry dear Lucy, to hear you allude so indifferently to the irreligious sentiments of your friend; true, he is more to be pitied than blamed for his blindness to the great truths revealed in God's word, yet this is an objection, a most serious objection to your marrying him. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" And if a wide difference of taste and opinion in minor matters is an impediment to the happiness of the married life, how much must opposite sentiments on this all important subject detract from its pleasure. To me it seems one of the highest and purest enjoyments of friends, to walk together to the house of God, worship him at the same shrine, and take "sweet counsel together" in reference to the lofty themes indicated by religion; and when one, with whom you have formed the dearest of all earthly ties, possesses the cold heart of a sceptic, and instead of sympathizing in your devotional feelings, regards them perhaps with scorn, you will find it a sad trial. I hope you will reflect more deeply on this serious subject; no other step in life can be so important to a woman, as on this depends her happiness or misery, and it is probably owing to the carelessness with which marriages are contracted, that they are often so unhappy. I think it is Addison who says, that "the mischief generally proceeds from the unwise choice people make for themselves, and even in expecting happiness from things incapable of giving it; and that nothing but the good qualities of the person beloved, can be a foundation for a love of judgment and discretion; and that whoever expects happiness from any thing but virtue, wisdom, good humor, and a similitude of manners, will find themselves widely mistaken." But however good the temper and disposition may naturally be, this forms no safeguard against the temptations to sin which are so thickly crowded about the path of a young man in a place like London, where vice dressed in her most alluring colors leads thousands astray. With Raymond's views, what security can you have that he will even hesitate to plunge into the broad way to ruin, should his inclinations or his associates lead him to do so. Be assured that without the restraining influence of religion, the good resolves and intentions of man are but too apt to vanish like clouds before the wind. You may trust in his love, but you have not yet tried it. I know dear sister I pain you by these remarks, but I feel certain that as his wife you will be called upon to endure much that you little dream of. Our beloved parents have only your happiness in view in objecting to your marriage; do be persuaded to avoid all future intercourse with this man; he will I think soon leave the village, when he sees you are determined upon this. The sacrifice on your part I know will be painful, but you will be rewarded for your acquiescence in the wishes of your friends, and I doubt not that you will live to rejoice that you did so.'

The most important events of life frequently owe their origin to some very trifling circumstance, and sometimes upon the balance of a question, the result of which appears to be of no moment, is attached an influence which spreads itself over the whole course

of our future path, either for good or for evil. When 'Squire Dalton yielded to the solicitations of his youngest and favorite daughter to sit for his portrait, he little thought that from that simple act there would arise causes which would break up his hitherto happy circle, cloud it with gloom and sorrow, and occasion his darling Lucy to drink of a cup dregged with bitterness and wo.

Mr. Dalton was a wealthy Englishman, residing on an estate which had descended to him from a line of ancestors who gloried in the appellation of the yeomanry of Britain. He had early in life married a beautiful but portionless girl, whose worth amply compensated him for displeasing some aristocratic connections by this act of folly, as they were pleased to term it. His children consisting of several daughters, had now grown up; the whole family lavished an almost idolizing affection upon the youngest, who was truly one of the loveliest of earth's creatures. To a slight but well formed figure, she united regular and beautiful features, and a complection that might well have vied with the lily and the rose. She was at this time scarcely seventeen, and was pursuing her studies under the superintendence of her governess, an accomplished and intelligent person, who had for years occupied that station in the family. Lucy had never known care, her light and cheerful spirits were never clouded by sufferings of her own, though her feelings for the trials of others would often cause her eyes to be suffused by tears of sympathy. She was truly a child of nature, frank and artless herself, she suspected no guile in others, and her feelings were warm and ardent, even to enthusiasm. Mr. Dalton's residence was in the pretty village of Tiverton in Devonshire, the scenery of which is highly picturesque and romantic. Bold hills rise here and there, interspersed with fertile valleys, through which a small river winds along in peaceful beauty. The tall Gothic tower of the old church rose far above the dark cypress and yews which shaded the graves of the forefathers of the village, and its gray walls were clothed with the moss and ivy of centuries. Close by stood the parsonage, also an ancient looking edifice, but the bright flowers and tasteful shrubbery surrounding it, gave it a cheerful aspect, contrasting not unpleasantly with the solemnity of its neighborhood. The minister was a promising young man who had not long since assumed the pastoral office. The inhabitants of the village were with few exceptions of the poorer classes, and the greatest man in the place was Lord E——, who possessed a country seat in the neighborhood, where with his family he usually spent the summer months. It was this gentleman who brought with him from London an artist whom he had engaged to execute several portraits of his children, and it was on hearing of this, that Lucy Dalton urged her request to her father.

Henry Raymond (so was the painter named) was nearly thirty, remarkably handsome in person, and possessed of pleasing and gentlemanly manners; but a *phrenologist* would have hesitated to confide in him, from the fact that his *cranium* showed that the moral sentiments did not predominate. But there was no phrenology in those days, and even had there been, I doubt whether in the present case, in a trial of phrenology *versus* love, the latter would have been put to flight. Under a pleasing exterior, Raymond concealed a most worthless character; an infidel in principle, he regarded no laws of religion or morality. Bold, calculating and unfeeling, he ever sought his own gratification, without reference to the feelings or interests of others. Lucy's beauty early attracted his attentions, and it was not long before he perceived that she did not regard him with indifference. At first the idea of marrying her did not enter his mind, but the repute of her father's wealth caused him soon to think of it, and having no other income than that derived from his profession, he thought he could submit to the encumbrance of a wife, provided she brought him enough to render his own exertions less necessary. But Mr. Dalton having received some intimation of his real character, coldly and positively rejected his proposals, and giving Lucy his reasons for this, ordered her on pain of his severe displeasure, to avoid all future intercourse with her lover. She had however met him more than once (accidentally as it seemed to her) since her father had forbidden her to see him, which as has been seen, formed the subject of conversation between Lucy and an elder sister, whose persuasions at last elicited a promise that she would immediately write to Raymond and apprise him of her determination to yield obedience to her father's wishes that she should see him no more, and declared her intention of confining herself to the house until he had left the village. To write such an epistle called for no small effort on the part of a young girl who loved for the first time with all the fervor and confidence of her nature. Raymond had assured her that calumny alone had prejudiced her family against him, and he succeeded in convincing her that his character had been aspersed. It is easy to believe what we wish true, and poor Lucy's attachment was strengthened by the conviction of his innocence.

Lucy received a few lines in answer to her note, saying that since she had really resolved to obey her father's injunctions he would trouble her no more, and would leave the village on the following day, never to return, on condition that she would consent to see him once more, if only for five minutes, entreating her if she had ever loved him not to refuse to grant him an opportunity of bidding her a last farewell. After some hesitation, the request was granted, and early the next morning before any of the family were stirring, Lucy left the house, intending to return before she was missed. But the artful Raymond had determined otherwise; on Mr. Dalton's re-

fusing his consent, he had formed a plan (which he was now determined to execute) to persuade Lucy to consent to a clandestine marriage, by assuring her that her parents would not withhold their forgiveness of this step, when they saw that it was no longer of any use to oppose it. She withstood his solicitations for awhile, then more feebly, and alas for poor Lucy! *il est que la premiere pas que coute*, and ere the sun had risen, she had suffered herself to be drawn toward the carriage which waited at the end of the lane, into which Raymond lifted her, and they drove off at a rapid rate.

It was a lovely morning, not a breath of wind stirred the leaves, and the bright hues of the sky were reflected by the pure and peaceful waters, the wild flowers that decked its margin were yet bathed with the refreshing dew, and the early lark clove the air trilling his melodious song. But Lucy for the first time in her life was insensible to the sweet influences around her, and a deep sense of humiliation seemed to wither every feeling of her heart, and her tears flowed fast in spite of the soothing attempts of her companion. She raised her head as they were about to pass the old church, which she looked upon with almost sacred reverence, being associated with all her earliest impressions and affections, and a death like feeling came over her as she was startled from her intense gaze by the tolling of the bell for some spirit that had just departed. It was a thrilling sound in that calm, pure hour, speaking of death and the grave as the sun was breaking forth in all his glory, investing the earth with life, warmth and beauty. It was like the voice of another world asserting its claims in the quiet and loveliness of the morning hour. And the deep tones fell upon Lucy's ear with the awe of a warning voice from heaven, and at that moment she could not help regarding it as an evil omen of the step she had taken. Throwing herself on her knees she implored to be taken back to her home, she would have given worlds to have retraced the events of the last hour, but her pleading was in vain, and when they arrived at the first stopping place, she was lifted fainting from the carriage.

Lucy's absence from the breakfast table attracted no particular attention, but when at the dinner hour she did not make her appearance, and it was discovered that she had not been seen since the previous evening, a suspicion of the truth became general, and ere long it was painfully confirmed; the grief and consternation of the family could hardly have been surpassed had they followed her to the grave. It scarcely seemed possible that Lucy had thus requited the almost idolizing affection of her parents, and after the shock occasioned by the intelligence had in some measure subsided, her father expressed his feelings at her conduct in deeply indignant terms; and when some days afterwards a letter was received from his daughter mentioning her marriage, and imploring forgiveness for the step she had taken, it was returned to her in a blank envelope, as an intimation that no reconciliation was to be looked for at present. Mrs. Dalton however obtained permission to write to Lucy, and forward to her a well supplied wardrobe, her harp and books, together with a handsome sum of money.

There was one other to whom Lucy's elopement occasioned no little pain; this was the young pastor Mr. Aylmer, who soon after his first introduction to them, had been on terms of intimacy with Mr. Dalton's family, and it was not strange that ere long he took a particular interest in Lucy. True, he considered her but little more than a child, fascinating from her extreme beauty, winning manners, and sweet disposition; in whom he discovered indications of a ripening intellect of no common order. And there were times when he would indulge in the thought, that at some future day she might be won to preside over his home. He had been absent from his parish for some weeks, when on his return he heard of Lucy's marriage, the intelligence of which was indeed a shock to him; he was not aware of the depth of his attachment until thus awoke to a consciousness of it, and the knowledge that she was the wife of another, was embittered by the thought that she was united to one every way unworthy of her.

Poor Lucy! hers was indeed a sacrifice. On the altar of her love she had offered her early home, her friends, and all that had hitherto made her life cloudless and happy. Would she had been better requited by him for whom she had sacrificed so much. It would present a dark picture, were I to describe the particulars of her sad life during the next two years. A brief sketch of the outline must suffice, leaving the shades to be supplied by the imagination of the reader.

After their marriage they proceeded immediately to London, where for some time they lodged at a respectable boarding house. From the moment she had fled from her home, Lucy's mind had become a prey to remorse, to the sufferings from which, was added ere long the bitter anguish of seeing her husband in his true colors. To her, warm hearted and enthusiastic as she was in her attachments, her friends seemed clothed with perfection; she was blind to the failings which cling in some degree to all, and it was with a feeling bordering on distraction, that the conviction at last became forced upon her mind, that she had married a heartless gambler, and a blasphemer of the holy religion in which she had been nurtured. He no longer deemed it necessary to impose any restraint upon his violent temper, which was but too often vented upon his wife. He possessed sufficient talent to warrant his attaining some eminence in his profession, if he applied himself diligently to the practice of it; but a small part of his time, however, was spent in his study, compared with that passed in gam-

ing houses, those haunts of iniquity with which London abounds; and to these he was in the habit of repairing night after night, remaining till a late hour in the morning, and even some times through the following day.

There is perhaps no passion more destructive, and debasing to the better feelings of humanity, than that of gambling, when carried to so great an extent as to become an overruling desire, a thirst which is never quenched, an excitement which swallows every other, in short a *mania*. Such it was with Raymond; from early youth he had imbibed its spirit, which seemed to gather additional strength as he grew into manhood. As might be expected, his most intimate associates were such as he was in the habit of meeting at his favorite resorts, many of whom hesitated not to avow themselves disciples of Paine and his followers, and some time since Raymond had been added to their number; and the pure ears of his young wife were constantly shocked by hearing language and sentiments that inspired her with horror. His conduct soon became marked with cruelty and neglect, and he would frequently treat her in the most abusive manner, merely to give vent to his angry feelings on returning home stung by the disappointment of losing. In the course of a few months he neglected his business so much, that they were forced to resort to cheaper and less comfortable lodgings; here he became more savage than ever to his now almost heart broken wife, and not content with disposing of her trinkets, (the gifts of other and happier days) he even after awhile pawned one article after another of her wardrobe, in order to furnish himself with the means of again trying his luck.

Lucy had early manifested a great taste for painting, which had been carefully cultivated, and in the first months of her marriage she had beguiled many a weary hour in tracing from memory the features of the beloved friends from whom she was separated. Her proficiency in the art was gladly seized upon by her husband as a means to render her support less burdensome to him, and he took some pains to instruct her farther, until her skill enabled her to supply his place so well at the easel, that she was thus almost constantly employed; but her industry had not the effect of placing them in more comfortable circumstances, and it was eventually the cause of Raymond's relaxing in the little care he took to provide for their necessities, and his absence from home became more frequent than ever. During this time Mrs. Raymond often received letters from her mother and sisters, to whose inquiries concerning her circumstances she always returned an evasive answer. She felt that her sufferings were occasioned by her own imprudence, and she determined to conceal them from her friends, and to endure them in uncomplaining silence, as the just reward of her own folly. She formed no acquaintances, consequently she had no friend in whose sympathy she could confide, and amid the tumultuous crowd in which she lived, she found herself solitary and alone, an isolated, wretched being. She rarely went out unless to church, where with the feelings of the humble prodigal, she seated herself in one of the broad isles where seats were allotted for the poor. She had been taught from her childhood to revere the Scriptures as the word of God, and to prize them as such beyond all price; but she had been accustomed to rely upon the creed of her fathers, as deriving its authority from that holy book, and she had given her attention more to its moral precepts and instructions, its lofty expressions and beautiful images, than to an examination of its doctrinal passages. The idea, however, of the never ending torments reserved for the impenitent, had always chilled her with horror; and it was not strange that this caused her to regard the character of her Creator with a certain fearful awe, which mingled itself with all her conceptions of him, through the influence of which, her love and admiration were wholly invested in her Savior, whom she doubted not had suffered and died to save his followers from the eternal vengeance of his Father. The sceptical views of her husband were constantly brought before her in a manner that made her heart shrink within her; his assertions of the inconsistencies, and want of evidence of the truths of the Scriptures, caused her to examine them with a close and prayerful attention; and happily for her the more she read, the stronger her convictions became that they were indeed given by the 'inspiration of God,' that there was no other lamp to the feet or light to the path, no other guiding star amid the clouds of sin—no other 'anchor of the soul' under the buffetings of the waves of sorrow, and in the last sufferings of humanity at the hour of death, and finally no other light to pierce the darkness of the grave. And to this conviction was added another, which indeed filled her mind with 'peace and joy in believing;' this was, that God was the universal Father of every created soul, that he would 'never leave or forsake' them, that he afflicted mankind, not from vengeance, but 'even as a father chastens his children,' for their good, and that finally all the human family, 'no wanderer lost,' would be restored to holiness and happiness in the world to come, where sin and death should be destroyed forever. She saw in her own fate, that 'every transgression received a just recompense of reward,' which was also verified by the life of her wretched husband, for he was constantly unhappy and discontented, even when pursuing his favorite amusement. O that men would become wise! that their eyes may be opened to discover that the true road to happiness lies in the performance of their obligations to God, to man, and to themselves—that in the strait and narrow path of duty, there is more enjoyment to be found than in the broad ways of sin.

We must do Mr. Dalton the justice to mention that

he did not intend to continue unrelenting towards his repentant child; but he had other daughters, and he seemed to imagine that it was a part of his duty to them to be in no haste to offer his forgiveness to Lucy. And even when his heart yearned to embrace her, he would reply to the solicitations of his wife, 'no, no, not yet, I will not see her now, perhaps at some other time.'

More than two years had elapsed, and some time had passed since any thing had been heard of Mrs. Raymond by her family, when a letter in an unknown hand was received by Mr. Dalton, who read as follows:—'Sir: As the medical attendant of your daughter, I have at length obtained permission from her to make you acquainted with her situation, which she has too long concealed from her friends. She is now ill, very ill, and without the most tender and long continued care, I fear she will not recover. My assistance was not called until lately, and she has suffered much from neglect, as well as from the want of the many little comforts required in her illness. Her worthless husband has deserted her, (and is gone she knows not whither) leaving her with two children, (the youngest of which was unborn at the time) in a state of utter destitution. But be assured that she does not at present experience any necessity that can be supplied by my wife, who is much interested in Mrs. Raymond; indeed she has stolen away the eldest child, who is delicate and requires more care than her poor mother can render her at present. I feel certain that a re-union with her friends will do much to renovate the health of my patient, whose mind appears to have been sadly distressed by the estrangement consequent upon her marriage. In the hope that you will readily avail yourself of the earliest opportunity to visit your daughter, I remain, respectfully, yours, WILLIAM LESLIE.'

The reception of this letter diffused the most poignant distress throughout Mr. Dalton's family, and deeply did he reproach himself for so long persisting in his refusal to be reconciled to Lucy. It was immediately agreed that both her parents, accompanied by one of her sisters, should proceed to London on the following day, and as soon as she was able to endure the journey, bring back the poor sufferer with her little ones, to the home for which she had so long been a stranger. Not knowing her address, they proceeded on their arrival to the house of the kind physician who had interested himself in Mrs. Raymond's behalf. From him they received a truly warm welcome, but learned that the object of their solicitude still continued very ill, and Dr. Leslie feared the consequences that the excitement of meeting would most probably produce in his patient's weak state, and he went immediately to prepare her for the interview.

Lucy's close confinement to the house, and that too in one of the most thickly crowded and unhealthy parts of the city, joined to her constant application to painting by day, and to her needle by night, together with the mental sufferings she endured through her husband's conduct, and the sad feelings attendant upon her separation from her family, had wrought such an effect upon her frame, that it was difficult to recognize in her pallid, sunken and care worn features, the countenance of the once gay and beautiful Lucy Dalton. As soon as it could be done with safety, she was removed to more comfortable lodgings, where under care and kindness to which she had long been a stranger, she soon recovered sufficiently to return to her native village. Her feelings on again beholding the home of her childhood, may be easily conceived; a weary life of suffering seemed to have been crowded into the short space of two years, which it was indeed painful to contrast with the happiness of her early days, and many were the sad hours spent in wandering over her former favorite spots; though she rejoiced once more to look upon the scenes with which her fondest recollections and her purest feelings were associated. Her parents and sisters did all in their power to soothe and console her, and after some months had passed away, and her health became reinstated, she seemed in some measure to have recovered her former appearance, and was occasionally cheerful. She had endured her sorrows with meek submission, regarding them as just, and though abandoned and cruelly treated by him for whom she had sacrificed so much, she forgave him, and daily prayed that he might be turned away from his errors.

Mrs. Raymond was welcomed as a sister by the minister, indeed he expected ere long to claim her as such, a promise of marriage having been duly 'given and received' between himself and Charlotte Dalton, (the discreet sister the reader was introduced to at the opening of this narrative) in whom he thought he discovered qualities that would enable her to fill the station of a minister's wife much to his satisfaction, and shortly after Lucy's return this event took place.

All went on smoothly for some time in Mr. Dalton's family, until he unfortunately became security for a friend, to an amount involving nearly the whole of his large property, thus reducing him to comparative poverty. He found himself obliged to dispose of the handsome house in which he lived, and with a small income, saved from the wreck of what he had once possessed, he retired with his family to a neat but humble cottage in the vicinity of his former residence. Here Mrs. Raymond came to the determination that she would not continue, in her father's changed circumstances, to burden him with the maintainance of herself and children. Her intention was at first strongly opposed by her father, who never wished her to leave his roof again, and it was also objected to by her kind brother-in-law, who offered her a home at the Parsonage, but she was not to be shaken in her resolution.

Since her return home Lucy had devoted much of her time to the pursuit of the studies in which she was engaged when her unfortunate marriage took place. She possessed a good mind which the trials she had been subject to seemed to have strengthened and matured, and in the assiduous cultivation of her talents, in communing with the mighty minds of past ages, and in acquainting herself with the standard literature of the day, she often found forgetfulness of her past sufferings. And she thus became prepared to sustain the character of a teacher. Through the advice and assistance of her kind friends, Dr. Leslie and his wife, she was enabled to establish a boarding school for young ladies within a few miles of London, and their influence was successfully exerted to procure her pupils. Her husband had now been absent three years, during which time she had heard nothing farther of him than that he had left England, never intending to return, which intelligence was agreeably received by her friends, who trusted that he would never again molest his wife. Mrs. Raymond soon became known as a most successful teacher; her industry, and her attentions to her duties were remarkable, and no one in that vocation ever commanded more esteem and affection from her pupils than did this excellent woman, in whose family the law of love seemed alone to preside, which enabled her to maintain the discipline and order necessary to be observed in a large school comprehending pupils of all classes and ages. For some time she employed the assistance of the first masters, from whom she took lessons herself in private, to improve her acquaintance with Italian, French, and music, until by her proficiency in these, she was competent to supply their places. She now became a contributor to several fashionable periodicals, to which employment she generally allotted a couple of hours when the labors of the day were over, and her charge all asleep, and this she called her *recreation*. It was no small wonder to her friends, how that young and inexperienced as she was, she should have been able to accomplish so much; the secret lay in her untiring application and self-reliance, as well as in her love for her children, to whom no mother could have been more devotedly attached. I have heard her say that at this period she had so many demands upon her time, that she only allowed herself four hours sleep.

Mrs. Raymond did not fail to reap the reward of her industry, and at the expiration of seven years she found her school so prosperous, that it became necessary to remove to a large house, and to engage the assistance of a partner. She had been but a short time settled in her new and handsome establishment, when she was surprised one day by the receipt of a letter from her husband, couched in terms expressive of the deepest contrition for his past conduct, soliciting her forgiveness, and urging her to receive him, promising faithfully should she do so, that he would give her no cause to repent. He said too that he had been idle for a long time, and that during his sufferings he had deeply repented of his sinful conduct, and that he had risen from a sick bed to implore her pardon. I need hardly say that the appeal was not in vain. What woman would have resisted it? True, the discovery of his utter worthlessness, and a long series of neglect and unkind treatment on his part, had changed her feelings, and she had long ceased to regard him with the blind but ardent affection through which she became his wife; but she could not forget that he was the father of her children, and she thanked God he had returned an altered man. And when she saw him feeble and emaciated as he was, shedding tears of penitence at her feet, she was almost overcome by her emotions, and readily assuring him of her forgiveness, she lent a willing ear to his promises that his future life should if possible erase from her mind the memory of the past.

Would that I might here drop the curtain, and allow the reader to infer that Mrs. Raymond was not disappointed in the confidence she so willingly placed in her husband's protestations. It is painful to say that she was again cruelly deceived; for a time, however, he behaved tolerably well, and appeared to receive the care and attentions of his wife with some degree of gratitude. But this did not last long, and before many months had elapsed he cast aside the veil of hyprocrisy in which he had presented himself on his return, and once more resumed his former character. It would be difficult to describe the anguish of his wife on again finding herself a victim to his duplicity. She had hoped that the presence of the children (who were both more than commonly interesting) would have softened and subdued him into something like kindness and parental affection for them, but in vain; he seemed in this respect to outrage a common law of nature, and treated them in so coarse and brutal a manner, that Lucy found herself obliged to endure the pain of a separation from her children, by confiding them to the care of her father. Her partner now thought it advisable to leave, and established another school in the neighborhood, to which many of her pupils were removed by their parents, who would not permit them to remain any longer under the same roof with a person of Raymond's character.

Mrs. Raymond's patience and perseverance seemed to endure no abatement, as month after month she toiled on for the maintainance of her family, and although her friends strongly urged her to return to them again, she refused to do so for the present, saying she still hoped that he might one day be won to the paths of rectitude; and she might probably have persevered in her intention, had it not been for the following circumstance. One morning Raymond received a letter, the perusal of which appeared to occasion him some confusion, and on this being remark-

ed by his wife, who said she hoped he had learned no unpleasant intelligence, he gruffly replied that the letter related to some business which called him out of town for a few days, and coolly asking her for ten guineas, he departed. In going out, he had in his haste forgotten the letter which he left upon the table. Lucy took it up, and read but a few lines before she sank senseless on the floor. It contained a proof of additional depravity on the part of her husband, for which she was not prepared; it was dated from Ireland, and written by a woman whom he had evidently married, and deserted previous to his return to London. From the tenor of the letter it appeared that he had left her with the plea of visiting his friends in England, but not hearing from him since, her anxiety had been so great, that she had determined to follow him, and with her babe she expected to arrive in London on the following day. The letter was written with much of the warmth of feeling which is a characteristic of the Irish, but apparently by one in humble rank; and on reading it a second time Lucy shed tears of pity and sympathy for the writer. This discovery occasioned her to break up her school immediately, and on Raymond's return home he found she had gone, leaving him the following letter:

'I have left you Henry, and forever! How I have borne with your unkindness you well know, and I was willing to endure it still farther, hoping (though sometimes almost against hope) that I should yet be rewarded for my long suffering, in seeing you an altered man. But my present determination is occasioned by the accidental discovery that you had married another during your desertion of me and my helpless little ones. I need not say how I was affected on reading the letter of the confiding young creature, whom in her turn it appears that you have also abandoned. In consequence of her anxiety for you, she has left her friends and her home to follow you to a strange land. Do not repay this act of devotion by ingratitude, or refuse to provide for her as your wife. In marrying her, you have it is true committed a crime for which you stand amenable to the laws of your country, but be assured that I shall never be the means of exposing it. All I have to request of you is, that you will never again seek to claim a re-union with me, and leave the children to my future care. I leave at your disposal the furniture of the house, and enclosed is the half of a sum which I had privately laid aside. The remainder I have retained to assist me in establishing a school in some place more distant from London. Your children shall be taught to pray for your welfare, and may that great Being, whose laws you have so much transgressed, lead you to repentance.

LUCY RAYMOND.'

Mrs. Raymond was warmly welcomed by her father's family, but her renewed sufferings severely affected her constitution, and for a long time after her return she continued so ill that it was the opinion of her medical attendants that she was on the verge of consumption, and that unless change of air to another climate was immediately resorted to, it was not probable that she would long survive. A short time previous to this, Mr. Aylmer had received an offer of a station in a distant land which presented a more extensive sphere for his usefulness, and promised some considerable advantages; but it was some time before he or his wife could resolve to tear themselves away from their friends and their native land, and when at length they decided to go, it was agreed that Lucy and her children should accompany them, and their preparations for a voyage to America were commenced without loss of time. At that period this was no trifling undertaking, as in many instances it then occupied almost as many weeks as it now does days, and the comfortable accommodations of one of our plainest packet ships were unknown.

It was a sad parting between the friends, and the hope of meeting again after the lapse of a few years, alone caused Mr. Dalton to consent to it, and amid tears and fervent prayers they parted—*forever.* After a tedious voyage of eleven weeks, and suffering much from privation and sea sickness, the travellers reached their destination. Mr. Aylmer was appointed to reside in C——, then only a large village, beautifully situated on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence. It would be amusing, but it would make my tale too long, to describe many little circumstances connected with their settling in their new abode. Suffice it to say, that at the expiration of a year, Mrs. Raymond found herself quite restored to health, when she embraced an opportunity of opening a school in the city of ——. Here she resided for many years, and was eminently successful in her vocation. She gained the highest esteem and confidence of all with whom she became acquainted. By her numerous pupils she was warmly beloved, and after educating some of *their children*, she retired from her school to a handsome house purchased by a part of her earnings, the remainder of which ensured her even more than a comfortable competence during the rest of her days; and but a few years since, she died surrounded by her grand-children. It is probable that her husband never knew what became of her, and after some farther years had been spent in his ruinous career he died a victim to his own folly from an injury received in a quarrel at a gaming house.

Although I have thus attempted to sketch the outlines of Mrs. Raymond's life, my pen can but feebly describe the worth of this excellent woman with whom I had the pleasure of being long and intimately acquainted. Hers was indeed a noble heart. How generous, kind and affectionate she was! Never have I known a being more wholly divested of selfishness;

it seemed as if she lived but for others, and sought her own happiness in that of those around her. Usually cheerful and happy in her deportment, few could have imagined how severe had been the trials of her early life. It was from no want of an independent mind that she abstained from openly avowing her belief in the final 'restitution of all things;' she was peculiarly situated, and to have done this, would in all probability have lost her the means of maintaining herself and family, in perhaps the only way in which she could have done so. But if she kept 'all these things in her heart,' they were shown in her life and in her teachings. Never did she seek to win the youthful heart to God, by fearful threatenings of his wrath and vengeance! She sought to do this by showing his love and pity to man, his goodness in the creation, his wisdom in the various laws of nature; and pointing to the hand of God in the changing seasons, in the glorious tints of sunset, in the path of the majestic moon, and the countless stars, shining on as when at the creation they 'sang together'—in short, in every thing that was pure and beautiful. And though she has gone down to the silent grave, yet we trust that the influence of her spirit still remains upon earth—her memory is a shrine of pleasant things to one at least, who was so happy as to have received the seeds of instruction from her hands.

East Randolph, Vt.

THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Oh yes! there is joy in sincerely believing,
No heart that is faithless can dream of, or know;
There is strength in the thought that our souls are receiving
Such wealth as a *Father* alone can bestow.
Then away with the dogma that sin is eternal!
It dims the bright glow of Immanuel's name;
For it was not to build up a kingdom infernal
That Jesus, the Friend of the sorrowful, came.

It was not to lay in the path of the blinded
High walls over which they must stumble and fall,
That He came, all sublime, and serene, and high-minded,
And laid down his life—a redemption for all!
It was not to slaughter, in anger and blindness,
The wandering lambs that were dying of cold,
That he lifted them up to his bosom in kindness,
And brought them all home to their rest in the fold.

He is *good*,—and the heart that serenely reposes
And lays down its burthens to rest in his love,
Will find that the door of salvation ne'er closes
So long as one sinner continues to rove.
He loves the young lambs tho' afar they are straying,
He seeks out the weary with tender concern;
Oh hear his soft voice in the wilderness praying,
'*To the arms of your Savior, poor lost ones, return!*'

REFLECTIONS AT THE GRAVE OF AN INFANT.

BY MRS. S. BROUGHTON.

The radiant smile of joy gilded the glad green earth, and the murmuring songs of melody swelled forth from every thicket, and dew spangled hedge, as the golden sun looked proudly down from his orient lattice, to gladden with his vivifying beams the varied and smiling landscape. The silver-chiming rills, dancing merrily on through glen and glade, or along the flower-gemmed meads, rang forth the deep cadences of joy and love. The twittering swallow, as it darted along through sunshine and shade moved by the glad impulse of joy, heeded not the wail of agony that thrilled so moaningly upon the balmy air. The wild bird in its noiseless flight, softly silent as the snow flake's fall, seemed all unmindful of human woe, as its sunlit wing flashed across the vision, like forms of light that greet the fancy in the hushed hours of midnight, and vanished as suddenly. Alas! the glorious sunlight fell cold and cheerless upon one aching spirit. The choral sounds of joy and mirth fell cold upon the heart. It seemed but bitter mockery to the stricken heart, for each wild gush of music spake sadly of joys forever departed.

Strange, that the sad wail of grief should so blend and mingle with the stirring notes of joy and bliss. But few short days had passed, since a laughing cherub was mingling its silvery notes with the lark's glad hymn; now pale as the withered lily it rested unconsciously upon its pillow, no more to gladden the mother's pilgrimage through this vale of sighing and tears. I had seen it in its faultless beauty, its glad eyes flashing with spirit-light, its radiant curls dancing to the light-winged zephyr, and its merry laugh ringing gaily on the breeze; a thing of life, and hope, and joy, I had seen it clasped with unutterable tenderness, to the bosom of maternal love. But now the very sunbeams seemed to mock her anguish, for her first born blessing—fairer than the dew gemmed flowers, slept—not upon the soft bosom that had so often pillowed his rest; he slept in the chill embrace of the shadowy angel of death. O how lovely are thy forms thou angel of the unseen clime! Though pale and rigid as the monumental alabaster, yet the smile that curled those death cold lips, was pure and passionless as the signet of immortality upon the unsullied brow of innocence.

Thou weepest, childless mother! Ah well thou mayest. The son of God wept at the grave of his friend, but thou mournest for thy first, thine only one. Hard it is for thee to lay him down in his peerless beauty in the damp, cold mansions of the dead. Memory tells thee thou art desolate. It tells thee too of playful smiles, of soft and winning tenderness now shrouded by the icy veil of the spoiler. It tells of the sweet, wild throbbings of bliss that thrilled thy

soul while softly soothing its slumbers. Now the dark waving foliage of the cypress must be its shelter; the narrow house its resting place. Thou weepest childless mother! and well thou mayest, for never again shalt thou gaze upon that beauteous brow. Thou must take the last long gaze of agony, and start, as thou imprintest the burning kiss of woe upon those icy lips; and then the grave shall forever curtain that vision of loveliness from thy sight. Well mayest thou exclaim—

> 'No more my lov'd one, shalt thou lie
> With drowsy smile, and half shut eye,
> Pillowed upon thy mother's breast,
> Serenely sinking into rest;
> For God has laid thee down to sleep
> Like a pure pearl beneath the deep.'

Yet dry thy tears bereaved one, for angels are descending to comfort thee. Heardest thou not their music, when that gentle spirit was wafted on seraph pinions up to the realms of unclouded splendor?

O how that young spirit exulted, as the regions of immortal felicity burst upon his wondering vision. How soaringly his untried pinions swept along the ethereal pathway, joying in freedom; freedom from all that can sully or annoy the heaven born soul—from sin and pain and death.

Look abroad fond mother upon the ways of sinful man, and repine no more that God hath made thy child an angel in the regions of the blest. His song now mingles with the anthems of praise and thanksgiving around the throne of the eternal. No blight or darkening change can reach him there. Sanctified from sin and pollution, safe in the arms of unchangeable love; secure from the stormy blast of iniquity, he rests in the haven of glory, with Him who is from everlasting. Then mourn no more! Thy separation is but for a little season; and then thy glorified spirit shall fly to meet thy beloved one, upon the starry shores of unfading bloom.

Malone, N. Y.

THE CERTAIN TRIUMPH OF THE REDEEMER.

BY HENRY BACON.

If it were a subject for amusement, we should certainly be very much amused with the continual use of the language of Universalism by those who deem that doctrine the rankest heresy. It is certain, that when a theological preacher, or writer, wishes to rise to the true heights of lofty expression, without doing violence to the tender humanities of feeling, he always uses the utterances of the prophetical spirit of our faith; and the enthusiasm of soul awakened thereby is strangely communicable, as the glowing countenance of the hearer or reader testifies. Is not the heading of this article an instance to the point? copied, as it is, from the title of a discourse by President Wayland, of Brown University. Is there any real, emphatic meaning in it, separate from our views of Christ's mission? There is not; for a chief glory of our faith is its *completeness*—comprehending under the head of *sureness* every thing essential to '*the* CERTAIN *triumph of the Redeemer*.'

Where is such a completeness—such an entireness, seen in any other system? The only system which in the least has an analogous feature, is old fashioned Calvinism; though the completeness of that system is of a vastly different character. It takes its position in defence of partial Election and Reprobation; and, true to the spirit of the defence, its disciples boldly affirm that God will be as much glorified in the misery of the latter class, as in the blessedness of the former. Every part is ingeniously linked together; there are no discrepancies any where; and the whole is as a perfect piece of mechanism designed to produce exquisite music for the party in one room, and to torture an imprisoned company in another apartment. Hence the solemn, but little regarded voices, which are lifted up with the note of warning against 'new lights,' declaring that 'he that offendeth in one point, is guilty' of relinquishing allegiance to the whole system—they touch a wheel or wheels which are so combined with all the others, that a variation of their movement affects the whole, and will soon wear every pivot, loosen every screw, distend every band, till the violent action shall weaken every tenon and mortise, and the whole fabric sink in ruins, singing its own knell as its heated members fall hissing and bubbling into the waters of oblivion.

The completeness of Universalism is well comprehended in its name. It alone, in glorious majesty, yet beautiful simplicity, defends the certain triumph of Jesus as the Redeemer according as prophecy proclaimed he would be, and as the Infinity of God requires. It alone, with a voice that never falters, and a tone of unvarying love, defends the supremacy of good; and that there is throughout the entire universe, an eclectic spirit operating for eternal ends. It penetrates to the realities of the works of the Creating Mind in nature's round, and finds in every fact, the relations of which are discovered, hints to strengthen a belief that the whole scheme is one of complete and entire benevolence. It bids science and philosophy go forth in their strength to plunge the shaft to the deepest depths till they break the granite roof of the central fire, or scale the heavens till they leap from world to world with the feet of light, and tells them that the first and last echo will be, 'God is Love!' It commands that that echo be heard every where and always; that amid the jar and noise of tumultuous minds and the wild and passionate demands of vengeance and selfishness, its spirit should be obeyed unfalteringly, declaring that, whatever be the

distracting circumstances inclining to doubt and cessation of effort, that is the only law of action, and that if in the hands of God and man it fail,

> 'The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble.'

It cannot, will not fail. When man must leave its application, God does not desert it, but gives it conquest. Love and Renovation are one; God's glory and Human Redemption are united, and are inseparable.

President Wayland, in the discourse alluded to, offers as the first proof of 'the certain triumph of the Redeemer,' the '*adaptedness*' of the Gospel '*to gratify* the *wants* of the *sensitive* part of *our nature*.' I emphasise this proposition to suggest an order of thought or reflection; as by 'the sensitive,' he unquestionably referred to our sensibilities, or feelings, or perhaps more properly to the capacity of being moved to feeling—moral, intellectual, and religious feeling.

Now what other view of the Gospel can we take than that denominated Universalism, and maintain the idea that the Gospel is adapted to our sensitive nature—to produce lofty, pure, strengthening and joyous feeling? What ingenious efforts have been used to keep down those pure and expansive feelings that demand some prospect better than popular theology presents, and to assure the bleeding spirit that all will be clear in the light of eternity—that there God will annihilate or deaden those sensibilities and sympathies that now plead so strong for complete Salvation—the redemption of the world.

Such efforts miss their object, for the heart, with its deep affections, will speak out. It will remain human, however fiendish the creed may be. And around us, the strong affections are laboring, as the waters far down in the earth lift themselves degree by degree, till they burst through the earthly confines and spread the fruitful moisture abroad. Greenness and beauty spring up, and the loveliness of the operating spirit is confessed because of the richness called into being.

Reader, if to thee there is the sublimest meaning given by thy faith to the caption of this article, see that thou makest a direct personal application of it. Is a certain triumph given to the Redeemer in thy own being? Is there in thee victory complete for Zion's King? Are all imaginations cast down that should be? and *is* every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ? Is every high thing that exalted itself against the knowledge of God removed? and art thou one with the Master?

Gifts of Charity. When men publicly proclaim their deeds of benevolence, it always reminds one of a certain minister who expected that he should sit on the best seat in heaven for his good deeds here. PR.

THE RETURN.

BY IONE.

Welcome, most welcome! For our sunny hearth
Grew dark without thee, and our brooding fears
Threw countless dangers on thy distant path,
Till but thy name called forth the truant tears.

Welcome, thrice welcome! Life too soon is told
For such long partings to be calmly borne!
Why should the loved and loving leave the fold
While the bereaved in lonely sorrow mourn?

Welcome most welcome! For the joyous band
Unbroken now, shall one by one depart,
Till all are gathered to the happy land
That knows no weary or divided heart!

When summoned hence to know our home no more,
And tremblingly to seek our Maker's face,
What shall our faded hope and peace restore
But a kind welcome from the throne of grace?

Boston, Mass.

SECRECY.

We transfer to our pages from the editorial columns of the 'New World' a sensible and useful article on *Secrecy*. It discusses briefly an important moral duty, and attention to the suggestions of the writer will prevent the recurrence of many evils which disturb social and domestic life. Too many deem it a sufficient apology for making common talk of what is heard at the home-table, that no injunction was laid upon them to keep it to themselves, whereas the very nature of the conversation dictated such prudence. 'A tale bearer separateth very friends,' said the wise man; and it is so every day, from the repetition of remarks uttered in the warmth of momentary excitement, or while the sting of some wrong touches the soul which is plucked out very soon by the hand of forgiveness that throws it away. But to the article:

'For once that secrecy is formally imposed upon you, it is implied a hundred times by the concurrent circumstances. All that your friend says to you, as a friend, is entrusted to you only. Much of what a man tells you in the hour of affliction, in sudden anger, or in any out-pouring of the heart, should be secret. In his craving for sympathy, he has spoken to you as to his own soul.

'To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish. For you commonly relate but a part of what has happened, and even if you are able to relate that part with fairness, it is still as likely to be misconstrued as a word of many meanings, in a foreign tongue without the context.

'There are a few conversations which do not imply some degree of mental confidence, however slight. And in addition to that which is said in confidence, there is generally something which is peculiar, though not confidential; which is addressed to the present company alone, though not confided to their secrecy. It is meant for them or for persons like them, and they are expected to understand it rightly. So that when a man has no scruple in repeating all that he hears to anybody that he meets, he pays but a poor compliment to himself; for he seems to take it for granted that what was said in his presence, would have been said, in the same words, at any time, aloud and in the market place. In short that he is the average man of mankind: which we doubt much whether any man would like to consider himself.

On the other hand, there is an habitual and unmeaning reserve in some men, which makes secrets without any occasion; and it is the least to say of such things that they are needless. Sometimes it proceeds from an innate shyness or timidity of disposition; sometimes from a temper naturally suspicious; or it may be the result of having been frequently betrayed or oppressed. From whatever cause it comes, it is a failing. As cunning is some men's strength, so this sort of reserve is some men's prudence. The man who does not know when, or how much, or to whom to confide, will do well in maintaining a Pythagorean silence. It is his best course, we would not have him change it on any account; we only wish him not to mistake it for wisdom.

The happy union of frankness and reserve which is to be desired, comes not by studying rules, either for candor or for caution. It results chiefly from an uprightness of purpose enlightened by a profound and delicate care for the feelings of others. This will go very far in teaching us what to confide and what to conceal, in our own affairs; what to repeat, and what to suppress in those of other people. The stone in which nothing is seen, and the polished metal which reflects all things, are both alike hard and insensible.

When a matter is made public, to proclaim that it had ever been confided to your secrecy may be no trifling breach of confidence; and it is the only one which is then left for you to commit.

With respect to the kind of people to be trusted, it may be observed that grave proud men are very safe confidants; and that those persons, who have ever had to conduct any business in which secrecy was essential, are likely to acquire a habit of reserve for all occasions.

On the other hand, it is a question whether a secret will escape sooner by means of a vain man, or a simpleton. There are some people who play with a secret until at last it is suggested by their manner to some shrewd person who knows a little of the circumstances connected with it. There are others whom it is unsafe to trust. Not that they are vain, and so wear the secret as an ornament; not that they are foolish, and so let it drop by accident; not that they are treacherous, and so sell it for their own advantage. But they are simple minded people, with whom the world has gone smoothly, who would not themselves make any mischief of the secret which they disclose, and therefore do not see what harm may come of telling of it.

Before you make any confidence, you should consider whether the thing you wish to confide is of weight enough to be a secret. Your small secrets require the greatest care. Most persons suppose they have kept them sufficiently when they have been silent about them for a certain time; and this is hardly to be wondered at, if there is nothing in their nature to remind a person that they are told to him as secrets.

There is a good reason for using concealment even with your dearest friends. It is that you may be less liable to be reminded of your anxieties when you have resolved to put them aside. Few persons have tact enough to perceive when to be silent, and when to offer you counsel and condolence.

You should be careful not to entrust another unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep, and which may expose him to somebody's displeasure, when it is hereafter discovered that he was the object of your confidence. Your desire for aid, or for sympathy, is not to be indulged by dragging other people into your misfortunes.

'There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets, as in keeping those of your neighbor.'

THE CALL.

BY MISS C. A. FILLEBROWN.

'And they heard a great voice from heaven, saying unto them'—'Come up hither.'—Rev. xi. 12.

Rise from your low pursuits,
Ye grovelling earth-worms! whom the rising sun
Sees heaping greedily your golden fruits,
And toiling still when the long day is done.

The gold hath dimmed your sight—
Ye grope like blind men in the light of day.
O cower no longer 'mid the shades of night,
Bask in the glory of the sun's full ray!

Ye weary ones and lone,
Whose hearts are sorrowing for the loved and lost,
Who yearn to hear the gentle music-tone
Of some young victim to the early frost—

And thou, whose troubled soul,
Sick of the world's contention, noise and strife,
And pressing forward to the eternal goal,
Pants for the waters of Immortal Life—

Come to the *better land!*
Here the beloved shall thy spirit greet,

Radiant with beauty mid the seraph-band,
And chanting anthems most divinely sweet.

Here shalt thou find the rest,
Pilgrim of earth! for which thy soul did long!
And when the golden cup thy lip hath prest,
Then shall thy spirit be made glad and strong.

O maiden young and gay!
Dream'st thou that youth and beauty must depart?
That clouds will gather o'er thy sunlit way,
And sorrow quench the gladness of thine heart?

When those *dark days* shall come,
As come they will—lift up thy tearful eye!
O '*come up hither*'—to thy spirit's home
Where joys are changeless and love cannot die!

Turn from Ambition's dream!
Ye who are toiling up the hill of Fame;
For it will prove—all-glorious tho' it seem,
A glittering bauble, and an empty name!

Break now the bonds of sin!
Why waste ye thus the blessings God has given?
Who will not strive the 'Crown of Life' to win,
And '*come up hither*'—to the joys of Heaven?—

Boston, Mass.

PICTURES IN OUR ROOM.

We always, from early childhood, put up pictures in our room, and the only evil arising from the practice was that of adding something to the already too great attraction of 'the study'—for we always had a study. We always loved pictures, for by them we could have just such a company, from all ages and nations, as we pleased; and as the mood was, we could have companions for gaiety or sorrow, success or disappointment, vexation or satisfaction. And then too, how many clouds have been dispersed by the bright smiles of a happy face that with its omnipotent witchery looks upon me from one niche, and how has many a grief been hushed and made as nothing by the sight of the suffering martyr! We well remember a day of intense anguish, when we lay with racking torture in every portion of our frame, and chanced to gaze on a picture. It was 'Jesus bearing the Cross meeting his Mother.' We gazed and gazed till we turned away abashed and ashamed to make so much ado, even mentally, about our own pains. And many such transformations have been effected by pictures in our room. We want to tell the world about some of those pictures, and as we cannot spare the copies we have, nor distribute them to a tithe of our friends, we mean to try something at word-painting and give such copies as we can in that way. But before we commence this effort, we would ask the reader to give a little thought to some sensible remarks of Leigh Hunt in his 'Indicator.'

'May we exhort such of our readers as have no pictures hanging in their rooms, to put one up immediately? we mean in their principal sitting-room;—in all their rooms, if possible, but, at all events, in that one. No matter how costly, or the reverse, provided they *see something in it*, and it gives them a profitable or pleasant thought. Some may allege that they have "no taste for pictures;" but they have a taste for objects to be found in pictures,—for trees, for landscapes, for human beauty, for scenes of life; or, if not for all these, yet surely for some one of them; and it is highly useful for the human mind to give itself helps towards taking an interest in things apart from its immediate cares or desires. They serve to refresh us for their better conquest or endurance; to render sorrow unselfish; to remind us that we ourselves, or our own personal wishes, are not the only objects in the world; to instruct and elevate us, and put us in a fairer way of realizing the good opinions which we would all fain entertain of ourselves, and in some measure do; to make us compare notes with other individuals, and with nature at large, and correct our infirmities at their mirror by modesty and reflection; in short, even the admiration of a picture is a kind of religion, or additional tie on our consciences, and *rebinding* of us (for such is the meaning of the word religion) to the greatness and goodness of nature.

'Mr. Hazlitt has said somewhere, of the portrait of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence. It is not so much for restraint's sake, as for the sake of diffusiveness of heart, or the going out of ourselves, that we would recommend pictures; but, among other advantages, this also, of reminding us of our duties, would doubtless be one; and if reminded with charity, the effect, though perhaps small in most instances, would still be something. We have read of a Catholic money-lender, who, when he was going to cheat a customer, always drew a veil over the portrait of his favorite Saint. Here was a favorite vice, far more influential than the favorite Saint; and yet we are of opinion that the money-lender was better for the Saint than he would have been without him. It left him faith in something; he was better for it in the intervals; he would have treated his daughter the better for it, or his servant, or his dog. There was a bit of heaven in his room,—a sun-beam to shine into a corner of his heart,—however he may have shut the window against it, when heaven was not to look on.

'The companionship of any thing greater or better than ourselves must do us good, unless we are destitute of all modesty or patience. And a picture is a companion, and the next thing to the presence of what it represents. We may live in the thick of a city, for instance, and can seldom go out, and "feed" ourselves

With pleasure of the breathing fields;

but we can put up a picture of the fields before us, and, as we get used to it, we shall find it the next thing to seeing the fields at a distance. For every picture is a kind of window, which supplies us with a fine sight; and many a thick, unpierced wall thus lets us into the studies of the greatest men, and the most beautiful scenes of nature. By living with pictures we learn to "read" them,—to see into every nook and corner of a landscape, and every feature of the mind; and it is impossible to be in the habit of these perusals, or even of being vaguely conscious of the presence of the good and beautiful, and considering them as belonging to us, or forming a part of our common-places, without being, at the very least, less subject to the disadvantages arising from having no such thoughts at all.

'And it is so easy to square the picture to one's aspirations, or professions, or the powers of one's pocket. For, as to resolving to have no picture at all in one's room, unless we could have it costly, and finely painted, and finely framed, that would be a mistake so vulgar, that we trust no reader of any decent publication now-a-days could fall into it. The greatest knave or simpleton in England, provided he is rich, can procure one of the finest paintings in the world to-morrow, and know nothing about it when he has got it; but to feel the beauties of a work of art, or to be capable of being led to feel them, is a gift which often falls to the lot of the poorest; and this is what Raphael or Titian desired in those who looked at their pictures. All the rest is taking the clothes for the man. Now it so happens, that the cheapest engravings, though they cannot come up to the merits of the originals, often contain no mean portion or shadow of them; and when we speak of putting pictures up in a room, we use the word "picture" in the child's sense, meaning any kind of graphic representation, oil, water-color, copper-plate, drawing, or wood-cut. And any one of these is worth putting up in your room, provided you have mind enough to get a pleasure from it. Even a frame is not necessary, if you cannot afford it. Better put up a rough, varnished engraving, than none at all,—or pin, or stick up, any engraving whatsoever, at the hazard of its growing ever so dirty. You will keep it as clean as you can, and for as long a time; and as for the rest, it is better to have a good memorandum before you, and get a fresh one when you are able, than to have none at all, or even to keep it clean in a portfolio. How should you like to keep your own heart in a portfolio, or lock your friend up in another room? We are no friends to portfolios, except where they contain more prints than can be hung up. The more, in that case, the better.

'People are in general quite enough inclined to look after the interests of "number one;" but they make a poor business of it, rich as they may become, unless they include a power of forgetting it in behalf of number two; that is to say, of some one person, or thing, besides themselves, able to divert them from mere self-seeking. It is not uncommon to see one solitary portrait in a lawyer's office, and that portrait, a lawyer's, generally some judge. It is better than none. Any thing is better than the poor, small unit of a man's selfish self, even if it be but the next thing to it. And there is the cost of the engraving and frame. Sometimes there is more; for these professional prints, especially when alone, are meant to imply, that the possessor is a shrewd, industrious, proper lawyer, who sticks to his calling, and wastes his time in "no nonsense;" and this ostentation of business is in some instances a cover for idleness or disgust, or a blind for a father or rich uncle. Now it would be better, we think, to have two pictures instead of one, the judge's by all means, for the professional part of the gentleman's soul,—and some one other picture, to show his client that he is a man as well as a lawyer, and has an eye to the world outside of him, as well as to his own; for as men come from that world to consult him, and generally think their cases just in the eyes of common sense as well as law, they like to see that he has some sympathies as well as cunning.

'Upon these grounds, it would be well for men of other callings, if they acted in a similar way. The young merchant should reasonably have a portrait of some eminent merchant before his eyes, with some other, not far off, to hinder him from acknowledging no merit but in riches. Or he might select a merchant of such a character as could serve both uses,—Sir Thomas Gresham, for instance, who encouraged knowledge as well as money-getting,—or Lorenzo de Medici, the princely merchant of Italy. So with regard to clergymen, to professions of all sorts, and to trade. The hosier, in honor of his calling, might set up Defoe, who was one of that trade, as well as author of Robinson Crusoe; the bookseller, may the footman, Dodsley, who was at one time a footman as well as a bookseller and author, and behaved excellently under all characters; and the tailor might baulk petty animadversions on his trade, by having a portrait, or one of the many admirable works, of the great Annibal Caracci, who was a tailor's son. It would be advisable, in general, to add a landscape, if possible, for reasons already intimated; but a picture of some sort we hold to be almost indispensably necessary towards doing justice to the habitation of every one who is capable of reflection and improvement. The print-shops, the book-stalls, the port-folios containing etchings and engravings at a penny or twopence a-piece, (often superior to plates charged twenty times as much) and lastly, the engravings that make their way into the shop windows, out of the Annuals of the past season, and that are to be had for almost as little, will furnish the ingenuous reader of this article with an infinite store to choose from; and if he is as good-natured as he is sensible, we will ven-

ture to whisper into his ear, that we should take it as a personal kindness of him, and hope he would consider us a friend assisting him in putting it up.'

When we are obliged, in making a call, to tarry fifteen or twenty minutes alone in a room, we love pictures—especially first rate ones, full of objects suggesting ideas. They consume the time so pleasantly, and furnish so much matter for remark when the friend arrives! Why, a picture is almost as good as a child to talk about, especially if the child be not of amiable manners; and then too, how quick you can make a child 'take' to you by the aid of a good picture or two! But there is no need of lengthening the 'argument,' and so we end with advising our friends to make their rooms sociable by good pictures. They do very well in the place of sunshine where sunshine will not come.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER SISTER.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Go, LIFT the curtain, sister,
For morn breaks o'er the hill,
And busy murmurs greet my ear
From our old moss-roofed mill.
I hear the robin on the porch,
The swallow 'neath the eaves;
And our old roof-tree swarms with birds
That sing amid its leaves.

They say I'm dying, sister,
But still I love the sound
Of that old wheel that still goes on
In its unwearying round.
I love to hear the pleasant notes
Of happy living things,
And breathe in all the fragrant sweets
That Spring profusely brings.

I would not keep my heart a nun
From human love and joy;
These have a strength within my soul
No suffering can destroy;
And still I love as *e'er* I loved,
To meet the sun's warm smile,
Or watch from my uneasy couch,
Our little haunted isle.

That pretty isle—Ah, sister!
How oft our little raft
I've paddled o'er the narrow stream
With quite an oarsman's craft;
And mooring it beneath the boughs
Of that o'er-arching tree,
Have spent whole days in braiding flowers
To crown mamma and thee.

How beautiful was mother
In that fantastic guise,
With smiles around her dimpled lips,
And blessings in her eyes!

Ah! now she wears a brighter wreath—
A crown of love and bliss;
We must not mourn that she is gone
To happier life than this.

And wilt thou weep, beloved,
When in the old church-yard,
They lay me gently down to rest
Beneath the grassy sward?
When o'er my grave the robin sings,
And little flowers spring up,
And crystal drops, from far-off stars,
O'erflow the violet's cup?

Ah! dear and gentle sister,
I shall not rest me *there;*
Far up and on, beyond the clouds
And fields of ambient air,
Far up and on, where mortal eye
Hath ne'er aspired to gaze,
I shall resume a *life of rest*
And of eternal praise!

Oh sister, *dearest* sister,
I love to live—to know;
But life and wisdom here on earth
Are not secure from wo.
'Tis better, therefore, that I leave
This world of *partial* bliss,
And live in regions far removed
From all that pains in this.

So dry thy tears, my loved one,
And sit thee by my side,
With mother's Bible in thy hand,
That long hath been our guide,
Read me some strong and soothing psalm—
Some holy words of Christ;
In hours of pain, for all my wants,
His love hath well sufficed.

COMMON SENSE INTERPRETATION.

We are amused to see how earnestly polemical writers now urge against Millerism the very reasonings which they scorned a short time since as absurd because used by Universalists! They find they must use our method of interpreting the prophecies; and in their desperation to save their flocks from 'ravenous wolves,' they grasp at the only weapons which can enable them to do the work effectually. But in many places they ill succeed, because of two reasons;—They have delayed too long till their hearers have become fully given over to the Miller mania; and when they commenced the battle, the deluded ones on turning back at the sound of the Shepherds' cry, saw weapons in their hands which they had been taught to hate, and their own pastors looked more terrible, armed as they had always pictured a Universalist, than the wolves against which they were warned. Many a pastor who has learned his people to hate 'the Uni-

versalists'' mode of interpreting prophecies, is now reaping his reward in the desolations over which he is called to mourn.

We give one specimen, from a late publication, of the adoption of our method of interpreting several prophetical passages:—'Christ's second coming was at, or about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D., 70. This we can *easily* prove, for Christ said *positively*, "verily I say unto you, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the son of man coming in his kingdom:" (see Mat. xvi. 28,) the same declaration is recorded by Mark, ix. 1, and by Luke, ix. 27; thus there can be no mistake in *this* testimony, but we will proceed with *more:*—in Matthew, chap. xxiv, he describes the signs that were to *precede* his coming, and he told them, *when* they saw *these things*, that they might *know* that his coming was *near*—even at their doors. And again, "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled. *Heaven and earth* shall pass away, but my words *shall not* pass away." Now, think ye that *this* Scripture was given for our instruction, or was the Savior jesting? Did he or his Apostles ever teach men that they should, *by any means*, know the exact *year when* those things should be fulfilled? No! but Mr. Miller has—*he* seems to know those things *to a nicety!* We will hear the Savior on this point—he says, "But of that day, and hour knoweth *no man*, no, not even the angels of heaven, but my Father only." We read again, in Luke, xxi. 20, 22, "And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh; for these be the days of *vengeance*, that *all* things which are *written* may be fufillled.

'Again, he says—speaking of the end of the age and destruction of Jerusalem, "*When* ye *therefore* shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel, the prophet, stand in the holy place, 'whoso readeth let him understand.'" Ah! was *this* Scripture intended to be understood? was *this* intended for instruction? surely it was! then let us review it a little.

'We find *positively* that Jerusalem *was* to be the seat of the awful desolation, and manifest *vengeance* of Omnipotence;—*there* it was where the prophecies of Daniel centred, and *there* is where *all* things that were *written* should be fulfilled; now mind, this is not *Mr. Miller* speaking. Christ said, "O! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! *behold!* your house is left unto you *desolate*, that *upon you* may come *all* the righteous blood shed upon the *earth*, from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zacharias: verily I say unto you, *all these things* shall come upon *this* generation." What can be plainer than this? [See Mat. xxiii.] But the time *when* those things should be, we will notice further. Christ said, Mark, i. 14, "Now after that John was put in prison, *Jesus* came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, saying, *the time is fulfilled*, and the kingdom of God is at hand, *repent ye therefore*, and *believe* the gospel." Now here is the time, *times*, and *all* of Mr. Miller's times counted up by Christ and pronounced *fulfilled*. The 2300 days of Daniel, 70 weeks, &c., which Mr. Miller has stretched out into years, cut and spliced, &c., at his will, seems to have *all* been fulfilled *long since*. And further: The time at which the prophecies of Daniel *were* fulfilled *can* be made plain to *every one:*—we read in Daniel's last chapter, "And at *that* time (meaning the time of the abomination that maketh desolation) shall Michael stand up, the great prince, which standeth for the children of thy people, and there shall be a time of trouble, such as *never was* since there was a *nation; even* to that *same time*, and at *that* time, thy people shall be delivered; *every* one that shall be found written in the book." We compare *this* with Christ's prediction, speaking of Jerusalem, he says, "For there shall be great distress in the land, and *wrath* upon *this* people;" (mind he said *this* people, speaking in the *then* present tense,) "And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all the nations; and *Jerusalem* shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled; and there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea, and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for *fear*, and for looking after those things which are coming on the *earth;* for the powers of heaven shall be shaken; and *then* shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud, with *power* and *great glory;* and when *these things* begin to come to pass, then *look up*, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." Luke xxi, 24, 25, 26, 27.

'Now here is harmony and accordance between Daniel and Christ: Daniel says, "*at that time* thy people shall be delivered;" Christ says, "when these *begin* to come to pass, then look up for your redemption draweth nigh." The distress spoken of also tallies; and Christ even adds *more*, in Mat. xxiv, 21, he says, "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the *world* to *this* time, no, nor *ever shall be:*" then *if* Daniel's prophecies *were not* fulfilled at the destruction of Jerusalem, *they could not be afterwards* for Christ *limited them*. But let us see. "But thou, O Daniel! shut up the words, and seal the book, *even* to the time of *the end*." (The same end which Christ often spoke of—the end of the Jewish age, or Mosaic dispensation.) Again: "Then I, Daniel, looked, and behold there stood other two (Angels), the one on this side of the bank of the river, and the other on that side, and one said to the man

clothed in linen, how long shall it be to the *end* of these wonders? And I heard the man clothed in linen, when he held up his right hand, and his left hand unto heaven, and *sware*—by him that *liveth for ever*—that it shall be for a time, times and a half?" Now how are *we* to find out how to measure this time, times, and a half? We have it measured to our hand in the same verse! "and when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be *finished*,"—not merely fulfilled, but finished. Now who were the "holy people?" every body knows that the Jews were called the holy people, yea! God's *peculiar* people, and every body knows too, that the Jews *were* scattered *at*, and immediately *after* the destruction of Jerusalem; *thus* it is *evident* that Daniel's prophecies were then fulfilled —"*finished*;" and thus you see how *we* can get along when we *start right*—by making Scripture *explain* Scripture, and making Scripture *measure its own time*, too, without putting *us* to the trouble (say nothing about the sin) of stretching, bobbing and piecing, as Mr. Miller does.

'But Daniel did not seem to understand what was told him, as well perhaps as we do, for *we* have the *advantage* of him, by knowing how and where those things were fulfilled. Daniel did not have Christ to teach, and explain them to him; or history to teach him of the *actual fulfilment* of them, for the fulfilment was *then* in the future; and Daniel, when he *asked* for an explanation, was told to go away, and wait till the fulfilment should be, *then* he would know all about it, and then he should "stand in his lot," and partake of his "rest" with the sanctified of God. [See last chapter and verses of Daniel.] We presume Dr. Adam Clarke's testimony will have *some weight* here: he says, speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, "They were days in which *all* the calamities predicted by Moses, Daniel and the Savior, met in one common centre, and were fulfilled in the most *terrible* manner on that generation." But we will hear Dr. Clarke farther, as Mr. Miller contends that the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel, was not to be seen until about the year 1839, three years ago only; but Christ contradicts him, history contradicts him, and common sense contradicts him—but *un*-common sense sticks to him. Dr. Clarke also contradicts him; he says, "This abomination of desolation refers to the Roman army; and this abomination, standing in the holy place, is the Roman army *besieging* Jerusalem; this, our Lord says, is what was spoken of by Daniel the prophet." Dr. Clarke then adds, "so let every one who reads *these* prophecies understand them!" for they are given by inspiration of God, and are profitable for doctrine, reproof and correction, furnishing the man of God with something *better* than Millerism.'

THE tongue of scandal setteth on fire the moral firmament of a neighborhood. PR.

'TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.'

WORDS are too feeble to portray
The love I fain would show,
Or I would tell thee every day
I feel a pure and fervid glow
Come o'er me with the early light,
Grow with the growing day,
Shine with the sun, and through the night
In visions round me play.

'Tis love for thee! oh what beside
Could on my heart thus set its seal?
What o'er the earth or waters wide
Could cause the rapt'rous joy I feel
When, or where'er thy name is heard
In tone of praise, or joyous pride?
What rouse me as a single word
With scornful air to thee applied?

'Tis love for thee! such love as those
Who worship self can never know;
Love that defies decay, and throws
Its bright'ning influence round me now,
As throws the mem'ry of good deeds
Its lustre o'er our after years,
Illuming much, tho' no one heeds,
Our passage through 'this vale of tears.'

'Tis love for thee! nor can tongue tell
How free from all the base alloy,
That causes oft the heart to swell
With feelings *not* akin to joy;
Nor how I *once* liked not thy face
And only prized thy mind,
Tho' now I know their every grace,
I love them both combined.

I love thee when the tall church fane
First glitters in the sun's soft rays,
And fluttering birds make hill and plain
Re-echo with their notes of praise;—
And when the last faint ling'ring light
Of day is fading in the West,
And the same songsters for the night
Are hast'ning to their place of rest.

I love thee when the wintry storm
Of snows is driving madly past,
And many a shrinking, shiv'ring form
Is sadly list'ning to its blast;
And love thee when the summer rain
Pours quickly down in passing shower,
Refreshes earth, and bids again
Revive each drooping bud and flower.

I'll love thee ever! naught shall turn
The bright warm feelings of my heart
From thee; nor can I ever learn
To act with thee the masker's part;
In death I'll love thee! if I may
Draw near thee then with none to chide,
I'll kiss thy clay-cold lips and pray
To soon be sleeping by thy side. ANNETTE.

Boston, Mass.

THE GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT TO GOODNESS.

BY HENRY BACON.

2 Kings VI. 15–19

It was early morning when the servant of the prophet Elisha went forth from the humble home—it may be to his duty, or to breathe the fresh and bracing air, or to look round about the habitation of his master to see what the darkness of the night might have enabled the enemy to do—for war was abroad between the kings of Syria and Israel. The king of Israel had found the wisdom of the Prophet of more worth than the might and skill of his generals, and in the Syrian camp the fame of Elisha was spread abroad, so that on a certain occasion a servant said to the king of Syria, 'Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou spakest in thy bed-chamber.' This was a most emphatic confession of the common belief in the prophetical sight of the man of God, and how that he was dreaded more than the valor of the brave, or the strength of the mighty. The king would have sent forth a spy to search out the dwelling place of Elisha, but he was told that he dwelt in Dothan. 'Horses, chariots, and a great host,' were immediately prepared to go forth and surround the Prophet's dwelling by night, as the king hoped to obtain him for his cause—so foolishly do men reason when passion rules them. The host came by night and surrounded the place of the Prophet's retreat; and when the servant of the Prophet came forth at morn, he beheld the troops and trembled for the safety of himself and master. He fled to tell his master, and meeting him exclaimed—'Alas, my master! how shall we do?' how shall we escape from the power that is around us? The Prophet was undismayed, being strong in the strength of a steadfast reliance on God, and he therefore answered his trembling servant—'Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.'

The servant was doubtless astonished by such an answer—by such a reason why he should not fear. He looked towards his master in the distance, and was fixed with amazement as he strove to penetrate the meaning of the Prophet! Elisha bowed in prayer for him. What a scene is that to contemplate! The morning light is just throwing its beams over hill and mountain, making the shadows denser in the valleys. Bathing in the light the Prophet is kneeling, the morning air is playing with his reverent locks, and gratefully fanning the face turned to the East and uplifted to the skies; his arms are stretched forth imploringly, and his whole attitude makes manifest the trusting fervor of his soul. The amazed servant steadfastly gazes upon him, yet cannot but see also the war-clad troops that surround the mountain, and his soul is filled with strange and conflicting emotions. The Syrians gaze up to the mountain where the Prophet kneels, and are awed into silence and dread as they look upon him—for they have confessed that he was not of the common mass—that he was not one to be sported with—that his was wisdom strange to them, transcending all the foresight and prudence of the most accomplished warriors in their camp. There then, are the troops, the chariots and richly clad horses, the spears of the men glittering as the rays of the sun tip them with gold;—these fill the base of the mountain. On the summit kneels the Prophet, and over against him at a short remove stands the servant, whose hopes and fears are well symbolized by the lights and shades which intermingle and are continually changing as the sunbeams play with the forms there gathered. The Prophet prays—not for himself, but for his trembling servant. He prays—'Lord! I pray thee open his eyes, that he may see.'—'And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.' They came down to him, as snow flakes glittering in the sun fall to the earth. The young man was convinced of his master's wisdom when he told him what was for them and he feared no more the Syrians.

The Syrians were struck blind, and the Prophet led them to Samaria, where the king of Israel was. There they recovered their sight, and, behold, they were in the midst of Samaria. The king of Israel said unto Elisha, when he saw them, My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them? And he answered, Thou shalt not smite them; wouldst thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master. And he prepared great provision for them; and when they had eaten and drunk, he sent them away, and they went to their master. So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel.

This incident of history, like all true history, affords us good lessons touching many of our duties, reminding us of the enemies that are often surrounding us, of the worth of that spiritual vision which enables man to see the help heaven has prepared for him, and of the good of seeking the direction of a higher wisdom than the world furnishes. But the particular purpose to which I would apply it, will be discerned by the following application;—I look upon the Prophet as the Genius of Reform; I look upon the servant as a disciple of Reform; I look upon the Syrians as the tempters of those who are devoted to the cause of Reform; I look upon the opening of the eyes of the young man as the discernment given the disciple of Reform of what God has ordained to favor and aid him and his cause. I look upon the blindness of the Syrians as the confusion that often overtakes suddenly the tempters of the struggling disciples of Reform and which throws them upon the mercy of those they would enslave. I look upon the opening of their eyes by which they saw themselves in Samaria in the power of Israel's king, as the awak-

ening of the tempters to the evils they are bringing upon themselves, the disgrace which surrounds them, and the impotence of all they possess to screen them from trials most severe. I look upon the eager desire of the king of Israel to smite the captured enemy as the proneness of men to resort to severe measures to destroy the enemies of Reform—measures which the Genius of Reform does not and cannot sanction. I look upon the spreading before the Syrians of bountiful food, their departing refreshed, and the bands of Syria coming no more into the land of Israel, as the triumphant power of kindness by which Reform can best be carried on, so that the enemy return not again.

Such are the analogies I draw from the history, and has not Truth as much to do with them as Fancy? I think so; and I deem it well to use Fancy to teach us such needed lessons—needed in this age of Reform, when tempters are busy among its disciples, when spiritual illumination is so much needed, and when men are so prone to use smiting measures to annihilate the enemy. Space forbids my dilating on each of the analogies as I should be glad to—glad to, because each one is important for us to consider, that we may feel the truths or facts taught thereby. I can only plead of the reader to permit his thoughts in the hour of leisure to ponder on them all, and by them to be made wise unto that which is good.

The Prophet is indeed a true type of the genuine Reformer. As he stands upon the mountain in the sun-light, so stands the Reformer on the firm foundation—the righteousness of his cause, in the clear light of everlasting truth. He shrinks not, nor fears, for he knows what is for him, and how weak against him is all the pride, the dazzling show, the valor and the might of the Syrians. He feels that he is surrounded with angelic hosts, and glory circles around him eclipsing the brightness of earthly grandeur and fame. The Syrians had no power to turn him to their cause, for he cared not for aught that was not honorable in the sight of heaven. And thus it should be. The moral or religious Reformer should have in his soul a love for truth and righteousness above all other loves, or he is not worthy of Christ. Firm as the mountain should his foundation be—the eternal principles of Right; and his voice should ever be strong and untrembling to cheer the unnerved disciple, and to pray for him, that he may not fall into the hands of those who would make him 'die so slowly, that none call it murder.'

In the servant rising at early morn and finding himself surrounded with enemies, I see a disciple of Reform, who awakes each day to find that the tempters to evil are not lessened. O how much he is like those struggling souls who have abandoned the maddening bowl and would keep it ever from them, but who each morn are made to tremble as they see the foes arrayed against them—the tempters that would betray and enslave them. Who does not pity the trembling young man? who does not look upon the besieging Syrians as standing in no enviable light—more shadows surrounding them than any other objects? The pride with which they are decked is nought to him who knows what it cost of blood and misery, and he would fain see them deprived of their power. It is indeed a solemn sight to see a young man going forth at morning into the world to do his duty, and advancing but a few steps ere he finds himself surrounded with the enemies of his peace, virtue, and usefulness, that would tempt him from sobriety and goodness! If he is beautiful to behold, his tempters are hideous; and their traps of iniquity are the abominations of the land, for the dead are there in living corruption. The show of pleasantness—the screens and picturings of beauty, are but as the trappings of war by which the murderous business was and is made attractive. O with the sunlight of morn let prayer be made for the tempted young—for those who are going forth into a wicked world—for those who are made to tremble as they feel they know not how to do. Look steadfast, O man, and see what is against thee; and then look steadfast again to heaven and see what is for thee. O as true as God is more powerful than man—as virtue is better than vice—as a good conscience is better than remorse—as a good name is better than riches and the esteem of the righteous than fine gold,—so true it is that there is more for thee than against thee. Tremble not, but be strong of heart; for what is against thee? Look around, aye, and within thee, and consider what is against thee. And what dost thou perceive as opposing thee in thy duty—thy devotion to virtue and God? Artificial appetites and thy tempters; these are all that is against thee; and shalt thou fear? O no; for those appetites are not good—thou wouldst conquer them; and thy tempters are weak, for all iniquity is weak; in every soul there is a Sampson strength to wrestle with and destroy any lion that comes forth against it. Turn from the Syrians, and gaze on the prophet's young man on the mountain for whom the man of God hath prayed. Look on him.

> 'There refreshed from Heaven,
> He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
> His countenance settles; a soft solemn bliss
> Swims in his eye—his swimming eye upraised;
> And Faith's whole armor glitters on his limbs!
> And thus transfigured with a dreadless awe,
> A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
> All things of terrible seeming, yet unmoved.'

As with him, so it may be with each who seeks to be true to God and Duty. There is more for him than can possibly be brought against him, for with every temptation there is a way of escape, that he may be able to bear it. What then is for him? We answer:

His physical constitution—the laws of its health, strength, growth and ease; his best feelings, his consciousness of duty, his convictions of the good of the complete triumph of virtuous principle, his desires for

an honorable name and a good influence in society. Is not the combined force of these great and mighty? Is there any force that can compare with them for grand effects or results? No, no. The conquests of moral principle are the most glorious of all; and let him that believes it not, search history and read the ennobling recitals. O what words can describe the good effected by the combined energy of these friends of the struggling disciple of Reform! It has made an humble individual, without station or wealth, set in operation causes which have produced the most wonderful and astounding revolution, and given to him an authority before which kings have trembled and princes have shrunk away. He who has never devoted himself to the cause of Reform, does not know how much there is for him—what mighty forces are on his side—how full the mountain of his strength is of horses and chariots of fire! Ay, it is indeed true, that there is more in man for him than against him; and were it not so, the most eloquent proofs of man being a creature designed for perpetual progress would be taken from us.

God, Christ, angels, and the prayers and efforts of all good men, are on the side of the struggling disciple of goodness. O what hath the world to daunt us, compared with what God hath to encourage us—the pleadings of his love in the constitution of our being—the affections of our hearts—the aspirations that are never wholly stifled! O what hath the tempter to make us fear, to compare with what Jesus hath to give us courage—his glorious example, his devoted love, his undying sympathy—the sympathy of one tempted in all points like as we are! Angels, ever ready to sound the anthem of rejoicing over the repentant, are for us; they are ministering spirits for our salvation; they come from the bowers of Paradise to our darkened earth, whispering to us in our dreaming hours of other and happier days ere we had known so much of the world's guilt and deceit. They bend over us with hope—they hear our prayers—they watch our tears—they listen in tender sympathy to our sighs, and O how they would bless us if we would but let them. But more than all this, is for us. The prayers of the good—the efforts they are making to show us the beauty of virtue, the glory of the conquest of ourselves, and the grandeur of perpetual advancement in moral excellence,—are for us. They come as a thousand melodious voices with a hymn of praise, breathing joy, exultation, and strength into the soul, and lifting the spirit above the world—above all love or admiration for its vanities. All that the good have done—all the results they have effected, are for us; for there is inspiration therein—an inspiration we must feel the more we consider them. O is there not enough for us, ay, more than armies, riches, or power of state! The cloud of witnesses which Paul saw looking down upon the christians, are for us. Ay, more than Paul saw, for thousands of the faithful have been called to join the company he beheld. They gaze upon us with sympathy—sympathy such as the exalted never had for the Grecian racers—sympathy that would weep to see us grow faint, or turn to fear the Syrians that are against us—sympathy that bids us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

Let us ever remember for our encouragement in virtue, that the means which God uses to enlighten our minds with truth, are superior to those the world uses to blind us with error; and that the motives to virtue are infinitely superior to the most plausible inducements to sin. The more we study God's word, our own nature, and the structure of society, the more we shall confess these facts, and the more eager we shall be to penetrate the deep meaning of St. John when he wrote,—'Greater is he that is in you, than he that is the world.' 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'

O let us often meditate on the majesty and glory of Virtue, that we may work with what is ready to work for us, and be the firm, ever-improving lovers of moral excellence. The glory and majesty of Virtue are but illy recognized even by the religious world. The devotees of a repulsive theology are forever dressing her in weeds, and causing her to move before the people like a worn pilgrim, sighing for a home and sick of the roads she is required to travel. The rewards to him who follows and imitates her are mostly posthumous, as though this life could really be best enjoyed by yielding to vice. It is not so. If there be evils in the camp of Israel, they are not to be compared with the greater evils in the Syrian tents; and wo to him who grasps the apples of Sodom that turn to ashes in the grasp, and refuses therefore the golden fruit of the tree of life whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations.

They only are wise who side with virtue, and they are foolish indeed who deem her the foe of present happiness; for happiness hath been well defined as 'the gratification of our desires within the limits assigned to them by our Creator.' Therefore, to restrain them to these limits is the golden rule of true enjoyment, and this is the task of virtue. She ever will teach us that whatever may be the plausible good promised at the cost of transgression, it is a false good; and that if we pursue it, we may go out with rejoicing, but we shall return in tears.

Our theme has a great and solemn moral to all with respect to our social influence—direct and indirect. He that made Israel sin is condemned in the sacred record more strongly than sinning Israel; and if we pray not to be led into temptation, the spirit of our prayer should teach us not to lead others into temptation. Wo! therefore to the tempters of all grades and characters, for it shall be ill with them. The blood of others shall be on them.

NATURE'S TEMPLE.

BY IONE.

Busily, thoughtfully, my spirit weaves
A fairy picture of some woodland bower,
Where, through the thickly clustering forest leaves,
The sun scarce peeps throughout the summer hour!

The wild flowers, sheltered from the chilling blast,
Scarce need the light and heat of solar ray;
And the long grass bends till the breeze is past,
Like gentle spirit to affection's sway.

Enter the bower. Just purling at your feet,
A tiny stream, like thread of silver light,
Makes witching melody so soft and sweet,
It blends with the hushed voices of the night!

'Tis one of Nature's temples. God hath reared
Its counterpart on every vernal shore!
Flee from the shrine where Deity is feared,—
Kneel 'neath the emerald roof, pray and adore!

Wait not for tolling bell and moving throng,
For here all hours are holy to the heart!
And thou, except the bright-winged heirs of song,
Alone may worship and alone depart!

Render all places holy by your prayer,
And earnest love, and self-sustaining trust!
One is your father, God! whose wakeful care
Crowns you immortal, though enrobed in dust!

Praise, till eternity itself shall end,
The love that human words cannot express!
From the green earth to heaven thy tribute send,
Which, pleasing God, doth thine own spirit bless!

Boston, Mass.

GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

HOUR EIGHT.

'Social feelings strong—inquisitive organs remarkably developed—great propensity for a well-seasoned dish of gossip, taken with *strong tea!* &c. etc. etc,' said my little mischief-loving, phrenological friend Emma, running her pretty fingers over my head and sadly disordering my hair; and then tying the strings of her foolish-looking, spaniel-eared hood beneath her dimpled chin, she ran away just as I was trying to tease a little heart-secret from her.

And so, I must pass this long winter evening alone. What friend shall I call down from the shelves of my little library? Milton, with his sweet, fanciful 'Comus?' Or Irving, whose quaint dreams and homestead pictures have made him the favorite of all genial hearts and generous intellects? Or shall it be one of the gentler sex—dear Miss Mitford, and her pretty village heroines, or charming Mary Howitt with her alchymic genius, changing all it touches into the rarest of gold?

Dear me! Who would have thought that in dislodging this beautiful copy of the 'American Poets,' I needed to have rattled down a half-dozen heavy octavos upon the floor! There comes M—— now, I dare say, to find out what all this noise is about. Bless me, no! it is old Uncle Moses again! How glad I am to see you, sir! You find me quite alone, and as usual, regretting my solitude.

'Alone! Young ladies who have minds and hearts, should never be alone. Thought is the most improving of all companions.'

Do you think so? Now I often find it very stupid.

'Your own fault then, daughter. It is your duty to give it a serious and instructive character; then you will never complain that solitude is irksome. But you were about to sit down to your book, were you not? A handsome volume that. Poetry, is it? Ah well, they print a deal of such stuff now-a-days, but I reckon I have buried up sweeter poetry beneath the clods of yonder church-yard than any you will find in books.'

I dare say it. And, by the way, did you not promise me, Uncle Moses, some further reminiscences of your professional life? Now is the time, if you are in a mood for it; but first, let me apologize for not having sooner offered to relieve you of your surtout. You will find it uncomfortable at the fireside.

'Well, my girl, you must assist me, for this plaguy rheumatism has taken the strength all out of my arms. But before you lay it aside, let me take something from the pocket that I may need in the course of the evening.'

Oh what a pretty little ivory box! Do let me open it, for I am as curious as Pandora. Was it dug out of a grave?

'No, dear. It contains merely a few relics of one who was very precious to my heart. You may look at them, if you wish, though they will have little interest aside from what is associated with her history, poor girl!'

Oh! a picture! How beautiful it is! What soft, melancholy eyes, and small, chiselled lips! Do tell me her story. But stop—here is something more. A lock of rich, brown hair;—how gracefully it curls, and how glossy it looks, as I hold it up to the light. She must have been a lovely creature.

'She was.'

And this was her ring, I suppose. The initials on it are H. W.

'Helen Whitman.'

What is this dark spot upon it? It looks like blood! Pray do tell me her story.

'Well, be patient a little, and I will try. When our village academy was first built—which is some twenty years ago—an advertisement was sent out in

the papers for some lady qualified to take charge of the girls' department. Applicants to this office were not as numerous in those days as they are now; and only three presented themselves. One was a widow about forty years old; one a maiden lady approaching her 'fourth corner,' and the third, a young girl of seventeen, named Helen Whitman. The committee selected to examine the qualifications of the applicants were young men, and two of them unmarried. Whether this circumstance had any influence upon their decision, I will leave you, who are younger than I, to determine. It is true, however, that the two elder ladies, like most of your literary women, were remarkably homely; and that Helen was one of the most beautiful girls ever seen in our village. She was the unanimous choice; and though there were some demurrings among the prudent parents on account of her youth, the committee were resolute in declaring that her attainments were of a very superior character; and as it was an undoubted fact that much of the children's progress depended upon their attachment to their teacher, they had selected from the ladies the one who was possessed of the sweetest disposition. Some one ventured to inquire how they were so certain of this, the three candidates being equally strangers. "Why any booby might know it, or rather any body would be a booby that didn't!" answered Charles Warrener, the youngest of the committee. "Look into her face," said he, "and see what a radiation of goodness and gentleness is there! Why, there is not a greater contrast between December and June, than there is between the stiff, dogmatical, Westminster-Catechism-look of that old maid, and the sweet, smiling, yet melancholy beauty of Helen Whitman. As for the widow, she is well enough," he continued, "but then—she is old, and homely, and has the rheumatism, and I dare say would do quite as much at grunting and groaning as she would at teaching. She looks too much like a milk-and-water character, too, to suit me." This was Charles Warrener's reasoning, and as his reasoning was generally satisfactory to all the young ladies, it was, in consequence, to the mammas, and through their influence, to the papas; so the choice of the Committee was shortly ratified by the whole village, and Helen's star was at once in the ascendant.

'There was one circumstance, however, which had occasioned a little discussion and hesitation amongst the committee. The two elder candidates came loaded with recommendations from Doctors, Judges, and Professors; but poor Helen had not a single certificate to present, except her own sweet countenance. She made her plea, however, and it was more effectual than a thousand certificates. "Gentlemen," said she, "I have brought no recommendations. I am willing to give such testimonies of my capacities, as you have the disposition to require of me, personally. I am an orphan. I was educated by my mother; and as the place of my birth is hundreds of miles distant, and as I have no acquaintances out of that immediate vicinity, it is impossible for me to procure certificates. I have no experience as a teacher; and it will be, therefore, unsafe for you to engage me for a longer period than one quarter. Be assured, gentlemen, I shall accept no compensation for my services unless they fully meet your approval."

'The singularity of a young girl's coming "hundreds of miles," unfriended and unrecommended, and trusting to Providence and the generosity of strangers for success, together with her extreme beauty and interesting manners, was sufficient at once to enlist the heartiest sympathies of the committee. They would have engaged her for a year; but this she positively declined; and young Warrener said he was glad, for he did not know but he might wish to engage her for *himself* by that time.

'As wife and I had no children, our house was thought to be more quiet and commodious than those of our neighbors, which were overstocked. We were accordingly applied to, by the committee, for board; and the next week, Helen became an inmate of our family. She soon seemed to me like a child. Her manners were extremely winning and affectionate, and overflowed with kindness to every living thing. Her scholars loved her intensely. It was not enough for them to be with her at school; they literally haunted the house when she was at home, bringing flowers and berries, and fruits in abundance, as testimonials of their true-hearted love. "Helen," I used to say to her, "how is it you contrive to make those little creatures love you so?" "Oh, no mystery at all," she would answer; "they do it as naturally as the flowers dispense their fragrance to the winds that kiss them. Knowing how much my heart is bound up in them, they cannot choose but love me a little in return."

'You remarked the melancholy of those eyes. It was not their unvarying expression, yet it was seen there often, and always when she was meditative. Her nature was full of hope and cheerfulness. Some painful circumstance could alone have induced such enduring sadness. True, she was an orphan, and to one of her affectionate disposition, this must have been a severe allotment. But she was so truly a Christian, so trustful in her religious feelings, so unwavering in her belief that all God's dispensations are for the greatest good of his offspring, that I was confident it must have been something worse than the loss of friends which could produce such abiding sorrow.

'The whole village was her admirer, and especially that portion of it embraced in the person of Charles Warrener. He was a young lawyer of fine talents, and many personal accomplishments. He had a soul, too; as I am sorry to say all lawyers have not; though I do not join in the general crusade against

the profession. Yes, Charley Warrener was as good-hearted a fellow as you will meet in a thousand; and a great admirer of beautiful and intellectual women. He had been a sort of butterfly, flitting from one pretty girl to another, half an hour in love with one, and the next moment as much engrossed with another. Some called him a trifler, but I do not think he intended any thing like flirtation. He was searching for his *ideal*, and he found it in Helen Whitman.

'He had a little niece who attended Helen's school, and who soon became a great favorite with her teacher. Very frequently the little girl would come in the morning with a handful of beautiful wild-flowers, which Uncle Charles had helped her select for Miss Whitman's herbarium; or with some rare specimen of garnet or quartz, which he trusted might find admittance to her cabinet; or a potted plant to shade her window. And if there was to be a ride, or sail, or wood-party, (which answered to modern Pic-nics) Uncle Charles usually came in person to solicit her attendance.

'Every body predicted a match; and even I saw no sufficient reason why it should not be so, especially when I observed the visible embarrassment his attentions excited in Helen. But at length, to the surprise of us all, she declined all these attentions, and as far as was possible, consistently with her situation, secluded herself from society. Her melancholy now grew deeper and more absorbing. Some violent struggle was shaking her very soul. Yet she bore it silently, and would have fain hidden it from every eye. She tried to affect gaiety; but the laugh died away upon her lips, and the tones that were meant to be cheerful, came tremulous and broken to our ears.

'Not to prolong my story, however, for I see it is getting late, I will hasten over several months, to early June of 1825. I was sitting one day in our little back parlor, by the open window. A summer-house was affixed to the window, and so completely covered with vines on every side, as to prevent all communication of sight, though not of sound, between those within and without. It was about sunset that I heard some one enter the summer-house, whom I supposed to be Helen. I was about to address her, when a second person entered, or rather, as I thought, seated himself upon the step of the door. The chair in which I was sitting was an arm-chair, and I had drawn my writing desk up so closely that it was impossible for me to retire without making sufficient noise to interrupt the conversation which had already been of too delicate a nature to be adapted to the ears of a third party. I was obliged, therefore, to become an involuntary listener to poor Helen's narrative.

'"Mr. Warrener," she said, (for he was her companion) "I have been for months shrinking from this explanation, and should withhold it even longer, did I not feel that true affection should receive, at least, the meed of confidence. A dark cloud hangs over my destiny, and will follow me, or lead me, rather, to the grave; but there is some comfort in the thought that its shadow will rest only upon one."

'"Say not so, Helen," interrupted Warrener, earnestly; "the darkest portion of it is already upon me, and certainly is not lessened any by my ignorance of its character. Can *I* be in the sunshine, when clouds are over *your* pathway? *Never*, Helen! I should disdain to be happy unless you were so!"

'"You are very kind," said Helen, in a voice struggling with her misery, "and I would to God that it were possible to spare you any portion of my suffering; it is not, however, if you love me, as I have cause to think you do. Nay, make no new protestations, Charles; they but increase the pain at my heart. And now let me ask, how much can you bear to know of Helen's history? Will you hate her if she tells you she is a child of guilt?"

'"No, Helen," he answered, gravely, "the time for pride is gone by. No disgrace that rests upon your name, can make you less the object of my noblest love. In your own person, I am sure you are guiltless."

'"But, Charles," she said, shuddering, "it is an awful stain that rests upon poor Helen's name—the stain of human blood!"

'"Good God! is it possible?" exclaimed he, springing to his feet. "Nay, forgive me—it was but of your agony I thought. From *you* nothing can make me shrink. Let me support you, dear Helen; you are faint. Lean upon my bosom *this once*, if it *must* be no more. Now, when you are quite calm, you shall tell me all, and I am sure it will be a relief to you."

'I heard the poor girl weeping. "Oh, but for this one dreadful memory I might be *so* happy!" she exclaimed, in a voice that went deep into more than one soul. "Why Charles," she said, in a sudden tone of cheerfulness, strangely at variance with the fearful import of her words, "I am the poor, miserable child of *a murderer!* And oh! what is a thousand fold more agonizing, the blood that he spilt, *was the blood of my mother!* But don't weep, Charles," she added, tenderly; "your sympathy makes me very strong. Look here,"—she said; "This was my mother's bridal ring—the pledge of her husband's undying love; see how he stained it with her blood!"

'"And why, Helen, why?"

'"Because he was 'a bold, bad man'—passionate and jealous, and inebriated. He accused her of guilt, and when she knelt down, and before God protested her innocence, he struck her dead at his feet! He did not flee, but sullenly awaited his trial, confessed his guilt, and, unrepentant, ended his wretched being on the scaffold. How I lived through it all, I know not, for I loved my mother beyond all human beings; but it was God's will that I should not die; and when I had sufficiently recovered my health and mental com-

posure, I left my native place, and adopting my mother's maiden name, came here, where my history and parentage are unknown. I bore my grief more patiently before I learned to love you, Charles."

'"But it can—it *must* make no difference," was the reply. "Would I not just as proudly call you my wife, in the face of the whole world, even if all knew your unhappy history? I would, Helen, and I cannot allow your scruples—I *will* not allow them to interrupt our happiness."

'"Oh you don't know me," said Helen, very seriously. "I am alive, in every nerve, to the infamy that rests upon my name; and the mere thought that *you* ever could be reproached with it, would be like an undying worm at my heart. The race of a murderer must not be perpetuated. Let me fill up the last grave; for that were better, far, than to transmit the demon-blood to a generation bearing your beloved name. Charles, entreat me not. I will not stay to hear you;"—and before he could reply, she escaped into the house, and withdrew immediately to her chamber.

'I did not close my eyes to sleep that night, but lay meditating arguments with which to combat poor Helen's scruples, and induce her to marry one who was so true and generous in his love, as to be willing to brave all shame for her dear sake. I arose very early, and walked into the burying-ground, for I had a grave to dig that morning.

'"Business comes in fast, now-a-days, doesn't it?" said an old neighbor, who stopped by the gate, as he was driving his cattle past. "Rather afflicting that affair that happened last night."

'What was it?' I asked. "Oh! you ha'n't heard then! Why, young 'Squire Warrener is dead! Dropped off in a fit, they suppose, for they found him dead on the floor of his room, and no signs of poison, or murder."

'It was too true. Poor Charles had fallen a victim to the violent emotion Helen's narrative, and her fixed resolution had excited. The physicians opened his chest, and found that his heart was ruptured! *They* never knew the cause, though they attributed it to the excitement of a pending trial, in which he was at that time deeply engaged.'

And Helen?

'Oh, it is needless to say, she never rose from the prostration his sudden fate occasioned. "I too, am a murderer," she would often exclaim, in a tone of bitter self-reproach; and the morning before she died, she called me to her bedside, and requested me to dig her grave at the foot of that large elm, standing in the stream that runs through the church-yard. "It is of little consequence," she said; "but as my lot in life has been an isolated one, I would also wish my narrow bed to be somewhat apart from the crowd." And there she lies to this day, poor girl, unless the worms have eaten her.'

Her dust is there, Uncle Moses, but *she* is in that bright and blessed country where there are *no murderers*. Poor Helen! she was *too* sensitive.

'The iniquity of the father was visited upon the child with a fearful completeness. Why is it that the innocent must suffer so intensely for the deeds of the guilty?'

'Oh we have need of patient faith below,
To clear away the mysteries of such wo!'

And yet were it not for these 'mysteries,' how could our faith be proved? Depend upon it, Uncle Moses, they will all be as clear as noon-day to our *immortal* visions; and till then we must content ourselves to

'Know how sublime a thing it is
To *suffer* and be *strong*!'

A MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. PRISCILLA SPERRY.

BY MRS. S. BROUGHTON.

Soft the summer sun is shining
Over lawn and landscape fair,
Floral wreaths their tendrils twining,
Cast sweet incense on the air.
Choral notes and songs of gladness,
Thrill along the leafy grove;
But there breaks a wail of sadness,
'Tis the moan of stricken love.

Orphan daughter, thou art weeping,
Thy young heart is sad and chill;
For thine earliest friend lies sleeping,
And the busy pulse is still.
Never more in fondness twining
On her lov'd neck shalt thou rest,
Or at dewy eve reclining
To her throbbing heart be prest.

When the silver star of morning
Fades in glorious light away;
Gems and pearls the flowers adorning
Glistening in the orient ray;
In thy young heart's deep devotion,
Kneeling at the spirit-shrine;
Thou shalt miss, with sad emotion
That sweet voice that blent with thine.

When the mellow rays of even
Paint the fringes of the cloud
With the rainbow dyes of heaven,
Mournful thoughts shall on thee crowd.
Thou shalt muse with tears of sadness
On the long, long vanish'd hours,
When thy every thought was gladness,
And thy path was strown with flowers.

Heavily the grief-clouds hover
Frowning o'er thy untried way;

For the pall now curtains over
Her, who was thine earthly stay.
Yet rejoice, for though her vision
Rests no more on mortal things,
She hath gain'd the bright Elysian,
Where the living fountain springs.

She hath pass'd the mystic portals
Leading to the spirit-clime,
Where the harps of bright immortals
Wake the eternal anthem-chime!
Hark, the gush of music, welling
From th' archangels' deeptoned lyre,
Joins the choral pæans, swelling
From the bright-wing'd cherub-choir.

There 'mid bowers ever-vernal,
Freed from sin, supremely blest,
Banqueting on joys supernal,
Shall the enfranchised spirit rest.
Grief, or pain, or death can never
O'er those loved realms cast a blight;
But we'll drink of life's pure river,
Flowing from the throne of light.

Malone, N. Y.

THE LOST MAIDEN.

BY CHARLES O. P. ELLIS.

If you raise your eyes to yonder hill, you will be struck with the peculiar architecture of the ruins which crown its summit. The taste there displayed is of a former age, and several generations successively occupied the premises. But 'the fashion of this world passeth away;' or rather it yields to fashions of a later day, and every change is supposed to be an improvement. Where are now the descendants of the last aristocratic occupant of the great house, it would be difficult to determine: but we may presume that some of them are pushing their fortunes amid the throng of cities; some are admiring the monuments of human art abroad; and others are endeavoring to distinguish themselves at the bar or in the halls of our national legislature.

But the subject of our story carries us back to simpler, and may we not say, happier times, when, instead of wearying themselves amid the bustle and turmoil of worldly life, our *dramatis personæ* enjoyed a little of the substantial gifts of Providence, and under the shade of some mighty oak, sat carelessly down to draw instruction or amusement from a favorite author.

It was on a warm afternoon in June that several maidens might have been seen careering over the meadow lands, recklessly trampling on the long grass and the simple flowers that vary the continual green, laughing aloud in their untamed mirth—then plunging into some thick grove where they found a relief from the burning rays of the sun. Onward they went until they mechanically directed their course to the long avenue which led directly to the house. Full of glee and noisy with mirth, they entered the large room which overlooked the avenue. But their gaiety was immediately checked; for every countenance there was downcast, and the silence of grief pervaded the hall. Mr. Rogers, the stately owner of the premises, stood with his elbow resting against the mantelpiece and his hand pressed against his forehead, while in his other he held a newspaper, which the girls did not doubt contained some tidings of unhappy import. The lady of the mansion sat in her chair, with her arms hanging listlessly by her side, and a face from which the color had fled, while her eyes were moistened with tears. As for the rest, their countenances betrayed that something had occurred of an afflictive nature. The young ladies quietly dropped into their seats without venturing to make any enquiries.

After a few moments, Mr. Rogers said: 'There seems to me to be only one hope, and that is, that the vessel has been driven by stress of weather into some port from which she will yet come forth and reach her haven in safety. But that hope is a mere straw to catch at, as we have accounts of several shipwrecks about the same time, and as nearly two months had elapsed since the ship left this country, when the Charles sailed from England. There seems to be scarcely a hope but that our daughter is lost.'

The young girls of whom we have spoken, being thus made acquainted with the cause of the melancholy they had observed, looked at each other, and several of them burst into tears.

Clarissa Rogers had been a great favorite with them all, and with every body who knew her. When her cousin, who was bound to Europe on account of ill health, proposed to her to accompany him, the plan was opposed by all her friends, who were unwilling to be, for so long a time, deprived of her society. When, at length, it was determined that she should go, a general gloom pervaded the mansion, and when she finally took leave of her friends, it was more like the parting of some condemned martyr from her relatives than the mere farewell of a young lady bound on an excursion of pleasure. No sooner had the ship sailed in which Clarissa and her cousin had embarked than every newspaper was ransacked in order to get the first tidings of the vessel; but nothing was heard of her through the public prints. This was not thought much of at the time, as in those days the Atlantic was not whitened with the sails of every nation. But when, at length, a vessel arrived in this country, which had left England two months after our adventurers, sailed with the tidings that their ship had not been heard of, there seemed real cause for apprehension; and this, indeed, was the source of the unhappiness, that now weighed down the spirits of the whole family. It was in vain that several en-

couraging suggestions were made. Even those who had made them did not seem to be convinced by them. Evening came, but the sound of the lute or the piano was not heard. The gay mansion was, for once, the house of sorrow, and the sun went down upon aching hearts.

In the family of Mr. Rogers was a middle aged gentleman by the name of Moore. He had been reduced to poverty from a state of affluence. Mr. Rogers having been intimately acquainted with the Moore family in better days, claimed the right to offer this last scion of that house a home and other conveniences. Moore accepted the offer without any humiliating sense of obligation, as such arrangements were, at that time, quite common in the part of the country where he resided. It was considered that the advantages of his company were a sufficient compensation for any disadvantage which might attend his reception into the house; and, indeed, the presence of Mr. Moore was, at all times, a sufficient antidote for the blues. No person could be melancholy where he was, unless indeed some overwhelming calamity had visited them. The anecdote, the repartee, the pun, the ever-ready wit of Mr. Moore rendered him a universal favorite; and he was so much so with Mr. Rogers that he would have regarded his departure as one of the worst calamities which could happen to him. Moore soon came to regard himself as one of the family. He took an interest in every thing which concerned them. Clarissa had been a great favorite of his. He had taught her many difficult pieces of music, and had largely contributed to the cultivation of her mind.

When the news from England brought doubts of her safety, he evinced his deep concern; but in a manner different from the rest of the family. They seemed to be petrified—to be wholly disabled from reasoning or acting on the subject; but Moore was aroused to vigorous action. It would be impossible for us to describe properly, the unwearied exertions, the sleepless search for information to which he subjected himself.

Not a vessel arrived from a foreign port but he was assiduous in his inquiries; he followed old seamen to their dens, and raked the lowest barracks of the city; wherever there seemed to be the slightest probability that a clue could be got to the fate of the vessel, there was Moore ready with his offers of reward to any who could give him the least hint concerning the fate of the ship. Sometimes some garrulous traveler, who asked charity at the gate, would have a story about some old sailor who had spoken of seeing a wreck at sea. Through burning suns or pelting rains, Mr. Moore would wander for hours until he found the man, only to be disappointed by some aimless tale that had no connection whatever with the subject. Whenever Mr. Moore entered the house, the eyes of all were upon him, till they saw him withdraw to some obscure part of the room, and there seat himself in sober silence. Then they knew that nothing had been discovered which could relieve their minds.

There is one person that we have, perhaps, too long neglected to introduce to the notice of the reader. That is, Henry Welton the received lover of Clarissa. Attachment more devoted than his was never known. To him Clarissa had been every thing, and we might also say that he had been every thing to Clarissa. They were peculiarly adapted for each other, and the benison of many a spectator had been pronounced upon them as they passed along, hand in hand together, on some errand of mercy to the neighboring poor. An enlarged benevolence which embraced all mankind, without distinction of sect, country, or condition, was the distinguishing mark of their minds; and with them soul seemed to answer to soul, as much so as if their union had been indeed projected in heaven.

When Henry first received intelligence that a ship had arrived from England, and that no tidings had, for so long a time, been received from the vessel in which Clarissa embarked, he looked as if he was but little affected by the news. It was impossible for him to bring himself to believe that there was anything alarming in the affair.

'Two months!' cried he—'surely that is not such a very long passage. Many things may have prevented her from reaching port in a less time.'

But as he witnessed the doubts and the fears of others; as he saw that every other person imagined there was cause for alarm, his confidence gradually gave way, and when he did really give up to despondency, the consequences were dreadful. He refused to be comforted. He wandered alone through the woods and over the rocks, indulging his grief in solitude, and it seemed to some persons that he would actually lose his reason. Mr. Moore sought him out, and endeavored to cheer him with hopes that they would yet hear of Clarissa's safe arrival in England. 'Remember,' said he, that other vessels must arrive soon, and why despair, when the very next arrival may bring the news that the ship is safe in England. Wait, Welton, wait and hear the next tidings.'

This advice was good for a desperate case; but on the present occasion it was rather unfortunate than otherwise; for even while he spoke, the post-boy handed Moore a newspaper which contained the account of the arrival of another ship from England, ten days later than the other, and the following lines met the eye of the reader; 'Great anxiety now prevails with regard to the fate of the Two Brothers which ship should have reached this port some five weeks ago. The friends of those on board are plunged in the greatest distress.' The quick eye of the lover saw the color change in the cheek of Moore, and he, at once, insisted on examining the newspaper for

himself. He did so, and then with a look of overwhelming anguish, he said. 'Did I not tell you so? All your inquiries will only go to confirm our worst fears. I feel that there is no hope, and why should I ever indulge in it? Clarissa is lost, and as for me, the world has not a single charm remaining. All is over!'

A day or two afterward, Mr. Moore received word that there was an old sailor living in a little cottage; not far distant, who had returned lately from sea, and who had thrown out some mysterious hints about a piracy which had been committed on the high seas, and about a woman who had been among the sufferers. Moore immediately made Welton acquainted with this rumor, and, without difficulty prevailed on Welton to accompany him to the place where the seaman was to be found.

They set out together on a fine cool morning, and after a walk of two miles reached an old ruined house, at the foot of a wooded hill, and surrounded by bleak and barren rocks, which had been pointed out as the residence of the sailor.

Moore rapped at the door, and a female voice within, cried in no very pleasant tone, 'what do you want?'

'Good morning!' vociferated Moore—'does Ben Roundcastle put up here?'

A murmur of voices was heard a moment within, and then a girl opened the door. As the ricketty door was opened, it came off its hinges, if hinges it could be said to have, and but for the timely interposition of Moore would have fallen upon the head of the girl. As it was, it went clattering to the floor, and ground an earthen dish to powder. Instead of thanking Mr. Moore for rescuing her girl, the woman of the house fell into a violent passion with her visitors for 'breaking in the door,' as she termed it. The two gentlemen were, however, too intent upon the object of their visit to be much annoyed by her clamor. They saw before them a stout short man, in seaman's apparel, sitting in a large chair with one arm, and his right leg elevated on another chair of more humble pretensions. His countenance had been naturally ugly, but exposure to the elements had given it an exceeding hard and forbidding aspect. Between his lips was the stem of a long Dutch pipe, and ever and anon as he opened his lips to let the smoke escape, he disclosed a set of the worst and blackest teeth that ever deformed poor human nature. 'We have called to see you,' said Moore, 'on a subject to us of the greatest consequence, and if a couple of dollars would be any object to you, here they are.'

At first the man had looked at them with great indifference. At mention of the dollars, his eyes glowed; at sight of them, he seemed still more moved. He coolly put the money into his pouch, and then awaited what farther his visitors should have to say.

'We have lost a dear friend—a young lady—who set sail in the Two Brothers, and desire to get some information of her.'

'I guess you've mistook this house for the fortune-teller's,' returned the sailor. 'We don't do such things here,' and he continued to puff out his tobacco smoke with the greatest coolness imaginable.

'Oh! no,' returned Moore, 'we knew that you had been at sea; and we have understood that you knew something about a piracy that was committed on the high seas.'

Here Mr. Moore laid down five dollars upon the broad arm of the chair; but it seemed to produce no impression upon the sullen seaman. He assumed an air of invincible silence and secrecy. It appeared that the knowledge of this piracy was the great acquirement upon which he grounded his importance, and his visitors were doomed to the infliction of this kind of vanity, with all its silence, coldness, and gloom.

Neither Moore nor Welton doubted that their secret lay concealed under all this reserve, and they were extremely anxious so to deport themselves as not to give offence to the sailor.

At length, Moore ventured to say, 'We have heard that you were concerned in—that is, that you were acquainted with the circumstances of a piracy.'

The sailor gave a sidelong glance at the speaker, and then with great *non chalance*, arose, went to the closet, took out some tobacco from a curious skin, filled his pipe, lighted it and sat down again, with the air of a man who knows something that all the world does not know. He now sat with his eyes fixed full upon his visitors. The five dollars remained untouched, and there seemed little prospect that any communication would be made.

Trembling with impatience, Welton then proceeded to speak, 'If money is any object, you shall be supplied plentifully with it.'

'Are you any relation to the lady who was lost,' inquired the sailor.

'She was—very near to us,' replied Moore; but Welton had caught at the word 'lost,' and inquired in a tone of despair whether the lady were indeed *lost!*

The sailor now suddenly set out, on the full run, with his story: 'When I was running down the coast in the Betsey, we fell in with a brig in distress. She had been boarded by pirates——'

'Pray tell me how long ago this was,' interrupted Moore.

'Let me tell my story in my own way,' cried the other. 'It was twelve years ago last September; well, as I was saying——'

'No matter—no matter!' cried Moore and Welton in a breath. Your pirate story can be nothing to us.' The two men then hurried from the house, weary and disgusted.

Such were the adventures to which poor Moore was

frequently subjected. Such were the disappointments which he endured.

With respect to poor Welton, he went home more melancholy than ever. He had never before experienced one of these shocks. On that very afternoon, Welton went forth to take his sad stroll in the woods. He wandered farther than usual and came upon the precincts of Hermit Clarendon before he was aware whither his footsteps tended. The hermit was well known to everybody in the neighborhood. He was a man who had seen great affliction, and who had sought the solitude of the forest, not from any distaste of human society, but because he could no longer take any interest in mundane affairs. He was stooping over to gather roots as Welton came with slow step, pondering on his way, and with a countenance wrapped in speechless sorrow. As soon as Welton perceived that he was in the vicinity of a human being, he would have retired; but the hermit suddenly arose and fixing his eyes upon the young man, said, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red.'

Welton was surprised and puzzled by this singular manner of address. Curiosity is a powerful passion of the human mind, and Welton would fain know to what this oracular beginning would lead. He, therefore, remained stationary, and said, 'Pray, sir, why are these words addressed to me?'

'Because I perceive that you are pressed down by no common griefs,' returned the hermit, advancing and taking the hand of Welton to lead him into the shade, 'and many men of intellectual greatness and keen sensibility, have grasped the flowing cup when they would dissipate the cloud that obscures their spirits. The draught becomes deeper and deeper, until that which, in the first instance, was a medicine, becomes the destroyer of body and mind.'

Welton stood speechless. He looked with surprise upon the hermit. This was not the manner in which he had been *comforted* by others; and on that very day he had been tempted to drown his despair in a goblet of ardent spirits.

'Believe me,' said the hermit, 'I do not imagine that you have had recourse to so dangerous a remedy. I spoke by way of caution.'

'What is your remedy?' said Welton, with slight confusion and casting his eyes on the ground.

'Nothing short of a firm belief in an over-ruling Providence, and a hope in a glorious futurity,' said the other. 'Calm reason is an anodyne for the wounds of the mind; but the philosophers have begun at the wrong end. They have reasoned, and they have reasoned only. To make reason effective to the cure of sorrow, it must be a handmaid to faith in God, and a reliance upon his wisdom and goodness. Then reason becomes a comforter indeed—otherwise it is as a dark lantern; its sentiments may be glorious, but their radiance is not shining out and enlightening our path.'

'That may be well for religious people,' returned the young man; 'but I am even now a mere worldling and a sinner.'

'Oh! slow of faith,' said the other, 'it is the direct path to regeneration. For sinners the fountain of life and immortality is opened; and do you suppose that you would be more of a sinner if you contemplated the Divine perfections? On the other hand a love of holiness would thus be begotten in your mind, and you would embrace the truth in the love of it, not to escape punishment.'

'Alas!' said Welton, 'must I hear this from every quarter? Is there no other way of healing a wounded spirit? Many of those who speak as you do, have experienced affliction, and then they have wept and sighed in the same manner as mere worldly men. Why should they recommend a balsam which proves so inefficient in their own case?'

The hermit remained silent a short time, and without answering immediately the question of the youth, he then said, 'The spirit of unbelief pervades the hearts of many who talk well on the subject of religion. It is one thing to have a fashionable belief in God and his Providence, and quite another thing to dwell with God continually. We know not what the mind is capable of until we have exercised its loftiest powers, which lie dormant, oftentimes, through our negligence. Unless we make religion our chief good, we cannot expect to experience its consolations.'

The young man appeared struck with the last words of the hermit; and as the sun had already reached the horizon, he took his leave of him. On his way home he pondered deeply on what he had heard, nor did he close his eyes in sleep that night until he had reason to believe that he had experienced something of the power of faith on his mind.

Months passed away, and Welton had looked to the proper source of hope and comfort. He had found that true religion was no such dull and spiritless affair as he had once supposed it to be. He found that resignation to the Divine will was attended with peace and joy, and although he still mourned for Clarissa, yet it was with the expectation of a happy re-union when the brief storms of life were past, and real existence commenced. He loved to visit the house dedicated to the worship of the Supreme Being, and to read the Scriptures, whose pages seemed radiant with light; but chiefly it was his delight to hold silent communion with his Maker, when no eye was upon him but that of the Omnipotent.

Welton's worldly business prospered exceedingly, and he found himself in possession of wealth which he could be scarcely said to have sought. Such being his condition, he was advised by his friends to take a wife. His reply was, 'There can be little doubt that Clarissa is now beyond the reach of mortal fear and hope; and thus, according to the rules of human propriety, I am free to choose some other woman for a

wife. But my regard for her was not founded upon mere personal convenience. She was a woman whom I can never cease to admire, and although her spirit may, long since, have ascended to its Creator, yet I entertain the hope that my spirit may ascend there also, and that a happy meeting between us will heal the griefs that her loss has occasioned.'

More than two years had now passed away, since the departure of Clarissa. Her family had entirely given her up. Her name was mentioned only as one who was lost to them forever. The arbor devoted to her use had fallen to ruin, and little more than a heap of rubbish remained of it. The exertions of Mr. Moore had long since ceased. He had given up all further inquiries in despair. Welton pursued his ordinary business, while deep in his heart was buried his love for the lost and mourned. Nor was it he alone who cherished in secret a vivid remembrance of the absent one. Her aged father missed the solace of his declining years, and his cheek bore witness to the struggles which he endured within. The mother of Clarissa bore her grief in silence, yet who can estimate the pangs which rend the heart of a bereaved mother? Although given up as lost, no one had forgotten Clarissa.

It was on a pleasant summer evening in August, when Welton and Moore stood, talking, on the front steps of Mr. Rogers' house. Their conversation was of an ordinary cast, and would have little interest for the reader. They both turned as they heard a light step near them, and then a young woman passed up the steps between them. They did not observe any thing peculiar in her manner or appearance; and supposing it to be a visitor who had called to see Mrs. Rogers, they continued their conversation as if nothing had occurred. The stranger had not been long in the house, before Moore's quick ear detected a slight bustle in the front parlor. A low shriek as of joy and surprise soon followed. Loud exclamations were next uttered; and the two men, without speaking, now entered the house hastily to ascertain the cause of this unusual excitement. The first thing they beheld when they entered the room, was Mrs. Rogers supported by her husband. She had fainted, but was fast reviving.

'Henry!' cried a voice near Welton. He turned, and behold! his long lost Clarissa hastening to embrace him. We will not dwell on the scene between Clarissa and Welton. The latter could scarcely believe but that he was dreaming, so strange, so new and unexpected was the meeting; yet, if a dream, it was one fraught with so much happiness that he hoped he should never awake from it. But it was no dream —it was Clarissa herself that stood before them; at least, it was evident that Mr. Moore thought so, by the way in which he danced about the room, and 'shouted for joy.' The servants came rushing into the parlor from all parts of the house, and the rolling wheels of carriages soon after were heard in the distance, as the friends of the family hastened to embrace and to welcome home the beloved of many hearts.

As soon as the tumult of joy had, in some measure subsided, Clarissa was called upon to give some account of her long absence, and the adventures which must have befallen her in the mean time.

Her story was soon told. On leaving port in the 'Two Brothers,' every thing promised a pleasant passage to England. Hilarity and perfect contentment reigned on every side. Her cousin was very kind and attentive to her while she moved over an element so novel to her; but which now appeared to be unattended by any of those dangers about which she had so often heard and read. But she little knew the nature of the fickle element. She was soon to see the ocean in a different guise. On the tenth day out, she could not but be sensible that the size of the billows increased. A heavy swell caused the ship to roll and pitch violently, and it was with great difficulty that the passengers could keep their feet, either on deck or in the cabin. This appeared to give no alarm to the Captain, who said that such things were of frequent occurrence. But soon afterwards, the wind increased so much that it was thought necessary to reef the topsails and take in the loftiest canvass. The gale continued to increase, and now the sea appeared to be a mass of foam, while the air was darkened with the spray. The vessel was hove to under staysails, and drifted wherever the sea and the wind carried her.

The Captain told the passengers that these gales were very common, and that, in a few days, the weather would be pleasant again; but day followed day, and no change took place. The wind seemed rather to increase, and there was soon observed a gloomy cloud upon the countenance of the Captain— a look of anxiety which added greatly to the uneasiness of all on board. After the gale had lasted a considerable time, the Captain found, by his reckoning, that the ship was approaching the northern coast of America. He endeavored to get a little sail on the ship; but as soon as it was loosed, the wind carried it away. It was now evident that their situation was becoming dangerous. Some of the passengers went to prayer, while one or two of them endeavored to drown their fears by increasing their daily potations. The sailors were observed huddled together about the mainmast, conversing, with ominous looks.

It was however hoped that the wind would lull in time to escape the land. No such auspicious event took place, and it was near midnight when the vessel struck a rock with so much force as to throw several passengers from their berths. A scene of confusion ensued, which baffles description. The vessel was driven clear of the rock, and fast hurried toward the shore. She was brought up by a reef which extend-

ed a considerable distance along the shore, and here she went to pieces in a short time. About half the passengers and crew got safely on shore, and the rest, together with the first mate, perished.

How Clarissa reached the shore, she could not tell; but when she came to her recollection, she perceived that she was in a hut with an aged Indian squaw, and her cousin bending over her. A pitch knot was burning in the apartment, and threw its lurid glare over the furniture of the hovel, disclosing the presence of nets and other apparatus for fishing.

On this bleak and barren coast, Clarissa and her cousin had remained, together with the other survivors, waiting for the appearance of a vessel in the offing. In these days they would not have waited long, but at that time a vessel was seldom seen on the coast. At length, however, a ship appeared. A large fire was kindled on a hill near the sea-shore, and the ship sent a boat to the aid of the sufferers. She proved to be an English vessel bound to Amsterdam. After being on board this ship about two weeks, she fell in with a ship bound to America. On board of her the passengers were put, and they reached a southern port in safety. From thence Clarissa and her cousin set out for home, where they had both arrived.

This story was listened to with intense interest, and Welton could not but admire the goodness of Providence to himself in preserving the beloved of his soul through so many dangers, and restoring her to him in health and in safety.

Morning light dawned before the friends of Clarissa thought of retiring. Soon afterward her name was changed to that of her lover, and he led his bride to the comfortable mansion which he now possessed, being firmly persuaded that Heaven rewards those who put their trust in Him.

New York.

TO AN AGED TREE.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

Old tree, in childhood's sunny hours,
I've played beneath thy shade,
Weaving bright wreaths of summer flowers—
I thought they would not fade!
And then I've watched above to see,
The robin build her nest,
And laughed aloud with noisy glee,
When warmly made and drest.

Old tree, when somewhat older grown,
With book in hand, how oft,
I've sat me at thy foot alone,
While sung the lark aloft.
And many a lesson conned with care,
And many a tale well read,
Bore witness to the hours that there
So pleasantly were sped.

Old tree, beneath thy faithful shade,
Confiding friendship grew—
O could'st thou tell of all that made
Youth clothed with gladsome hue,
Thou would'st a lengthened tale reveal
Of happy days now flown—
Of joys that I no more may feel,
Of friends from earth now gone!

Old tree, sad changes have been made
And others are to come,
Since one who dwelt beneath thy shade,
Has gone to his long home.
At early morn, or eve no more
His steps to thee shall wend,
Earth's joys and sorrows now are o'er
To him, my earliest friend!

Old tree, the home where year from year,
Thy branches waved above,
Made sacred by affection's tear—
Where children dwelt in love,
Is home no more, and strangers feet
Now tread those much loved halls,
And unknown voices come to greet
The traveler, to its walls.

Old tree, they say thou too must fall!
I would it were not so,
For oh to me thou dost recall
Deep thoughts of joy and wo.
I would that thou might'st still remain,
Though all is changed around—
I would that we might meet again
On that much hallowed ground.

Old tree, farewell! for never more,
Mine eyes shall love to see,
Thy branches waving proudly o'er,
The home so dear to me.
Well, be it so, for thou wert part
Of what has passed away,
And though thy fall makes sad my heart,
I will not bid thee stay.

'I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.'

The mind of man ardently clings to life. Yet notwithstanding this, there is a feeling that ever and anon comes welling up from the soul's deep fountains, and in its fullness gives utterance to the above quoted sentiment. There is not that here below which can fully satisfy the cravings of the soul. It longs for more knowledge—to know and feel the glorious realities of another and a brighter world. It pants for joys of a more elevated character—even for the mingling together of the 'white vested elders' and the angels around the throne of Omnipotent Love.

More particularly is this the case, when we witness the sinfulness of man, and then contrast it with the holiness, the spotless purity of that 'better land' on high. It is then we feel, that—

'We would not live alway away from our God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.'

The constant intermingling of light and shade which we experience, is the lot of mortality; and many are the darkening shadows thrown athwart our pathway, that tend to wean the mind from all things of a sublunary nature. Here sin, with all its luring wiles, leads many a victim astray, dragging them down from the lofty heights of innocence and virtue, to the vile and degraded haunts of iniquity and misery. And when we see man thus prostrating his noble powers at such a shrine, and giving their unhallowed worship to the base idols of time and sense, the mind is led to look forward with fond anticipations to the time, when washed in the blood of the Lamb, purified from every stain, the whole family of man shall appear before the throne of God, to worship there, with the countless myriads of His creation. We *feel* then that we would not live alway, and that willingly, yea, joyfully when our summons comes, can we pass through the dark valley and shadow of death, fearing no evil, for the rod and staff of Jehovah will be with us even then; and the eye of faith soaring onward and upward, sees

'—— on Canaan's happy shore,
A pure and countless band,
Whose conflicts and whose toils are o'er,
In glorious order stand.'

And there is no sun there, no night, no unhappiness; but all of that white robed immortal host are as the angels at God's right hand.

Again;—here below is death, and the separation of those dear to each other as their own existences. The hold that we retain upon our friends is indeed feeble, and the ties that have so secretly bound heart to heart, in one reciprocal bond of love and affection, are never too strong to be broken. In the eloquent language of another, 'Tears were never known to move the king of terrors; neither is it enough that we are compelled to surrender one, two, or many of those we love; for though the price is so great we buy no favor with it, and our hold on those that remain is as frail as ever.' It is indeed a melancholy thought to reflect on what we are in this great world of change and sorrow, of meeting and of parting. Yet it is a joy-inspiring truth, and one that comes home to the heart with thrilling power, that in heaven there will be meetings with no partings, joy with no sorrow, and there will be no death of the beautiful, the young and the pleasant; there no one will be called to part with their loved jewels, for in the presence of God there is fullness of joy, and at his right hand are evermore pleasures for every child of humanity. There, says the Apostle, we shall see face to face, and know even as we are known. Then who would live alway away from that bright glorious land,—away from that celestial choir, whose songs of praise are constantly ascending up as incense pure and holy before the throne of Omnipotence? Who would forever go on, struggling amid the toils and crosses of life, with no hope of futurity,—no hope of a better existence when this mortal drapery that now envelopes us, shall moulder back to its native elements?

I have felt when witnessing the sinfulness of man, and the pain and sorrow here on earth, as though I could pillow my weary head in the silent chambers of death; and 'the world forgetting, be by the world forgot.' I have thought that it would indeed be a blessed thing to die. And at such times have I regarded the work of death as an angel ministry, bringing us tidings from a far off country; and that country a heavenly land where tears shall be wiped from sorrow's weeping eye, and every pain shall cease. I can but think that wrong education has done much to clothe death in a gloomy and forbidding garb. But I thank God that these feelings are fast doing away; and I most sincerely hope that the time will soon come, when they will flee to eternal oblivion, from which they will never emerge. Yet, it cannot be wondered at, that death is regarded with so much terror by those who entertain the cold and cheerless sentiment, that a large portion of the human family are exposed to an endless existence of pain and sorrow, for they know not, but that they themselves shall ere long feel the fiery 'spray of hell' dashing violently upon them. But when death is viewed as a messenger that comes to bear us to a heavenly home, to our Father and our God, we can then welcome its approach, we can go home rejoicing, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality beyond the confines of the tomb.

W. M.

Worcester, Mass.

SPEAK NOT THAT WORD.

STAY, stay that word,—O, speak it not,
Give it not form nor breath;
It is with secret venom fraught,
To work a certain death.

Unmeaning was it?—is this true?
Why, then, should it be spoken?
Is't not designed to wound, anew,
A heart that has been broken?

Smile-lighted?—ah, destructive flash!
Is not the tempest's wrath
As dread as if electric crash
Marked not its fearful path?

That meek and shrinking spirit wears
Marks of deep suffering;
Within itself, submissive, bears
Of grief, a close-sealed spring.

With careless hand touch not the seal,
Lest drops of bitter woe
Condensed, leak out;—kind words that heal
To stricken hearts should flow.

Long has the world with buffeting,
That chastened spirit worn;—
Speak not that word, but kindly bring
Balm for the hearts that mourn. MIMOSA.

Augusta, Me.

PROGRESS TOWARDS TRUTH:

OR THE TWO FRIENDS.

CHAPTER VI.*

'THE love of God! oh it is infinite
Even as our imperfection. Promise, child,
That thou wilt love him more and more for this.'

'I'm glad I suffer for my faults;
I would not, if I might, be bad and happy.'

ELLINOR kept her promise to meet Mary on the morrow, and early she left home to spend the day with her friend. The morning was beautiful; and when she had reached the brow of Alford's Hill, she paused and looked abroad over the vast scene. Many times had she paused thus at night to gaze upon the stars, and joyed to see how they braided a net work of light upon the sleeping stream; but never had she been prompted to pause thus at day in solemn mood. She had loved nature intensely, but now she confessed as she had never before confessed the presence of Deity! She felt a new impulse—an impulse to associate thoughts of God with all that was bright and beautiful around her, for now He was to her Unshadowed Light. Now the dew drop that hung tremulously on the flower or the grass blade, seemed to tremble with that great thought, and the richness of every form of loveliness, was to her the radiation of the same truth. To live, was now a great blessing. The simple consciousness that she was able *to think*, was inexpressibly joyous; and when she attempted to utter her thanks, her feelings were too mighty for utterance—she 'mused His praise!'

Lightly as a fawn Ellinor pursued her walk, and was soon heartily greeted by her friend. A long day was before them, and they anticipated much and rich and pure enjoyment. Mary was all ready to sit down with her visitor in the pleasant 'study' beside the open windows through which came the sweet breath of morn and the mingling rural sounds from mill, stream, garden, and field. Ellinor related to Mary her conversation with Clara, and that she had thought upon all her cousin had offered with the deepest consideration of which she was capable.

'I am resolved, Mary,' she added, 'to be firm in the pursuit of Truth, and to use all the intellect I possess to obtain the prize. I do not believe—I cannot believe, God will curse any of his creatures for receiving even error, when they have striven to arrive at truth.'

'You are right, Ellinor,' responded Mary. "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord," we are told; and surely if we use a candle with all the care we are able to command, and should chance to stumble, I do not think any being of rectitude would condemn and curse us for stumbling—do you?'

'I am sure I don't,' said Ellinor, 'and I'll not think of such a thing in reference to my heavenly Father.'

'We should not,' replied Mary; 'for why is it that we love old lady Hall so well? Is it not because she never was harsh in her judgments upon us, when, after severe study, we failed to discover the truth, or chanced to misinterpret an author?'

'O yes, certainly! What a dear, good teacher she was!' most earnestly said Ellinor.

'But after all, Ellinor, I think there is no danger of adopting error if we pursue the course we contemplated. If we obtain a correct knowledge of Deity, we shall be sure of the truth. We judge actions according to what we know of persons, and a great deal depends on accurate knowledge of persons, in forming correct opinions of conduct. Many things done by our mothers seemed harsh to us in childhood till we reflected on our estimation of what they were to us, and in the faith of childhood we regarded those things as right, however mysterious. And as now, with better knowledge, we look back on the past, we feel that our only want is to have towards God the feelings or affections we cherished towards our mothers in childhood. No mystery in his providence, or in his word, would then cast a shade over our perfect faith in the good of everything.'

'O,' exclaimed Ellinor, 'O that I could look up to heaven and think of God as I think of my sainted mother there! She never erred from the spirit of love, and when she seemed the severest, I know now she was as kind as when she seemed the tenderest. I well remember one time when I had done something wrong against which she had warned me, she punished me as she said she should; and as she did it, I saw her once turn away her face from me, and in a mirror that hung on the wall, I caught sight of her eyes—they were filled with tears, and her lip trembled while it was wreathed with grief. O how I did hang upon her neck! how I did weep! Never, never did I doubt after that that there was true love even in the infliction of punishment.'

'If people would remember more such things,' said Mary, 'it would not only enable parents to be more successful in disciplining their children, but cause them to cast aside as folly the common remarks about justice being distinct from mercy. Their own true

* See pages 154, 178, and 235.

affections would be to them the interpreters of the love of God, as a drop of the ocean has the same qualities as the aggregate of the waters. There is one good thought at least among the much laughed at "Orphic Sayings"—"*Love is the Source of Knowledge.*" I am sure it is the source of much spiritual knowledge; for many a person has experienced a great change in theological opinions by becoming a parent. A new sentiment was awakened, and a new power was added to thought. The Romans could not appreciate the beautiful mythology of the Greeks, for it was too pure for them—they had nothing developed within them that was as an interpreter of the poetic symbols.'

'Yes, I have noticed that at school,' responded Ellinor, 'when our class was reading some description of disinterestedness or noble self-sacrifice. Those who were notoriously selfish, ambitious and envious, did not relish it like others, and there was not the glow on their countenances which gave the beauty of enthusiasm to the features of others.'

'Let me read a good illustration of this' said Mary, 'and we shall see the importance of taking care of our feelings and affections if we wish to obtain the truth. There are many who cannot understand how it is that some are willing that all should "go to heaven"—they think there could be no joy to them if such were the case and all should be saved. They are deficient in love—they have no expansive sympathies.'

'True,' said Ellinor, 'but what is the illustration you referred to?'

'O here it is,' said Mary; and in quoting it I may remark that it also gives us a reason why Shelley rejected a nominal Christianity as he did. He rejected it because as it was presented to him, it had no sympathy with the expansive affections of his heart, yet he had great admiration for the moral principles of Jesus Christ. But to the extract—hear it;—'Shelley, at the gates of Pisa threw himself between Byron and a dragoon, whose sword in his indignation was lifted and about to strike. Byron told a common friend, sometime afterwards, that he could not conceive how any man living should act so. "Do you know that he might have been killed, and there was every appearance that he would be?" The answer was, "Between you and Shelley there is but little similarity and perhaps but little sympathy; yet what Shelley did then, he would do again, and always. There is not a human creature, not even the most hostile, that he would hesitate to protect from injury at the hazard of his life. And yet life, which he would hazard so unguardedly, is somewhat more with him than others; it is full of hopes and aspirations, it is teeming with warm feeling, and it is rich and overrun with its own native simple enjoyments. In him every thing that ever gave pleasure gives it still, with the same freshness, the same exuberance, the same earnestness to communicate and share it." "By heaven! I cannot understand it!" cried Byron; "a man to run upon a naked sword for another!"'

'That is a singular illustration and a good one, certainly,' said Ellinor. 'I have read some of Byron's poems, but I never met with any thing that betokened that he had any real self-sacrificing love. No wonder he could not understand the noble action of his friend.'

'But this friend could understand a similar act performed by another,' added Mary. 'And many with such a willingness to do good—to sacrifice self, have, through the force of that philanthropy, rejected the corruptions of Christianity. Let us then, as we search for truth, aim to keep active within us right affections, otherwise pride will rebel against the words of Jesus, and whereas we acknowledge God to be Love, we may lean to interpretations of his government which shall deny this truth. O our Master uttered a great promise when he said—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!" Pure in heart! free from the impurities of selfishness and pride; such shall have a correct intuitive perception of God.'

'O that my heart was pure that I might see God!' said Ellinor, fervently.

'Let us kneel,' said Mary 'and ask of God to give us of his good spirit, for graciously has he said that if any lack wisdom, let them ask, and liberally will it be given them, without upbraiding for misimprovements of supplies in the past.'

They knelt—one arm around each other's neck, and the other hands closely clasped. Less firm was the outward union than the inward; heart beat with heart and soul blended with soul. There in that holy room, they prayed—for the spirit of Ellinor responded to every word uttered by Mary. They prayed—not for the too common desires of the young—not for wealth, for beauty, or for pleasure, but for goodness and truth! There was no agony of soul as is known by those who tremble before Omnipotent Wrath, nor was there terror as in those who regard Deity as having so hated humanity as to doom man to utter woe, but in their hearts was solemnity and profound awe mingled with the feelings that bring naturally to the lips the words—'*Our Father who art in Heaven!*' and that hallow in the depths of the being his holy and reverend name. They prayed in earnestness of spirit and in true affection of heart. Theirs was a prayer for Truth as the most desirable of all good. Truth the light of heaven, the smile of angels, the sunshine of mind, the glory of God.

Who can marvel that they found the Truth? that they entered with quick and joyous step upon the path which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day? They had the great idea 'God *is* Love,' and the earnest and prayerful desire after what is right, kept it in constant activity, and it brooded over

the chaos of thought till at length a beautiful, harmonious and permanent fabric rose.

Too little attention, we fear, is given in this Age of Excitements, to the proper method of inquiry into scriptural and religious truth. There is too much dependence placed on times and seasons—too much declamation to terrify and overwhelm, and too little respect for Mind. In the desire for immediate results, the greatest good is sacrificed. Amid excitement—with the weight of terrific images and descriptions pressing upon the mind, an individual is not in a right state to form any opinion. They cannot 'prove all things,' and they know not what it is that they 'hold fast' to, when they grasp a creed to take away the weighty fear; and therefore we frequently meet with those who have signed a long list of articles, but now that they are calm and rational, they cannot explain the sense of hardly one of them; and should they attempt an explanation of two, they will be sure to set forth a contradiction. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'

The spirit of Truth shall guide you into all Truth. This is a gracious assurance. But how shall we obtain the spirit of Truth? By freeing our minds as far as possible from all biases which prevent the exercise of true candor; by a cherished consciousness of our liability to err and of the worth of openness of heart to receive truth wherever it flows from; and a sincere effort to apply whatever we can apply to the practical in life.

Try the spirits whether they are of God. Penetrate beyond the letter of a doctrine or proposition, and see what is the character of the spirit. Reason upon the influence of that spirit, supposing it to have complete sway in the individual and in the social. What kind of a man, and what order of society, would its legitimate operation make? The real character of a doctrine is not to be tested by the character of its professors, but by the legitimate results to which its spirit tends; for two persons may believe the same doctrine, and one may be true goodness and the other iniquity itself. Should the doctrine they believe have a perfect dominion in them, they would be morally alike, as surely as effects are qualified by their causes. But even the truth may be held, like a light in a dark lantern, in unrighteousness, and give forth no illumination, no beauty, whereas in another case it may be like sunshine in dew—

'A crown of crystal in an ivory chest.'

We should have reason in respect to doctrines as to questions in a science—Chemistry for instance; take the elements given and ask nothing but—what is the result of the combination or action of these? Accept whatever is the actual result—for that and that alone is the truth.

We could wish that all might have as lovely and enchanting a vision of Truth as 'O Rare Ben Jonson' had when he sketched her picture.

'Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,
Through which her orient hair waves to her waist,
By which believing mortals hold her fast,
And in those golden cords are carried even
Till with her breath she blows them up to heaven.
She wears a robe enchased with eagle's eyes,
To signify her sight in mysteries;
Upon her shoulder sits a milkwhite dove,
And at her feet do wily serpents move;
Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,
And you may see her heart shine through her breast:
Her right hand holds a sun with burning rays,
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys;
With which heaven's gates she locketh, and displays
A crystal mirror hanging at her breast,
By which men's consciences are searched and drest:
On her coach-wheels hypocrisy lies racked,
And false-eyed slander, with vain glory backed,
Her bright eyes burn to dust; in which shines fate:
An angel ushers her triumphant gait,
Whilst with her fingers fans of stars she twists,
And with them beats back error, clad in mists;
Eternal unity behind her shines,
That fire and water, air and earth combines.
Her voice is like a trumpet, loud and shrill,
Which bids all sounds in earth and heaven be still.'

THOUGHTS ON SACRED POETRY.

BY REV. GEORGE ROGERS.

HAVING just completed the compilation of a new hymn-book, my uppermost inclination is to say something on the subject of hymns, and poetry in general. I had supposed myself tolerably conversant with the hymns in use amongst the various orders of christians before I engaged in the work aforesaid. During its progress, however, I became convinced that there is extant a much larger amount of excellent sacred verse than I had supposed. Every thing, it would seem, within the range of christian contemplation, has been made the subject of sacred song. Several reasons will account for this. 1st. The very general propensity in mankind to poetise. 2d. The fervency of religious feeling is particularly inclined to vent itself in that way. And 3d. Hymns may be produced, and in tolerable excellence too, by persons of very ordinary poetic talent—*real* poets may well be supposed to have *too much* genius for that sort of compositions—they are apt, from an over-exuberance of fancy, to be beguiled into flights of too gay a nature for the gravity of devotional verse. John Newton, who was also of this opinion, (and from whom, indeed, I may, unconsciously, have borrowed it) says in the preface to his 'Olney Collection,' that 'there is a style and manner suited to the composition of hymns, which may be more easily, at least more successfully attained by

a versifier than by a poet. They should (he observed) be *hymns*, not *odes*, and as designed for public worship, should be marked by perspicuity, simplicity, and ease.'

Newton intimates, moreover, that Watts may have been under the necessity of restraining his muse while engaged in composing his Psalms and Hymns, in order to her being kept within a due degree of sobriety. This, to those who are conversant with his effusions, will not seem at all improbable, especially will it not to those who have read his 'Lyrics,' in which he uses a familiarity of address toward Jehovah and Jesus Christ, which would be more in keeping with the rhapsodies of a smitten swain, in addressing his mistress.

> 'I'd carve my passion on the bark,
> And every wounded tree
> Should droop, and bear some mystic mark
> That Jesus died for me.'

My memory retains many such passages from the same work, although more than twenty years have elapsed since I read it. Charles Wesley, certainly much inferior to Watts as a poet, (despite the partial judgments of some Methodist critics to the contrary) Charles Wesley, I say, would probably have run into similar excesses of license, but for the censorship exercised over him by his more sober-minded brother, John, whose well disciplined judgment would not consent to tolerate such extravagancies. John would not even allow the epithet, *dear*, to be employed in connection with Christ. Charles, however, indemnified himself for this abridgment of the poet's license, by an excessive indulgence in hyperboles, paradoxes, and the like, with which many of his pieces abound.

> 'My earth thou waterest from on high,
> But, make it *all a pool!*
> Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
> Spring up within my soul.'

To convert the soul into a pool of water, is certainly a strong figure! See, too, how paradoxical are the following passages.

> 'And *sink* me to perfection's *height*—
> The depth of humble love.'

> 'And always *sorrowful* we live,
> *Rejoicing evermore.*'

These kinds of extravaganza are of very frequent occurrence in the Methodist hymn-book. There prevailed, however, about that time, and some while previous, a passion for such things among the English poets. Young is full of them, both in his 'Night Thoughts,' and other poems.

> ——————'he wept—the falling drop
> Put out the sun.'

John Newton's opinion, as to the kind of talent requisite for the successful writing of hymns, finds a confirmation in that same 'Olney Collection' aforementioned; it was the joint production of himself and the poet Cowper. Newton contributed much the larger part of the work, and, to my thinking, much the *better* part also. Why? Because he was the better part of the two? No; by no means—he is not even reckoned among poets at all. No; the true reason is, *it does not require a poet to write hymns.* The thing can be done by a Dutch commentator, that literary packhorse, who will write a whole folio on the meaning of a Greek particle. The chief requisites are a good ear for rhythm, a good command of words, and a power to *appreciate* religious sentiment, at least, if it be not actually experienced.

I am not to be understood as assuming that genuine poets can in no case write good hymns. Moore, Cowper, and Montgomery, are instances in proof to the contrary, saying nothing of Watts' and the Wesleys. Still Addison, who was but little better than a mediocre poet, and Newton, who, as aforesaid, was scarcely a poet at all, have produced hymns equal to any that have ever appeared in our language. Very excellent hymns, moreover, have been produced by Doddridge, Beddome, Toplady, and others not known or recognized as poets. Hence I infer, that to succeed in that sort of compositions, it is not essential that one should be a genuine poet.

We have not, so far as I know, a single poet in the male branch of our denomination—among the sisterhood we have several, of whom, for denominational reasons, I feel proud. A few of these are, in my judgment, eminently good; and one there is, whom, did we consent to exchange with Mrs. Sigourney, I for one, would be loath to give much to boot. This may say little for the credit of my taste in some people's opinion, but it is my sincere and deliberate judgment, nevertheless. Albeit, I wish that the inner world of the heart would oftener engage her muse, than the outer one of stars, and shells, and flowers.

'Not a single poet,' I have said, 'in the male branch of our denomination,' yet there are some few who approximate to that character, and many, doubtless, who could write good hymns. The Streeters *have* written a few that are excellent. Watts, himself, would not have been ashamed of the authorship of the hymn commencing, 'What glorious tidings do I hear.' Br. Thomas has produced quite a number of pieces, all of them passably good, and some of them eminently so. Good hymns have also been written by Brs. L. C. Browne, J. C. Waldo, and H. Ballou 2d; from the latter, the piece commencing, 'Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne,' is truly excellent.

Hymns may find a large degree of favor with the public, and yet in point of poetry—yea, and sentiment too, be the merest doggrel. An effusion of my own, entitled, 'The Abrahamic Covenant,' is decidedly the most popular thing I ever wrote in verse, and yet I humbly hope that, since I have come to years of dis-

cretion, I never have penned another so hobbling a specimen of versification. Nevertheless, were I to affirm that five hundred persons at different times and places, and of different religious sentiments, have requested a copy of it, I should be quite within the truth.

It is doubtful if there ever existed a body of hymns which so perfectly represented the peculiar sentiments of a people, as those of the Methodists do theirs. Every doctrine of Methodism—every feature of it, experimental and practical—every extravagance even, may be found so perfectly embodied in its hymns, that one is apt to be in doubt whether the hymns have moulded the character of the people, or the people transfused themselves into their hymns. They are characterised by a sort of cabalistic, or semi-transcendental mystecism, which broadly distinguishes them from the devotional effusions of every other people. They are a collection *sui generis*. I suspect, however, that this peculiar feature is of German origin—it certainly smacks of that school, and it is known that the Wesleys did actually learn the more mysterious points in their theology from the Moravians of Germany. There *may*, by possibility, be very good sense in such passages from the Methodist book as the following, but if so, I own my perceptions to be not sufficiently nice to discern it.

'Fondly my foolish heart essays
To augment the source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
With drops of creature happiness.'

Does this mean that the author's heart attempted to increase the bliss of the Supreme Being, by drops from its own felicity? Or what *does* it mean? The following, also, can only be intelligible to the initiated.

'Who hath slighted or contemn'd
The day of feeble things?
I shall be by grace redeem'd,
'Tis grace salvation brings.
Ready now my Savior stands,
Him I now rejoice to see,
With the plummet in his hands,
To build and finish me.'

See again the following, which, though more intelligible, is immeasurably extravagant and presumptuous.

'I cannot see thy face and live,
Then let me see thy face and die.
Now, Lord, my gasping soul receive,
Give me on eagle's wings to fly.
With eagle's eyes on thee to gaze,
And plunge into the glorious blaze.'

In pronouncing Charles Wesley inferior to Watts as a poet, I, nevertheless, am far from entertaining a low opinion of him. There are several grades, I conceive, between Watts and a mediocre poet, between him and Wesley there may be but one. *Some* difference in his favor there most decidedly is. The Methodists are fond of quoting a judgement pronounced by Watts himself on this point, in which he is represented as having said, that a hymn by Charles, entitled 'Wrestling Jacob,' was worth all that he himself had ever written. The divine bard may, in the excess of his modesty, have rendered such a judgment, but it will not be ratified, methinks, by any impartial critic. And, for my own part, I do not think that the particular effusion which is said to have called forth this eulogium, is equal to others from the same source—it is certainly inferior to that sweet hymn, commencing, 'The morning flowers display their sweets,' which, perhaps, *is* equal in poetic merit to anything from Watts' pen.

Is it not desirable that *we*, also, should have a body of hymns that shall truly represent our views and feelings? I would not have it *broadly* doctrinal, and, yet, doctrinal it ought, in part, to be, in the less offensive sense of that word. It, at least, should not be allowed to supply our lips with sentiments which have no place in our faith. On this ground we have hitherto been too little particular, and for the reason, perhaps, that we have been borrowers, from orthodox sources, for nearly all the hymns we have used.

With the collection I have just published (comprising 668 pieces) I have taken unbounded pains, yet I am so far from thinking I have attained the *ne plus ultra* of excellence, that I am meditating an improved edition some ten years hence, and shall be composing and selecting with reference thereto during the whole interim. And when I have done all that my ability shall enable me to do, I shall still hold myself in readiness to surrender my individual title to the same, in favor of the denomination, whenever an earnest movement may be made to get up a denominational hymn-book.

I will close this long and rambling communication with a spiritual song I composed for my new book, but which I excluded as space grew scarce, to make room for a better one from another pen. This is in the metre of the song from Watts' Lyrics, commencing, 'I'm tired of visits, modes, and forms.'

Great God! who can thy love explore?
Who to its utmost heights can soar?
Or to its depths descend?
All creatures in the breadth of space
Are circled in its sweet embrace.
No increase nor decrease it knows,
Nor shall its ages end.

Who once this wondrous love has felt,
In raptures sweet is apt to melt
At thy delightful name.
No music so can charm the soul,
The passions feel its sweet control,
I could for such a heaven as this
All meaner joys disclaim.

In sacred converse, Lord, with thee,
How pure shall my communion be!
How blest beyond compare!
Then wheresoe'er my feet shall stray,
Thy love shall gild my darksome way,
On mountains—oceans—deserts wide,
'Twill find, and soothe me there.

Should lightnings blaze the world around,
And thunders shake the solid ground,
They'll not my trust remove;
My inmost soul shall hear thy voice,
And in those dreadful sounds rejoice.
What can I fear while God is nigh,
And God to me is Love?

Where'er I turn my raptur'd eyes,
Fresh proofs shall all around me rise,
That love is with me still;
All things beneath, and all above,
Shall to my soul discourse of love,
With ever, new and sweet delight
That voice my heart shall fill.

Oh, blest estate! such bliss to share,
Is all my struggling soul can bear
While pent in walls of clay.
But soon, my God, from flesh set free,
'Twill find its all of heaven in thee,
And love, and praise thee, and adore,
To everlasting day.

PROPHECY.

BY MRS. E. A. BACON.

Here upon the threshold now,
Pilgrims all we stand;
Would we turn the veil aside
As with magic wand?
May we not be prophets all?
Look behind and see
All the faded year has been—
Read what this may be.

List! how reads that merry boy
As he presses by,
Dreaming of life's summer hours,
Bird and butterfly?
Nothing but of golden days
Passed in song and glee,
Joys he never won before,—
Ah, no *prophet* he.

Can it be that manly form,
With an eye so wild,
Heedeth less life's written page,
Than the careless child?
'O thou past, thou bitter past!
Now thy memories die;
Pleasure, in the coming year!
On to thee I fly.'

There moves one in sable robes,
Bowed with grief and woe,
Living in remembered joy
Perished long ago;
'Say ye not the veil is closed,—
All too well I see
Through its many riven folds,
Gloom and misery!'

Must we all so guideless pass?
List! who passes now?
Joy is in that kindly eye,
Peace enwreathes that brow.
All along his trodden path,
Blessed memories lie,
Over all his future, beams
A rainbow in the sky.

Pilgrims! do you hear his voice?
'Erring brother! stay!
Children! press not careless on,
I will lead the way.
Mourner! raise the swollen eye,
Doubter! bend the knee,—
See yon ray of heavenly light!
Now the mist shall flee.'

'Leave ye at the portals now,
Sorrow, sin and wo;
Trusting in that light divine,
On to virtue go.
Read within the book of life,
How the veil is riven.'—
Christian Prophet! thou canst see
Thro' vistas into heaven.

Providence, R. I.

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A KING.

BY IONE.

It was morning in Judea—a bright, rich, glorious morning; and king David, mounting his fiery war-horse splendidly caparisoned and glittering with jewels, whose smooth skin rivalled in whiteness the snows of Lebanon, and whose colorless mane and tail waving in luxuriance swept the ground, rode from his palace gates, followed by a long and brilliant retinue. Upon an open plain without the city's walls, were stationed the flower of his army awaiting the presence of their monarch and general. Every head was uncovered and reverentially bowed to the earth as he approached, and, for a moment, absorbed in the splendor of the scene, he forgot that sorrow and remorse had entered his heart despite breast-plate and armor, his soldiers and his crown.

'Twas noon—and in the audience chamber of his palace king David sat upon his throne of ivory and gold. Around him were gathered the ablest statesmen of their time, and his proud generals restive in peace and waiting only for the battle cry to rush to

carnage and victory. Ambassadors from other kingdoms and other climes had sought the royal presence.

One, wearing the device of Egypt's great ruler and bearing himself proudly in remembrance of the years when the Israelites, now so powerful and wealthy, were the bondmen of his fathers, with numerous representatives of the lesser monarchies, had assembled in that splendid apartment to do honor to the renowned and warlike David. The eye of the king glanced over that proud pageant and again pride and vanity had possession of his heart; but there came the remembrance of the insufficiency of earthly power, wealth, and grandeur, and he descended from his throne and laid his sceptre down, wishing that he were once more the harmless, happy shepherd boy upon the fresh green hills that limited his aching vision.

It was early evening in Judea, and the heavens were still clothed in a rich robe of amber and crimson. A few of the most brilliant stars lent their mild rays to render the scene more lovely, and ere the sunset hues had quite faded from the horizon, the bright, full moon shot up from the East and added her crowning glory to the unequalled splendor of the heavens. In the royal palace of Judea were spread the banquet tables and the eye could scarcely rest upon their glittering burden. Gold and silver vessels of cunning workmanship and studded with jewels most rare and costly, any one of which would have made the wealth of moderate desire, were scattered with a profusion that betrayed to the eyes of foreign emissaries the unbounded wealth and resources of their kingly host.

The princely nobles of the land, profusely ornamented with precious stones and clad in costly raiment, but unaccompanied by their dark eyed and beautiful country-women, assembled round that magnificent repast in answer to the summons of their king, and were greeted with strains of thrilling melody from the royal band. The brilliant flowers of that tropical clime filled the arched chambers with their delicate fragrance and spoke, but alas! to closed ears, of the great Artizan who cut and painted each exquisite leaf and, that nothing might be wanting to the perfection of his work, clothed it with odor such as delights and charms the senses. But the music, the feast, the song, the dance, were ended, and David entered his chamber, and taking the diadem from his lofty and careworn brow laid it upon an embroidered cushion and turned in silence to the window. He parted the rich drapery and looked out upon the glorious spectacle of a world at rest; while through the exquisitely transparent atmosphere the uncounted fires of heaven could be seen with a distinctness and brilliancy that mocks description. His eye glanced over the beautiful arch and recognising the Maker amid his works, he repeated with touching earnestness, What is man that thou art mindful of him? Without, all was still save the soft melodies that ever float upon the evening air and the tread of his armed men as they kept guard around his palace walls.

The scenes of the day passed in rapid review before him, and he knew that among the multitude who had bowed to his sceptre there was not one to supply the place of the lamented and true-hearted Jonathan. Then came the recollection of other and happier days, before he had lain his innocence upon the altar of ungoverned passion and ambition, when the calm eye of his adopted brother rested in sweet approval upon his face, and he felt most keenly the consciousness of being all unworthy the devotion of that noble heart. He remembered with unutterable anguish the hour when that beloved and trusted one fell upon the battle field and he softly murmured now what before he had uttered in the first tempest of passionate grief—Very precious wert thou unto me for thy love surpassed that of women. The king of far-famed Israel, the immortal minstrel of the Holy Land, exclaiming no man careth for my soul, laid his head upon his pillow and bedewed it with his tears.

Great ruler of God's chosen people, could thy unobstructed vision have traveled down time's broad stream and read through coming centuries the history of thine extended and brave nation, how would thy spirit have been wounded with the arrow of despair! When thou wert robed in kingly power, Rome, the scourge and destroyer of thy nation, claimed no name in history. Thou didst never dream of the coming mistress of the world, whose haughty emperors should snatch the crown from thy successors, and command their victorious eagle to soar triumphant over the city of David, the centre of thy possessions and power, the holy city of the minstrel king of Judea! Behold, how the twelve tribes are scattered over the habitable earth, without high-priest, king, or country,—separated beyond the hope of re-union, and with only the memory of their glorious ancestors to sustain them under scorn, injury and insult.

But rest thee, unhappy monarch, while thy land is trodden by the sneering infidel and regarded only by Jew and Christian as hallowed ground. Rest thee, for the memory of thy warlike achievements and lofty inspiration can no more be extinguished than the sun in the far-off heavens. Rest thee, for, we believe thy deeds of darkness were blotted out by the gushing tears of repentance, and the soul that could pour forth such lamentations is one that could not long submit to the iron rule of vice. Rest thee, for from the root of Jesse there has sprung one before whose name thine own is as a feeble star beside the resplendent mid-day sun. Rest thee, for thy words are more precious than household memories, and have assisted in guiding many a trembling sinner to the throne of God.

Boston, Mass.

SUNSHINE and cloud! fit emblems of man's life. PR.

THE SNOW STORM.

The sun rose dimly in the morning. The fields were obscured by the mist that wreathed above them, as a light breeze passed over plain and hillock. A gigantic tree could be discerned, darkly looming in the fog, and the outlines of the great rock, like a huge hunter clad in furs. The weather was soft, and the husbandman moved about among his flocks and herds, contributing to their welfare, and endeavoring to make sure that none had strayed away. Towards noon, the air became more clear and cold: the winds drove away the mist; but heavy clouds obscured the sun, and the cheerless day was dark and uncomfortable. The cottager piled the wood upon the hearth, and drew near to enjoy its reviving warmth.

Small globules of snow could now be discerned gradually peppering the ground and rolling from the eaves of the sheds and out-houses, while the cattle huddled together as if sensible that a storm was approaching. The wind now came in gusts, and the snow fell faster, the small globules changing to broad flakes. These lodged on the roofs and on the branches of trees, whitening the upper surfaces while it was dark beneath, like the shading of pictures. By four o'clock in the afternoon, the landscape had become thoroughly whitened. The snow was deep upon the plain; while in many a huge drift, it was thrown up like breastworks to check the progress of an invading enemy. Now and then, the wind swept away the top of one of these drifts, and carried a cloud of snow onward for miles, so as to blind any passenger who had ventured abroad during the storm. The afternoon grew darker and darker, and the winds moaned, roared and shrieked above the old roof of George Masters, as he sat by the fireside quietly smoking his long pipe. His wife was engaged in kneading some dough, for the purpose of having her warm biscuits ready when little William and Nancy should return from school.

'The mistress will send somebody home with the children,' said Mrs. Masters, 'and she will see that they are wrapped up well, for they have more than a mile to walk, and the wind is right in their faces.'

'They will not walk, I think,' said her husband, 'for Zeb Walker's house is near by, and he has only to put his horse to his sleigh, and bring them home in a few minutes. The mistress will see that they don't walk.'

'Perhaps so,' returned Mrs. Masters, 'and very kind of Ned it is to—'

'Stop, my dear,' said the other, 'I thought I heard somebody at the door.' They listened awhile, and then decided that it was nothing but the wind. Soon, however, a distinct rap was heard, and Mrs. M. hastened to the door in the belief that the children had arrived. On opening the door, she shrunk back in disappointment, for a man clad in unusual apparel, of a rough exterior, and evidently belonging to the poorer class of society, stood before her. His hat appeared to have been covered with cloth and painted black, while his other apparel was of a faded blue, and had been patched in several places.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' said he, 'but I have called to see if you could give some refreshment and a shelter for the night, to a poor sailor. I have been shipwrecked, and have lost my all, and am travelling into the interior towards the home of my childhood.'

Mrs. Masters looked at him with surprise, and then replied in a brief manner that she would call her husband. She went into the apartment which she had just left, and told her husband that an old straggler was at the door, and she wished he would go out and drive him away.

Mr. Masters went slowly to the door, with his pipe in his mouth, and asked the stranger what he wished for?

'Food and a lodging is all I wish for,' said he. 'I have suffered from the cold and the snow, and from hunger, and want rest and refreshment.'

'Every man ought to be housed, I should think,' said the other, looking out upon the drifting snow; 'but have you inquired no where else?'

'At a large white house about two miles below here——'

''Squire W.'s house?' interrupted the other, 'you could not get in there, of course; but I don't know as we could conveniently accommodate you; besides there is a good tavern about three miles farther on.'

'But I have not a cent of money,' replied the sailor.

'Yes—well—that's bad,' returned Mr. M., 'but you ought to have taken care of your money when you did have it. Are you a drinking man?'

'I have been wrecked,' said the seaman, 'and had no money to lay out for liquor. But I only desire to know whether you can give me a crust of bread and lodgings for the night.'

'Well, I guess you had better go farther on,' said the other, and immediately closed the door.

Mr. M. returned to the room, and after mentioning that the man was gone, remarked that the sleighing would be perilous to man and beast; and said that he believed he must go after the children.

Mrs. M. looked out at the window, and then said, with alarm in her countenance, 'I believe it is hardly safe for you to venture; and it cannot be possible that the mistress would permit the children to come home alone, on such an awful evening as this.'

So her husband again sat down in the corner, while his wife proceeded to set the table, and turn the cakes. Time passed on, and the table had been kept standing some time, while no children appeared. They sat down and ate in silence, starting at every noise which they heard, and wondering that their children had not arrived. The storm fearfully increased. The windows shook violently, and the door was, several times, burst

open by the gale, when the snow was blown into the entry, and carried even into the room where they sat. 'Where are my children?' cried the frantic mother—at length giving utterance to her anguish.

Mr. Masters partook of her alarm, and hastily put on his coat, and seized his staff.

'No—I cannot have you go out now,' said his wife. They cannot have been sent home—and if they were sent home, of what use could you be? We will wait—perhaps they will come in the sleigh.'

Mr. Masters saw that his wife's reasoning was just. Still he continued to walk the room with his great coat on, and occasionally looked out at the window in the direction of the school-house. Candles were now lighted, and the evening set in, very dark.

'They must be safe at the house of the school mistress,' said Mrs. M., and so they endeavored to console themselves with this reflection.

In the morning, Mr. M. arose very early, and directed his course toward the school-house. He soon arrived there, although the snow was deep. Yet the wind was hushed, and the weather was not very cold. On arriving at the house of the school mistress, Mr. M. raised the latch with a trembling hand. He found the girl astir. She had risen earlier than common. He anxiously inquired if his children were in the house?

'No,' replied she, 'mistress sent them home earlier than common on account of the snow, and the darkness; I helped fasten on their cloaks myself—but, pray tell me, Mr. Masters, have not William and Nancy got home?'

The cry of surprise and terror which she gave when Mr. M. answered in the negative, awaked the school mistress who slept in the adjoining room, and she owned that the children had set out for home on foot and alone, on the preceding evening.

Mr. Masters clasped his hands and groaned aloud. He rushed out of the doors, and retraced his steps, searching every thicket and examining every snow heap with the fear of finding the frozen bodies of his little ones. He saw them not, and when he reached home without the children, his wife stayed not to ask him any question, but fell into violent hysterics. This scene lasted about an hour, when the door suddenly opened, and 'Zeb Walker' entered to tell the distressed parents that their children were safe. 'They were met on the road, just ready to drop down,' said this messenger of glad tidings, 'by a poor man, who had no home for himself. He took them up in his arms, and carried them into the old hovel which stands on the bounds of George West's farm. There happened to be a plenty of hay there, and he rubbed them and made them warm, and then he covered them up well with hay, and lay down and slept beside them, so that now they are as fresh and lively as two red roses. They are on the road, and will be here in a minute.'

Mr. M. flew out of the door to meet his rescued little ones, but they were already in the door yard led by their preserver. The parents were so glad to greet their little William and Nancy, that they did not, at first, notice their preserver; but when they raised their eyes to look upon him, with hearts full of gratitude, they met the gaze of the poor wandering sailor whom they had turned from their door. They acknowledged that their parental anguish had been a just punishment for their inhospitality.

TO —— ——,

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM 'FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.'

BY IONE.

THANKS for thy beautiful gift!
It startles the soul with its magic name,
And kindles anew to a brilliant flame
The taper of memory waning fast,
Ere the heart grows old, or its joys are past!
Long will I treasure with careful thrift,
Generous donor! Thy beautiful gift!

Misers may boast of their gold!
It was won perchance from the orphan child,
Or plucked from a wreck 'mid the tempest wild,
Or the price of blood it may once have been
And stained like its owner's heart with sin!
Must I his *heart* in his wealth enfold,
It should not be thine for a price untold!

What shall my offering be?
A wish that the laurel may crown thy brow?
Thou wouldst be less happy and free than now!
Shall I ask for thee friends? A noble band
Are ready to offer the friendly hand!
What shall *my* 'friendship's offering' be'
A simple prayer and a wish for thee!

May thy spirit's realm be bright,
And sin from its portal turn away,
With a broken shield and a baffled sway!
As the sunset hues with the azure blend,
So calmly may life and its pleasures end!
Not lost in the ebon veil of night
But wearing an angel crown of light.

SELECTIONS.

WILLIAM HOWITT—A PASSAGE IN HUMAN LIFE.

IN my daily walks into the country, I was accustomed to pass a certain cottage. It was no cottage *ornee;*—it was no cottage of romance. It had nothing particularly picturesque about it. It had its little garden, and its vine spreading over its front; but beyond these, it possessed no feature likely to fix it in the mind of a poet, or a novel writer, and which might

induce him to people it with beings of his own fancy. In fact, it appeared to be inhabited by persons as little extraordinary as itself. A good-man of the house it might possess, but he was never visible. The only inmates I ever saw, were a young woman, and another female in the wane of life, no doubt the mother.

The damsel was a comely, fresh, mild-looking cottage girl enough; always seated in one spot, near the window, intent on her needle. The old dame was as regularly busied, to and fro, in household affairs. She appeared one of those good housewives, who never dream of rest, except in sleep. The cottage stood so near the road, that the fire at the farther end of the room showed you, without being rudely inquisitive, the whole interior, in the single moment of passing. A clean hearth, and a cheerful fire, shining upon homely but neat and orderly furniture, spoke of comfort; but whether the dame enjoyed, or merely diffused, that comfort, was a problem.

I passed the house many successive days. It was always alike,—the fire shining brightly and peacefully;—the girl seated at her post, by the window;—the housewife going to and fro, catering and contriving, dusting and managing. One morning, as I went by, there was a change; the dame was seated near her daughter, her arms laid upon the table, and her head reclined upon her arms. I was sure that it was sickness which had compelled her to that attitude of repose; nothing less could have done it. I felt that I knew exactly the poor woman's feelings. She had felt a weariness stealing upon her;—she had wonderd at it, a nd struggled against it, and borne up, hoping it would pass by; till, loth as she was to yield, it had forced submission.

The next day, when I passed, the room appeared as usual; the fire burning pleasantly,—the girl at her needle, but her mother was not to be seen; and glancing my eye upwards, I perceived the blind close drawn in the window above. It is so, I said to myself; disease is in its progress. Perhaps it occasions no gloomy fear of consequences, no extreme concern; and yet who knows how it may end? It is thus that begin those changes that draw out the central bolt which holds together families; which steal away our fire-side faces, and lay waste our affections.

I passed by, day after day. The scene was the same. The fire burning;—the hearth beaming clean and cheerful; but the mother was not to be seen;—the blind was still drawn above. At length I missed the girl; and in her place appeared another woman, bearing considerable resemblance to the mother, but of a quieter habit. It was easy to interpret *this* change. Disease had assumed an alarming aspect;—the daughter was occupied in intense watching, and caring for the suffering mother; and the good woman's sister had been summoned to her bedside, perhaps from a distant spot, and perhaps from her family cares, which no less important an event could have induced her to elude.

Thus appearances continued some days. There was a silence around the house, and an air of neglect within it;—till, one morning, I beheld the blind drawn in the room *below*, and the window thrown open *above*. The scene was over;—the mother was removed from her family; and one of those great changes effected in human life, which commence with so little observation, but leave behind them such lasting effects.

THE TEACHINGS OF THE DEAD.

'I feel that the dead have conferred a blessing on me, by helping me to think rightly of the world.'

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

CALL'ST thou the dead our teachers?
Must we come
And sit among the clods, and lay our ear
To the damp crannies of the loathsome tomb,
And listen for their love? There breathes no sound
From all those stern and stone-bound sepulchres,
Save that through rustling grass the low winds sweep,
And stir the branches of yon dark-browed pines,
In sullen undulation.
Yet, thou say'st
The dead are teachers.
Would they stretch their hands,
And on our tablets write one pencil-trace,
How would we hoard it in our hearts?
All motionless! All passionless! All mute!
Oh, Silence! twin with Wisdom! I would press
My lip upon yon cradled infant's grave,
And drink the murmur of its smitten bloom.
A mother's young pride in her beautiful,
Laid low!—laid low! How slow the aspen-stem
Round which her heart's joys twined! Ours, too, are frail.
Like hers. The flow'ret in the reaper's path
Hath as good hopes to greet the golden morn.
Read I thy lesson right, my little one?
Lo! by thy side the strong man sleepeth well—
The tall, proud man, who towered like Israel's king,
With head above the people. Yet, his wail,
Was it not weak, as thine, when Death launched home
The fatal arrow? 'Dust to dust!' should be
The mournful watch-word of the born of earth;
And the deep teaching of such lonely creed
Best cometh from the dead.
Ah! let me kneel
Here, on this mound, where sleeps my early friend,
And wait her words in lowliness of soul.
Speak'st thou not to me?—thou, whose loving voice
Gav'st the sweet key-tone to our fond discourse,
When, lost in lonely haunts, we wandered long,
Shunning the crowd?
Dear as thou wert to me
In that cementing time, when school-day sports
Make lasting sisterhood, even now, it seems
I loved thee not enough. Say, was it so,
My lost companion? Were there tender words
I might have said to thee, yet said them not?
Where there not higher flights of glorious thought,
And nobler trophies on Life's rugged steep,
To which I might have urged thee?
Blind! and weak!
I thought to have thee ever by my side;
And so the hours swept by, till thou didst spread
A hidden wing, and prove thine angel-birth.
Oh! teach me with a firmer grasp to seize
The passing day, nor with omitted deeds,
Nor the defrauded sympathies of love,
Load the uncertain future. So thy tomb
Shall be my bless'd instructor, and I'll go
Sadder, yet wiser, to my work again,
Amid the changeful ministers of life. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

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THE GREAT PRINCIPLE.

BY HENRY BACON.

It is a Scripture truth, very frequently repeated, that Jesus by the grace of God tasted death for every man, and yet how many utterly disbelieve it. The foundation principle of partialism is that God had vengeance towards man, which vengeance or wrath Christ died to turn away; and on this error, system on system has been built up to the hurt of man and the veiling of God's glory. But let us suppose for a moment that the reading of the Record were according to popular views of Christianity—how different would be our thoughts, emotions and feelings, did we read that Jesus, because *of the wrath of God*, tasted death for every man! Then we should look on him as a sacrifice to appease a revengeful Divinity, to turn aside shafts of vengeance that were winging their way from the throne to human hearts, and we should have no inclination to take our eyes from Jesus and lift them to heaven, for we could hope to greet nothing lovelier there. And yet if the common views of the death of Christ were true, the record should read thus, for as it now reads it presents altogether a different idea. As plain as words can express a truth, it is written that the glory that rested on Jesus and by which he was strengthened to taste death for every man, was from the *grace* of God. Heb. ii. 9. By the grace of God he died for man—grace ordained the death, grace blessed the dying hour and made it full of moral glory. Grace produced all the issues thereof. Grace rolled the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, burst the bands of death, parted the mysterious veil that shrouds heaven from mortal eyes, and placed the risen Savior on the throne of Mediation. Infinite are the operations of the same grace to secure the end for which Jesus died, and in the fullness of times its complete spiritual conquest will wake the shout of adoring millions and the loftiest hymns of angels and seraphim.

This grand idea gives a peculiar glory to the whole mission of Christ which nothing else can possibly give. The 'bright result' 'changes the hues of all intermediate scenes;' and one motive is given to awaken love, to prompt to duty, to bless the hand which gives and takes, and to console in trial, bereavement, and death—and that is *the grace of God!* It is the most powerful of all attracting influences, for it binds the heavenly hosts to perfection, and makes obedience their very life. In its almightiness is our trust for a complete redemption—for the incoming of the age when the smile of God shall be mirrored in every human face, as the pure dew drop mirrors the sunbeam.

I designed but a mere allusion to this great idea, as I wish to attract attention to another grand truth—that Jesus tasted death for every man. I wish it to come with its mighty emphasis to every soul—I wish its broad and deep meaning to be understood—I wish every one to realize his individual interest in it, that every one, by the force of its indwelling energy, may give unto God the glory that is due, and rejoice that he has not given unto us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. I wish to show how truly it sympathizes with the most enlarged philanthropy—how it breathes new life into every project for the amelioration of our race, and how it shows forth the importance of man as man—the worth of the individual soul. If in this I can succeed, justly and truly—without sophistry or evasion, I shall prove that the spirit of Christ—the spirit of the Gospel, is the very genius of Progress, and that we can hope for man and rejoice in promises of good, according as we discern the spirit of the great idea concerning Christ's death, giving form or character to social institutions.

Many such institutions there are, and almost invariably—if not without exception—when they are considered and descanted upon as giving character to the age—as forming an epoch in history, they are described as embracing one great idea, that man as man is important and his virtue the highest consideration—that he must not be abandoned. Every change in these institutions developes more of this characteristic, and new associations are continually springing up in advance of the old. All these—bearing on their front respect for man as man—for every man, are really the product of the age—were started into existence by the new pulses opened in the social heart by the progress of liberality. They could not have been called into being the last century. The seeds of these stately, towering, and sheltering trees, were then just

beginning to germinate. The soil was too cold to permit them to spring up speedily; slowly and tenderly they sent out the delicate fibres, secretly and gently preparing for a mighty future growth. The tree has now sprung up—how majestic and yet beautiful it is! Pleasant to the eye and sweet to the taste is its fruit—no harm lurks in the partaking thereof, and its very leaves are for the healing of the nations. Every plant and every tree which our heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up, that the sustenance given to them may all be bestowed on this one glorious tree, under which all shall at last gather, with none to molest or make them afraid.

The spirit of the age is emphatically the spirit of our faith. In past centuries when philanthropy slumbered and man was deemed the tool of kings, the few voices that plead for worthier ideas of human nature, came from hearts in which the spirit of our faith abode—good and true souls who had learned to individualize man, and see in the prostrate subject a brother of the exalted sovereign on the throne. It has asked and asked for faith in universal improvability, that experiments might be tried in comparison with the severe and austere measures of power in the past. It has continued to repeat the unchanging truth, till ears heard and hearts believed. It led—while itself was unknown—to the prison and the dungeons of the insane, and made the heart abhor the inhumanity of caging men worse than cattle were sheltered. Soon a change was wrought, and the criminal assumed less the aspect of a wild beast, for there was less to aid the imagination in regarding him as such. Then men began to be willing to inscribe on the portals of the prison what Howard found inscribed upon the walls of a noble edifice in Rome—'It is of little advantage to restrain the bad by punishment, unless you render them good by discipline.' This same spirit has entered into legislation and modified the criminal laws, so that more and more reference is being made to the man, instead of the criminal—to the good of each, rather than the condemnation of classes. And the same spirit is, as it has been, impelling on to nobler and wider schemes to spread around the means of obtaining useful knowledge and the education of the common mind. With great power has it made itself manifest in the new and grand movement in the cause of Temperance, whereby the good of faith in individual man has been gloriously shown forth, and noble examples of fidelity to the principle that no man should be abandoned, have been given. This movement is a sublime testimony of the advancement of the liberal spirit, and that man as man is valued. It shows what is the difference between loving man and the sinner; how the love of man will prompt to effort to redeem him from that character, and cause the soul to yearn over him as over a brother in peril. God speed such laborers, for every act of theirs does something to make clearer and clearer the grand truth of our faith, that God and Christ are the eternal foes of sin, but yet the friends, and the unfailing friends, of the victim of sin. Such laborers are doing a great work that shall tell mightily ere another generation for the spread of our faith, and cause thousands to own the deep meaning of the record—that Jesus, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man.

In the hour when Jesus died, the first clear and glorious manifestation of a world-embracing love, was made. Beyond that time, through long ages, no such beautiful and bright revelation can be found. The light had indeed burned in some hearts, and in the hours when its divine warmth was felt, glorious prophecies were breathed and heavenly visions passed before them; but they were oft like the poet called back to dull scenes from rapt communings with the grand and the beautiful. The spirit of Christ 'was in them,' and they prophecied of the grace that should come, while they themselves, as Peter tells us, inquired and searched diligently to understand what, or what manner of time, the spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when *it* testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow. The effects of this we can easily imagine, if in our souls is benevolence kindred with that of the Master; it gave them visions of exceeding loveliness—so bright and glorious that they could scarcely realize even at times that they were true types of what should be. But, thank God, we are differently situated. We are not required to look forward to the coming of the Messiah, for his sufferings are past, and the glory has been, and is being revealed, that was to follow. We can look back to the age in which Jesus lived on earth, and feel that he came from God as we discern the vast and divine difference between his character and that which would have been the product of the age. Far, far in advance of the happiest and best tendencies of that era was his character, and the progress of eighteen centuries has not prepared man fully to appreciate its excellences—it is not yet applied as it should be to the interpretation of his religion, and still theories are advocated as christianity which are radically opposed to the spirit of Christ. Yet we can hope. The signs of the times are full of promise. Every thing is tending to expand noble feelings and generous sentiments, and preparing the common mind to appreciate Christ and honor him. Men dare not speak as once they spake of the masses; they dare not legislate as once they did, overlooking the great law of equity; and on every side the importance of the individual—of each man, is contended for.

The spirit of all this, is the spirit of Christ—the spirit of Universalism. It is only our faith that individualizes man and makes each of infinite worth—too precious in the sight of God to ever be abandoned, or be permitted eternally to desecrate the high powers of his intellectual and moral nature. Here is our position against the world of theologians. Here is where

we hold fast, looking steadily at Calvary and repeating with devout thankfulness, as we gaze on the crucified Lord—'By the grace of God he tasted death for every man.' Not in vain did he give himself a ransom for all; for that which is of infinite value may well be worthy of the exercise of infinite wisdom and power to preserve it and to secure it from harm.

And O what clearer manifestations can possibly be asked for than have been given of the truth—that each soul is of infinite value to God! The whole christian world acknowledges the fact, and continually is it proclaimed. Men are urged and pleaded with to receive it, and to realize it, and to act it out in devotion to the loftiest purposes of human existence. But while all this is done, most singular declarations are also made, that come in like a miserable harsh discord amid sounds of heavenly harmony. These declarations are—that the infinitely valuable soul is in imminent danger of being lost to God and virtue and happiness, eternally! Such an idea as this clashes wildly with the other, and gives an aspect of mockery to all the manifestations of God's estimate of the soul as infinitely valuable! I mean this, in the fullest strength and emphasis of the language. And indeed, if the common idea of the imminent danger of the soul be regarded as correct, I see no possible way in which a revelation could or can be made of the infinite worth of man's spiritual nature, if such be really its value. No, no; till we perceive the clear truth that the Deity hath purposed the recovery of each, and hath ordained infinite means to secure the end purposed, we cannot realize as we are privileged to realize the infinite worth of the soul—the glory of our spiritual nature—the grandeur of the Redemption—the infinity of God. Till we perceive this, we cannot take home to our hearts the full and soul satisfying meaning of the record, that Jesus, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man.

The glory of that death was from the indwelling grace of God. Such is the apostolic assertion; and if so, it is absurdity to declaim that the wrath of God was that hour poured out in all its fullness on the head of Jesus, and that he suffered all the punishment due to the sins of millions on millions. Besides outraging every dictate of equity and justice, it is directly opposed to the record that the grace of God enabled Jesus to die as he did die. And the record in this one instance harmonizes with all other references to his death, especially with the unequivocal assertion that God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us—for every man. Thus through the self-sacrifice of Jesus, God spake of his own love for sinful man, his purpose to reconcile man to himself and cause all hearts to serve him.

This is what every man needs. He needs to feel it a reality that God loves him—that amid all the grandeur of the outward world, all is as nothing to the Deity compared with man. The outward world would be as nothing were it not for man's intellectual and moral nature, as its glory would exist as the stars exist to a blind eye. God loves man—yea, sinful man—because he endowed him with this nature, and knows the capacities for improvement which he possesses, and how they can be developed unto everlasting good. This is what man needs to feel—that God will never abandon him—that though man cast him out and there be no eye to weep for him and no heart to care for him, yet God pities him and will care for him. It is this that has melted icy hearts and opened fountains of tears long closed, as when the gentle wind has swept away the sere leaves from a forest spring and the bright sunshine has stolen in to bid the waters sparkle in bubbling beauty. It is this that will ever prove powerful to accomplish like works.

In every exhibition of human self-sacrifice—in every act of love towards the sinful, God reveals his grace and love for man—every man. He inspired those feelings—it is his grace by which they act. It is his grace that gives the energy of unconquerable love to the mother's heart and the martyr suffering wife. It is his grace that is pleading by man to man to never abandon his fellow—to cling to him—to serve him—to labor to redeem him. It is his grace that gives mighty eloquence to the advocate of human rights as he demands that every man be counted a man and honored as such in all laws and all government. It is his grace that is giving a glory to our age that will make it the herald of the golden era of universal and perpetual progress. As we behold the onward march of Right, Liberty, and Truth, let us bow down and adore, for God is there.

Jesus knew what was in man, and he died for every man. Make the picture of human sinfulness as dark as colors can make it, and let no sunlight fall upon it, and yet we say—Jesus tasted death for every man. He saw something worth tasting death for. He discerned the existence of an immortal improvable spirit in every man, and he bowed his head to the mandate of the Father. And O that we could see what he perceived, for then should we reverence mind every where, and estimate more highly the dignity of our own nature—then should we put forth more effort to improve after the christian pattern—then should we be less satisfied with the advances we have made, and forgetting the things which are behind, we should be reaching forth to those things which are before, pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

And shall we not give diligent heed to realize our individual interest in the death of Christ and his living and immortal love? That for us he died and rose and ascended on high—that for us he lives and reigns and conquers—that for us all power is given unto him, and a name that is above every name? Shall we not so feel this as to live unto him who died for us and rose again? O beautiful is that passion in hu-

man nature that makes noble devotion to worthy aims, to spring from a consciousness of what has been wrought for us! Beautiful is the power of retrospection when it prompts the soul to repay the tributes of the past, by doing good in the present time and for the future. We all own the inestimable services of our toiling sires; we venerate the land they consecrated by noble deeds and heroic suffering; we bless past ages for the tributes poured into our own, and we love to contemplate the agents of progress. All this is well; but we are false to the noblest moral power and dead to the purest sanctity of the imagination, if we never visit Calvary, nor strive to feel how much is meant by the death of Jesus there. Come, come with me. Look up and reverently gaze! O that crown of thorns! O that bleeding side! O those pierced hands and nailed feet! For me—for thee, reader, he died. Will we not live for him? Let me answer with a tone that shall thrill every fibre of the soul—'Yes, O yes!'

WINTER.

WELL, now, in good earnest the Winter is come,
His shrill clarion notes tingle my ears,
He was not expected so soon, though, by some,
And much frostier, too, he appears;
Eccentric old fellow! he comes by surprise,
To pinch our cold toes and throw tears in our eyes.

The mischievous chap has a terrible cold,
He is wheezing, his speaking is hoarse;
He always speaks loud, though, and roughly, I'm told,
As his voice is by nature quite coarse;
'Tis injured by singing in too high a key
Alike requiem grave and the liveliest glee.

In the northern frost caves, where his armory is,
He has taken his annual sleep,
And now in new strength, with a frown on his phiz,
Spreading ruin, around he will sweep;
His legions are clad in their polished ice mail,
They ravage, unheeding the suppliants' wail.

At the clanging of chains as they rush through the land
And shout fiercely with deafening blast,
Their captives are quaking, defenceless they stand,
They are taken, resistance is past.
Alas, rebel prowess! their courage is lost,
They're bound with a heart-chilling fetter of frost.

The rills, that danced joyously in their wild play,
With sweet melody filling the vale,
Leaped glittering forth as he came on his way,
Glad to bid the old surly one hail.
But this availed nought, their long struggles were vain;
Resistless and mute, now, they lie in his chain.

The flowerets that waited his coming lie dead,
His cold breath stretched them stiff on the ground;
The forest in majesty bowed its hoar head,
And with dignity nodded around.
But Winter with furious howling rushed through,
A chill on its stagnating life-fluid blew.

A sullen and stern-visaged monarch is he,
His own way he likes wilfully best;
His blustering pomp, though, gives pleasure to me,
His bleak reign is a season of rest.
His snow-flakes I love, and his crystalline storms,
And my fancy exults in his terrible forms.

Let him frown—what of that?—frowns soon pass away,
And are always succeeded by smiles;
Even Winter relaxes his muscles, their play
His dark face of its harshness beguiles.
And many soft glances for us he prepares,—
We value them more as they come unawares.

Luxurious Summer in indolent prime
May charm with its languishing ease;
But twilight round Capricorn melts, and the time
Well with vigorous action agrees;
I love this time best, it gives strength to my soul,
Its hours glide like meteor flames round the north pole.

I love thee, rude Winter—I'm glad thou art here,
Thy clean hearth is a bright, social one;
The jingling of sleigh-bells, the boys' skating cheer,
Real pleasure betoken, and fun.
Despising discretion and scorning advice,
Enjoyment skims over the snow and glare ice.

Old Winter! I love thee, and so does the sky,
With its choice, starry brilliants re-set;
Its splendor glows not at the bland Summer's sigh,
But thy reign it can never forget,—
It is shedding its stellar magnificence down,
To kindle with glory thy icicle crown. MIMOSA.

Dec. 1842.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. NO. VI.

BY CHARLOTTE.

LUCY'S LESSON.

'A something light as air—a look—
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
O love that tempests never shook,
A breath—a touch like this hath shaken.'

'AND so, Harry, you are seriously angry with me.'

'Nay, Lucy, not *angry*, but zealous for your happiness and welfare; and my anxiety may have made me seem over-earnest.'

'Nonsense! you are *jealous*—foolishly jealous of William Dale;—you need not bend those haughty eyes so disdainfully upon me, Harry Stuart, for you know that what I say is true!'

'And for once, let me tell you, Lucy, you are most egregiously mistaken. Jealousy is a passion whose scorpion-sting I never yet felt, and sure I am it will never be aroused by the impertinence or folly of such a *thing* as he whom you just named.'

'Fie! for shame, Harry! even in that insulting speech you have proved the truth of what I averred. What right have you to scandalize the good name of one whom you hardly know, and whose manners and whole appearance are those of a gentleman?'

'Pardon me, Miss Annesley, but I *do* know him far better than I wish—I *do know* that gay and graceful as he is, his fascinations have been put forth to win the confidence and affections of unsuspecting maidens like yourself, whom his villainy has afterwards doomed to a broken heart and an untimely grave—I know that the voice whose soft accents whisper honied words in your charmed ear, is oftener raised in bacchanalian songs at his midnight carousals, or in blaspheming the name of his Creator, when fortune had been against him at the gaming-table;—all this, Lucy, I know, and therefore do I warn you against him.'

'And let me tell you, sir, that your warnings are as unwelcome as they are unseasonable—as if there could be any harm in a little simple flirtation.'

'Can you, Lucy, speak so lightly of that from which the delicate feelings of any pure minded, high souled woman must naturally revolt? Can you call that harmless, which is daily deteriorating from the beauty and excellence of your character, and dimming the pure lustre of your mind and heart? Believe me, there is nothing which will so soon incur the contempt, and forfeit the esteem of any high-principled and honorable man, as to see the woman of his love engaged in so degrading and despicable an amusement as that which you call a simple flirtation. I may have spoken too warmly, Lucy—but I feel the subject deeply, and surely dearest, you will forgive any seeming harshness in one, who has been your tried and true friend from childhood, whose love you have accepted and reciprocated, and who looks upon you as the beloved companion of his future life.'

'From this moment then let the connection be dissolved; I abjure the tie and renounce your boasted love; and henceforth let Harry Stuart and Lucy Annesley be as strangers to each other—Farewell!'

'So be it if you will, Lucy, and may you never repent your words—Farewell, and may God bless you!'

And so they parted!—with cold looks and averted eyes—they whose hearts had throbbed together with a pure and holy love—who had so often defied all chances and changes to estrange or chill their ardent feelings! And yet a few careless words had effected that, which perchance years of trial and privation might have failed to do. And now, perhaps, if the reader has been interested in this little love-quarrel, he may like to hear some account of the actors therein. Close by the pretty village church of Heathside was a long, grassy lane, bordered by rows of stately elms and skirted by a green coppice which led to one of the most romantic spots in the village, and was much frequented, especially by the younger portion of the community, as it terminated at the residence of the village belle. Lucy Annesley was the only daughter of parents, who at the time of her birth were wealthy citizens, but having subsequently sustained many heavy losses, they had come to Heathside with the remnant of their fortune, content to pass the remainder of their lives in humble quiet. They purchased a small farm, whose products amply sufficed for their own simple wants, and enabled them to add to the comfort and happiness of those around them. Happily for them, their early education had rendered them equal to any fortune; their well balanced minds rose superior to the petty annoyances which they are continually encountering who place their happiness in the idle vanities of outward show. They had never been haughty or supercilious in prosperity, and they shrank not from the averted face or the cold recognition of summer friends, who at the first stroke of adversity fled from their side. A few tried and true ones, whose warm hearts were not easily chilled, yet braved the storm, and their presence occasionally gladdened the humble but happy hearth of Holly-Cot. They found many friends too, among the simple hearted villagers, and in kindly intercourse with them, in visiting the sick and poor in their circumscribed circle, and in the careful training of their little daughter, the Annesleys found little leisure for complaints or repinings, had they been disposed to make them. Happy the child of such parents! whose bodily wants not only are assiduously attended to, but whose intellectual cravings are cared for, and as far as they may be, satisfied. Under such guidance did Lucy Annesley grow to womanhood, beloved and admired by all who knew her. How shall I portray the belle of Heathside? There are some faces which without positive beauty, have yet an equal power of fascination, and haunt us long after they have passed from our sight, like the memory of a pleasant dream, or like a strain of etherial music, heard in the stillness of a soft, balmy summer eve. Of this character was the face of Lucy Annesley. Few called her beautiful, and yet there was an indescribable charm in the turn of her fine, classic head, and in the graceful movements of her tall, slender figure—in the ever-varying hues of her splendid complexion, and in the brilliancy of her smiles; and then her eyes—ah there was the great attraction of her face—those large, glorious blue eyes, changeful as an April day, now sparkling with mirth and gladness, now glistening with ineffable tenderness, and again, full of the most bewitching softness and languor, which captivated many hearts, even more than the glory of her sunniest smiles. It might have been for this reason that her features so often wore a languishing expression, for Lucy had a considerable spice of coquetry in her composition which she delighted to exercise, and which would have called forth severe rebukes from her friends, had it not been so natural and becoming, so like her own graceful self; and then she had the

sweetest of tempers and the kindest of hearts, and it was probably all these attractions combined which gained Lucy Annesley her pre-eminence as the acknowledged and unrivalled belle of Heathside. She had of course many admirers, with some of whom she flirted and made fast friends of others, but the deep affection of her young heart had long been given to one well worthy of it, to Harry Stuart, her playmate and companion from her earliest childhood.

Like him of Nain, Harry Stuart was 'the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' Very early in life she had alienated herself from a happy home, and angered the fondest of parents by a thoughtless and imprudent marriage with a poor artist—one of those unfortunate men who, possessing the gift of a splendid genius, are unable, or probably do not make the effort, to bring down their imagination from its lofty flights, to pay due attention to the common affairs of life, to those petty cares which make up the sum of each passing day to the poor. The young heiress, brought up in the indulgence of every wish, thought not of all this—*she* despised money, though no one loved better the show and luxury which the worthless dross procured. *She* could not be so mercenary as to ask or even think concerning his ability to provide for their mutual subsistence; she was quite sure that she could be very happy with him, in an humble cottage—but then unluckily, her romantic ideas had pictured a cottage, small indeed, but of the genteel sort, and she was quite unprepared for the kind of poverty, which very soon after her marriage began to gather in dark clouds about her home. Amid this night of misfortune the lamp of woman's love shone forth with new and surpassing brilliancy; she strove to atone by her own good management for his deficiences—but all her industry and economy proved unavailing to counteract the effects of his improvidence. In less than seven years after their marriage, consumption claimed him for its victim, and Mrs. Stuart was left widowed and destitute to struggle through the world with two young children, the elder a boy of five, and the younger a delicate, sickly girl of three, scarcely less helpless than an infant. The young widow had a brave, true heart—its higher powers had been called into vigorous action in the dark season of adversity, and they did not fail her now in her extremity. She looked upon her helpless little ones, upon *his* children, and rallying all her energies, she girded up her strength and went forth to the conflict. Her parents, who had resolutely refused her all countenance and assistance during Mr. Stuart's life, as soon as they received the intelligence of his death, hastened to offer her aid. The sum, which had she wedded to their liking, would have been her dowry, was settled upon her in the form of a life annuity, and she was urged to return with her children to her early home. But this she was unwilling to do. Mr. Stuart had foreseen the probability of this offer, and on his deathbed he earnestly requested that nothing but the direst necessity should consign his children to the shelter of their roof, who had refused even the balm of kind words to their erring, but repentant child. She preferred rather to dwell in humble seclusion with her little ones, devoting herself to their instruction. Her income though small, was sufficient to support them in a part of the country where the necessaries of life were cheap, and Heathside being represented to her as possessing this recommendation, she rented a small, convenient tenement and removed thither. Their new residence was contiguous to Holly-Cot, the home of the Annesleys, and the children of the two families consequently became playmates and school-fellows. Lucy Annesley and Annie Stuart were of the same age, but while the former was a gay, light hearted happy child, buoyant with health, the latter was sickly and feeble; she had even from her birth, been afflicted with a disease of the spine, which increased with her years, and in a year or two after they came to Heathside, she was confined, especially in the winter months, almost wholly to the house. Thus Harry and Lucy grew up together. He was her constant attendant at play or to school, rambling with her through the woodland dell, gathering flowers by the margin of the brook, and twining the beautiful scarlet cardinals among her rich brown curls, and smiling gaily at the reflection of her loveliness in the clear mirror-like wave. Hand in hand, they walked to church and sat side by side in the old square pew, which was jointly occupied by the two families, and the villagers amused by this miniature courtship, gave them the title of the little lovers. As they advanced in years their claim to this title became even more obvious, and the event was considered but as a thing of course, when it was known that Harry Stuart and Lucy Annesley were, to use the Yankee phrase, *engaged*. Early in life Harry had given strong indications of possessing the genius and talents which had distinguished his unfortunate father, and his mother earnestly strove to give a different bent to his mind and pursuits; and she thankfully accepted an offer made by a friend of her early days, an eminent merchant in a neighboring city, to receive her boy into his counting-room and to fit him for the sober concerns and duties of life. Harry acceded without repining, to all that his mother's experience and better judgment dictated, he performed quietly and faithfully all that was required of him; he ever entered with spirit into all business transactions, and only in his few leisure hours at night or in the week-vacations which were often cheerfully accorded him by his employers, did he give way to his intense love of thearts.

It was during one of these visits at home that the scene with which our story opens took place. It was harvest time, and there had been a merry-making in the village; Harry and Lucy were present, the latter as usual the queen of the feast. Among the guests

was a young man of gay, insinuating address and manners, who despite the frowns of her lover, persisted in paying his devoirs to the star of the eve, and Lucy evidently encouraged them, not from any sentiment of admiration or esteem for the man, but simply to gratify the latent love of mischief and flirtation, which as we have already seen, formed an ingredient in her character, and because she saw and felt that Harry was uneasy at witnessing the same. At length, seeing her apparently so fully occupied with the self-conceited fop at her side, Harry forebore to intrude his attentions upon her; but on their way home, he could not refrain from remonstrating with her on the folly and imprudence of the course she was pursuing. Some of his strictures were, though unintentionally, very severe, and the high spirit of Lucy Annesley rebelled against the tone in which they were uttered; the consequence was a separation in sullen pride on her part, in sorrow and wounded feeling on that of her lover. She stood for a moment after his departure, leaning on the little wicket gate, and listened to the sound of his receding footsteps in the lane, and then with a half regretful sigh she closed it and entered the cottage. Her parents were sitting in the little parlor awaiting her return, and talking cheerily of the happiness accorded to them, but she was in no mood for conversation, and pleading a headache she retired to her bed-room.

'I wish I had not been quite so hasty,' she murmured to herself, as she thought of the events of the evening; 'but then I dare say he will be here to-morrow, and I can easily make peace with him'—and with this consolation she resigned herself to sleep. The morrow came, but Harry Stuart did not—the day passed and Lucy's heart misgave her, but still, she thought, something might have occurred to detain him, and she confidently expected to see him in the evening. The hours glided by, and Mr. Annesley, who prized Harry's society highly, inquired the cause of his unwonted tardiness, for during his visits to Heathside, the evenings rarely passed without finding him at Holly-Cot or in company with Lucy. Her parents soon guessed from her evasive answers, and her troubled eye, that something was wrong, and they forebore to question further, though much they wondered what could be the cause. That night Lucy went to bed with an aching heart. That Harry had indeed taken her at her word, she could no longer doubt, and as the conviction forced itself upon her mind, it produced mingled emotions of sorrow and resentment. 'I don't care,' she said to herself, (an expression, by the way, which always convinces *me* that the speaker *does* care a great deal) 'he could not have loved me as well as he pretended to do, or he would not have given me up so readily; and after all, he was more to blame than I; what right had *he* to preach to me in such a manner, and revile William Dale because I chose to flirt with him a little—not that I cared any thing about his attentions, but I wanted to punish Harry for those cross looks he kept giving me when I smiled at Mr. Dale's nonsensical compliments. Heigho! it *was* foolish to be sure; but then who would have thought Harry Stuart would forget all that has passed between us, just for those few careless words? He said he hoped I would never repent them—Heaven knows I *do* repent them already!' and as the memories of happy years long past rushed upon her mind, she covered her face with her hands, and with humbled spirit gave way to a gush of repentant tears. She wept herself to sleep, and when the next morning she joined her parents at breakfast, they marked with painful solicitude the swollen eyes and pale cheeks which told of a restless night. That day passed like the preceding without bringing the repulsed lover to sue for the favor of his mistress, and towards twilight Lucy stole forth to take her accustomed ramble with the vague hope of meeting Harry, though she would scarcely have acknowledged it to herself. Her expectations however were not answered, but as she was returning slowly homeward she met a girl from the village, who accosted her with a condolence upon her loss.

'What loss?' exclaimed Lucy, surprised alike at her words and manner.

'The loss of a lover, to be sure,' was the reply. 'You need not pretend to look so astonished, Lucy, for every body in the village knows that Harry Stuart sailed this morning for South America. He is to be gone three years; his mother has wept herself almost blind, and poor Annie is nearly broken-hearted about it. Why bless me, Lucy, what ails you? you are shivering and your teeth chatter as if it were winter.'

'The night is so damp, and I am subject to chills, but here I am at home; good night, Mary'—and Lucy entered the house and proceeding to her own room, she threw herself on the bed and wept aloud with uncontrolled anguish. Her deep sobs reached her mother's ear, and hastening into the room, she strove by kind soothing words to calm the troubled heart of her child; and when the first burst was over, Lucy laid her head on her mother's shoulder and poured forth the tale of her folly and its disastrous consequences. Her repentance came too late. A few days before Harry's visit to Heathside, his employers had made him an offer of a lucrative situation, to go out as their agent to a large commercial establishment in Rio Janeiro. But Harry had too many ties to bind him to his native land, more especially to that small spot of it called Heathside. They insisted, however, on his taking time to consider the matter fully, and after the rupture between Lucy and himself, he *did* think of it much and deeply. The next day he mentioned the proposal to his mother, and was not surprised to hear her express utter disapprobation of the plan. He heard her objections and combated them steadily, but not till she avowed her surprise that he should be willing to

leave home and friends and even Lucy Annesley for the sake of emolument, did the true reason of his desire to do so, transpire. Her consent was at last reluctantly given, his preparations were hastily made, and the vessel being ready, he sailed as Lucy had been told, on the fourth day after their separation. That night a letter was placed in her hands, which she read with many tears, and then gave to her mother for perusal. The contents of the missive never gained publicity, consequently we cannot impart them to the reader, but from that day there was a visible change in the manners and deportment of Lucy Annesley. The next morning found her an early visitant at the cottage of the Stuarts; at first, the mother's smile of greeting was faint and cold, but Lucy's visit was prolonged, and when she left the house, her step was light, and there was a bloom on her cheek and a softness in her eye, which told that an errand of peace had been accomplished.

Three years passed away, bringing the usual routine of chances and changes, from which the good villagers of Heathside were not exempt. Many a hoary headed father and mother in Israel had been gathered by the Reaper, like a shock of corn ripe for the harvest, into the great garner, and they had joyfully exchanged the poor, perishing possessions of earth, for the 'everlasting inheritance that fadeth not away.' Nor to them alone had the summons come —to the middle aged, to manhood in its first bloom and in its meridian pride—to light-hearted youth, buoyant with hopes for the future with its untried joys—to the smiling infant, cradled in its mother's arms—to the bright-eyed, sunny-lipped maiden in the first flush of beauty and happiness, and to the dignified matron, the centre of a lovely and beloved circle. This may seem to many a dark picture—and yet why should it thus appear? 'It is appointed unto men once to die'—and '*blessed* are the dead who die in the Lord'—yea, *thrice* blessed is he, who, '*living*, believeth—he shall *never die!*' But death had not been alone in his ministrations at Heathside—the angel of joy had there shown his reviving presence, and dispensed his rich gifts at many a hearth-stone. Light had shone into many a darkened soul—smiles had re-lit the eyes whose lustre had been dimmed by midnight vigils and heart-wrung tears—travellers from land and sea, embrowned by sun and toil, and hardships, had returned to gladden loving eyes—and poor wanderers long estranged from peace and purity, had come, like the Prodigal, acknowledging their unworthiness, and were received joyfully into the fold, whose good Shepherd hath said, 'He that cometh to me will I in no wise cast out.' Young and loving hearts had been joined in holiest bonds, and happy voices chimed merrily in long desolate homes.

And Lucy Annesley—what changes had those three years wrought in her? No longer the *belle*, though still the fairest maiden of Heathside, time had ripened and matured her loveliness—she was less *pretty*, but more *beautiful* than ever; her coquettish airs had given place to a gentle and womanly dignity, and she was no longer the pet and plaything, but the friend and companion of her parents—no longer the gay butterfly, sporting in the sunbeams, or a drone in the great human hive, but an industrious bee gathering sweets from every blossom it lighted on. Lucy was now a welcome visitant in the cottages of the poor—for her sweet voice spake words of peace and love, and gave blessed assurance of imperishable treasures, of '*riches without wings.*' She came to the bed of sickness with soothing accents that were like reviving cordials to the sinking heart—and for the dying she had rich promises, which like radiant sunbeams pierced the thick shadows of the valley of death. To the house of mourning she brought comfort and consolation, and to the festal board smiles of sympathy. She was 'eyes to the blind and ears to the deaf,' and young and old blessed her as a ray of sunlight in their path. But next to her own parents, to the mother and sister of Harry Stuart, was she peculiarly devoted; she felt that to her folly was owing the absence of their natural protector, and she strove as far as she might to supply his place to them. Poor Annie Stuart's disease had finally terminated in incurable deformity; she was confined to her room, almost entirely to her bed, and she derived great pleasure from hearing Lucy read her favorite authors, as for a year past she had been unable to do so herself. Knowing the cause of Harry's departure, Mrs. Stuart had at first felt a considerable degree of resentment towards Lucy, but when on the morning of her first visit after that event, Lucy with tears of bitter but unavailing repentance acknowledged her folly, and prayed her forgiveness, the mother's heart warmed towards her, and for the love she bore her son, she received and cherished the poor girl who had thus wrecked her own happiness. Mrs. Stuart was often gladdened by letters from her absent son; he was prosperous and hoped to return at the appointed time with enlarged means of usefulness. All that related to his prosperity and health, his mother regularly communicated to Lucy, but she carefully kept to herself certain passages, containing earnest and repeated inquiries concerning Miss Annesley, of her health, her appearance, and above all, her continued devotion to himself. Gladly would Mrs. Stuart have told her of his unchanging love, of the sacrifice it had been to leave her, and of the ardor with which he looked forward to his return; but it was her wish as well as her son's, that *Lucy's lesson* should be an abiding one.

The three years had now passed away—the term of Harry's absence and of Lucy's probation, and one day as they sat together by Annie's bed, from which the physician informed them that she would never rise again, Mrs. Stuart communicated the joyful intelligence which she had just received, that the vessel in

which her son had taken passage, had reached the home-port, and that he would soon be with them. For a moment a bright smile illumined Lucy's face, but it quickly faded, and the tears started to her eyes. Pleading indisposition, she excused herself to her friends, and hastened home, and seeking the seclusion of her bed-room, she carefully examined the state of her heart. During those three years, she had rejected several proposals of marriage, without even asking herself the reason, but now that reason was plain to her mind, and she was forced to confess to herself, despite her maiden pride, that her heart was no less devoted to Harry Stuart now, than when in their childish days every word and every act had made it apparent. But she determined to go to the Stuart's cottage no more, well as she loved its inmates; and though conscience was upbraiding her with the selfishness which could allow her to desert the poor deformed Annie in her sickness, she adhered to her resolution *one day*; on the second a messenger came to summon her to Annie's death-bed. Harry had not yet arrived, and the mother was sorrowing alone over her pale, dying child, who in feeble accents was striving to comfort her. Lucy sat down at the side of her old playmate and companion, and whispered words of encouragement in the ear which was fast growing dull to all earthly sounds, and pictured the delights of heaven to the soul whose earthly visions were fading.

'I have but one wish ungratified,' murmured the dying girl. 'I would fain see Harry ere I die—I would like to hear his dear voice once more, and then I would be content; you will not weep to lay me at rest in the green church-yard, for I am a poor deformed creature who can give no pleasure to any one, and dear Lucy will be a daughter to you as she has been a kind and tender sister to me. Will you not, dearest Lucy?' But ere the weeping maiden could reply, the cottage gate was unclosed, and a quick step was heard on the gravel walk—the door opened and in another moment Harry Stuart in his dusty and travel-worn habiliments, stood by the death-bed of his only sister. Her wish was granted. His hand was upon her cold, wasted brow, his voice, half choked by tears, murmured, 'My poor Annie!' With a last effort she raised herself from the pillow and throwing her arms about his neck, she laid her head on his bosom, and without a sigh her pure spirit returned to Him who gave it. For a moment not a sound broke the stillness—and then imprinting a kiss on that marble forehead, the brother laid her down again and received the greeting of his mother who had thus welcomed one child and parted from another. While the mother and son were thus engaged, Lucy sought an opportunity to steal away unobserved, but ere she had reached the green lane mentioned in the early part of our story, she was joined by another person, and a voice whose tones could never be forgotten, pronounced her name. Though trembling all over, she turned towards him, and with a considerable degree of composure returned his salutation, and congratulated him on his safe return.

'And can I believe,' he replied, 'that my safety is a matter of any regard to Miss Annesley? that time and absence have produced any change in her feelings towards Harry Stuart? Lucy, three years ago, this very lane was the scene of that miserable dispute which caused this long and to me, weary separation. In a foreign land I have looked anxiously forward to this day of re-union—it has come at last, and may I hope that this same spot may be hallowed by a mutual forgiveness and reconciliation—may I bear to the mother who is mourning over her child, the glad tidings that she hath still a daughter? Speak to me Lucy, but one word!'

But Lucy could *not* speak—sobs and tears choked her utterance, but she suffered her lover to retain the hand he had taken; their walk was prolonged, and when they parted at the gate of Holly-Cot, where three years before the words had been uttered which sent Harry Stuart to a distant land, it was felt and understood by both, that they were again affianced lovers.

Poor Annie was consigned to her quiet grave, and there did Mrs. Stuart receive the intelligence that she was no longer daughterless. Ere many months had passed, Annie's last wish was accomplished, and the village church was the scene of a happy bridal—the union of two hearts chastened and purified by suffering and consecrated by a long and well tried affection. Lucy has long been a happy and beloved wife, sons and daughters are gathered around her hearth-stone, and she lives, blessing and blest indeed, but never in the course of her long life has she found cause to regret her lover's bitter but salutary LESSON.

Boston, Mass.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

BY MRS. E. A. BACON.

Our sister is dying! O mark you each day
How softly her spirit is gliding away!
That flush on her cheek, and that light in her eye,
O sadly they warn us the moment is nigh.

It is nigh, it is nigh, O we all feel it now,
As we part the damp hair on her colorless brow;
How tearful the glances, and silent the tread,
As love watches over her languishing bed.

Yet why do we sorrow? O look on that face,
No vestige of earthliness there we can trace;
A smile resteth on it all glowing with love,
For the angels are whispering of mansions above.

Shall we mourn that so early her journey is o'er,
That so soon she will rest on that beautiful shore,

Where glories eternal will burst on her view,
Which our eyes have not seen and our hearts never knew?

O it is not for thee, blessed sister, we grieve,
But for all the sad places thy spirit must leave;
We sigh for the hearthstone where love ever smiled,
The early bereaved one, and motherless child!

But joyful the thought when this dust turns to dust,
A glorious pathway will open for us;
Our sister beholds it, O hushed be that moan!
She is leading the way to our heavenly home.

Providence, R. I.

ENGLAND.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

THE CONDITION AND FATE OF ENGLAND. By the Author of 'The Glory and Shame of England.' In Two Volumes. New York: J. & H. G. Langley; 1843.

IF there are any who have not yet read the work just named;—any who are disposed to read candidly; and who have good hearts to feel;—and who, moreover, will not suffer the ordinary 'Literary Notices' of our newspapers to make up for them an opinion beforehand;—and, once more, who are not so bedazzled with England's great name and external splendor as to be deaf and blind when this book with an audible voice comes up before them;—if there are any be the number small or great, who are really thus qualified, we say unto them in spirit and in truth—obtain this book, and make yourselves acquainted with its contents.

We have had copious 'Notes' on our own country from all kinds and descriptions of English travelling and writing spectators. They have written, too, under all kinds of impressions, and have told much truth of us—much disagreeable as well as pleasing truth. And as it cannot be doubted that we have been somewhat benefited by looking at our own likenesses thus drawn, in the past, so we may be equally and perhaps doubly benefited in the future. Many dark pages can be written of us. We are yet sinners, and open to harrowing rebuke and thundering admonition. We have radical agrarian democrats, stiff necked and overbearing aristocrats, out-breakings of Lynch law and mobocracy, slaves and slave-holders, bankrupts, repudiators, and all. Let us not seek to cloak our national sin.

And of all this, let legions of our English brethren and sister authors write, till pen, ink and paper fail; if they go not beyond the truth, they cannot draw such pictures, saddening and bewildering to the philanthropic soul, of this our land, as the author of this searching volume has chronicled of that haughty, far-striding, and all-grasping giant among the nations—England.

I intend no review of the work. I only write of its impressions on my own mind. To follow in detail the subjects presented by the author, would require more time than is now at my disposal. Yet a word *en passant* I must utter.

The author of this work writes like one who has well matured his subject, and who has evidence in abundance on hand to prove over and over again all his statements. He pretends not to be a prophet, notwithstanding some of our periodicals in their notice of his work have treated him as though he had made such pretension. He goes back to the very infancy of England—shows the early developements of its character—the evil influences in operation upon it—and brings before us in representations far enough from mere imagining, the present condition of the British nation. He ventures boldy and freely to speak of its fate; and we do not see how any one who will steadily survey the whole ground here marked out, can question the reasonableness of his opinions.

The following synopsis of the topics comprised in this work, will give the reader some idea of its character.

'BOOK I. Embraces a view of the power and magnificence of the British Empire, with illustrations of the spirit of the feudal and of the modern age.

BOOK II. The general condition of the mass of the British people in *past* ages—their burdens and sufferings during centuries of unrelieved oppression.

BOOK III. The injustice, wrongs, and oppressive laws under which the majority of the British people are *now* struggling.

BOOK IV. A continuation of the same subject, including a Reply to a recent publication, entitled '*The Fame and Glory of England Vindicated*,' by an anonymous libeller of the Democratic institutions of this country, written over the signature of '*Libertas*.'

BOOK V. The sufferings and crime, the ignorance and degradation, caused by the oppressive burdens of the people.

BOOK VI. Glances at the woes and struggles of Ireland, under the tyrannical power of England, and her only hope of relief.

BOOK VII. The feelings of the people under a sense of the deep injustice they have so long endured, and their determination to suffer the slavery no longer.

BOOK VIII. The opposition of the Aristocracy to the Liberties of the people, and their determination still to keep them in subjection.

BOOK IX. The progress of the Democratic Principle throughout the world, and especially in Great Britian.

BOOK X. The final issue of this conflict—Reform or Revolution.'

And under these various heads, this vigorous and beautiful writer does 'a tale unfold' that will not operate in suppressing the conviction of England's perfidy and abomination. When such startling and

heaven-daring outrages are laid open to us; when the oppression of the government, the misery of the poor, the deaf ear of Parliament to the just demands of the laboring classes, all become known, and are held up, as here, in the light of noon-day,—it is not for insulted humanity to keep silent valiant and noble as England may have been called in her conquests and in some of her public benefactions, it cannot be overlooked that she is corrupted—horribly—fatally; and that a crisis must come. And although we pray God it may be a bloodless one, we have Christian courage enough to say, let it come! Patience is exhausted in torture; all the powers of humanity within seem paralyzed as the ten thousands of squallid, hungering, dying and forsaken of England and Ireland are in array before us. Miserable beings,—deserving, demanding, praying for relief—a relief which would cost but little indeed, if the true justice and glory of England were equal to its high-sounding impudence and pretension.

There must be judgment somewhere. God's eye is surely upon us; and nations cannot escape the evils they justly incur—although for awhile these evils seem to linger. Surely if any thing would shake our faith in the moral government of Jehovah, it would be the conviction that the groans and cries of the millions who have been crushed beneath the iron heel of British oppression do not call up in some hour of retribution hosts of the great and true hearted who shall set aside that throne of noisy and insulting memory, and in place thereof rear one of the holiest altars of Freedom.

But God reigns; therefore we look for justice and judgment, although sometimes to our limited vision clouds and darkness may be round about his throne. It cannot be that Christian truth—that humanity—that philanthropy will now go back. Too great an impulse has been given them for that. And if they go onward, oppression and tyranny, servitude and social and political degradation have heard their death notes. The clouds are breaking—the clear sky is seen. Our own age begins to glow with light; and the nations must arise and be judged therein. She among them who has been one of the pioneers of civilization and even professed keeper and defender of Christianity, will yet be compelled, as all other nations will, to humble herself, repent of her sins and abominations, make all practicable repairs of wrongs committed, take the stand in Freedom's mighty army, and contend earnestly for the rights of man. Sidney and Hampden will live again. Emmett will come forth. Pitt's eloquence shall roll back its thunder tones, and Brougham's spirit mount from its present elevation, to join the glad triumph-shout of a ransomed people! As the Lord liveth we believe that righteousness and truth will thus prevail.

And if Christians have the spirit of prayer, let them not stifle it in this hour. Prayer, prayer for the suffering oppressed! prayer for their oppressors! Prayer for our own country in view of its enormities; prayer for England in her deep, awful sins! Prayer and intercession that these two mighty nations may come forth in God's name—raise the standard of Truth and Freedom, and lead the way for the establishing of all the nations in holiness and peace.

Malden, Mass.

PAST IMMORTALITY.

WHO may set bounds unto our past existence,
Or tell in what bright glory beaming star,
Dim seen through an immeasurable distance,
Moving with spheric melodies afar,
Ere first from chaos rose this time-worn earth,
The godlike soul had birth?

The fleshly veils of this, our earthly being,
Enshroud the bright divinity within,
The mists of time encloud our 'inward seeing,'
The heaven-lit life-lamp here wanes low and dim,
And the sweet hymnings of our natal sphere
Have faded from the ear!

Chaldaic Magii, who with piercing vision
Read, as an opened scroll the stars of old,
The hidden mysteries of those realms Elysian,
Did to the wondering gaze of man unfold;
But they have gone, nor left their lore sublime,
To us of later time!

And yet the spirit, while by gloom unclouded
It wings its way through time's mysterious night,
Although its inward brilliancy is clouded,
Sees still faint glimpses of a by-gone light,
As when at eve, the sun no more is seen,
The golden cloudlets gleam!

All the sweet melodies that nature singeth,
The wildly heaving ocean's ceaseless moan,
Each voice with which the dim old forest ringeth,
The flowret-hidden streamlet's silvery tone,
And all the anthem voices of the blast,
Speak of the faded past.

And singeth Memory, Time's angelic daughter,
Mysterious legends of the golden age,
Floating along the past's dim mist-veiled water,
Their dreamy murmurs glad our pilgrimage,
Sweet as a star-lit fountain's glimmering flow
We hear those breathings low!

Why is it that a mystic tie entwineth,
Hearts that here never even met, in one?
As dew-drops decked, with which the rainbow shineth,
In falling mingle, and together run,
So ages since, in some far realm they met,—
The soul may ne'er forget!

Upon the spirit's tablet, deeply graven,
Is its past immortality entraced;

There countless ages since high thoughts were written,
Never to be by Time's cold touch effaced,
When first from God the immortal spirit sprung,—
Light from the Sun! T. L. H.

Utica, N. Y.

MODERN SAMARITANS.

The references to the Samaritans in the New Testament give a peculiar interest to any thing pertaining to that people, and the following account of a visit to a remnant who still cherish all of the ancient enmity which divided Jew and Samaritan, cannot fail to be of intense interest to our readers. We take it from 'The Monthly Miscellany,' where we find it abridged from Dr. Bowring's 'Sketches of Oriental Religions.' The account will be found quite graphic.

'I paid two visits to Nablous, the Shechem of the Old Testament, the Sychar of the New, the ancient capital of Samaria, and still the principal town of the district. On both occasions my place of abode was the residence of the Governor, who is the head of the most distinguished family in that part of the country. I expressed to him an earnest desire to be introduced to the Samaritans of Sychar, and to learn something of their present condition. He said he knew little about them himself; that there were among them no persons of rank or influence, but that they were mostly engaged in the humbler walks of life; that their number was small; that they were not molested on account of their opinions; but that, moreover, his principal scribe was a Samaritan, and a leading person among the Samaritans; that he would order him to attend upon me, to escort me about, to introduce me to his people, and to give me every information I might desire to obtain.

'Our morning collation was scarcely over, ere the Samaritan appeared,—a tall, handsome and venerable, though not a very aged man, with dark and piercing eyes, a long black beard, and clad in the large turban and long garments of Syria, distinguishable in no respects from those usually worn. I arranged with him to visit the Samaritan temple and the Chief Priest, and succeeded, after a short intercourse, in establishing those frank communications which are so often interfered with by the distance and the formalities of Levantine usages.

'I found that the number of Samaritan families now living at Sychar is eleven, consisting of about 120 persons. They are very careful in their registrations of births, marriages and deaths, and profess to have the ancestry of the principal individuals of their body up to the time of Moses. "The numbering of the people" takes place every year, and they assured me they observed the greatest accuracy in their family records. Their numbers had at one period been reduced to as low as sixty individuals, but they were now somewhat on the increase. For their Chief Priest, who, as they avow, is directly descended from Shem, (and who himself wrote out for me his family genealogy in Arabic,) they entertain the highest reverence. His influence over the little community seems boundless. They told me they had no positive information of any Samaritans except themselves, who "all worshipped on Mount Gerizim," but they had heard that some of their faith were scattered in distant lands and still preserved the religious usages of their forefathers. They had even been told that there were Samaritans in England, and in the English countries to the East, (meaning British India,) and were very curious to know whether I knew or had ever heard of such *Samaras*, or "Samaritans," and whether it would be possible to establish intercourse with them. They seemed much afflicted when I told them, I believed there was no reason to suppose that any of their race existed in any portion of the British empire. They said they had been visited by many Christians, and especially by English Christians, of whom they spoke with great respect, and asked me to explain why a nation so far away should take any interest in a few poor families who were neither Christians, nor Jews, nor Mussulmans. I asked them whether they had ever heard that *our* Prophet had spoken of one of their nation as the *Good Samaritan*—referring to his conduct as a model of humanity and charity? I repeated to them the parable as it was taught by our Savior, and the Chief Priest answered, "We had at that time a good *Hakim* (physician) amongst us—surely it must have been he!" And they told me of a tradition among them, that this Hakim was universally honored for his active beneficence. Had *their* tradition its origin in Christian history, or was the parable of Jesus itself a reference to a tradition existing in the time of our Lord?

'I was escorted by the Samaritan scribe to the temple, through many dark and winding streets. On reaching the portal he required me to take off my shoes, as did he and the other worshippers, some of whom were in the act of prayer—prostrate on the ground—with their foreheads pressing the dust. The Chief Priest came to meet me,—a man of calm, sober and imposing mien, with a long white beard, little distinguished from those around him by his dress; his countenance, however, and the countenances around me, having nothing of the Hebrew expression, but resembling much those of the Druses of Mount Lebanon, the ancient Syrian race. His reception was most cordial. He introduced to me his son and his son's sons, his successors in the priesthood, which he said he had held by inheritance from the time of the giving of the Law. He spoke calmly of Christians and Mussulmans, but of the Jews with extreme bitterness, as corrupters of the Holy Book, who had turned away the true worshippers from the sacred Mount Gerizim. He brought from the interior of the

temple the ancient copy of the Pentateuch, which he assured me was the unpolluted original, and was 3460 years old. It was in a silvered tin case covered with scarlet silk; he allowed me to unrol it. Its appearance is of a far higher antiquity than any MSS. I have ever seen. It has been carefully and frequently repaired; it is in the old Samaritan character, and I found it was read with facility by himself and his descendants, and was habitually used in the service of the temple. But the language has ceased to be employed for colloquial purposes among the Samaritans, though they all profess to understand it,—and they may perhaps, to about the same extent in which Hebrew is understood by the Jews. The Chief Priest frequently reverted to the controversy as to the superior sanctity of Mount Gerizim or Jerusalem. "Here is the Law," he said, "here is the Book,—here are the very words. They (the Jews) could not deny the authority, so they falsified the passage." I obtained from the Chief Priest a specimen—a very tolerable fac-simile of a part of the Samaritan Pentateuch, and the scribe promised that he would give me a copy of the verse which the Jews are asserted to have eliminated from the original text; but I have not yet received it.

'In their domestic manners and customs, the Samaritans are but little distinguished from the races that surround them. They are bigamists, but not polygamists, and divorce is of easy attainment. Their women veil themselves like the Syrians in general; for the practice of veiling now pervades all classes; and I have often heard it inquired by Syrian Christian ladies, "whether the respectable women of England were so immodest as to walk out with uncovered faces?" It would not appear that the use of the veil was so universal in the patriarchal times, nor was it habitual. It is recorded of Rebecca that she veiled herself, but only when Isaac approached her as a stranger; when she rode on her camel in the presence of her servants her face was uncovered; and in the case of Tamar, the circumstance of her being veiled was deemed injurious to her reputation. But in the apostolic times the veiling or covering the head had become a general practice; and Mahomet, whose ritual recognized so many of the usages of Oriental life, made the veiling of women a peremptory religious duty. In fact, a stronger reproach cannot be addressed to a Mussulman lady than that her face has been seen out of the harem; and in these particulars the Samaritans are not distinguished from their neighbors.

But small as is their number, great is their national pride. The Chief Priest told me he considered they were the appointed conservators of the purity of the Mosaic faith,—the guardians of Holy Writ,—the favorites of Jehovah, into whose hands were committed, to be preserved through all time, the truths communicated to the patriarch by the great Lawgiver. He referred to the preservation of their Pentateuch as an evidence of Divine favor. Our land, said he, has passed from conqueror to conqueror,—we have been persecuted by one set of invaders after another,—our town, our country, have been the seat of civil war,—three times have we been compelled to hide our Holy Book in the recesses of Mount Gerizim, where it once remained concealed for more than seventy years;—but we still exist, a nation apart, with our own temple, our language, the customs of our fathers; and you see before you now three generations of our priests,—myself, my son and my son's sons, (pointing to a middle-aged man who hung over him while he was speaking, and to two little boys who were sitting at his feet.)

'I requested him to read some passages in the Pentateuch. He unrolled the MS., and putting his finger under the letters, he read several verses, his son accompanying him, and the Samaritan scribe who had been my guide joining in the erudite attempt. They had little of the Hebrew intonation, they read readily, and I observed that some of those present knew the passages by heart, for they anticipated the readings of the Chief Priest.

'There are four yearly festivals on Mount Gerizim, accompanied by religious ceremonies. At the principal one (the Passover) the whole body of Samaritans attend, and the scribe told me it was a very imposing and interesting festivity, with much rejoicing and feasting, and songs and sports. The other three assemblies were less important, but were usually attended by all the Samaritans, though the attendance was not considered so religiously obligatory as at the Passover, It is on these four occasions that they consider themselves more peculiarly called upon to proclaim the sanctity of Mount Gerizim, and believe that they offer the most acceptable worship to the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob.

'I thought it was likely the strong language of the Chief Priest against the Jews was the outbreaking of ecclesiastical gall, and might not be the expression of the general opinion. The scribe was a man of mild and gentle manners, and I asked him what were the feelings of the Samaritans generally towards the Hebrews. "We have no love to them in our hearts," was his reply. I inquired of the scribe what was the worldly condition of the Chief Priest. He said he was poor, and that any present would be most welcome; in fact, he rather strongly urged me to leave with the old man some mark of kindness. He did this in a way by no means offensive or intrusive, and I found his expectations were of a moderate character. In truth, the whole body of the Samaritans, though removed from abject poverty, are not many degrees above that condition. I inquired who was the richest man among them, and was told that 2000 piastres (£20 sterling) was probably the largest fortune among them. But the Mahomedan Governor bore testimony to their general respectability. He said they were a quiet and a harmless people, and

among the most trustworthy of the population of Nablous. The Governor, however, did not confirm their statements as to their unshaken fidelity to the faith of their fathers. He said that many of them had become Mussulmans, and that there had been a notable diminution of their numbers. As a community, their education is decidedly above the average of that of the Syrian population. I found no man among them who was not able to write, and the scribe told me it was their custom to instruct their children.

'I asked the Chief Priest to explain to me what were their differences with the Jews except in the matter of the place whence worship was most acceptably addressed to Jehovah. "We have more than a hundred points of difference," he said; but he always reverted to the adulteration of the text which gave preference to Jerusalem over Mount Gerizim. He rather invited a controversy with the Jews. "Why," said he, "do not they come and examine the Holy Book? Why will they not look into the MS.? Here it is. If they are desirous of ascertaining the truth, they have the opportunity of doing so." Certainly, the old man spoke as if under the influence of a strong conviction. He complained bitterly of the irreverence with which the Jews treated their sabbath. "They spend it," he said, "in their synagogues; and when they leave their synagogues, their sabbath is passed for them. But we,—we go into the mountain to worship, and the whole day is a day of prayer."

'The enmity against the Jews is so strong, that no Hebrew is admitted into the Samaritan synagogue. Happily, the ill-will that exists has seldom an opportunity of wreaking itself on individuals; for in Nablous there are no resident Jews, and it may be doubted if any of the Samaritans ever come in contact with their rivals. The Governor told me he was not sure that the Jews ever visited his capital. I had no opportunity of ascertaining whether the feeling of dislike was reciprocal between them and the Samaritans. Perhaps few of them are aware of the existence of any of the Samaritan race.

'The existence of the Samaritans in their present unchanged condition, representing as they do the habits, language, opinions and ritual of their ancient nation, is one of the most interesting facts with which I am acquainted. During my abode among them, I could not dissociate my mind from the fancy that I was living in the very days of the Apostles. So little altered was the phraseology, so kindred the prejudices, so similar the worship, to those of which the narrative of the New Testament has conveyed to us the record, that I could hardly fancy sixty generations had passed away since the time when that narrative was written; for as every fact reported is accordant with the existing state of things, so there is an abiding truth and life in every touch left by the Gospel historians. My second visit to Nablous was the sequence of my being unable to enter Jerusalem, in consequence of the plague having broken out in the Holy City; but the disappointment has almost ceased to be a subject of regret, when I think of the opportunity which that disappointment gave me of passing another day at the foot of Mount Gerizim among the men and women of Samaria,—still to be seen, still to be studied, in all that characterized them when Jesus and the Apostles sojourned among them more than eighteen centuries ago.'

A MEMORIAL OF HAPPY DAYS.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO S. C. E.

Dost thou remember, Sarah, those sunny days gone by,
When the hours on fairy pinions, like minutes, seemed to fly?
When the glorious Indian summer smiled on mountain-top and plain,
And the farmer's heart exulted in his stores of golden grain?

The earth had not yet wholly doffed her robes of emerald green,
And the brilliant hues of Autumn added beauty to the scene.
The sun, its gorgeous splendors shed on valley, hill, and stream,
And in our hearts, as brightly, did *Affection's sunlight* gleam!

And dost thou not remember all the pleasant walks we took?
That woodland path that wound along the margin of a brook,
On whose clear breast, like glory-rays, the glittering sunbeams played—
And the slant old trees, whose shadows fell athwart the forest glade?

O many a richly varied scene of river, wood and glen,
Within a city's bounds, yet far from busy haunts of men;
Scenes that together we enjoyed doth fancy now delight,
To bring in startling vividness, each hour before my sight.

Those halcyon hours, all too bright, too beautiful to last,
O can they e'er become to thee, dim records of the past?
Hath not each well remembered look, each tone of love a spell?
Are they not fondly garnered up, in memory's choicest cell?

The friends whose love and kindness made those days so truly blest,
Howe'er they may be sundered now—a blessing on them rest!
The group who sadly seek a new and less beloved home,
May fortune smile upon their path, where'er their footsteps roam.

To her, who meekly languishes upon a couch of pain,
O speedily may heaven restore the boon of health again!
To glad the hearts to whom her smile is dear as light of day,
And bid the angel Joy return where grief hath held her sway.

God bless those 'Soldiers of the Cross!' the zealous, brave and true,
Who side by side fought valiantly—whose 'souls together grew!'
Long may their clarion-voices sound SALVATION through the land,
And every work of Love Divine be prospered in their hand.

Why ask—'Dost thou remember?'—oh canst thou e'er *forget*
That gay and happy circle who in sweet communion met?
Will not those pleasant memories still linger round thine heart,
Like withered flowers whose scent remains when life and bloom depart?

O never more, perchance, that group shall gather round *one* hearth,
For chance and change, too well we know marks every thing of earth!
But in the glorious spirit-clime, where endless spring-time dwells,
A happier meeting shall be ours—that knows no sad *farewells!*

CHARLOTTE.

Boston, Mass.

VENERATION.

ALL persons possess this quality in a greater or less degree. Some individuals take pride in possessing but little veneration—believing it a mark of independence and self-sufficiency. Reason should govern in all things; and there is doubtless some danger of venerating objects and persons who are unworthy of such distinction. There are some who are so much disposed to venerate others, that they can scarcely be said to have an opinion of their own; or to be even the master of their own actions. This is wrong, for we are told that 'one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.'

Again, there are some who are not willing to acknowledge that *one* Master—but they declare that man is himself a first principle, and not an agent—that he is all-sufficient in himself, and may act, on every occasion, without reference to a higher power.

It is impossible that men who act upon such ground can be happy. Man is a dependant being. We have but to open our eyes in order to see this. If the pride of man is hurt at such a contemplation, it is the fault of his own heart—that ignorance which is engendered by living in the world, without an attempt to become acquainted with the character of its Creator.

When we obtain just ideas of the Supreme Being, we shall not seek to throw off his authority. The doctrines of partialism may drive men into singular straits, and may induce them to form theories inconsistent with common sense—but a knowledge of the true character of God will reconcile us to his government, and we will no longer strive to be independent of his rule. The false doctrines of endless misery have been the stumbling block which has made more unbelievers than every thing else besides.

When we are so unreasonable as to seek total independence, and to flatter ourselves that this is a mark of spirit and strength of mind, we have but to open our eyes to the truth, and the shadow vanishes. We know that we are not infinite in knowledge, because we have often been mistaken, and because there are many things in the outward creation for which we cannot account. We also know that we have existed for but a short term of years, and that once we had no being at all—that revolutions, that changes and remarkable incidents were transpiring long before we had any existence. We are not infinite in power, because those changes have an influence upon us at this day—although we had no agency in bringing them about. Other men separated this country from the English crown, and we are therefore born in a land of freedom. Sir Isaac Newton and others made discoveries in science, without our assistance, and we therefore know more than we should have known, had not those intellectual stars arisen. We also see that there is a sky above us—a sun to give us light over which we have no control, and stars which we would never be able to extinguish, though we lived ten thousand years. The elements of our own world also operate on us. We are chilled by the cold which we cannot command, and the heat oppresses us, and we cannot stay its power. We are influenced by our own bodily constitutions which are just as we found them, and which we cannot alter as we list. Do we take pride in our personal strength? A feather may strangle us, and put a final end to it all. Are we vain of our talents? A short illness or a violent accident may destroy our reason forever.

As we are not infinite—as we have not even the control over our own destinies, we are dependant beings. Those things upon which we most highly value ourselves are not of our own producing. Those things which we do produce we could never bring to light but by the aid of Him who sendeth the early and the latter rain, and who upholds all things, our own lives among the number.

It is therefore perfectly just, and consonant with right reason that we should possess the quality of veneration. We must look out of ourselves, if we look at any thing but ourselves; and we must look either up or down. We must look either at those things which are above us, or those which are beneath us. This we must, of course, do in childhood. The child would learn nothing if it did not look up to its elders for information; and those of mature age, who would learn any thing from their fellow-men, must look up to them, as wiser than themselves in those peculiar branches wherein they desire to be instructed. The man who goes to hear a lecture on phrenology, anat-

omy, or geology, naturally looks up to the lecturer for information, and he so far venerates his instructor. The man who supposes that another person is his superior, both in moral and intellectual qualities, and yet does not venerate is unjust, and cares not for greatness. His must be a grovelling mind, indeed, who does not admire and venerate that which is superior to himself.

But veneration is also a pleasing exercise of the mind. This all history verifies; for if it were not so, men would not have made to themselves kings and nobles, in order that they might have some one to look up to. Yet this is an unreasonable exercise of this quality—since kings and nobles may be mere men of straw who possess no qualities deserving of our reverence. The Israelites desired to have a king, like the nations round about—but this was a weak ambition, and the God of their fathers granted their wish because they would have it so.

But it is not in the exalting of men to imaginary dignities that the quality of veneration alone exhibits itself. All nations have had something to worship, in the shape of gods—beings superior to any of their own race, supposed to be endued with supernatural power. These inventions took their rise from the inherent love of veneration in the mind of man—a principle proper to man, because he is a finite and dependant being. But not only so, it is because he is a progressive being also. He looks up to what is above him, not only because he appreciates its greatness, but also because he is capable of rising to greater degrees of excellence.

What we love and admire, we naturally strive to imitate. If we do not admire that which is above us, we shall not strive to imitate it. The painter who has no admiration of those specimens preserved of the great masters of the art—no enthusiastic love of their excellencies will never become a great painter like unto them. Now it is impossible that a finite being should ever become infinite, and therefore however great may be our veneration of the Supreme Being, we may never hope to equal him. Yet in so far as we may approach his perfections, we have an example in his Son Jesus Christ who came into the world to be an example to us. He says, 'Those that have seen me, have seen the Father also,' because in our present condition we can conceive of no nearer approach to the character of the Supreme Being than that afforded by the example of Jesus Christ. All that man can do, while on earth, to approximate to the character of God, was done by him. No man can come to the Father but by him, because when we become like him, we have taken upon ourselves the nature of God as far as man can do. He is the way, the truth and the light.

Let us not marvel that God hath commanded us to worship Him—since by this very act, our own happiness is secured. We can add nothing to the greatness of God by our adoration—but he created us that we might become like Him and be a sharer in his happiness. By the exercise of veneration, with the Supreme Being for its object, we become elevated in the scale of being, to the rank of angels, and we are consequently made happy. It is, then, not only a duty, but also the highest privilege to worship God, and to love him.

I have shown that we cannot well avoid venerating something. Why not then venerate Him who is every thing good, and in whom there is no evil at all? Why not love light in preference to darkness, and goodness in preference to evil? We never can be happy in any other way—for there is no other name given by which men can be saved, but by the name of Jesus Christ On the other hand, the man of the world venerates houses and lands—dust and ashes—and what is the consequence? He goes through the world like a reed shaken with the wind; for those things which he loves fade away and perish with the using. I would, therefore, impress upon the mind of the reader the truth, that it is the highest privilege of man to worship the perfect God. CEPHAS.

Boston, Mass.

THE WORLD ABOVE.

THERE is a land of undecaying glory,
Far from the unrealities of this,
And not a shade of life's lamented story,
Can ever mar its purity and bliss.
Beyond the ken of man's enfeebled vision,
And all the fading objects of his love,
Is that far, undiscovered clime Elysian,
That brighter world above.

There are innumerous amaranthine bowers,
Through which no bleak autumnal breezes sigh,
Decked with most delicately pencilled flowers,
Unlike earth's evanescent ones that die.
And all those flowers so modestly up-springing,
And beautifying each celestial grove,
Upon the air are perfumed incense flinging,
In that bright world above.

King Death, who unrelentingly effaces,
The glory of these perishable frames,
And gathers them to his sepulchral places,
To swell the numbers in his dim domains,
Has no possessions in that bright dominion,
No sphere in which his shapeless form may move;
He may not spread his cold, oblivious pinion
In that bright world above.

There is no darkness in that realm of glory,
For night can never find admittance there;
Its every vale and green-clad promontory
Is bathed in light perennial and fair.
No sickness there with palsying breath can enter,
To steal the rosy bloom from those we love,

For beauty and eternal health concentre
In that bright world above.

Those deeply loved, lamented ones, who perished,
When stricken by the viewless archer's dart,
Whose unforgotten images are cherished
Within the sanctuary of the heart,
Have found a home, a bright, unshadowed dwelling,
Through whose green pathways angels freely rove,
And cherub-choirs their rapturous notes are swelling,
In that bright world above.

And there are pure and living waters bursting
From fountains spotless as unsullied snow,
Waters for which the weary ones are thirsting,
Who sadly linger in this vale below;
And they, those beatific sons and daughters,
Who swell the anthems of redeeming love,
Were bathed in those clear, purifying waters,
In that bright world above.

When we, who feel the weight of bitter anguish
Attendant on this brief existence here,
Whose spirits from their secret fountains languish
For joys unknown in this imperfect sphere,—
When we shall pass those angel-guarded portals,
And dwell serenely in that land of love,
We then shall join the song of those immortals
In that bright world above. EDGAR.

Utica, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL SELECTIONS.

It will be remembered that we gave in a late No., a notice of a volume of sermons by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, of King's Chapel, Boston. We propose to justify our opinion therein expressed by some extracts, as the volume will not probably be very extensively circulated among our readers. We are sure that the space occupied by the selections will be deemed well filled, and that more than one reading will be given to them by all who love to view in literature, 'Apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

The first extract we give from this elegant volume, is from sermon fourth:—

'GOD THE GUARDIAN OF SOULS.'

'The Supreme Spirit speaks of the spirits which he has created. The Maker declares himself concerning the intelligent beings whom he has made. He claims his right in them, and over them, as his own. He is anxious to gain their attention to this claim; not that it can be resisted, but because it is full of the most solemn conclusions, and he would have it felt and pondered, and not neglected. Therefore he calls to us, that our ears may be opened and our hearts awakened. He says, "Behold!"—"Behold!" says the Almighty Father to his children, "all souls are mine."

'This voice of God in revelation, is not the only one by which his claim to our souls is preferred. Our own convictions, when we contemplate the vast and momentous subject, confirm in deep solemnity the revealed word, and show to us with irresistible proof, that we belong not to ourselves, but to one who made us, and who alone searches and knows us. The sense of our own weakness, the sense of our own ignorance, has each a voice, which tells us of an ownership above us. And consciousness, which makes known to us the power and liberty which we have, mark out to us the bounds within which that power and liberty are confined, and intimates to us by some of the most striking signs of our being and condition, how entirely dependant we are on a will which we cannot control, and on designs and determinations which we cannot fathom.

'Let any one turn his thoughts inward, and think of that mysterious essence within him which thinks; let him meditate upon the soul which he calls his own; and let him say *how far* it is his own. It is his own in some respects, but in no respect which implies supreme and absolute possession. It is his own to vindicate against the undue influence and authority of all human beings and all earthly things. It is his own to keep from defilement; to guard from the entrance of sin; to cultivate and improve by the use of privileges and the application of circumstances; to bring into a willing subjection to the Father of spirits, conformity with his purposes, and imitation of his perfections; to prepare, through the mercy and help of God, for its happy reception into the heavenly world which is promised. In these respects, and they are important ones, his soul belongs to himself. But these imply no independent authority, no self-derived and original dominion. They imply a trust only, to be fulfilled or neglected, to be used or abused. The power and the liberty go no further. The soul of that man is his own in trust. He holds, that is to say, himself in trust, and by no power of his own. He feels that his whole being is dependant on some other being, which being can only be the Self-Existent. He feels that the possession of himself is not in himself; that he is not his own, but God's.'

'All souls are in the hand of their Keeper and Defender. Not one is excepted. God preserves the roaming, irresponsible soul, through all its aberrations, and, notwithstanding the outward signs of loss, saves all its faculties, and permits not a fraction of its integrity to be dissolved. Of this truth he often affords us the most convincing proofs. Often does the soul, which has been untuned for years, utter in the last moments of mortality, the clear notes of restoration and praise. Often does the soul, which, for a melancholy time has seemed to be shattered, broken down and undone, rise up just as it is called to quit the infirm body, rise up in the wholeness and freshness of former days, show how safely it has been led,

and held by the Almighty arm, and then resign itself to its God. So manifestly does the Father of spirits vindicate the truth of his declaration, "All souls are mine." They cannot stray from under his eye; they cannot be lost from his care.

'You will perceive that what I have said of the soul's ignorance of itself, and weakness in and by itself, clashes not at all with what may be urged concerning its high powers, and the intimations which it gives of higher destinies. The views of its infirmity on the one hand, and of its dignity on the other, are religious views, pointing to the same great result. Its hopes, its longings, its workings, its capacity of improvement, its generous affections, these show that it is, and that it is worthy to be cared for; while the want of all knowledge of its essential self, the changes which come over it in spite of itself, its wanderings, as it were, away from itself, all show the necessity of its being cared for by some one who is greater than itself. My main design has been to prove that the wants of the soul direct it to a Maker and Preserver. I have presented one illustration of the old position, "I am, and therefore God must be." Not that God's existence is dependant on ours—God forbid the vain imagination—but that our existence is dependant on his, and denotes his, as that on which it must depend. In this manner is exposed the fallacy of those who pretend to say, that because they are ignorant of the soul's essence, therefore it does not exist. The answer is, that consciousness attests its existence, and its very ignorance of its own essence attests its God. I know not myself—and therefore there must be one who knows me. I cannot sustain myself—and therefore there must be One who sustains me. Give your thoughts intently, my friends, at any time to this subject, and you will feel, with an energy to which words can do no justice, that you are depending, resting, every instant, upon your Maker, your God.

'"Behold!" says the Eternal, "all souls are mine." "Yea!" respond our souls, from the deep places of their ignorance, and with all the voices of their wants —"Yea! all souls are thine!" Thou art their Father, Owner, Keeper. The souls of the lofty and the lowly, of the wealthy and the poor, of the happy and the sorrowful—all souls are thine. In the feebleness of childhood, and the feebleness of age; in clouds and darkness, and weariness; from the first moment of their existence, to the last of their sojourn in clay; in their searchings after thee, and departures from thee, and whether they know thee or know thee not, all souls are thine! Take them—they are surrendered to thee! Help their weakness, heal their sickness, enlighten their blindness. Keep them in the knowledge and love of thee, and of thy Son. Let them live in thy countenance, and grow in thy grace, and find thy redeeming mercy. And raise them at last, O, our God, from these poor houses, to those heavenly courts, where they shall know and love thee more, and serve and enjoy thee for ever!'

'DEATH AN APPOINTMENT.'

'And it is in this view of death only, as a divine appointment, that comfort is to be found, when the shadow of death is passing over us. For if God has taken this event into his immediate charge, if death be of his appointing, then we may certainly know, that whatever may be the terrors of its appearance, it is appointed in wisdom, and appointed in love. It is appointed by the same Being who opens our eyes upon the glories of this marvellous world, and is the author of all the happiness we have ever enjoyed. It is appointed by the same Being who rules the universe, in all its movements, and throughout all its extent. Let it come, then, at whatever season, in whatever mode, it cannot come without the cognizance of that knowledge which precludes the supposition of error, and of that mercy on which every doubt and every sorrow may lean. The circumstances of death may indeed be varied by that imprudence which is a part of human frailty, or that perverseness which is a consequence of human liberty. But neither human ignorance nor sin can fatally interfere with the wisdom and love of God. The event of death is unalterably of his appointment, equally with his kindest and brightest dispensations, and being so, cannot be separated from those attendant comforts which flow from his grace, and are founded on his divine nature and attributes. Nor can any shock of the excited elements, or any thing called fatal accident, disturb the settled pillars of this faith. All these are under his control, pass not a step beyond his decree, and touch not the great issue. The wildest waves sink down with the subsiding storm, and yield a path to following navies. The fiercest volcano retires, when spent, into its caverns, and leaves a soil for the richest vineyards on the highway of its desolations. Life follows death, and death life, and both by the same appointment. To know that God is wise, to know that God is good, is to know that his wisdom and his goodness preside at once over life and over death.

'We soon reach the conclusion that the event of death is a direct appointment of the Supreme Intelligence, and that it therefore admits freely of those comforts which a consideration of the attributes of our heavenly Father cannot fail to afford. But we are permitted to proceed somewhat further, and to ask more particularly why is death appointed, and what are the special grounds of the appointment? A complete answer to this question, satisfying every wish of the heart and every difficulty of the understanding, must not be expected in this present state, which is emphatically a state of dimness. But full enough may be answered for the encouragement of patience, of hope, and of unbounded trust.

'All the arrangements of man's present life have an evident temporary character, and a reference to a speedy termination; manifesting the want of things not now attainable, and a series of preparations for some contemplated change. The body itself, the abode of the individual man, is not a structure built up for permanence. The very food by which it is nourished, often becomes the means of its injury or destruction. The slightest attack shakes it. Invisible atoms in the air accomplish its decay. If it escapes all violence, all disease, it wears out of itself, according to the laws of its construction, and with no means of repair. Bounds are set to our knowledge, and to our spiritual experience. The thousands of stars just show themselves to us, and only by night, and in the least appreciable degree, and never draw any nearer, but remain as far away at our maturity as at our birth. Of life, and its principal conditions and essential relations, we soon learn all that there is to be learned. The details of knowledge are indeed inexhaustible, and always enough for occupation, and are only too much neglected; but they are all contained within an earthly circle, and make no addition to those conditions and relations of which I speak. The man who numbers thirty or forty years of pilgrimage, must feel, that with regard to these main objects, he has *got through*, and that the rest of his way can be only repetition. Our faculties themselves have their limits, beyond which there is no increase for them; just as the body, when arrived at its full strength, grows no stronger. Here are indications of sufficient distinctness to show that there is only so much to be done in this life, so much to be known, so much to be experienced, and no more. And yet, together with these indications, there is an irrepressible desire in the bosom of man, who is thus limited and hemmed in, for the further expansion and progress which the terms of his present being deny to him. Death is appointed to fulfill this desire, by removing the limits and restrictions which the initiatory state of existence imposes. To perceive the temporary nature, and frailty, and deficiency of mortal life, is to perceive a reason for the appointment of death.

'Again, let us consider that the field of this life is full of the springs of sorrow, and that these springs, or a large proportion of them, have their origin in the conditions of its imperfection. The pains and sicknesses of the body, the infirmities and errors of the mind, the wanderings and excesses of the passions, are all the sources of many and great sorrows, and of sins, which are sorrows also. But these sources of sorrow belong to the limited condition of life, and will stop when that condition ends. Their purpose is no doubt disciplinary and useful; but it is consoling to be assured that they will be brought to a close, by the closing of that temporary arrangement from which they arise, and to which they are bound. Death is appointed, then, to hush these sorrows, in the act of terminating this arrangement; and it is appointed to act, not by extinction, but by change; not by putting an end to being itself, and consequently all that belongs to it, but by putting an end to a limited state of being, and all the troubles which are inseparable from its limitations.

'But death itself, which is appointed to cut off the sources of many sorrows, is it not, in the execution of this office, the author of other and overwhelming sorrows? The sobs and tears of widows and orphans, and those of other name among the bereaved, answer without a word, and testify most forcibly that it is. The dear affections which grow out of the consanguinities and connections of domestic life, must needs be wounded when those relations are broken by death. To love here on earth, is indeed to prepare the way for sorrow, for all who love must be parted by the great appointment. But death is appointed to put an end also to this sorrow. It is appointed to put an end to that state which requires death. Its first, last and only act, is to open a scene of things in which its own power is forever abdicated. Years will roll on, and there will be no symptoms of old age or decay; centuries will elapse, and there will be no fear, no thought of dying; for they who have died once, shall die no more, death having no place nor part in the dominion to which he has brought them. What a scene of enlargement and advancement is that, in which there will be no decline of the faculties, no walls for their imprisonment, no chains binding them to the set rounds of mortality. What a scene of holiness, in which those causes of sin shall cease, which now operate through the infirmities of the flesh. What a scene of happiness, in which those sources of sorrow must necessarily be dried up, which now flow from sickness, from separation, from death. We die once, and but once. Death was appointed, that it might be lost in life.'

'CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.'

'If we begin with the first steps and principles of our religion, we shall perceive comfort and consolation broadly and intelligibly marked upon them all. Contemplate the divine attributes; contemplate them one by one. How strongly does each impress the mind with the sentiment of relief and support!

'With what magnificent assurance of protection does the idea of God's Almightiness visit the soul, making it certain, beyond suspicion or doubt, that in all its weaknesses and faintings it will be upheld and sustained by that unfailing arm, which upholds and sustains the illimitable creation.

'How does the attribute of Omnipresence encircle us about with safe conduct and guardianship, as with an unassailable host of heavenly angels. How does it encompass us on every side, as with a seven-fold shield, at home or in foreign climes, on sea or land, by night and day. It cannot forsake, though all else

forsake us; it cannot remove, though the earth be removed. It is with us everywhere, more enveloping than the overarching sky, nearer than the vital air. Who is alone, when God is with him? And where can any one be, where God is not? "Thou compassest my path and my lying down;" "thou hast beset me behind and before." Is there not consolation in this surrounding presence, this impregnable defence, this unalienable protection, this watchfulness without fatigue, this adherence without desertion or change, this shadow without darkness, the sheltering and nursing shadow of the Almighty's wings? Does not peace and a confiding sense of security settle down on our comforted hearts, however desponding or afflicted they may have been, when we repeat those trusting words of the Psalmist, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth, even for ever?"

'"From henceforth, even for ever." Yet further treasures of comfort are contained in those last words, which speak of God's eternity. That power which now supports, will still support us; that presence which now surrounds and guards, will still surround and guard us. Consoling indeed it is to think, that amidst all which changes, decays and dies around us, that which is our chief dependance is immutable and immortal, not to be affected by time, nor to be disturbed by adversity.

'Then there is the attribute of God's omniscience. Great is the consolation to be derived from the thought of that wisdom to which nothing within the bounds of possibility is unknown; which though it often appoints that which afflicts us, always ordains that which is best for us, and can never be mistaken with regard to what we really require, however our own wishes and plans may be contradicted and disappointed.

'What is the justice of God, but our resort and redress, and the clear, interior light of his throne, even when it is shrouded to our eyes with thickest clouds and darkness? What is it but an assurance that no lasting wrong shall be done, or suffered to be done to us; that our griefs shall have their balance and their recompense; that all seeming inequalities shall finally be smoothed away from the path of Divine Providence, and that no real injuries shall befall us, except those which we inflict upon ourselves.

'The attribute of God's loving mercy and kindness, is all consolation. It tells us of a Being who has nothing harsh or vindictive in his character; who is always tender and compassionate toward us, though never weakly and injudiciously so; who pities us as a father pities his children, and loves even when he chastens us, and chastens because he loves us.

'How can the heart fail to be strengthened, and refuse to be comforted, when thus it may repose itself, with all its sorrows, burthens and incapacities, on infinity, on perfection, on the immutable Rock of eternal ages? Are we sufficiently accustomed to contemplate the divine attributes in this their light of consolation? Should we not attend more to this conspicuous and most adorable characteristic of the whole nature of God? And if we did, should we not bear with a more resigned and contented spirit, not only the great afflictions of life, but the minor troubles and crosses of our condition? Should we not perform our allotted parts more patiently and cheerfully, if we impressed upon our minds such an habitual perception of the Supreme Being, that every feature and mystery of his nature should look down upon us at all times with the expression of benignity, protection and consolation.

'But consoling as are these views of the attributes of God, Jesus Christ has afforded us yet more comfort by the manner in which he has revealed to us the Father. No one can read the Gospels with attention, without being struck by the close and endearing affinity which is manifested there between the Creator and his creatures. The interest which the Great Supreme is represented as taking in us, may be called, if it be not too familiar to call it so, strict and personal. Our Savior does not so much give us general views of the nature of God, as he brings the attributes into immediate contact with ourselves and our fortunes. We behold a God and a Father, who not only supports us, together with the rest of his creation, and provides for us by that wisdom and goodness which are the life and joy of the universe, but who, though the whole globe which we inhabit is but a speck among his works, and we ourselves are so inconstant and frail, actually sets a value upon us, and draws himself as near to each individual soul, as if that one soul were the one object of his devoted care, and there was nothing else to share his attention. Are ye not of more value than many sparrows? Yet not one of *them* falleth to the ground without the knowledge of your Father. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Expressions of this kind occur so frequently in the Gospels, that they throw a peculiar air of tenderness over them, and cause them to express a particularity of regard in the dealings of God with men, which is one of the most remarkable characteristics of those sacred histories, as it is of the whole Christian scheme. God is represented throughout as our friend; mighty and glorious as in the pictures drawn by the Jewish lawgiver, and the prophets of the old dispensation, but still as our friend, our nearest and best friend.

'With these sources of Christian consolation, is connected, and I may say necessarily connected, the Christian doctrine of our immortality. This doctrine is established by deduction from the revealed nature of the Deity, and by the express declarations, confirmed by the actual resurrection, of our Lord Jesus Christ. If any thing be true in Christianity, this is true; and it completes those consolations of religion,

which, without it, would be incomplete, faint and ineffectual. Not much comfort in sorrow would be derived even from a conviction of the constant watchfulness and immediate presence and protection of God, if we could be left to suppose that death wrested us from his guardianship, and put a dark and final close to our connection with his spirit. But after what Christianity taught us of the Creator, we may venture to say it was impossible that it should not have also taught the immortality of his intelligent creatures. It does teach with perfect distinctness that glorious, and, as we may call it, finishing truth, that the existence of man will be commensurate with the existence of God; that the love and the truth and protection which the great Father now exercises toward his children, will lead them through the gate of death; and that the communion which he now holds with them, intimate as it is, will be yet more close and sensible, when the Lamb shall walk with their refined and beatified spirits through the bowers of an eternal Eden, and the golden streets of the heavenly Jerusalem. This is giving the seal of eternity to all that is compassionate and soothing and exalting in our knowledge of God. This is the key-stone, which locks and binds together the grand arch of Christian consolation. When our tears are flowing in calamity, they cease to flow, or flow on without bitterness, when we lift our eyes to that eternal state where they shall all be wiped away. We resign our friends, with hope and comfort in our mourning, because we know that they are not dead but sleeping, and as safe in the arms of God as when they retired to rest on earth, after the labors of the day—perhaps more safe, for passion is hushed, and temptation is over. In all our troubles we shall regard not only the wisdom and kindness of their purpose, but the brevity of their duration, and with the apostle Paul, "reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."'

'CHRIST WITH US AT EVENING.'

'There is much in that evening scene between Jerusalem and Emmaus, which we may profitably apply to our own hearts. Whenever the day is far spent, and the evening is coming on, we may join those two disciples in spirit, and adopt their words, and ask the Savior of men to abide with us.

'1. And first, we may express this desire for the Savior's companionship, at the time of the natural evening. At that calm and holy time, when the sounds of the world's business are ceasing, one after another, and the air is growing still, and our souls are insensibly disposed to harmonize with the time, and also to become quiet and still, whose company may we more fitly seek, than that of the meek, peaceful and sinless Jesus? During the day, it may be, while the sun was climbing up the sky, and the race and contest of worldly pursuits and competitions were going vigorously on, our thoughts have been hurried into the midst of them, and in that turmoil have been excited and vexed, bewildered, and then fatigued even to exhaustion. But when the sun declines, and the fever of the strife is passing off, our thoughts are inclined to leave the crowd, and enter into more green and solitary ways, that they may have a season of recovery and rest. Then it is that the Savior, who is always ready to meet sober and prepared hearts, may join us, and walk with us, and then it is that we may induce him to abide with us. For the Master may abide with disciples even now, though not in the body, yet essentially, and as effectually as ever, in the influences which proceed from his life and character, and which join themselves to the souls which invite them. He abides with us, when the model of his example is near to us, and points out to us our duty. He abides with us, when the thought of his love toward us, and his sufferings undergone for us, comes with power to our hearts, causing them to burn within us. He abides with us, when his own spirit dwells with us; when we feel that we sympathize with him in those pious sentiments which filled his breast, and those benevolent purposes which guided his course on earth; when we enjoy the contemplation of his holiness, and are sure that we are made better by the contemplation. Thus it is that he abides with us. And how can we receive into our affections a more profitable guest? When the day is far spent, who, as he, can speak to us on the most wise and gainful use of our fleeting hours? Who, as he, can teach us to improve our daily opportunities, to dispose of our daily cares, to discern between the innocent and the hurtful, the true and the false, the right and the wrong? Certainly there is no one who can discharge as he can the office of instructor and friend, and prepare us by evening admonitions for morning watchfulness and daily work. Seriously and kindly he will inquire of us what we have done during the past day. If we have done ill, he will move us to repentance; if we have done well, he will crown us with his approbation. If we have done nothing, but have been standing all the day idle, he will incite us by all those motives which are most prevalent with the better nature, to redouble our diligence for the days which may remain to us, in order that we may, as far as possible, repair our loss.

'Let us call to mind some of the characters and accompaniments of the natural evening, and mark how the presence of Christ and his religion harmonizes with them, and exalts them.

'Peace comes with evening. It is a gentle and a soothing season. But the peace of Christ abiding with us, will make it yet more peaceful; because it is the answer of the internal to the external; the quietness of the bosom rendering more profound and grateful the quietness of the atmosphere, of the land,

and of the ocean; and because it alone can give security against the fears of darkness, the disturbances and alarms of night. It is a peace which corrects all that harshness of our humanity, which is apt to disturb with its dissonance the repose of nature, or render us impenetrable to its influences.

'The soft, broad shadows come with evening. They close round us as if they would envelop and shade the spirit, too much heated and wearied before, giving it time for restoration. But how much safer and more quiet is the spirit, if by the side of the Son of God, it claims a higher protection, and takes refuge under the shadow of the Almighty.

'The dews come with evening. They gather coolly on the drooping leaves, and stand in refreshing drops on all the panting flower cups, and on every blade of grass; but it is only the Christian, only he who places his hope in Christ, and with whom Christ is abiding, who can tell with what a reviving efficacy the dews of heavenly grace fall down upon the drooping soul.

'The bright stars come out with evening. Splendidly they shine, and solemnly, those mighty orbs—so far away that every beam from them, with all its swiftness, has required years for its journey hither;—but with a more intelligent brightness will they shine, if Christ be with us, to lead our adoring thoughts to the Almighty Father who feeds them with their light, and has prepared a place yet more elevated and more glorious than theirs, in which his redeemed children shall dwell with him for ever.

'Sleep comes with evening. But let us not lie down, as do the flocks and herds in the fields, without a prayer to him who sends us slumber; for we are capable of religion, and they are not. Sweetly will sleep fall upon our eyelids, if we have been holding communion with our Savior in heavenly-mindedness, and, as if we heard from him the words of kind permission, "sleep on now, and take your rest," we can commend ourselves in confidence to the Watchman of Israel.

'2. The day which was far spent when the two disciples stopped at Emmaus, was the day of our Lord's resurrection. It was the first Christian Sabbath; the first Lord's Day. The associations which belong to that day, and the sacred observances to which it has been devoted, have made it the weekly Sabbath of Christians. Sabbath is rest. For its rest, for its silence, for its holiness, the Sabbath may be likened to the evening. It is the evening of the week. At this season, then, so especially consecrated to the Savior, he may especially abide with us. Indeed we would meet him every day, and every evening we would ask him to abide with us; but on this evening of the week, his abiding with us may be more than usually confidential and uninterrupted. Who shall interrupt it with the noises of the world? To break in upon the devotion of the Lord's Sabbath, and upon the repose which is connected with that devotion, with no plea but one's indifference or one's fancy, is as barbarous a thing, and as offensive to right feeling, as if the rude and hasty sounds of business were to be wakened up at nightfall, to rend and break asunder the calmness of eventide, and tramp and rattle through the offended darkness. One profanation is as great as the other. Let the evening of the week, as the evening of the day, be preserved in quietness, that we may commune with the Lord of this Sabbath, and he may expound to us the Scriptures, and abide with us in peace.'

'"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when death is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die!"'

SABBATH HYMN.

BY IONE.

HARK! hark! for the Sabbath bells
Are pealing out on the morning air;
And their music falls and swells,
On the listening ear like a chanted prayer,
Bidding the faithful and good prepare
For the worship of God in his temple fair!

Canst thou turn from earth away,
And go with a spirit all prepared,
To walk in the holy way,
And drink from the fountain a Savior shared,
While his gentle head to the storm he bared,
And his heart was wrung as its frown he dared!

List, list to the peaceful chime!
The portals are open, arise and go
In the flush of morning's prime
With thoughtful brow to the house below,
While calmly we worship the God we know,
Nor bow unto idols in fear and wo!

Join, join in the music's swell!
Perchance the angels repeat the song
In the mansions where they dwell!
Shouldst thou from their presence linger long
In faith and hope shall thy soul be strong
To see the home where the good belong!

We shall need no Sabbath bell
In the spirit-land to win the soul
To the worship loved so well!
But there, while unending ages roll,
Shall the harps be tuned to the soft control
Of the loving and loved who have reached the goal!

Boston, Mass.

FEAR. Never let fear get the mastery over your mind; assert courage, and thou shalt conquer. PR.

MORAL REVENGE.

BY HENRY BACON.

2 Cor. vii. 11: 'Yea, what Revenge!'

The Apostle treats of true repentance in the context, and aims to set forth the good effects of the conquering spirit of aspiring after that which is really and permanently good. He presents seven particulars in describing the efficacy of godly repentance, or repentance which springs from ardent longing for true godliness, which particulars show us that repentance is not a mere work of feeling unassociated with vigorous effort to realize in the life what is felt in the soul. He declares that sorrow 'after a godly sort' works first *carefulness* to guard against any want of application to the duties enjoined by remembrance of past transgressions; then a *clearing* of the heart from all the coils of temptation and insidious, evil desires and fancies; then *indignation* that the soul should have yielded itself to the sins which beset and enticed it in the past; then *fear* lest it be so entrapped again and led astray; then *vehement desire* after more and more of the true divine life and victorious energy of faith; then *zeal* to obtain what is desired and longed after; and then the whole summed up in one passion —*Revenge*—revenge visited upon all the foes of progress—all the enemies of true godliness. Hence the Apostle adds,—'In all things ye have approved yourselves to be clear in this matter.'

Revenge is always classed with the baser passions. It is always described as the fury of the soul bent on some work that promises no good; and every picture that rises to our imagination as portraying Revenge, is fearfully repulsive. We see before us a being swelling with rage, like one of Shakspeare's character, with sword uplifted from which the blood of a murdered man drops in awful rain, while the infuriated being cries—

> 'See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
> O may such purple tears be always shed
> From those that wish the downfall of our house!
> If any spark of life be yet remaining,
> Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither,
> I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.'

Revenge that has affinity to that passion is opposed entirely to the christian spirit, and promises no good. Great souls know it not. Brave hearts despise it. All noble beings shun it, for all the destruction and conquest they can desire is that which builds them up in the nobility of human nature while it destroys the enemy by changing them into friends.

This is the revenge to which the Apostle alluded when he said, 'Yea, what Revenge!' He did not mean that the workings of Repentance made those to whom he wrote revengeful, in the common acceptation of the term, towards their enemies—towards those who had impeded their usefulness, and fed the feelings which perplex and morally enfeeble. No! his exclamation 'Yea, what Revenge!' was born of loftier emotions than were ever excited by beholding fierce wrath and seeing the ruin it had wrought. He justified no one in returning evil for evil; but earnestly enjoined the overcoming all evil by the good which can be awakened and nourished in the soul.

For an illustration we may refer to an incident in the life of one of the most remarkable of ancient sculptors. He had wrought out a splendid statue for a certain people, and the exquisiteness of the workmanship attracted to the city it adorned multitudes of admirers of the fine Arts. It was acknowledged to be the wonder of the world, and the people prided themselves on its possession. But by certain acts they wronged the Artist, and he felt himself abused by the insidious manner in which they had affected his reputation. The spirit of revenge was awakened—it burned for awhile—it dictated first an attempt to destroy the work he had wrought and abandoning the city; but soon the feeling took another turn—he mingled in a little of the philosophic element and he became more calm. He immediately designed a work, and put himself to its execution, that should far surpass the other, and when he should finish it, he resolved that it should be given to another people. He wrought the work. It stood before the eye a wonderful production of Genius. It far surpassed the other; and the world's admiration—the admiration of those who could appreciate the beautiful, was turned away from the city that had wronged him. As he viewed how he had surpassed himself, he felt proud, and when others talked of the origin of the splendid work, they could not but exclaim—'What Revenge!'

This has an eloquent meaning when morally applied. If sin wrongs us—if the gossiping world deals in its falsehoods and half truths to our disadvantage —if our religious opposers belie us as a denomination, let us seek to work out some excellence of principle, of disposition, of character, of example and influence, which will exhibit a noble revenge and turn away the ear and the eye from the detractor.

This is the only good use which we can make of detraction. If we listen to it only to mourn over it—to indignantly repel it, and to offer what we may call a manly return, we shall only in our earnestness and perhaps, excess of feeling or passion, give more food to the gossip bird and strengthen his wings for more daring flights. Fretfulness, more than any thing else, weakens the energy of mind. A slight framed pugilist will become the victor over a giant by his art at fretting the strong man; and so has the race been won by a horse of inferior speed. Expressly do the Scriptures guard us against this weakener, as they exhort the faithful—'Fret not thyself because of evildoers.' 'Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth

wicked devices to pass.' 'Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.' Had the Artist to whom we have alluded permitted the evils with which he had to contend to fret him, he never would have had that noble revenge which he did have. He made the evils to be incentives to higher exertions—to awaken new excellence of effort, and bring out more of the ideal loveliness and grace that gladdened his soul. He thereby wasted no time, but made the strength that otherwise would have been lost, conduce to the embodiment of something permanently good which would win its way to the love of beauty in the heart, despite all effort against it. This was the spirit of him who declared—

> 'My sufferings shall
> Erect a prouder trophy to my name,
> Than all my prosperous actions.'

This is the only spirit which will repair the loss—this only will keep alive christian feeling and promote christian activity, while it gives revenge. This is Moral Revenge. He who scorns it and deems it too tame for him, will have a shadow in his dreams, a worm continually knawing at his heart, an uneasiness forever disturbing all that would promote peace. He feels the sting which he would make another feel; and while he writhes in the anguish he would hide, he declares it '*manlike* to revenge,' and is answered, 'Yes, but it is *godlike* to forgive.'

The practice of Forgiveness is essential to Moral Revenge. It is a difficult virtue, but nothing so strengthens the soul as efforts to practice it. It is necessary to that self-possession which gives the soul the use of all its powers and enables it to act calmly, earnestly, and successfully. Thus acting, we overcome evil with good, and manifest that in us is the spirit of him who revealed as the glory of the Father the reconciling of the world—all things, to himself. We cannot do otherwise without carrying out the spirit of popular representations of the Deity, and acting in our own behalf the Revenge of the 'Judgment.' Let us so look upon the beauties and glories of the Divine Government in overcoming evil with good, as that we may indulge no revenge which is incompatible with true goodness and progress.

'BOZ' AT NIAGARA.

Presuming that many will love to read over and over again Dickens' record of his thoughts and feelings at Niagara, we give it place here. He is the only writer who describes the effect such as we imagine ought to be made on a christian's mind by the sight. Too many receive nothing but an impression of Power or Terror, whereas the glory there revealed ought to sound the Infinite within as deep as thoughts of the Sublime and Beautiful can go. We pant at this moment for such a sight—this moment when unavoidable evils have produced inward tumult over which Mind must hold a sovereignty and work—work!

'It was a miserable day; chilly and raw; a damp mist falling; and the trees in that northern region quite bare and wintry. Whenever the train halted, I listened for the roar; and was constantly straining my eyes in the direction where I knew the Falls must be, from seeing the river rolling on towards them; every moment expecting to behold the spray. Within a few minutes of our stopping, not before, I saw two great white clouds rising up slowly and majestically from the depths of the earth. That was all. At length we alighted; and then for the first time, I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet.

'The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain, and half-melted ice. I hardly know how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom and climbing, with two English officers who were crossing and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half-blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. We were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or any thing but vague immensity.

'When we were seated in the little ferry-boat, and were crossing the swollen river before both cataracts, I began to feel what it was; but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked—Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright-green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

'Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of Mind; Tranquillity; Calm recollections of the Dead; Great Thoughts of Eternal Rest and Happiness; nothing of Gloom or Terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an Image of Beauty; to remain there changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, for ever.

'Oh, how the strife and trouble of our daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that Enchanted Ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what Heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!

'I never stirred in all that time from the Canadian side whither I had gone at first. I never crossed the river again; for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such a place it is natural to shun

strange company. To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the Great Horse Shoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice; this was enough.

'I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll adown the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge—Light—came rushing on Creation at the word of God.'

HAGER AND HER SON IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

'She said let me not see the death of the child.'
GEN. xxi. 16.

SHE could not see him die,
She could not stand beside her cherished one,
She could not gaze into his upturned eye,
And calmly say, Father thy will be done!

Gently she laid him there
Beneath a desert shrub, and looked again
Upon his marble brow, and clustering hair,
And kissed his dry parched lips,—but all in vain!

It was a bitter hour!
The one whom she had cherished as her breath,
Lay there before her like a stricken flower,
His young form struggling in the grasp of Death!

Sadly she turned away;
She could not watch his glazed and closing eye;
She turned aside that she might weep and pray,
For O, great God, she could not see him die.

The past rose like a dream,
She saw her boy, her beautiful, her own,
She felt his presence like a joyous gleam,
She listened, and she heard a low, deep moan.

And then she knew the worst,
She knew that he was dying in the wild,
With nought to quench his fierce and raging thirst,
O God, was there no water for her child?

God heard that mother's prayer,
And then upon her strained and listening ear,
Fell the sweet sound of water gushing there!
How leaped her heart that welcome sound to hear.

And O he would not die,
She wet his lips, and bathed his clustering hair,
Until the child looked up with earnest eye,
And his glad laugh rang out upon the air.

Somerville, Mass.

THE EXCELLENT LOVING KINDNESS OF GOD.

PSALMS xxxvi. 7: 'How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.'

THE excellent loving kindness of God was a theme ever congenial to the warm feelings and high aspirations of the Psalmist's soul. He delighted to dwell on it—to sound it forth in anthem and song, and to rejoice in its gladdening influences, yea, and with more enthusiasm than the child revels in the smiles and caresses of its mother, or the artist in contemplating the works of genius and skill, or the philosopher in exploring the nice mysteries of nature in mind and matter. No object could awaken in a mortal breast purer delight, or more elevated emotions, than were awakened in the heart of the Psalmist by meditations on the loving kindness of the Almighty, and he seemed to find new beauties and glories the more he dwelt on the theme, and he limited not the ever enduring blessings of that kindness to less than the whole intelligent creation.

The rational enthusiasm of the Psalmist was the result of elevated views of God. To him the goodness of God was not a mere desire in the Divine Being to do men good, but it was an ever active principle, diffusing abroad numerous blessings, and ever executing good for man. Mark how he speaks of the Almighty's goodness—he calls it *loving kindness*, which is a most endearing phrase, and brings to our mind, irresistibly, ideas of a most tender, forbearing, and generous spirit. We spurn from us the thought that he can possess endless wrath, we rejoice in his paternal goodness, and feel how *excellent* is his loving kindness!

The text contains a sentiment that has been too much hidden by traditions in the religious world, and men have acted as though the truth were the reverse.

It declares in substance, that according to a man's conception of the loving kindness of God, will be his trust in him. This certainly is the argument of the words, 'How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! *therefore* the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.'

Religious teachers have thought differently from this. They have imagined that according as a man feared the terror of God's wrath, would be his inclination to turn to and trust in the Lord. Hence they have sought more to awaken an horrible dread, than the warm and powerful emotions of filial love; and man has been more threatened than he has been invited by gentle means. But the royal poet has declared the better way; he says that because the loving kindness of the Almighty is excellent, men put their trust in him; and give man but a clear conception of God's kindness—let him but view in its proper light the protective goodness of the Father of spirits, and let him but know how this tenderness of the Almighty tends to him individually to promote his happiness, and he will put his unreserved trust in God, even as the infant feels that its mother's arms and bosom form a safe retreat from all dangers.

Let us pause a moment to consider the first clause of the text. Though made as an exclamation, it is the declaration of a truth; 'How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God!' or, 'Thy loving kindness is excellent, O God!' And this is all acknowledged; even the advocates of the narrowest sect will declare God's loving kindness to be excellent, and dwell with rapture on the theme. But let us ask ourselves the question, What constitutes the excellent loving kindness of a God? And ere we answer this we inquire, *What is God?* of whom it is said his loving kindness is excellent. God is the Supreme over worlds and beings; the controller of the destinies of nations and men; the being whose wisdom comprehends a knowledge of all times, seasons, events, relations, dependencies, and persons; and whose power executeth his own sovereign will in all places of his dominion.

God, then, is the creator, sustainer, and controller of man, and if he is kind to man, loving kind, it must be the affection of an unchanging being, and worthy of a God! To be excellently loving kind he must seek or design man's best ultimate good, and hence the author of our text has written that God is good *unto all*, and his tender mercies, the same as his loving kindness, are over all his works. Here then is what constitutes the LOVING *kindness* of a God, and nothing less than this can entitle it to the name of *excellent*.

If God love but a part—if his loving kindness is continued only over a few, in what is his loving kindness excellent? It excels not the loving kindness of man; for instances of human love triumphing unto death to do good to enemies, are on the pages of history, yea, the Lord Jesus Christ were on this ground greater than God—his loving kindness certainly were more excellent. But it is man, and not the Scriptures, that has limited the kindness of God. The Scriptures are abundant in maintaining its universality and everlasting nature. And when they bring what is termed his *anger* in contrast with his *mercy*, they declare the one to be as but for a moment, while the other is from everlasting to everlasting.

And this constitutes the excellency of God's loving kindness. It rises above every opposing principle; it seeks the good of man when man ceases to seek his own good; it fails not though vileness may have made the whole heart sick; it goes onward and on triumphing in its work of love and blessedness, giving us fruitful seasons, opening a thousand sources of pleasure, strengthening our hope of immortal joys, and it will continue to bless mankind till vast humanity shall be redeemed from corruption and death, and made equal to the angels.

A love less than this honors not God. Man cannot call it excellent; for to love but a part of those he has power to bless, so far from excelling the love of some philanthropists, actually falls far short of their loving kindness. But no; man cannot excel the love of the Almighty. Even Jesus, in the depth and fullness of his love, did not exceed the kindness of the Father, for he was the image of the Father's love, and by his every act commended God's kindness towards us. Well may we exclaim in the well known lines—

'Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was all the earth of parchment made,
Was every stick thereon a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God to man
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor would the scroll contain the span
Though stretched from sky to sky.'

It is essential to our mental peace that we have these enlarged conceptions of our Maker's goodness, for otherwise we must entertain fearful apprehensions of all the other attributes of the Deity; and were it not for the universal, impartial, and unalterable goodness of the Almighty, there would be no pleasing thoughts in contemplating the government of the universe; chaos would reign instead of harmony, and mercy bleed where love now rejoices; instead of exercising a filial trust in the Supreme, we should shrink from the thought of him, and instead of exclaiming with David, 'My meditation of Him shall be sweet!' we should rather cry out, My meditation of him would be horror!

Here let us direct our attention to consider three propositions that must be acceded to by our understandings, before we can have a firm trust in the love of God; when we shall feel these propositions to be fully maintained, we can with the Psalmist's zeal exclaim—How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

1. We must have faith in the reality of the existence of the excellent loving kindness of God. Do we believe that a powerful God exists—that his power upholds and controls the universe? In order to trust him as we ought, we must have the conviction rooted in the mind and heart, that as surely as a God exists, he is a God whose excellent loving kindness is ever active. We must blend this idea with his very existence, and separate them not. As the life of God is love, so the life of a firm faith in him is the persuasion that he is love; but if we follow in the train of many dark minds, and dwell far more on what are called the justice and vengeance of the Almighty than we do on his excellent loving kindness, our faith will be weakened and superstitious fears awakened.

When sometimes we hear men declaim on the terrible wrath of the Deity, we are inclined to the conclusion that they have no abiding conviction of the real existence of God's loving kindness; they speak of it as but a momentary feeling, and make it appear far more certain that God will punish than that he will love us. But the religion of Jesus Christ portrays a far different and lovelier picture. It assures us of the reality of our Maker's kindness towards us, and even marks the punishments of his justice as the operations of that love that seeks the best good of the punished. Proclaim endless misery for a single soul, and you annihilate, in word, thus far the loving kindness of the Deity; man may proclaim till eternity gives back the echo of his words, that God loved that soul once, and man would not believe such a proclamation. What God has once loved he can never hate, and that which he loves he cannot condemn to unchanging and ever enduring woe.

But in order to possess a firm trust in God we must not only have a conviction of the reality of the existence of the excellent loving kindness of God, but, 2d, We must have a conviction that that loving kindness is extended over ourselves and all; and 3d, We must also have the conviction that this excellent loving kindness of our Maker will ever exist the same, in time and eternity.

It avails but little to be convinced that God is actually good; we must feel that he is good to us—to us as members of the great family, and that he will never cease to be good to us, in time, nor eternity. Nor here can we rest easy without advancing; our hearts have treasures dear as our own bliss, and we must feel that God will be eternally good to them also—that he will redeem, purify and gladden them with us, and that when we shall feel our hope of everlasting bliss secure, we can look on those dear to our affections and entertain a lively, yea, a sure hope for them also.

And when we shall have encircled all these in the embrace of divine goodness, we shall find no excuse for excluding others; then rejoicing in the illimitable grace of the Almighty, feeling that a ransomed world will display the glory of his goodness, we are ready in hearty enthusiasm of soul to cry—How excellent *is* thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

It may be deemed poetry, but it is not all poetry, to carry out the expressive figure introduced in the text. The Psalmist speaks of the wings of the Almighty—a very common and proper figure of speech. He speaks of the wings of God's goodness—men put their trust under the shadow of those wings; and may we not say, without being deemed fanciful, that as men trust in the goodness of God for blessings in this life and in that which is to come, the two wings of the excellent loving kindness of the Deity overshadow time and eternity!

This is a pleasing thought—that the wings of Almighty goodness forever and forever overshadow us; that there are no bounds or limits to his protecting love; no power that can bear us away, or deprive us of the rich flowings of excelling kindness; and well may we exclaim with the Apostle—'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

And why may we not have the same triumphant faith? Why may we not have the same abiding persuasion that life, nor death, nor any thing present, or to come, cannot separate us from the eternal love of the unchangeable Jehovah? We may have this faith—this rooted persuasion, if like Paul we will be content to take Christ for our foundation, and glory only in the hope of eternal life through him from the free grace of God.

While men build on other foundations they can never have this triumphant faith and ever lively hope; they will fear, and will have no comfort to impart to others; but let them glory only in the cross—let them rest only on the purpose of God, and they will be enabled to rejoice in the hope of eternal life promised by the God that cannot lie before the world began. This hope presenting the happiness of purity as the great object of desire and rejoicing, will tend, by its legitimate action to purify the heart unto rejoicing in obedience. 'We are saved by hope.'

B.

Providence, R. I.

Delusion. People in these days seem to delight in marvellous vagaries, the end of which is delusion.

Friendship, to be of any worth, should seek the cloud of the distressed, and perform its faithful trust under the canopy of night. PR.

REVERIES.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THEY come! the visions of the Past arise,
A crowd of mingling shadows bright and fair!
There stands the bride with the resplendent eyes—
There sits the maiden with the golden hair!
Vainly, O vainly do I strive to tear
My soul away from these bewildering dreams;
They crowd with glory all the twilight air,—
I see their faces mirrored in the streams,
And meet their gentle smiles in every star that beams!

Now float the orange wreath and bridal veil
Around a brow with youthful beauty bright;
And now that brow, serenely fair and pale,
Lies in the shadow of eternal night.
A rounded arm,—a hand of dazzling white,—
A laughing eye of deep and changeful blue—
These come like gleams of sunshine to my sight,
In every winning guise and radiant hue,
The visions of the Loved, the Beautiful, the True!

I hear a laugh, like music in the wood;
A wild clear gush of rich and happy thought;
It comes from one whose heart was kind and good,
With every gentle charity inwrought.
No drooping soul *her* sympathy e'er sought
That she did bless not with a pitying tear;
And even Despair in her bright presence caught
Some gleam of faith his gloomy brow to cheer,
Some faint, yet precious hope that Mercy might be near.

Before me rise soft glades of verdant grass,
And dewy glens, o'ercanopied with vines;
Bright murmuring streams and founts before me pass,
With flower-wreathed altars, and lone woodland shrines.
My soul to Memory every power resigns,
And leaves me wandering through her magic halls;
Now by some olden haunt my heart reclines,
Now turns aside where some wild streamlet falls,
Or in the grave-yard stands, lifting its shadowy palls!

Mid mountain passes, beautiful and wild,
Where beard-like mosses load the giant trees,
I wander with a wayward, dark-eyed child
Of Love and Song, as fearless as the breeze!
With her I catch the murmuring of the bees,
The songs of birds around the brawny cliff;
With her I watch the sunlight on the leas,
Or by the cedar branches, firm and stiff,
Descend the rugged height, and launch the floating skiff.

Clear lies the stream beneath the summer sky,
With little islands on its breast asleep;
Above its waves our fairy bark floats high,
Or slowly winds beneath some frowning steep,
Across whose brow the glossy woodbines creep.
Now by the slant old tree we moor our boat,
And in the bosom of its shadows deep,
Listen, with dreamy spirits, to the note
That swells, with thrilling gush, the oriole's golden throat.

Oh Memory, thou wakener of the Dead!
Thou only treasurer of the vanished Past!
How welcome art thou when bright Hope is fled,
And Sorrow's mantle o'er the soul is cast!
Back o'er those days, too beautiful to last,
Thy gentle hand will lead the saddened thought;
And though the tears may trickle warm and fast,
Yet thy sweet pictures with such peace are fraught,
The heart beguiled, exclaims, 'This is the fount I sought!'

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL, whose misfortunes and excellence, have rendered her still more illustrious than her high rank, was the wife of Lord William Russell, an eminent English patriot, who fell a victim to the jealousy and fears of Charles the Second, and was beheaded in 1683, in the forty-second year of his age. In a few years afterwards, the House of Lords passed an act to reverse his attainder, and in the preamble to the bill, his execution is called *a murder!* This was so far gratifying to his surviving friends, but alas! it could not give him back to them! Lord Russell's death was deeply lamented, for he was possessed of many virtues, and even his political enemies have testified to his probity, sincerity, and private worth. He had, in early life, been led away by the vortex of dissipation introduced at Court, by the restoration of Charles to the throne; from which however he was wholly reclaimed by a marriage with Lady Rachel, who was daughter to the Earl of Southampton, and the widow of Lord Vaughan. This excellent woman has left a bright example, which has much endeared her memory to posterity. Her humble piety, magnanimity and fortitude, her mild and equable disposition, with pleasing and attractive manners, unite in her all that is worthy of imitation in woman. Her mental acquirements too, in an age when female education received but little attention, were remarkable, and caused her society to be sought for by the literary men of the day. Archbishop Tillotson, and Bishop Burnet, were among her intimate friends, with both of them she continued to correspond for a number of years. Her personal appearance was extremely prepossessing. Her complexion was delicately fair, her eyes dark and intelligent, and of rather a thoughtful expression—the outline of her features was Grecian; but her forehead was higher and broader than is usually seen in woman, and would have been pronounced in phrenological language, to be singularly intellectual.

She had been married about fourteen years, when the unfortunate circumstances took place, which resulted in the cruel and unjust death of her husband. His trial is very interesting; it seems his fears of a Roman Catholic succession to the throne, had indu-

ced him to take some decisive steps for the exclusion of the Duke of York—(afterwards James the Second) a prince, no less remarkable for his cruelty, bigotry, and pride, than for the weakness and imbecility of his mind. In the mean time, a plot was formed for assassinating the king on his return from New Market; they deliberated upon a scheme for stopping the king's coach, by overturning a cart in the road, and shooting at him through the hedges, but the house in which the king lived at New Market, accidentally took fire, and he was thus obliged to leave that place eight days sooner than was expected, to which circumstance he owed his safety. This conspiracy was called the Rye-house plot, having derived its name from a farm so called, where those concerned in it used to meet. The detection of this plan, (although he was in no way connected with it) led to Lord Russell's imprisonment in the Tower. And when some of the Rye-house conspirators were executed, advantage was taken of the excitement thus produced, to bring him to trial, in July 1683. The chief evidence against him was Lord Howard, a man of very bad character, and one of the conspirators, who was content to take his own life, and accept of an infamous safety upon such terms. To the fact which principally aimed at Lord Russell's life, there was but one witness, and the law required two; this was however overruled—for justice, in this reign, was too weak for the prevailing party. Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, was accused of the Rye-house plot, and committed to the Tower. He might have made his escape, but his tender consideration for his friend, Lord Russell, and a fear that his absence might produce a bad influence at his trial, occasioned him to remain at his country house, till a party of horsemen were sent to take him. He was found with his throat cut in the Tower, as if he had committed suicide, (but not without suspicion of his being murdered) on the morning of Lord Russell's trial; against whom this circumstance was used, as an argument to prove the truth of the conspiracy, and condemn him.

After his condemnation the king was strongly solicited in Lord Russell's favor, (and it was said would have been inclined to pardon him, were it not for the influence of the Duke of York) but he was inexorable. As Lady Rachel's father had ever been one of the king's best friends, and had rendered him many important services, she was encouraged to hope that he would at least grant her the favor of some reprieve for her husband. She accordingly drew up a petition that he might be spared but for six weeks longer than the time appointed for his execution—which she presented in person, throwing herself at the king's feet, bathed in tears, with all the eloquence of grief, beseeching him to hear her; but in vain—his stony heart remained unmoved! This supplication, says the historian, was the last instance of female weakness, (if it deserves the name) which she betrayed. Finding all applications vain, she collected courage, and not only fortified herself against the fatal blow, but endeavored by her example, to strengthen the resolution of her unfortunate Lord. All possible means were used to save his life. His attached friend, Lord Cavendish, gave a noble proof of his disinterested regard, by urging him to escape in his clothes, while he remained in prison. But to this Lord Russell would not listen. It was then proposed that a strong party of horse should attack the coach, as he was going to execution, and thus liberate him, which it was believed the people would have facilitated; but he would not consent that any of his friends should risk their own lives to save his—and submitted patiently to his fate, which he bore with true christian fortitude and resignation. It is said, that the Duke of York descended so low in his revenge, as to desire that this innocent man might be executed before his own door in Bloomsbury Square, which the king would not consent to have done. It is worthy of notice, that when as James the Second, he was at the height of his misfortunes, invaded by one son in law, abandoned by another, detested by his subjects, and hated by those who had suffered from his cruelty, he asked the advice of those he most confided in; and addressing himself to the Earl of Bedford, father to Lord Russell, 'My Lord,' said he, 'you are an honest man, have credit, and do me signal service.' 'Ah sir,' replied the Earl, 'I am old and feeble, I can do you but little service—I had indeed *once a son!*' James was so struck by this answer, that for some minutes he could not speak. On his trial, Russell having asked leave of the Court, that notes of the evidence, for his use, might be taken by the hand of another, the Attorney General, in order to prevent him from obtaining the aid of counsel, told him he might employ the hand of one of his servants if he wished it. 'I ask none,' answered the prisoner, 'save that of the lady who sits beside me.' When the spectators at these words turned their eyes, and beheld his wife, the daughter of the excellent Southampton, rising up to assist her husband in this his utmost distress, a thrilling emotion evidently pervaded the whole assembly. And indeed this high minded and incomparable woman, excited the admiration of all, by her deportment during this trying season. 'On the Tuesday before Lord Russell's execution, after dinner when his lady was gone, he expressed great joy at the magnanimity of spirit he saw in her; and said that parting with her was the hardest thing he had to do, for he said she would be hardly able to bear it; the concern about preserving him, filled her mind so now, that it in some measure supported her—but when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirit would work all within her. On Thursday when my lady was gone to try and gain a respite till Monday, he said he wished she would give over beating every bush, and running so much about for his preservation; but

when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow, that she had left nothing undone that could have given him any probable hope, he acquiesced. And indeed I never saw his heart so near failing as when he spoke of her—sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and then he would turn about and change the discourse. On Friday night late, my lady left him—he kissed her several times, and she kept her sorrow so much within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at parting.'

If it is hard to part from those we love, when long protracted sickness and suffering have worn away the attenuated and feeble frame, and the mind, too, by its close and mysterious sympathy with its frail companion, becomes so affected as to lose its elasticity and enjoyment—'and the evil days have come, *when there is no pleasure in them*'—how far more harrowing must it be, to be called upon to bid a last farewell to a beloved husband and father, in the prime of life, and in the full vigor of health! A man too, whose only crime was, an intention to *serve his country*—for which he was condemned to suffer a cruel and ignominious death by the hands of his fellow men. May God hasten the time, when man shall no longer plead *justice* in taking the life of his brother—when the proud nations of the earth, shall no longer permit so foul a stain to rest upon their religion, civilization, and refinement! 'Life is emphatically the gift of God, and it is the prerogative of the giver alone, to take that which he gives.'

Lord Russell and his wife parted 'with a composed silence, and she had such a command of herself, that when she was gone, he said, "*the bitterness of death is passed*"—for he loved her beyond expression. He then ran out in a long discourse concerning her—how great a blessing she had been to him, and said what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life. He said too there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to him, but her carriage in his extremity was beyond all—it was a great comfort to him, that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and she had promised to take care of herself for their sakes.' This promise she religiously performed, and continued his widow to the end of her life, surviving him above forty years. Lord Russell was beheaded in one week from the time of his trial. He laid his head upon the block with a composed and mild countenance—the executioner, though hardened by his office, was so affected, that his first aim was unsuccessful, and another stroke was required to complete this human sacrifice. Bishop Burnet, in writing of Lord Russell's death, says, 'I had been with him four afternoons before that; for he had desired to be left alone till twelve o'clock. He did all that while possess his soul with so clear a serenity, in such a calm and christian manner, that I reckon it a particular happiness as well as an honor that I attended upon him. He received the sacrament from the hands of Dr. Tillotson. He spent the rest of the day in devotion; then his children and friends came to him—he spoke to his children severally, in a way suited to their age, and with a good measure of cheerfulness, and took leave of them and his friends in so calm a manner as to surprise them all. The parting with his wife was not so easy; she had stayed with him all day, and till eleven at night, when they parted in solemn silence.' As to Lady Russell, she bore the last shock with the same fortitude which she had maintained throughout the whole of this deep trial. When in open Court, by the side of her husband, she took notes, and made observations on all that passed, which might operate in his favor—when prostrate at the king's feet, pleading her dead father's services to him, in behalf of her husband, she was an object of the most lively compassion—but now, her high mindedness and self command, when without a tear she took a last leave of her husband, fearing to give way to her feelings lest she should distress him—render her worthy of the highest admiration.

After his death she retired to Woborne Abbey, where she spent most of her subsequent life, and devoted herself to the care and education of her children, to whom she was sole instructress, refusing the assistance of a governess. Her eldest daughter, a very lovely young woman, married Lord Cavendish, son to the much esteemed friend of Lord Russell, but died a short time afterwards. Her son, who was but three years old, when her husband was executed, lived to gratify all a fond mother's dearest hopes—he married quite young, and fell a victim to the small pox, when about thirty years of age. And these heavy afflictions took place in the course of a few months.

A few weeks after Lord Russell's death, Lady Rachel thus writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam, a clergyman for whom she had a very high esteem. 'I need not tell you, good Doctor, how little capable I have been of an exercise like this. You will soon find how unfit I still am for it, since my disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will I know bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter, and excellent prayer. I endeavor to make the best use I can of both; but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, I have no disposition or worthiness towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend, but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, and consequently can

lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aid of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose? Alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties and doubts of a future condition! But this I hope to make matter of humiliation and prayer. Lord, make me to understand the reason of these dark providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts! I know I have deserved this punishment, and will be silent under it, but yet my heart mourns —too sadly I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. When I see my children, I remember the pleasure *he* took in them, and this makes my heart shrink. But can I regret his quitting a lesser for a greater good? O if I steadfastly believed, I could not be dejected; for I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply his loss.' A year afterwards, she says, 'time runs on, and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable from my circumstances, but I cannot experience such an effect, every week making me more and more sensible of that miserable change in my condition; but the same merciful hand which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities, will I verily believe, do so still. I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place Stratton, for a few days, where I must expect distressing reflections, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content—considered the condition of others, and thought none worthy of envy! But I must pass no more such days on earth—and having so many months mourned the substance, I think by God's grace, the shadows will not sink me. However places are indeed nothing—where can I dwell that his figure is not present with me! But I would not have it otherwise.'

At a period when the nation was generally imbued with religious intolerance, (what a paradox is contained in the phrase!) and the feeling between those of different persuasions was at its height, she thus expresses herself when directing Dr. Fitzwilliam to procure her a family chaplain. 'I could not live without one in my distress; I approve with you the Church of England the best church, and best offices and services in it, upon the face of the earth—that we know of; but sir, I shall covet one so moderate, as not to be impatient and passionate against all such *as can think so too*—but of such a temper as to be able to converse peaceably with such as may have freedom in my family (though not of it) without giving offence, which I take to be the best way of gaining good people to our opinions.' After the dangerous illness of her youngest child, she thus writes: 'God has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatened blow which must have quickened and added to my sorrows—the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill, and God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be a matter of much anguish, or the possession of any considerable refreshment. But I have felt the foolishness of this, for I know not how I could have parted from the little creature. I desire that my thoughtfulness for the real blessing of my children, may refresh my laboring, weary mind, with some joy and satisfaction in my endeavors to do that part towards them, their most dear and tender father would not have omitted. When I have done this piece of duty to my best friend and them, how gladly would I lay down by that beloved dust I lately went to visit. I had considered that I went not to seek the living among the dead—I knew I should not see him any more wherever I went, and had made a covenant with myself, not to break out into unreasonable and fruitless passion — but quicken my contemplation whither the noblest part had fled—to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears sway, nor can put an end to a happy society.' 'As a quiet submission is acquired under all the various methods of divine providence, I trust I shall be so supported, that though unfit thoughts may at times haunt me, they shall not break in importunately upon me; nor will I break off that bandage that time may lay over the wound. To them that seek the Lord, his mercies are renewed every morning—with all my strength will I seek him, and "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." The great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart in the good pleasure of God, who will prove us by his ways and dispensations. Who can tell his works from the beginning to the end? Who can praise his mercies more than wretched I, who have taken his chastisements so heavily, not weighing his mercies in the midst of judgments! His stroke was of the fiercest sure, but have I not reason to be thankful, that the soul I loved so well, lives in felicity, and shall do so to all eternity—that he was raised from a prison to a throne? Was I not enabled to shut up my own sorrows, that I increased not his sufferings by seeing mine? How were my sinking spirits supported by the companions of excellent and wise christians, admonishing me of my duty, instructing, reproving, comforting me. And further he has hitherto spared me my children, giving them hopeful understandings, and yet tractable and sweet dispositions. All these call for praises my dead heart is not exercised in, but this is my infirmity, and I bewail it. He that took our nature and felt our infirmities, knows my weakness and the sharpness of my sorrows. O Lord, lay not this sin to the charge of thy weak servant, but make me thankful that *I had* such a friend, and contented that he has had his dismission from his attendance here. When my time comes, that I shall have mine, I know not how it will find me, but I am sure it is my best reviving thought now. When I am plun-

ged in a multitude of sad and wild thoughts, I recover and recollect a little time will end this life, and begin a better that shall never end, and where we shall discover the ends and reasons of all those seeming dark and severe providences we have known. Thus I seem to long for my last day, and yet it is possible if sickness or any other precursor, of our dissolution here present, I would defer it if I could! So deceitful are our hearts—so weak is our faith. But I think I may argue again, that God has wisely implanted in our natures a shrinking at the approach of a separation; and that may make us content, if not desire a delay. If it were not so, many would not endure the evils of this life that now do so, though they are taught duty that obliges us thereto.'

In another letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, on the occasion of her daughter's marriage to Lord Cavendish (whom Burnet says had the courage of an hero, with an unusual proportion of wit and knowledge, and a peculiar softness in his exterior deportment,) she thus expresses herself, 'My child was married yesterday. I hope the prospect is good, and that God's holy spirit has been my direction in this whole affair; and I trust in his mercy for his blessing upon it. We have all the promising hopes (I think) that can be had—of these I reckon riches as the least, though that ingredient is good if we use it rightly. This state undoubtedly affords the greatest comforts of life, or else the bitterest sorrow of it.'

Lady Russell and her children received many marks of attention and kindness from different members of the royal family, particularly from the Princess of Orange,* (afterwards queen Mary, wife to William the Third,) with whom she frequently corresponded. An extract from one of her letters written from Hague, may be acceptable to the reader. 'I cannot let Admiral Russell depart, without answering the letter I received by him, and assuring you my lady Russell, you shall never want one from me, if it can be any satisfaction to you. I am sure I may learn from you a manner to consider God's providences so as to make them easy. But I hope you will have no more occasions for that submission to all that comes from him in such sad manner as formerly, but that the happiness of your children, and all you undertake may give you that content you desire. I should be very glad if I could contribute to this in any way, or have an opportunity of showing how much I am your friend.'

East Randolph, Vt.

* A Princess more conspicuous for the accomplishments of her understanding, and disposition, than for her personal attractions. Burnet says, she was a singular instance of conjugal affection, insomuch that when the question was put to her, what she intended the Prince should be, if he came to the throne, her answer was, that the rule and authority should be his, for she only desired that he should obey the command, '*husbands love your wives*,' as she should do, that of '*wives be obedient to your husbands in all things*,'—She died in her 33d year. King William told Archbishop Tennison, that he could not but grieve, since he had lost a wife, who in seventeen years had never been guilty of an indiscretion. She had no relish for those indolent diversions, which are too common consumers of most peoples time, and which occasions as great waste of their minds as their fortunes. By her example, it became as much the fashion among ladies of quality to work as it had formerly been to be idle. She had read the best books in the English, French, and Dutch languages, with all of which she was almost equally familiar, but gave the most of her retired hours to the reading of the Scriptures and books concerning them.

WEEP NOT—WEEP NOT TO LEAVE THE HOME.

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND S. D. MANSFIELD.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

Weep not—weep not to leave the home,
Of childhood's sunny hours;
Shroud not the parting hour in gloom,
Nor dim the bridal flowers.
Chase from thy brow each saddening thought
That stays thy smile to night,
With joyance kindred hearts are fraught,
Quench not the spirit's light.

The household-tree where thou hast played,
Tho' strong above thy head,
Cannot forever yield the shade,
Witness the slumbering dead;
Have they not passed away, no more
To seek its sheltering rest?
The bird once taught from earth to soar,
Returns not to its nest.

Then wherefore weep! oft—oft again,
Perchance thy feet may tread
Thine ancient halls, and wake the strain
That with thy farewell fled.
Yet unto thee—still unto thee,
The treasured *past* is given;
Unfettered ever—thought springs free
'Till life and love are riven.

All things shall speak to thee of home;
The stars that gleam by night,
The flashing of the blue sea's foam,
Beneath the moon-beams light;
The violet's breath—the rose's bloom,
Borne past thee on the breeze,
All—all may speak to thee of home,
Yet weep not thou for these.

Bright—bright from many a thrilling grove,
From many a passing flower,
Fond memories of a sister's love,
Like summer rain shall pour;
Weep not; thou art *another's* now,
And shadowy lines of care
May darken o'er the cheerful brow,
A sister may not share.

Yet there is one thou'rt leaving now,
For whom thou well may'st weep,
One who has stilled grief's bitter flow,
And watched thine infant sleep.
For this—be hushed the voice of mirth,
For this, thou well may'st weep;
There is no love of mortal birth,
So calm—so pure—so deep.

GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

HOUR NINTH.

Did you ever know, Lottie, what it is to love 'a tree or flower' (as Moore has it,) with a peculiar tenderness, not for its own beauty merely, but because it is 'linked to names you love?' It may be but a scraggy and scrawny shrub, yet to the heart it is dear and beautiful for memory's sake. There are many such to which I shall lead you some idle summer day.

On the brow of the hill is an old crooked tree,
A favorite seat for my friends and me;

and under the shadow of its white blossoms and green leaves, I will some bright morning point out to you all the kingdoms of my heart. No, not *all*, Lottie, for some lie beyond the horizon, on the borders of beautiful streams; and the brightest and dearest is beyond ken, seen only by the *clairvoyance* of a christian's faith. I will show you 'the house where I was born,' half-hid by the tall elms that surround it; and the school-house on the plain, where for ten dream-like years of thoughtless life, I sat through winter day and summer day on the hard plank seat, tasting all kinds of ordinary knowledge, from the first rudiments of orthography up to the sublime lore of planets and stars; and the humble church where my heart first knelt to drink of the immortal springs whose waters can alone satisfy forever, and where it still receives gradual accessions of strength and faith from the pure fount of Divine Truth.

I can show you, too, the roof-tree,—a somewhat slender and thrifty elm, which could not, I fancy, have towered above the homestead long enough ago to have sheltered the earliest nestlings of the flock, but whose juvenility transcends the longest memory of your not very antiquated friend. There is a deal of poetry in the roof-tree, Lottie—a poetry that touches the universal heart. How popular that simple lay of Gen: Morris' has become; and how many a greater and lesser poet has struck the lyre to a similar theme. The last Repository has a pretty poem from Mrs. Spooner, which every body who has watched the robins building on the roof-tree, or sat in its shadow to read a favorite tale, can properly appreciate. And why should we not cherish these benefactors of our childhood, that link its golden hours with the more troubled seasons of maturer life? We cannot revivify the Past, and make our by-gone days pass over our heads again in their olden beauty; but we can use the Egyptian art of *embalming* what is dead, and more fortunate than they, can keep the *spirit* of the Past alive, when its form and outward glory is vanished forever.

Memory has certainly its pleasures, and it has as surely its pains. Some hearts, dear Lottie, are smitten by an early blight that tinges the very latest hour of a long life with regret; and some live to three score years and ten without being doomed to look back upon any crushing sorrow, or any fiery ordeal that seared them as they passed. But very few are there, however, who pass the mid-day of life, and find much of its morning brightness left. O my friend! how early does it behoove us to find some strength that shall not fail us through all life's seasons of weakness. What shall we do if we lose friends, health, and earthly hope, unless we have some place of refuge in the love of God? Strong, indeed, must we build our faith to withstand the assaults of a whole life's sorrows; yet by pious effort, we seldom fail to acquire that true and abiding confidence in God, which will sustain us under any burden of affliction; and surely, *you* know, Lottie, how much the acquisition is worth.

I sat down to gossip with you, and I thought my heart was full of bubbles that would effervesce, and run over like a summer fountain; but unaccountably my theme has made me sad, and I love you too well to make you a participator in my lachrymose meditations. So farewell! When you come again, charm me into a merry mood.

GENEVIEVE.

SUGGESTED BY AN EXQUISITE PICTURE, PAINTED BY T. B. READ.

Beautiful eyes of clear sapphire blue,
Outrivalling heaven's serenest hue!—
They haunt me whithersoe'er I roam,
Like pleasant thoughts of my childhood's home,
Or the dewy light of a summer eve—
O whence is their power, bright Genevieve?

They are downward cast as in maiden shame—
Hast thou caught the sound of thy loved one's name?
Does the delicate tint on thy soft, warm cheek,
Of bashful young love in its morning speak?
Dost thou fear lest some cold, strange eye should percieve
Thy heart's treasured secret, sweet Genevieve?—

Thou art hearing a tale of wrecked love I trow,
For a shade of sadness is on thy brow,
O'er which thy tresses of hazel-gold,
(The hue the laburnum's bright buds unfold,)
In wavy beauty, luxuriant flow,
Like sunset rays on a wreath of snow.

O mighty Genius! thy wondrous power
Confers on thy children a glorious dower!
Thou biddest the poet rehearse his lay,
And crown'st him immortal, with wreaths of bay—
Thy magic spell round the sculptor is thrown,
And beauty is born from the lifeless stone!—

Thy spirit is breathed in the painter's soul,
And he pants to arrive at the glorious goal,
PERFECTION! he enters the charmed ring,
And breathing forms from his pencil spring—
O happy the artist, whose skill can weave
Such radiant fancies as GENEVIEVE! CHARLOTTE.

Boston, Mass.

A FEW HINTS ON MILLERISM.

BY HENRY BACON.

JOB xxxviii. 2: 'Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?'

THIS is the language of the Almighty to Job, and he is represented according to the high wrought poetry of the Orientals as answering Job 'out of the whirlwind,'—significant of the upspringing of divine truth amid the grief and tumult of the mind distracted by the deep and awful questionings concerning the ways and dealings of God with mortals. Hence some versions render the original thus: 'Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind of grief and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel with words without knowledge? No metaphor could be more expressive of the dawning of truth on an agitated mind than this, or of the recalling of the soul away from human perplexities to the simple truths which are all sufficient for duty, hope and trust. There is never a whirlwind in the soul from the study of that which is essential, unless counsel has been darkened with words without knowledge—words which throw no light on what seems to need illumination—words which fill the ear with sounds, but convey no ideas to the mind —words which are *not* like those of which it has been said—

'Wit and sense
Belong to them; they are the quintescence
Of those ideas which the thoughts distil,
And so calcine and melt again, until
They drop forth into accents; in which lies
The salt of fancy, and all faculties.'

The world has never wanted for those who illustrate the value of plain words by the use of dark ones. There are, and will be, enough of the would-be-wise who will give themselves to speculations that have no basis in fact, and who while sailing on the clouds will cry out lustily that an earthquake is destroying the earth, forgetting that they are on moveable vapor and not on the solid ground. And there will always be those who will heed their prophecies, not dreaming of the wisdom of questioning where the voice comes from, and the real reasons for the cries. The union of these cloud mariners and bewildered passengers, will always produce scenes to shame an age and country, and give the historian materials for a page of bitter satire. Thus is it, and thus will it be, with the projector and victims of the Miller mania concerning the destruction of the material world. A bitter satire on our age and country will be written by some future historian from the fooleries enacted by these dreamers—dreamers, however honest in intention they may be. A bitter satire on our age and country, I say, because amid the wonderful aids to intellectual culture granted to us—amid the advances made in science and philosophy, theology receives so little aid therefrom and remains so much darkened with words without knowledge, and men claiming to be learned give those rules of interpretation to Scripture which open it to every class of enthusiasts, and enables them to draw evidence, so called, in behalf of contradictory theories. Christians have too often valued passages of Scripture as they do a music-box —the value is enhanced by the number of tunes which can be drawn from the same barrel. Hence popular commentaries speak of 'the wisdom of God' being manifested in giving as many senses as possible to one passage, by which a text may have a primary, a secondary, an allegorical, and a parabolical meaning. By this method the clearest reasonings in reference to our Lord's prophecies against Jerusalem are as nothing, because we are directed immediately to consider the typical meaning. To this method of making the Bible like heathen oracles of varying responses, contradictory, and, when compared, absurd, we owe the fanaticism which so often has divorced religion from reason, and rendered theology opposed to every thing rational.

But yet there is good even in this confusion—this darkening of God's clear counsels with words without knowledge. There is good in it which many discern not, but which it is easy to descry. There is good in the strong manifestations of the religious sentiment, and the wants of the soul which can only be met by religion. The earnest controversy and the divisions caused by the investigations of political principles, or matters of philosophy and science, do not betoken an indifference to the truth, but earnestness of soul to know something, and to advocate as it thinks it knows. So with religion. The earnestness manifested in controversies shows the interest the mind has in religious truth; and these controversies are doing great good which shall be manifest in due time, as Spring, with its greenness and verdure, its blossomings and its music, follows the storms and severity of Winter.

I was forcibly struck with a remark made to me in conversation with a venerable matron a short time since while we were conversing of the agitations in

the religious world. 'They are doing good,' said she. 'People used to read a chapter every day in their Bible and be content, without seeking out its meaning, and its union with other portions of holy writ. But now they are looking here and there all through the Bible and they'll learn something.' An admirable distinction is here made between reading portions of Scripture, and learning something by comparing things spiritual with spiritual. The Bible should be read. If to some it be a mountain covered with mists and shadows, let them remember it is a mountain of 'hidden treasure,' and is stationary and permanent, while the mists and shadows may soon clear up. They are often but as a shade on the fair countenance which can be chased away by one smile of affection from the glowing eye of love. Let the love of Truth be in the heart, and wonderfully will its smile remove shadows from the sacred page. The soul will rejoice in its radiance, and as it beholds the increasing effulgence, its earnest prayer will be that its eyes may be anointed lest it be dazzled 'with excess of light.'

Christians have been so easily persuaded that there is more than one sense to Scripture, and are so prone to disregard the context of a passage, that very readily they have allowed whatever supposition a preacher or writer started from, if he did not offend long cherished opinions and prejudices. They are like the sire who never looked out for the correctness of any preaching save that of some stranger, and was willing to give assent to his own minister's preaching though he slept through the discourse! Hence God's counsels are darkened in their minds by human words without knowledge—words from learned ignorance.

I propose to illustrate this important fact, by what has become a serious matter—the imaginations of William Miller. I shall endeavor to show that his premises are false, and that they exhibit great ignorance of common facts of history. Precisely as I am accurate in doing this, will be the evidence that his conclusions are false and unfounded; for though it be true, as the ancient proverb saith, 'figures will not lie,' yet it is just as true, that figures will make an honest man lie if he be not careful and just in using them. A foreman of a jury was once told by an enraged judge, that the case which the jury could not agree upon was just as plain as that two and two make four. 'That depends,' said the juror, 'on the manner in which you place the figures, for sometimes two and two make twenty-two.' The facts of the case did not unite or concrete in the minds of the jurors, as in the mind of the judge, and therefore the result was not the same in the one as in the other.

It is not a little astonishing that the whole of the new mania depends on the English translation of a certain phrase, which is easily explained. The passage referred to is that in which Daniel speaks of 70 weeks as the time which should intervene between the going forth of the commandment to restore and rebuild Jerusalem and the cutting off or death of the Messiah. The argument built on this is—that as the weeks here spoken of are weeks of years, therefore Daniel's days are all to be considered as years. If this were allowed, another question would arise, which is—What commandment is alluded to? There were several, and one is chosen which alone can appear to favor the delusion. But the regarding days as years is not allowed to be correct, and this method of numerating time is never to be adopted save that it is expressly stated to be the divine method. The form of speech used by Daniel which in our Bible is rendered *weeks*, is, we are assured by Biblical scholars, a form used only by Daniel, and the peculiarity of its use by him is easily explained. The word rendered *weeks* is literally *sevens*, the plural of our common numeral *seven;* and the *context* must always decide what designative term should be applied to it in any given text. To do this we find assistance in the case before us, by consulting the subject of Daniel's meditation when the vision was given him, and it is the neglect of this which gives speciousness to many of the Millerarian suppositions. What Gabriel came to cause Daniel to understand, is not considered in connection with what he desired and prayed to know, but to matters altogether different.

In the context we discover Daniel meditating on the *seventy years* captivity of the Jews foretold by Jeremiah, Dan. ix. 2, wrestling in prayer, confessing his sin and the sin of Israel, and imploring mercy from God on the holy city. Dan. ix. 3—20. While he was speaking and praying, 'the man Gabriel,' whom he had seen before in a vision, Dan. viii. 16, appeared to him and touched him about the time of the evening oblation. 'And,' says the prophet, 'he informed me and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding; therefore understand the matter and consider the vision.' Then the prophecy was given which has ever been excellent food for mystical speculators. 'Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, &c.' Now let it be remarked that as Daniel was meditating on the seventy *years* captivity, *that* supplies the term which is to be applied to the *seventy weeks*, or the *seventy sevens*, by which we are to read seventy sevens years. And let it also be remembered and remarked, that the Jews had sabbatic years, Lev. xxv. 8, by which their years were divided into weeks of years. And again we may add, that when Daniel describes his fast in chapter x. 2, he speaks of it as 'three weeks of days,' as any one can see by looking into the marginal notes of a Bible where the Hebrew is referred to. He would not have said 'weeks of days,' were not weeks or sevens an indefinite word or term; and as there was nothing preceding to give it meaning, he made it definite by adding *days*, giving us to understand 21 days. There is, therefore, no reason whatever for asserting that

Daniel's days mean years. The passage in Ezekiel iv. 6, which is the only one referred to, to justify the assumption that *days* mean years, affords not a shadow of proof, because in that case an *express command* was given so to use terms; and a good reason was afforded, as the *prediction* was to correspond with *history*. Refer to Ezekiel, chapter iv, and it will very plainly be seen, that punishment of *years* was to come upon the Jews according to the *days* the prophet lie upon a couch to which he was chained. It does not give a rule for interpreting all prophecy, for in this case days were made a sign of years. The prophet's depression was a symbol of the depression which should come to Israel—a *year* to them, for a *day* to him.

Let us now refer to the 'a time, times, and a half,' in the seventh and twelfth chapters of Daniel. That 'a time,' when applied to denote a duration means any thing more than *a year*, no one can bring the least proof. By referring to Daniel iv. 25, we read concerning Nebuchadnezzar that he should make his dwelling with the beasts of the field and eat grass as oxen until *seven times* should pass over him. Explain this according to the rule given whereby a time means a year whose days are years, and as three hundred and sixty days are reckoned as a year, Nebuchadnezzar must have been doomed to dwell in the field no less than 2520 years! But we know that at the end of seven years he was restored and praised the Most High God. 'A time' must therefore be understood as signifying a year; 'a time, times and a half,' signify three and a half years; and if we look into history we find events which correspond with the prophecy—events which fulfilled it. What Daniel prophesied in the seventh chapter concerning 'a time, times and a half,' finds a fulfillment in the history of Antiochus Epiphanes, who sent his generals against Jerusalem, caused an awful slaughter of men, and captivity of women and children, condemned the Jews to eat and sacrifice contrary to their laws, and put to martyrdom those who refused. The statue of the Olympian Jupiter was placed in the temple, and honor was paid to it as Jehovah. This disorder and blasphemy continued for about three and a half years, and fulfilled the words of Daniel. After this, the temple was resanctified and dedicated by Judas Maccabees, and the flame of the daily sacrifice once more arose from the altar.

I cannot give time or space to consider the history which fulfilled the other like period, three and a half years, in the twelfth chapter. History does give a very accurate fulfillment of the particulars, and any one interested can easily find the records. But I have shown the falsity of the Millerarian premises, and the falsity of the conclusions, of course, is proved. And it would be easy to show that the Jews were not warned at all of one of the most terrible times of calamity with which they were ever visited, if the far off reference of Daniel's prophecy be the true one. It had an accurate fulfillment in the terrors of an awful siege, and whatever after application may have been, or may be made of it, could only have been and can only be made by way of accommodation.

It would be easy to employ much time in showing the great errors of Chronology which are made essential to the support of the theory alluded to, but I can glance only briefly at one or two instances.

It is asserted, in order to obtain a good starting point for a certain calculation, that paganism commenced in Rome in the year 158 before Christ,* whereas paganism always existed in Rome from its foundation, which according to Cato was 752 years before Christ, or according to Varro, whose date is generally received, 754 B. C., and at its founding idolatrous ceremonies were performed as every schoolboy knows. It is not a little singular to notice that the Theorist makes the commencement of 'Pagan Rome' to be when 'the first league was made between *the Romans and the Jews!*' '*Then*,' we are told, '*began* the Pagan beast to exercise his influence over the people of God;' as though for the almost 600 years preceding, this influence had not at all been exercised!

So also of the commencement of Christianity in the Roman Empire.† The theory to be supported requires that a choice be made of the time when a certain king—Clovis—was converted in France in 496; and other kings were brought over in 508, as the time when paganism ended in Rome, whereas the king alluded to was not converted till after the dissolution of the Roman Empire! Certainly it must be allowed that the conversion of Constantine, Emperor of Rome, at the opening of the fourth century, in connection with the legal establishment of Christianity about A. D. 337, would furnish a somewhat better date for the end of paganism in that Empire; and to that date it is commonly referred. Though not totally suppressed by him, and restored by Julian, yet it was abolished and became extinct in 408. 'The capture of Rome,' says Milman, 'consummated the ruin of paganism,' and that was in 410, by Alaric, 'the scourge of God.'

But I must not dwell on these errors of chronology, as space must be given to one fact which is, of itself, sufficient to show the errors of the system—a fact which will demonstrate that according to the calculations made, allowing their correctness, the world should have been destroyed four years ago.

In the margins of old large family Bibles a note may be found stating that our common date of calculating time from the birth of Christ is *four* years deficient, and therefore the present year should truly be 1847. It may be useful to refer to the reason of this, and while it sets aside the calculations which have alarmed so many, it sets before us most eloquently the advantages of science.

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* Mussey's Edition of Miller's Lecture, p. 91.

† Page 95.

'No attempt was made to reckon the years from the time of our Savior's birth till the year 527, when Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot, suggested that this reverence ought to be paid to the Savior of the world. He therefore began so to date the years, and assumed that the first year of the Christian era was the 4714 of the Julian period. There is no historical record, by which the Nativity can be precisely ascertained; he therefore decided what year it was by such indications as he could gather by comparing the sacred history with that of profane historians. But those were times in which much less was known concerning these points than in the present age; and a mistake was then made in fixing the time of our Savior's birth which has never since been corrected.

'The manner in which this mistake was brought to light, is a fine illustration of the advantages of science. Who would suppose that Astronomy could have pointed out an error in chronology? and yet so it was. Dionysius fixed the first year of Christ in the 4714 of the Julian period. But Josephus mentions that during Herod's last illness there was a remarkable eclipse of the moon. On consulting astronomical tables, we are enabled to ascertain the date of that eclipse to the day and hour; we find that it took place in the year 4710th year of the Julian period, on the 13th of March, three hours past midnight at Jerusalem. Now we know that our Savior was born before Herod died; so that he must have been born at least four years earlier than that which was fixed upon as the first of the Christian era. He must have been born some time before the death of Herod, since his parents took him into Egypt to save him from that tyrant's malice, and kept him there till Herod died. So that astronomy makes it perfectly clear that our Savior was born at least four, possibly five, years earlier than the time assigned by the nativity; and if the Christian era had been correctly determined, the present year would be 1847 instead of 1843, possibly 1848. The reason why the mistake, though universally admitted, never has been corrected, is, that we cannot fix the precise year, in the first place, and in the second, the error has prevailed for more than 1200 years through the dates of all histories, so that much confusion would be the result in chronology without any corresponding gain.' It is at least, an error that may do some good in trapping the self-wise in their own craftiness, proving that if their mathematics are correct, the world has been destroyed and made over again insensibly to all the living! At least it should have been destroyed four years ago.

It might also be remarked that in this new system 360 days are counted for a year, causing a loss of five and a quarter days each year since the birth or death of Christ—calculations being made from both of these events. The Jews did indeed, I allow, count 360 days as a year, or reckoned 12 months of 30 days as a year; but Moses discerned that this would produce confusion, and hence he made an arrangement by which *a thirteenth month* was added when it became necessary. He did not leave this to any whim of priest or ruler, but imposed a necessity which betokened his forecast and prudence. The harvest moon was the first of the year, which was called by Moses 'the ear moon,' and at its full, ripe ears of barley were to be offered as first fruits unto God. But by the lunar year not compassing the time of the sun's journey, the first month would come earlier the next year, and still earlier the next, and then the harvest would not be ripe to offer. When this was the case, the Jews were to regard that moon as the thirteenth month and not the first of the new year. They were to wait for the next moon when the harvest would be ripe—that was to be the ear moon—the first of the new year. Hence the astronomer was not left alone with the knowledge of the year's beginning, or when the odd month should be added. Every husbandman could tell whether the harvest would be ripe or not, by the middle of the moon; and if not, he needed no public authority that that moon was the thirteenth of the old, and not the first of the new. Where there is no such arrangement, there is perpetual confusion. In Turkey, at the present day, where they go by the moon without adding such a month, the festivals travel back every anniversary till they go quite through the year.*

But enough has been said to set forth the folly of the theory that receives so much favor and is producing so much terror. It is, however, a legitimate fruit of the religious fanaticism that has so deluged the world with 'excitements,' and the disregard of calm and individual study of the Scriptures.

Let us, reader, remember that Christ not only visits our earth, but takes up his abode with the faithful—they are his body for the indwelling and right manifestation of his spirit. He comes to every heart that is true to him, and joyous is his coming as was his entrance to the homes of Judea—to the humble abode of Martha and Mary.

By every affectionate thought of a friend removed from our eyes, he or she comes to us. We see the beloved one and often transfigured before us. So with holy and affectionate thoughts of Jesus. By every thought of waywardness and guilt, and our need of a Redeemer,—he comes to us. He comes to bid us keep alive the feeling till we exercise godly repentance unto life; he comes to bid the tumultuous waves of anguish be still, and breathe upon the troubled soul the serenity of heaven; he comes to enlighten our ignorance, and to be unto us the way, the truth, and the life. He comes to the dying believer, and says 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' He tarries there with heavenly and balmy consolation, giving sweet visions of the future, and delightful thoughts of the world to come. And when the last

* North American Review, vol. xl. 37—39.

moment comes and the eyes close forever to the things of this life, the lips move and the prayer is—'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!'

Even so, come Lord Jesus! Come to convict of sin, to turn to righteousness, to confirm in virtue, to restrain in joyousness, to cheer in sorrow, to comfort in bereavement, and to give a glorious hope in death!

Providence, R. I.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

'And behold the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent.' Matt. xxvii. 51.

Christian, dost thou gaze in wonder,
As the elemental thunder
Breaks in wild commotion out?
Marvel not,—thy Lord is dying;
'Tis the voice of nature sighing;
Now the hosts of darkness shout!

Impious revel they are keeping,
While their foe in death is sleeping—
While the grave its prey retains;
But the moment comes when broken
Is the spell—for God hath spoken,
And the vanquished lives and reigns!

He for whom the rocks are rending,
On the wings of power ascending,
Shall the gates of hell surprise;
At whose groan the earth is shaking,
He, death's gloomy prison breaking,
Bids its sleepers all arise!

Christian, stand not lost in wonder;
Mightier powers are rent asunder
Than the rock or temple vail;
Bands which man hath failed to sever—
Powers of Sin and Death, forever!
Savior of all people, Hail!

Malden, Mass.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on the 4th Feb. Mrs. Maria, wife of Gideon Congdon, of Providence, aged 31.

Thus has closed the mortal life of one who was beloved by a large circle for the virtues which so deeply endeared her to her companion and immediate relatives. She was one of those active and earnest spirits who will toil for their home as long as strength will hold out, and then yield to necessity patiently and calmly. Her sickness was of long duration, subjecting her to all the changes, hopes and doubts, which so commonly attend *consumption*. When the conviction came that she soon must pass away, it came without terror, for her beautiful faith fortified her soul against all the enemies of its peace. Her great effort was to realize more and more of heaven, till at last she said—'When I shut my eyes, heaven is all before me in beauty.' Hence there was no shrinking from the tomb, for her eye was on that which lies beyond, where there is no sorrow, nor death. 'Pray,' said she, 'that I may depart soon, or that patience may be given me to wait the time.' And her prayer was answered. The angel of Patience dwelt with her as a sweet sister, and kept her mind calm and her spirit strong to bear the pain and weariness of her lot. Her death was as peaceful as the closing of a flower, and the spirit departed gently as the last breath of fragrance goes from the rose. The sweetness of her look in death told of the serenity of her mind. Her last words—words of prayer—we trust are answered—'*Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!*'

Blessed be God for the quietness of life's close to our sister! Sweet are the memories of her pleasantness in the social circle, her fidelity to the duties of home, and her love of the house of God and the table of the communion. May the comforts and consolations of her blessed faith in illimitable and all redeeming Grace, be imparted to him who is sadly bereaved, and to his motherless child! May her desires and hopes be remembered and cherished, and her son become an abiding blessing to his father. May her death be sanctified to the Church of which she was a valued member, and may it be life to them, inciting them to realize more of the power and preciousness of that which is Christ in us the hope of glory! B.

Miss Sedgwick. Miss Sedgwick is a jewel of a writer. We admire her works, but admiration is not predominately sensitive—we love them even more than we admire them. There is a kindly feeling and a domestic charm about them, and they ought to form a portion of every man's library who loves his children and lives happy with his wife. They are redolent of home and the sweet ties of relationship; and the man or woman who does not relish them, was born for folly, frippery, fashionable novels, silver forks, and second-hand gentility.

And yet Miss Sedgwick can go from the fireside to the woods. She is not uproariously national, like Cooper, but she can well depict the features of her 'own green forest land,' and the denizens thereof, whether aboriginal or 'pale faced.' There are few nobler creatures than her Indian girl, in 'Hope Leslie,' and certainly no sweeter or more lovable heroine extant than Hope Leslie. To appropriate the language of Mr. Veller, senior—'She *is* an uncommon fine 'oman—she is!' We know no more of Miss Sedgwick personally than we do of the queen of Tabiti; but we never close one of her works, or read even the minor sketches, without feeling that she is one of the most amiable, able, sensible, gentle, and withal unaffected women, that ever took pen in hand.

[*Selected.*

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., MARCH, 1843.

History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century in Germany, Switzerland, &c. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, President of the Theological School of Geneva. New York: Robert Carter. 1843. 3 vols. pp. 390. 400. and 504.

It would seem that there could not be any more astonishment in reference to cheap printing, but we must confess our astonishment at the expedients adopted of late to spread abroad literature. We rejoice that not only is the taste for novels and romances gratified to a surfeit, but food is to be sent forth in this manner for those who hunger after thought —who ask for the fruit of centuries—books that 'preserve,' as Milton says, 'as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of the living intellect that bred them.' Here we have before us a handsome and accurate edition of a most excellent, nay, a very superior work, for *one dollar* the three volumes! This History of the Great Reformation is one that best claims our attention; the author manifests great powers of condensation, and of graphically describing scenes and events. We regard his estimate of the chief characters in the great drama as just, and we like him for his discrimination, and the suggestive thoughts which he scatters all through the work—good themes for sermons. One dollar will give to our readers three rich, well printed volumes, *with all the notes and references.* It is an abominable custom with many American publishers to cut off notes and references; we have been cheated many times in this way; and therefore would be careful to remark that the Philadelphia edition of D'Aubigne's History, now in course of publication, has not the notes, &c.

Lady's Book. Philadelphia. Nos. for January and February. 1843.

We can imagine how long and grievously the consciences of the lady editors of this Magazine must have troubled them in reference to the wasp-waisted figures in the 'Plates of Fashion,' as by those plates they pictured what was directly against their preaching in respect to health and the moral duty of obedience to the physical laws. Conscience has triumphed, and now we are presented with 'natural forms' clothed with the 'fashions,' and we are exhorted not to be astonished that expectation is cherished of materially aiding the cause of moral improvement by the Fashion Plates! Mrs. Hale says she intends to 'pay particular attention to this subject, and explain by what means the fashions of dress may be made auxiliary to that moral and mental progress which the Lady's Book has so steadily advocated, and ladies of the highest reputation for piety and talents, are engaged with her in this matter.'—We rejoice that something is to be attempted to make artificial hour glass forms unfashionable. But we are surprised that one of the ladies 'of the highest reputation for piety and talents,' should feel authorized to write as she has, that 'a great portion of our ingenious and industrious countrywomen, especially in retired places, have *no other guide* in fashioning their dresses except these plates.' This, we suppose, is the reason that so many have no regard to the law of fitness and comfort. Success to the *new* reform! The figures in the Feb. No. are really quite an improvement. The first 'moral use' which is made of the 'Plates,' is in the Feb. No., where ladies are exhorted to so look on them as to see if they cannot spare something from the ornamental and give the something saved to aid a charity school! This *morality of Fashion Plates* reminds us of a letter we once received from the Western Rail Road Corporation, we believe, requesting us to preach on the 'Moral Influence of Rail Roads,' but we never could 'get the steam up,' and it was 'no go.'

The Christian Name and Christian Liberty. A Sermon preached at the Church in Brattle Square, on Sunday, Oct. 30, 1842. By Samuel K. Lothrop, Minister of that Church. Published by request. Boston: 1843. Pp. 39.

Thus runs the title page of a very excellent sermon which was preached by request of 'an old member of Brattle Street Society,' in answer to a note that the preacher would 'define' his 'position and opinions as to two points,—First, as to the measure of faith that constitutes a man a Christian, that is, gives him a claim to the Christian name and privileges, —Secondly, as to the principles of Christian liberty, what are they? how to be applied?' These questions are fairly met and plainly and forcibly answered—and we think justly so. The question first proposed is not, What constitutes a man a real Christian? but what gives him a claim to the Christian name and privileges? And first, Christianity is defined as 'a religion of facts.' It is a positive and authoritative revelation, resting upon facts incontrovertibly true.' Historical Christianity is the basis of Spiritual Christianity; and the natural cannot be separated from the supernatural portions of the Gospel history, and preserve the credibility of either. By the miracles much of the character of Christ is developed. Many of the most peculiar, striking, and convincing of those inimitable characteristics of nature and reality, which to our moral perceptions become such irresistible evidences of truth and reality, are to be found only in those scenes in which Jesus is exhibited walking in the high and solitary path of divine power and performing miraculous acts of beneficence. If we yield these, the harmony of the Gospel appeal to our moral perception is destroyed. Hence, the preacher acknowledges all as Christians, or entitled to the Christian name and privileges, who go to the teachings of Christ, to the New Testament, as a record of facts, for authority and proof to establish and sustain their creed. To give that name to one who places Jesus Christ and the Scriptures on the same platform with Plato and Socrates and their writings, and who receives his instruction simply because he thinks it pure and good, destroys all its force and meaning. *Christian* faith and the assumption of the *Christian* name, imply a belief, founded upon the historical truth of the New Testament *that Jesus is the Christ*,—that is, the sent, the anointed, the expressly commissioned and appointed of God, in a peculiar and authoritative sense, his messenger.

The second question is not concerning *religious*, but *Christian* liberty. The preacher elaborately shows that the different doctrines drawn from Christianity, are distinctions *in*, not *of* Christianity—they do not separate Christianity from other religions, nor those who are, from those who are not, Christian believers. Christian liberty, is liberty to be a Christian—liberty to go to the New Testament as a genuine and authentic history of the teachings, conduct and character of Christ, and gather and deduce from it such truths and doctrines as it seems to the individual to sustain and establish. It places all sects upon the same level, the same platform. This is a very brief epitome.

This discourse is an excellent piece of composition, and well worthy for its truth and power, to be read and preserved.

Tenth Annual Report of the Seamen's Aid Society, of the City of Boston. 1843. Pp. 26.

This is an exceedingly interesting document It gives an account of the character and operations of one of the most useful institutions of which Boston has to be proud. This Society is an association of Ladies, under whose patronage a 'Mariner's Home,' or Boarding House for seamen, and a 'Clothing Store,' are kept in operation. The great objects of the Society are, 1. To assist the sick and disabled seamen and their suffering families. 2. To give aid and encouragement to the poor and industrious females belonging to families of seamen. 3. To promote the education of seamen's

children, and improve the condition of seamen and their families. Good and great objects, indeed, and deserving the co-operation of christians of every name. Large sums have been paid for work, instruction, &c., the past year, by the Society, in furtherance of their object. The Society well use their means, and do a great amount of good. In the 'House' a reading room is kept open to all seamen, well furnished with papers and books, and meetings are also held weekly for religious improvement. 'Father Taylor' is about leaving, or has left Boston, to journey, or sail for his health. The prices paid for work are nearly double what the 'slop shops' pay females, and yet the articles are sold at the same prices as at such stores. At the prices named in the Report, work women could well support themselves by steady employment.

The Lowell Offering and Magazine. Written and edited by Factory Operatives. Lowell: Wm. Schouler. January 1843.

We receive this publication just often enough to have a knowledge of its changes, but always greet it with pleasure and conscientiously commend it. It is now edited by Miss Harriet Farley, who acquits herself well. We are somewhat surprised at the declaration in her notice of Dickens' 'Notes,' that not more than one in fifty of 'the factory girls' interest themselves in supporting their Magazine! The Offering is now issued in a handsome style, highly creditable to the publisher, and the No. before us is ornamented with a fine engraving—'The Fairies.' We never knew before that the Fairies had such ugly looking musicians to play for them when they danced. Success to the Offering.

An Address, delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, Oct. 6, 1842. By George G. Smith. Pp. 55.

This is the last of the Triennial Addresses, and we deem it creditable no less to the Association than to the orator, as on the last two anniversaries they have chosen speakers from the learned professions—and thus something has been done to perpetuate the operation of what the author of the Address regards as the principle which has kept the mechanic down or in the rear—the supposition that intellectual effort is incompatible with manual labor. The remedy for the depressed condition of the mechanic lies with himself, and he does wrong to talk against the aristocracy of the professions and then immediately give his vote to pass by hundreds of brother mechanics and call in a lawyer or some other of the literati, to address the Association.

The subject of Mr. Smith's Address is the History of the Mechanic—what mechanics have been, and not what they have done. He speaks of the scantiness of facts in history in reference to his theme, but carefully gleans where he can matters which show that the operative classes were always degraded among the principal nations of antiquity, especially the Egyptian, Roman, and Grecian people. At the dissolution of the Roman Empire their condition was somewhat improved—the only civilization was that of the anvil and forge, and at the Court of the kings of Wales, the king's chief smith had a place at the royal table next to the royal chaplain. With the feudal system, mechanics again fell into disesteem, and severe struggles were had to gain any privileges. Defoe tells how in his day distinctions were kept up, even in such matters as street lights at night—courtiers were lighted with torches, merchants and lawyers with large candles, and mechanics with lanterns. Thus were matters till the eighteenth century, when the steam engine revolution commenced. We marvel that our author did not choose to say less of the former matters, in order that he might have space to say something of the influence of labor saving machinery on the operative classes;—a very important theme. He turns away from England, and sketches the condition of the Colonies—citing one instance of the interdictory power exercised over the mechanic;—the Colonies in 1732 were prohibited from exporting hats from one colony to another, so that a Boston hat could not be sold in Connecticut or New Hampshire, &c.; business was confined to each colony. In 1750, iron mills and forges and furnaces, for slitting or rolling iron, or making steel, were forbidden to be erected in the Colonies. This course of restriction found its climax at the time when it was openly said in Parliament, that America 'must not be allowed to manufacture so much as a hob nail.' The Revolution brought a new day for the mechanic, and the mechanical genius of our countrymen has proved itself capable to any emergency, and its fame is wide spread through the world.

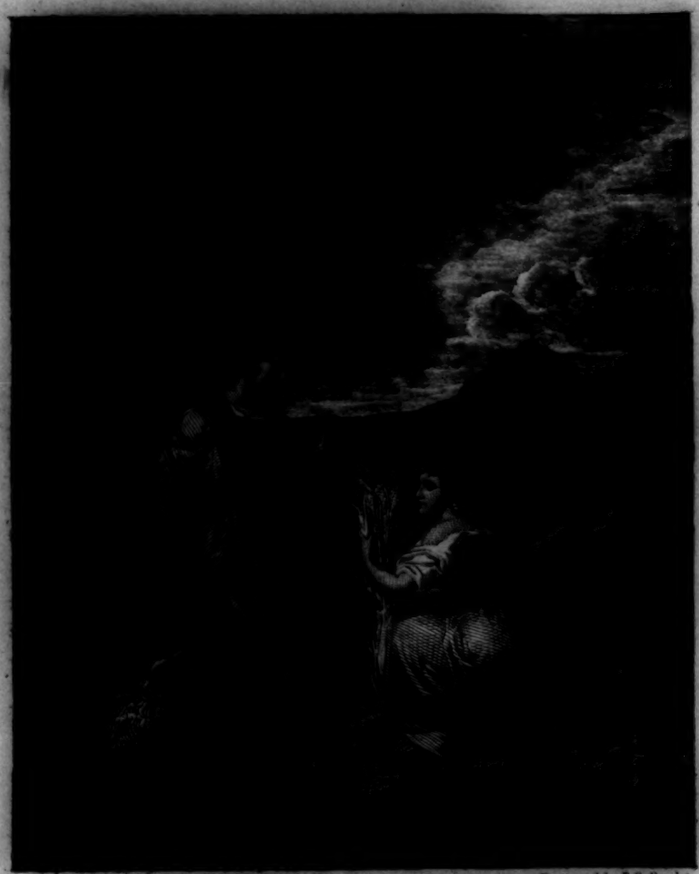
The Address closes with some most excellent reflections on the essentials to the elevation of the operative classes, and the necessity of intellectual and moral culture; and on the duty of the Association carrying out more fully the avowed objects of the institution. The production is a valuable one, a calm, unpretending utterance of truth to be reflected upon, and from which important lessons may be drawn.

Sermon preached at the Ordination of Rev. Amos Smith, as Colleague Pastor of the New North Church, (Unitarian) in Boston, Dec. 7, 1842. By Francis Parkman, D. D. With the Charge, the Right Hand of Fellowship, and an Appendix. Boston: W. Crosby & Co. Pp. 46.

We see nothing in the sermon to remark upon, nothing original or even forcible, but what is common on such occasions. The Charge, by Rev. E. S. Gannet, is something to be read and remembered—to take up again and again, and at every perusal, deeper and deeper the soul will feel what a regenerating power might be exerted by the ministry, if the spirit of this charge were felt and obeyed. We wish that some of those who desire to be every thing, would just read and earnestly ponder the sober truths of this Charge as the preacher speaks solemnly of the minister giving himself *wholly* to the work of the ministry—to be *devoted* to it—if there is any good in him, to let the people of his charge have it, and to be careful not to impair the value of his work by enlarging its extent. 'One well finished cottage is worth two half-built houses of far more imposing exterior.' This Charge is certainly one of the very best we ever read or heard.

Hints on Modern Evangelism, and on the Elements of a Church's Prosperity. A Discourse delivered in the Charles Street (Boston) Baptist Church, Oct. 9, 1842. By Daniel Sharp. Published by request. Boston: W. D. Ticknor. 1843. Pp. 24.

I have always, from early childhood, entertained and felt a deep respect and esteem for the author of this pamphlet, though I never spake with him, and I doubt whether a word was ever lisped against his perfection as a christian minister, till the 'revival excitements' turned the heads and soured the hearts of many of his brethren. During all the contentions and foolishness incident on the exaltation of such a person as 'Elder Knapp,' Dr. Sharp has pursued a firm, consistent and truly christian course. I like, as I have ever liked, his manly plainness and straight forward devotion to the permanent interests of christian society, and his repudiation of any part in the 'modern evangelism' that is as well suited to do good to the church as an army of locusts is to make a field fruitful and lovely to behold. 'He knew,' he says, 'that, if he stood to his convictions and principles, he would suffer an almost total eclipse; but he knew also, as he does now, that the period of his obscuration would not last for ever.' It seems that this eclipse came so far to the eyes of some, that many have expressed their doubts of his ever having been converted! He would do a great service to the interests of vital religion by filling up his outline of '*who* and *what* modern Evangelists are,' for the outline shows the skill of a master. The complete picture is needed, that it may be hung up before the Baptists every where, and assistance given them to contrast it with pictures of the past. His voice would be heard, and slumbering conscience would be awakened by its tones to condemn 'the measures and tendencies' of 'the novel system of Evangelism.' His outline shall have a place in our pages.



Painted by F. Wheatley. R.A. Engraved by E. Gallaudet.

RUTH AND BOAZ.

"Then said Boaz to Ruth: go not to glean in another field."

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UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL 1843.

CHRIST'S IDEAL OF THE GOOD, AND OUR LACK.

BY HENRY BACON.

A POET sat rapt in his musings, gazing on the open pages of Homer. A friend entered. 'Aha, weaving new fancies out of old rainbows, are you?' 'Not so, I am only lighting my torch at the sun.' He had opened the works of the immortal bard that the presence of lofty genius might give new force to an ambitious spirit. He gazed thereon as he would have gazed on the stars, not to pluck them from their spheres to make them his own, but to drink in an inspiration from their solemn beauty and rich magnificence. Even thus would I make my theme to myself, that I may fill the blank page with words of usefulness. And is it not thus in itself? It is;—and though my torch may be but an inch of flax, yet will I attempt to light it, and let it burn as it will—as the fire-fly does all she can when she lifts her wing. Not in vain shines the glow-worm's spark—it attracts one mate.

To treat of Christ as the Good—as a Reality diviner than the Ideal of the bards of the fore-ages, would seem to be an ambitious theme enough. So be it—till the soul obtains a better. It has been a theme to inspire the loftiest eloquence, and words have come forth from souls glowing with it that have been words of fire, making their way amid the false growth of passion and feeling, and consuming it—as the flame kindled by the cultivator of the soil clears away the over-running tares and weeds of the land, so that the smiles of the sunshine, may woo the little springs to rise to the surface, and greenness and beauty be the result. Christ as realized goodness is glorious to behold. To look on him aright, we must not simply call him up in his individuality, abstract from the great world in which he moved, but of which he was not. The history of Progress as given in the histories of individuals, requires that we place ourselves amid the circumstances of their times and judge of the tendencies thereof, awarding them excellence according as they produced in themselves the results of the best tendencies of their age, or advanced beyond all that could be expected from those tendencies. We must not bring them to our own age and judge them by what is. By this procedure many characters noble in their day—new born stars of a night—are dealt very unjustly with, and faint praise is awarded when the whole heart should be in the applauding voice. This I say, not to kindle feeling favorable to giving the best relief to the excellencies of Jesus in his moral character, but as a just thought essential to the preparation necessary to appreciate the reality in Christ—what he was when he lived on the earth and made one in human households.

To this the Evangelists invite us by all that they have done. They have given no elaborate description of his character, as the orator describes the subject of his eulogy—as many attempt to picture Washington. But they do give just records of events in their day as they made part in the career of Jesus, and with unequalled simplicity, leave the doers, and what was done, to suggest thought as they may. Therefore, to find Jesus, we are forced to mingle with a strange world, and be conversant with modes of thought, customs, and opinions widely different from what makes up the character of the present age. We must travel from place to place, pausing ever and anon to hear from those who gave tone to thought and from their humblest echoes, what were the all-absorbing expectations of the nation—how all burned with hope of the coming of a conquering Messiah, kindling to deeper enthusiasm at every rumor of a mighty one being abroad, and bursting beyond all bounds as a wondrous work of exorcising was detailed. We must gather with the multitudes at the gates, hear the controversies that engage them, and contrast the breathings of humility and the high wrought foolishness of pride. We must listen to the new comer among the group, and behold the manifestations of intense interest in his story—how Jesus mingled with the humble and lowly, how he chose the poor as his apostles, how he rebuked the teachers of the law, and how he pronounced the richest blessings on the unostentatious and quiet virtues. We must remember the criticisms of the various minds, and accompany those who are determined to see and hear for themselves. As we pass on to Jerusalem, our ears must be open and we must learn as we go—sitting at the rest under the broad palm with the aged patriarch who loves to discourse

of the time when wondrous tales were told of shepherds visited by an angel who told them the Messiah was born, and how he was followed by an angelic host praising God—how wise men came from the East to pay homage to the babe of a lowly woman and brought rich offerings to him—how a fearful slaughter of innocents took place, but reached not the mysterious child as the humble home where he once smiled was found empty. We must sympathize with the sadness of the countenance of 'the old man eloquent' as he tells of the mystery that enveloped the fate of the child of many hopes, and how again the desire was very strong in every city, and village, and hamlet, that the Messiah might be born in their midst. We must see the kindling of the new light in his countenance as he discourses of what he has heard when he has toiled up the mountain, caught sight of the caravan winding slowly through the valleys, and with the agility of youth leaped down to the plains and greeted the pilgrims, 'Peace be with you!' We must leave him that loves so patient a listener and long thrill with the sanctity of his fervent benediction, and press on eager to enter the holy city. We must not be a stranger in the crowds that are entering, but take part in their prejudices, passions and superstitions; with them we must ascend the winding streets, till we enter the Temple of beauty, inhale the fragrant odors of the curling clouds of incense rising from the altar, and be oppressed with the gorgeous splendor of the outward, as we gaze around till our eyes are fixed on 'the veil of blue, and purple, and crimson, and fine linen, and wrought cherubim thereon,' concealing with waving richness the glory of the inner holy, as the veil of waters hides the infinite treasures of the sea. We must cross Cedron and muse on Mount Olivet, bearing still with us the murmurs of 'the waters of Siloam that go softly.' *Thus* shall we furnish our minds with the facts of the age and their tendencies, and be fitted to mingle with the crowd that is shouting 'Hosanna, hosanna, to him who cometh in the name of the Highest!' Then shall we behold with reverent gaze the one object of interest, as he rises the lofty ascent, while mantles, palm branches, and flowers, are strewn around his way. Lo, he pauses on the height. The holy city lies in the distance bathed in light, glittering with beauty, lovelier and more splendid from the picturesque of the view. What a stillness pervades the mass as he halts on the brow of the hill! Will he utter the cry that shall meet ten thousand echos, as a voice amid the mountains,—and bring forth a glitter of spears in every valley, as sunbeams dart through a forest at early morning,—and cause a floating of banners, as when that same sunshine clears up the mists from the forest tops and the free wind bids them wave in their autumn richness? Again peals the Hosanna cry, responded by the crowds sweeping on to swell the mighty audience, and again there is a pause. He speaks, and what a crash of hopes there is as he speaks! He weeps as he utters the lament that the glory of Jerusalem must depart. With no shouts does he enter the city, for the enthusiasm of the multitude has been chilled. Take home to thy heart the exhibition of moral greatness given thee, O man, in him who then and there announced the ruin of temple and city, with deepest sympathy for those who were to be his murderers, bursting into tears, forgetting all the shouts of the multitude, and his own approaching agonies, in the prospective desolation of the metropolis of splendor and iniquity. We need no words to describe his moral grandeur—how in the loftiness of the majesty of mind he was elevated far—far above all, and yet possessed the tenderest sympathy by which he took part in all sorrow and embraced in his arms the babe of the lowliest peasant. There he is in his divine spirituality—forbidding us to regard the outward as aught but mere types of something within or beyond, and prize no distinctions but those of the soul. There he is with unutterable sympathy for human woe, and with a self-sacrifice as pure as a seraph's thought of God. And follow him wherever you may, you will only gather more and more light in the soul that will cast out a holy radiance, increasing the glory of goodness by revealing it clearer, till you have a sublimer vision than even the revelator had when he saw 'an angel standing in the sun.' O he is indeed—by his deeds of love, by his tears of sympathy, by his prayers of earnestness, by his manners of gentleness, by every form of amiability and moral heroism,—he is indeed the Reality of Goodness. He is our highest Ideal, and Oh, what intense anguish—what groanings that cannot be uttered, are known by many as they mourn the inadequacy of their powers to give expression in themselves of the moral loveliness in Christ. But from this sorrow, joy is born—joy in the unfolding of new energies by the putting forth of higher efforts, and joy in the deepening and wider influence of the assurance in the soul that our present Ideal shall not always grieve us with unapproachable glory.

But—let us solemnly breathe it—but the Ideal of the Good in the mind of Jesus, was as far beyond the Reality in himself, as he, as our Ideal, is beyond the Reality in us! The more perfected in goodness a soul becomes, the sublimer is its Ideal of the Good, as the more a mind becomes perfected in the sciences the more it is able to take in of the immensity of worlds.

A young and wealthy Ruler came to Jesus, and as he approached, the disciples that were gathered around the Master saw by some manifestation that he loved him. The young man came, threw himself at the feet of Christ, and called him—'Good Master!' His soul was in the words, but for wise purposes Jesus said to him—'Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God!' The echo rose to heaven, and through the myriads of the adoring hosts

the reverent murmur ran—'God!' What sublime thoughts must have lifted up his whole being at that moment! What a mighty sweep of vision was given him by which he took in the most glorious views of God's providences! He could declare God to be the Good with an emphasis to be appreciated only by the bowed cherubim before the Throne. The thought that gave birth to this was an ever-living impulse to duty. It gave him a joy which the world knew not. It prompted to any and all sacrifices needed. In the presence of the ever flowing and exhaustless Fountain of Good, he was, though in an infinitely higher sense, as the Indian chief when he first beheld 'the world of waters'—Niagara, and threw therein gladly and devoutly the most sacred and precious treasures, as an offering to sublimest beauty. In the lone mountain top—as the devout mariner on the tall mast-head gazing on the solemn stars—far away from all disturbing influences, Jesus communed with God. Thither he resorted after the long day of wearying labors and strife with an unsympathising world, and drank in strength, joy and patience for the morrow by contemplating the riches of Jehovah's love. We know not what new avenues were opened in the soul—what means of discernment were given him; but we do know that he saw through what are to us the mysteries of being, and by reading farther than we can read, loved better than we love. Lofty and pure indeed must have been his conceptions of goodness that forbad him to take to himself the title 'Good;' and that simple act should cause us to call vigorous thought into most earnest action, that we may feel more the improvability of our moral nature. It should teach us that we are essentially beings of Progress; that the unfolding of new energy in the pursuit of excellence will give the ability to bring out higher powers, and so on from age to age, from glory to glory! Brighter and more animating shall the Ideal be, and a perpetual sweetness will rejoice the soul while it sanctifies the name—The Good, to One alone. This should be the spring of our ambition, giving us the heroic in its divine purity, waking in our heart a delight to bless, that by blessing we may love more, and be in this dark world, at least, faintly, like—

> 'The stars that round the Sun of righteousness
> In glorious order roll,
> With harps for ever strung, ready to bless
> God for each rescued soul.'

But ere this will be, much thought must be given to obtain a true answer as we use the young man's words—'*What lack I yet?*' We lack, first, a sanctified imagination to embody Jesus in all his moral excellence and religious beauty before us, and feel ourselves kneeling at his feet and gazing up into his blessed and divine countenance, as did the young man when Jesus gently chided him for calling him *good*. O if we cannot call *him* good, how can *we* ever expect to merit the appellation! We can at least strive to be as good as we believe our Master was; and to fire our souls with ambition worthy to be cherished, we should ponder on the lofty ideal which Jesus had of moral goodness! O it tells much for the soul's capacity for endless improvement, that the more it progresses, the more it sees to obtain—the nobler becomes the Ideal—the more glorious are the attributes of goodness—the more it hungers and thirsts after the higher fruits on the tree of life, clustering on the lofty branches in golden radiance, as though they were apples of paradise, hung there by angels! 'What lack I yet?' is the often repeated inquiry of the determinate progressive soul; and it never turns back sorrowful, for it can give of its great possessions to the poor and be still as rich as ever—for they are possessions of the soul, the riches of faith, hope, and love.

Here, then, is the next lesson to be learned as we ask what we lack in order to be true progressive disciples of Jesus Christ. We need to contrast the great possessions of the outwardly and the inwardly wealthy, and justly estimate them both.

Wealth is a good when the soul is right—when the possessor is in the kingdom; but the history of human passions, the tear-blotted record of suffering, depressed humanity, fearfully attests the heart hardening effects of wealth when gold has been loved more than man. O it is fearful to cultivate one passion to the neglect of others. All madness is but the result of this. The one thought or idea reigning pre-eminent, makes the wild zealot, the reckless enthusiast, the dreaming maniac! Man has disturbed the harmony of his passions and desires; and what is the consequence? The consequence is, society is ill-organized, endless competition is around us on every side destroying much true friendly feeling, and the highest interests of rational beings are forgotten in the hot pursuit after wealth. And at last when some have outrun others and seized on the golden prize, they sit sorrowful amid their treasures, and sad thoughts come over them as they are not happy and are forced to ask —'*What lack I yet?*'

They lack what alone can give real, satisfying charms to any possessions, or render happy even the most blessed of Fortune, and that is—Prosperity of soul—the right cultivation of the moral sentiments and the religious feelings and affections. Thus we may all have great possessions, greater than any of us now own, though as we take an inventory of our inward wealth, we find that we are by no means poor. Our improvable nature—our desires for happiness—our capacity to hope—our aspirations after knowledge—our affections—our sympathies,—O these are great possessions! possessions we should value and for which we should labor incessantly that we may increase their worth. They make us rich after the similitude of angels. They purchase for us, and clothe us with the beautiful garments of the spirit. They give

us an influence of the best character. They can procure the means of supplying all that we lack as practical christians, for a good man has said,—'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.'

Wisdom is our great lack. Wisdom that embraces the *tact* to apply knowledge to the practical purposes of life, as well as the possession of such knowledge. Christians differ more in their power of applying knowledge to the practical purposes of life, than in any other essential quality. *Tact* is the grand applier. It is as much needed by 'the children of light,' as by 'the children of this world;' and it was the possession of more of this quality, or attribute of the practical character, that our Savior had in mind when he called the latter class the wiser—wiser in their time to devise and do.

I may draw an illustration, to impress this important idea, from a well known fact in landscape or portrait painting. It is well known that all the beauty and effect of a picture often depends on the arrangement or distribution of the light. An individual was once required to sketch a rude entrance to a wood, as a trial of her skill. The wood lay in the distance, separated from the beholder by a narrow stream, over which was thrown a rustic bridge. The pupil executed the pencilled drawing according to the rules of the art, and was somewhat proud of the work. The trees stood in just proportions, the birds rested on the branches which formed a gothic arch; the opening of the wood was all carefully sketched, with the rude under-growth, the fresh and dried leaves intermingled, and a stray limb or two of a tree dropped by the farmer, made up the variety; the stream was drawn with cautious precision, the bulrushes stood upright on the side, while flowers and tangled vines and creepers strayed all along amid the grass; and then the bridge was built with prudent strokes, till it seemed faultless in its architecture and ready for the fairy foot. But after all, the drawing made no impression on the beholder—it had no effect, and the ambitious pupil was much aggrieved when her teacher pronounced a just judgment upon it. Yet she has said of the same drawing, that she has learned to look with feelings of interest almost like affection on it, as her master with a few skilful strokes of his pencil gave to it a character at once touching, beautiful, and poetic. Every thing became changed to her sight in a moment. An atmosphere was given to it, as though heaven's own light had dawned upon it and made of the artificial a reality. The spectator was placed at once in the midst of the loveliness of a quiet day in Autumn. It was like the breath of life breathed into an exquisite statue.

Many have observed a like effect in reference to a portrait—how a different distribution of light on the canvas, or an alteration in the atmosphere with which the portrait was surrounded, affected wondrously the naturalness and impression of the likeness.

Such children of light as 'were those artists, all christians should be, to place the graces in such a spiritual atmosphere as that they may impress the beholder and cause him at once to feel their *reality*.' The power or skill to do this, is the great lack with many excellent persons in whose hearts is the true love of goodness. They present themselves in such a mingling of shadows, that the beholder cannot recognize the portrait of goodness—the likeness of virtue. They have but little tact as christian artists, and make poor impressions of their talents. And here, as valuable, I abridge the remarks of an unknown writer on tact and talent. 'Talent is power; Tact is skill. Talent knows what to do; Tact how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; Tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; Tact is ready money. For the practical purposes of life, Tact carries it against Talent, ten to one. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets along no faster; Tact excites astonishment that it gets along so fast,—the secret is, it makes no false steps, it hits the right nail on the head, it loses no time, and it takes all hints. In short, it is the talent of talents, the availableness of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.'

How, then, shall we seek to obtain more of the power of the right applicability of means to compass christian ends—to further spiritual advancement? To this we want a straight forward and serious answer.

And, first, I reply, *we lack more faith*—more of an active and vigorous faith, that smiles at mountain difficulties, and breaks away or overleaps the highest barriers to improvement. We have not the trusting spirit we should have to gain strength from the recorded *wonders* of faith—the energies put forth by souls consecrated to high purposes, and the endurance bravely borne by those who would not yield to evil. We do not realize how the strength of a conquered tempter goes into ourselves and increases our might for nobler achievements, till at last, unharmed, we can tread on serpents and scorpions, and on the whole power of the enemy. This we all need—more of unreserved and unquestioning faith in the practicability of christian morality—at faith that will interest our hearts to the most devoted fidelity, and make the least commandment dear as the greatest, so that we shall become as the angels that hearken unto the voice of the Word, with wings unfurled to do his bidding.

We *lack more directness of purpose*—that decision which cannot be easily turned aside, resulting from a clear discernment of duty and a firm determination to pursue it, now and continuously. We want such a decision as the Apostles had in the presence of brutal enemies, while every form of persecution was arrayed before and around them. What was their language? The language of sober decision and lofty purpose,—

'We ought to obey God rather than men.' The divine before the human, was their rule in all things—religion, philosophy, and duty; and though to desire man's praise is good, properly restrained, yet when made the ruling passion, it becomes destructive of the beauty and nobleness of character. 'Among the chief rulers also many believed on Jesus; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue; for they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God.' Miserable indecision! and quite as miserable the character that would fasten human lips with the locks of an inquisition, to prevent the free utterance of the soul's convictions.

We *lack* not only faith and decision of purpose, but also *promptness of action*. It was said of Tact that 'it loses no time,' and it is a characteristic we need. It will give a tremendous emphasis to the word *Now!* and will place *to-morrow* farther off than we generally imagine it to be. It tells us that time past cannot be recalled, and that opportunities once slighted never return. It peals in our ears—'See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil.'

One more essential we *lack* and that is—*Perseverance of effort*—continued and continuing progress. 'Be faithful unto death!' is the motto on the christian banner, and none other will be approved by the Captain of our salvation. We must not throw off our armor, or forget the watchwords of the camp, or the fatigues of duty. 'In peace prepare for war,' store up defences and treasure up strength. There is no turning back, but with warm and fervent faith, holy ardor, decision of purpose, and perseverance of effort, we are to press forward to the mark of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. 'Endure to the end!' is the cry—to the end of earthly opportunity of doing good and being useful. And O it is indeed the true philosophy of the divine life, that the more we advance in spiritual attainments—the more we have of the experimental knowledge of doing right, the more will our souls be invigorated as by the very breath of God, and the greater will be our rejoicing in the path that shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

We all know what we would be, for we cannot but desire the character of the upright and excellent. Let then the repeated question of every heart be—'*What lack I yet?*' And reader, turn not away from the answer, though it require of thee a task,—it may be a severe task; but be thankful that the question is answered—that the path of progress is opened; for whatever possessions we are required to relinquish, will be more than repaid by addition to our spiritual attainments and blessedness; and it will be with us as it was with one of the primitive faithful,—'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord.'

'O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Would dawn on every cross and care.'

NOTE. The introduction of this article appeared some time since in the Trumpet.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

EMBOSOMED in the myrtle groves
Of heaven's most favored clime,
Land of the many memories,
Bright, sunny Palestine;
O'erarched by the etherial blue
Of star-gemmed orient skies,
Whose very clouds are glory-tinged
With amethystine dyes;

Pure as the gushing founts that bless
A sleeping angel's dream,
Kissed by the balmy southern breeze,
Thy sparkling waters gleam,
Or murmur 'mid the rose-lipped shells
In low-voiced melody,
Thou storied of the olden time,
Bright Sea of Galilee!

Mysterious whispers tremble in
Thy low and dreamy song—
Echoes of voices heard by thee
In 'days of long agone,'
When floated o'er thy azure depths,
Borne on the balmy air,
In sweet and tender cadences
The blest Redeemer's prayer!

Well may thy sunlit waves in pure
And dazzling brightness glow,—
Those pearly water-drops once laved
The toil-worn Savior's brow;
A fair memorial of his love
Shalt thou for ever be,
While waters flow, and night winds sigh,
Thou Sea of Galilee!

* * * * * *

With broken mast and shivering sail,
A barque speeds o'er the wave,
The night is dark, the billows roll,
The awful tempests rave;
Yet louder than their fearful din,
Doth echo through the sky,
'Save, or we perish, Lord!' a wild
And agonizing cry!

See! light from heaven dispels the gloom,
The heaving waves are trod—

The night made glorious by thy form,
'Deliverer,' 'Son of God!'
'Peace, stormy minds, wild waves be still!'
His voice came unto thee,—
A holy calm fell o'er thy deeps,
O Sea of Galilee!

* * * * * *

The followers of the 'Crucified'
Meet on the lonely strand
To commune of his dying love,
Who comes to join their band;
The flowerets bend not 'neath his tread,
None ask him, 'Who art thou?'
Enrobed in light-Divinity
Forth beaming from his brow!

Great joy! The Lord hath come once more
Ere he departs above,
To bless, with tender parting words,
Of deep, heart-thrilling love,—
Sweeter than earthly music notes,
Or seraph-minstrelsy,
The voice of God flowed o'er thy wave,
Bright Sea of Galilee!

* * * * * *

Calmly the deep blue waters lie
In still and moveless rest,
The sweet south wind hath sung itself
To sleep upon their breast;
Lo! mirrored there, a countless throng,
Seraphic legions gleam;
Through the high heavens triumphantly
Their starry banners stream!

The glittering armies of the skies,
With rapturous shouts have come,
To lead the risen 'Son of God,'
'Deliverer,' 'Conqueror' home!
Their last sweet parting smile of love,
Came sunbeam-like to thee,
And lit thy clear, transparent deeps,
Glad Sea of Galilee!

* * * * * *

Judea's pride, long years ago,
Was humbled in the dust;
Sad memory lives of haughty souls
Who made not God their trust;
O'er the fair land that round thee lies,
The Roman eagles flew;
Imperial Rome's colossal sway
Hath vanished like the dew!

The life blood of contending hosts
The emerald sward hath dyed;
The Crusader and Saracen
Lie buried side by side;
The marble shrines of Cinnareth
Have fallen and ceased to be;—
Time hath not dimmed thy azure wave,
Bright Sea of Galilee!

Perished the golden temple fane
On Zion's hill that shone,—
Nought marks its faded glory, no,
Not e'en a mossy stone!
The Crescent and the Cross have streamed
From Zion's bulwark walls,
The Wolf and Conqueror by turns
Have revelled in her halls.

The holy chime of Sabbath bells
Has floated through her air,
And risen from the minaret
The Moslem's call to prayer;
And many a lord hath ruled the land
So sacred once and free,
Yet chainless still thy waters roll,
Wild Sea of Galilee!

And oft the wanderer comes to press,
With lingering feet the sod
Made holy by the footsteps of
Th' ascended Son of God,
And while he cools the fever-heat
By shadeless travel nursed,
He muses of the living streams
That quench the spirit's thirst;—

Thinks of the scenes that here transpired
In days long past and gone,—
Thinks of the brighter glory-beams
Upon thee yet to dawn,
When the new heaven and earth shall rise,
From sin and sorrow free,
And all thy heavenly guests return,
Bright Sea of Galilee! T. L. H.

Utica, N. Y.

THE DINNER OF THE MONTHS.

BY HENRY NEAL.

Once upon a time, the Months determined to dine together. They were a long time deciding who should have the honor of being the Host on so solemn an occasion; but the lot at length fell on December; for although this old gentleman's manners were found to be rather *cold* upon first acquaintance, yet it was well known that when once you got under his roof, there was not a merrier, or more hospitable person in existence. The messenger too, Christmas Day, whom he sent round with his cards of invitation, won the hearts of all, although he played several mad pranks, and received many a *box* in return. February begged to be excused coming to the dinner, as she was in very bad spirits on account of the loss of her youngest child the twenty-ninth, who had lately left her, and was not expected to return for four years. Her objection, however, was overruled; and being seated at table between the smiling May, and that merry old fellow October, she appeared to enjoy the evening's entertainment as much as any of the company.

The dinner was a superb one; all the company having contributed to furnish out the table. January thought for the *thirteenth* time what he should give, and then determined to send a calf's head. February not being a very productive month, was also a little puzzled, but at length resolved to contribute an enormous cake, which she managed to manufacture in fine style, with the assistance of her servant Valentine, who was an excellent fellow at this sort of ware, but especially at bride cake. March and April agreed to furnish all the fish. May to decorate the dishes with flowers; June to supply plenty of excellent cider; July and August to provide the dessert; September a magnificent course of all sorts of game, except pheasants; which exception was supplied by October, as well as a couple of hampers of fine home-brewed ale, and November engaged that there should be plenty of ice. The rest of the eatables and all the wine were provided by the worthy host himself.

Just before sitting down to table, a slight squabble arose about precedency; some of the company insisted that the first in rank was January, and some that it was March. The host, however, decided in favor of January, whom he placed in the seat of honor, at his right hand. November, a prime, blue-nosed old maid, sat at his left, and June, a pleasant, good tempered fellow, although occasionally rather too *warm*, sat opposite him at the end of the table.

The dinner was admirably served. Christmas Day was the principal waiter; but the host had been obliged to borrow the attendance of some of his high guest's servants, and accordingly Twelfth-night, Shrove Tuesday and Michaelmas-day, officiated in various departments, though Shrove Tuesday was speedily turned out, for making rather too free with a prim, demure servant maid, called Good Friday, while she was toasting some hot-cross buns for the tea table.

A short, squab little fellow, called St. Thomas'-day, stood behind December's chair, and officiated as toast master; and much merriment was excited between the diminutive appearance of this man and the longest day, who stood behind June, at the other end of the table. Master Thomas, however, was a very useful fellow; and besides performing the high official duty, which we have mentioned, he drew the curtains, stirred the fire, lighted and snuffed the candles, and like all other little men, seemed to think himself of more importance than any body else.

The pretty blushing May was the general toast of the company; and many compliments were passed upon the elegant manner in which she had decorated the dishes. Old January tried to be very sweet upon her, but she received him coldly; as he was known not to be a loyal subject, and to have once stolen a crown and sceptre, and hidden them in a grave; and May, who was loyal to the back-bone, had much trouble in finding out, and restoring them. January at length ceased to persecute her with his attentions, and transferred them to November, who was of the same politics as himself, although she had not been quite as successful in supporting them. Poor May had scarcely got rid of her venerable lover, before that sentimental swain April, began to tell her that he was absolutely dying for her. This youth was one moment all sunshine and smiles, and rapture; and the next he dissolved in tears, clouds gathered upon his brow, and he looked a fitter suitor for November than for May; who having at last hinted as much to him, he left her in a huff, and entered into close conversation with September, who although much his senior, resembled him in many particulars.

July, who was of a desperately *hot* temper was every now and then a good deal irritated by March, a *dry* old fellow, as *cool* as a cucumber, who was continually passing his jokes upon him. At one time July went so far as to threaten him with prosecution for something he had said; but March, knowing what he was about, always managed to keep on the *windy* side of the law, and to throw dust in the eyes of his accusers. July, however, contrived to have his revenge; for, being called upon for a song, he gave '*The dashing White Sergeant*' in great style, and laid a peculiar emphasis upon the words, 'March! March; *away!*' at the same time motioning to his antagonist to leave the room.

April having announced that it was raining hard, January was much perplexed as to how he should get home, as he had not brought his carriage. At one time, when he was looking very anxiously out of the window to discover if there were any stars visible, October, at the suggestion of May, asked him if he thought of borrowing *Charles's wain* to carry him, as he had done so great a kindness to its proprietor? This put the old fellow in such a passion, that he hastily seized his head-gear, a red cap, sallied out through the rain, and would most likely have broken his neck in the dark, had not February sent her footman Candlemas-day, after him, with a lanthorn, by whom he was guided in safety to his lodgings in Fog-alley.

On the retirement of the Ladies—February, May, August, and November—the host proposed their healths, which were drank with the usual honors; when April, being a soft spoken youth, and ambitious of distinction as an orator, began to return thanks for them in a very flowery speech; but was soon coughed down by December and March; and March, by the by, at length got into such high favor with his old enemy July, that the latter was heard to give him an invitation, saying, that if ever he came over to this side of the Zodiac, he should be most happy to see him. October told the host that, with his leave, he would drink no more wine, but that he should be glad of some good home-brewed, and a pipe. To this December acceded, and said he should be happy to join him, and he thought his friend March would do

the same. March having nodded assent, they set to, and a pretty *puffing* and *blowing* they made among them. April, however, continued to drink Madeira, while June, July and September, stuck, with exemplary constancy, to the Burgundy.

After repeated summons to the drawing-room they joined the Ladies at the tea-table. November drew herself up, and affected to be quite overpowered by the smell of smoke, which March, October, and December had brought in with them; although it is well known that the old lady herself could *blow a cloud* as well as any of them. October seated himself by May, and said he hoped that his pipe would not have the same effect upon her, as upon her Aunt; and after having gracefully assured him that she was not at all annoyed by it, he told her that he would make her exercise her own sweet pipe before the evening was much older; which, instead of annoying, would delight every body. August, a grave stately matron of extraordinary beauty, although perhaps *un peu pusse*, officiated as tea-maker. Good-Friday, who by this time had recovered the fright into which Shrove-Tuesday had thrown her, handed about the toasted buns, and Swithin, a servant of July, was employed to keep the tea-pot supplied with water, which he too often did to overflowing.

Tea being over, the old folks went to cards, and the young ones, including October, who managed to hide his years very successfully, to the piano-forte. May was the *Prima Donna*, and delighted every one, especially poor April, who was alternately all smiles and tears, during the whole of her performance. October gave them a hunting song, which caused even the card table to be deserted, and August sang a sweet melancholy Canzonet which was rapturously encored. April both sang and played most unmercifully; but the company had an ugly trick of yawning over his comic songs, and were ready to expire with laughter at his pathetics.

At length, Candle-mas having returned from seeing old January home, his mistress February took leave of the company. April, who was a little the worse for the wine he had drank, insisted on escorting November; although she had several servants in waiting, and her road was in an opposite direction to his own. May went away in her own carriage, and undertook to set June down, who lived very near her. The road was hilly and steep, but her coachman, Ascension-day, got the horses very well to the top; and July and August both walked home, preceded by a Dog-day, with a lighted torch. September and October, who were next door neighbors, went away in the same hackney-coach; and March departed as he came, on the back of a rough Shetland poney.

[*Selected.*

SUNSHINE on flowers! fit emblem of man's youth. FR.

AN APRIL EVENING.

O WHO is there can help admiring
On fancy's buoyant wing,
The life-restoring, hope-inspiring,
Resistless charms of Spring.

Awakened from his winter's sleeping,
The chilled and drowsy frog
Is timidly and faintly peeping,
In yonder gloomy bog.

Now hearken! shrill and loud and longer
His notes to us he sends,
Till for a chorus, full and stronger,
Each torpid throat distends.

Still listen! a tumultuous singing
Entrances cit and boor;
Rude songs amphibious are ringing
From every fen and moor.

Nature's blithe tongue is loose, 'tis filling
Her own delighted ear
With melodies; and earth-distilling,
Fresh odors mingle here.

The clear, blue sky is stilly weeping
Its soft ambrosial dews,
And germs, long prisoned, gently steeping,
Their close-sealed coatings loose.

The rills in earth's dark mold are meeting,
And where they glistening rise,
Are moss-protected plants, secreting
Their delicate pale dyes.

The wind's rough wing is rudely o'er us
No longer passing free;
The air is mild, and will restore us
To equanimity.

The time of frost and Winter's rigor,
Passed quietly away;
And with increasing charms and vigor
Now fades the lengthening day.

This fragrance, beauty, these glad voices
Are Spring's peculiar wealth;
She flies, and smiling, she rejoices
In youth and blooming health.

With wisdom earth and air are laden,
To feed the famished mind;
From that close room come, listless maiden?
Thy languor leave behind

One moment stay! more closely round thee,
Wrap that warm mantle's fold;
There—that reviving air has found thee,
Thy cheek's bright tint has told.

Look north! see flames the pole illuming,
And then gaze on the west,
Where bold Orion, pomp assuming,
Displays his martial vest.

The stars which glitter on his shoulder,
And on his shield of hide,
Are grand heraldic honors, older
Than e'er fed kingly pride.

The Plelades in twilight trembling,
Do twinkle this bequest,—
All nature's truth, there's no dissembling
Within her honest breast. MIMOSA.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

It was Christmas Eve, and Chestnut Street was thronged as usual with a bright array of happy faces. The gray haired man, and his laughing grand children, the gay belle and the servant girl, the aristocratic and the humble,—all were there. It was a most singular and animated scene to the eye of a stranger; the brilliantly illuminated stores with their holiday suit of evergreens, the many pretty temptations which every window presented to those who were selecting their Christmas gifts, and that dense mass of human beings who were slowly passing from window to window, examining every curious toy, every decorated cake, and every article of taste or fancy which had been placed therein. It seemed as if every individual in that crowded street was content for the time to throw aside the seriousness of riper years, 'and be a child again.' Here an illuminated hall told of the merry dance, and there of fancy fairs for the building of one church, or the paying for another. Now and then the slow moving throng were impeded by another throng as dense as around the doors of a theatre, or by the rattling cabs and omnibuses which blockaded the crossings. Many a heavy heart grew light, and many a heavy purse grew lighter, amid the purchases of that evening. Gifts there were for parents, sisters, brothers, and friends, and there too were toys for the little ones who were fast asleep at home, with their stockings hung in the chimney awaiting the visit of *Kriss Kringle*. Many a young dreamer that night saw their welcome visitor descend the chimney with his wallet of toys, and many a listening ear heard 'the tramping' of his tiny steeds 'upon the roof.' It might have passed for a dream, however, had not the well filled stockings in the morning borne witness that Kriss Kringle had been there.

Now turn we to a dimly-lighted room in the third story of a dingy looking brick house in George Street. It is small in dimensions, but the bed which stands in one corner, and the small cook stove which occupies the middle of the room, show that it is at once both chamber and kitchen. But the room is not destitute of comfort, for a coarse rag carpet covers the floor, and the small pine table which stands near the stove, is covered with a neat white cloth, on which is spread the evening meal. It is simple enough to suit the most abstemious taste, but I cannot pity the partakers, for there is a loaf of nice light bread, a slice of real Philadelphia-looking butter, and a pitcher of the delicious Schuylkill water. There are no curtains to the window, but the close shutters make the room look so warm and home-like, that we almost forget the deficiency. By the table sits an aged female reading from a well-worn copy of the Scriptures, while by her side, a young girl is diligently sewing. The one small candle which burns thereon, sufficeth for them both, and happier are they than many who sit listlessly by their astral lights, or move where the brilliant camphene but showeth a countenance beaming with the excitement of artificial pleasure.

They are waiting for some one who is to share their frugal repast, for the table is laid as for three. The old lady hath laid aside the holy book, for it is printed in small type, and her eyes are wearied, but the calm smile which resteth upon her lip, showeth that its spirit still abideth with her. She hath never been rich in worldly goods, for in poverty was she born, in poverty hath she lived near three-score and ten years, and in all human probability in poverty she will depart. But she hath treasures many and priceless, laid up where moth and rust corrupt not, and she feels that she is richer in her poverty than many of earth's votaries in their wealth. Yet sorrow hath oft-times visited her spirit, and she hath bowed in agony beneath the weight of affliction. She was a widow in early life, yea, a poor and friendless widow, and though the bitterness of desolation was in her heart, as she bowed over the death-couch of the loved, and saw the light go out upon the shrine whereon her earthly hopes and affections had been laid, yet for her child's sake, she still struggled on. She pressed her last kiss upon the cold lips of the dead, she expended of her scanty means to procure a decent burial, and then with a woman's all trusting, all loving earnestness of heart, she turned unto the living. She wore no mourning weeds, but the veil and the mantle of mourning had fallen upon her spirit, and through the forty long years of her widowhood, she has cherished the memory of her early love.

She was an excellent seamstress, and by the most unceasing exertion, she procured a subsistence for herself and the fair child who had been spared unto her, and more delicately was it nurtured than many a child of rank and wealth. The voice of repining was never heard in her humble abode. When the fire burned brightly upon her hearth, and the frugal meal was spread upon her board, she blessed God in the fullness of her heart, and murmured not that days and nights of wasting toil were necessary to procure them, and when employment failed, and that board was no longer spread for lack of food, and the fire waned dim for lack of fuel, she gave her last piece unto her child, and pressed it closer to her heart for

warmth, yet the prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' arose no less trustingly.

Year followed year, and as the cheery laugh of the little Alice was heard in the widow's dwelling, and her tiny fingers learned to share her toil, the mother's smile was less frequently dimmed by tears, and her heart seemed to have lost a shade of its holy sadness. A blessing ever seemed to follow that sweet child. Her happy song rang out all day long as she sat at her needle-work, and she would awaken in the starry night with the half-murmured fragment of some favorite air upon her lips. Life was all bright to her, for all things reflected the light of her own joyous spirit. It was no marvel that the lonely widow should almost idolize the child as she grew in loveliness by her side. As time flew by, and the fair child became the graceful maiden, the mother's love grew deeper in its intensity until it seemed to constitute her very being. All light, all hope, all joy seemed centred in that one only thought, and when she knelt in prayer, it was but to return thanks for that one blessing. She was still her own, still the same loving, gentle being who had nestled in her arms in infancy; and the widow felt that amid all her trials she had been kindly dealt with. And when she gave her only treasure unto one she deemed worthy of her, and made her home with them, she felt that an home of rest had indeed arrived. During ten years her cup was filled with peace. She was no longer lonely, for the new name of 'grand-mamma,' was hers, and the little prattlers who clustered around her, left no room in her heart for solitude.

The summer of 1833 arrived, and that fearful scourge of the human race, the Cholera, ravaged the city, filling nearly every house with mourning. Alice was one of its earliest victims. Mercifully was she taken from a most fearful trial, for the morrow's sun looked upon the lifeless corpse of her husband; and ere a week had passed, three of her children had gone to rest with her. Mysterious are the dispensations of Providence! That aged one was spared amid this desolation to perform the last sad offices of love for those unto whom she had looked to smooth her own death-pillow. She laid them by the side of her husband, and gladly would the wearied one have sought a rest with them, but she had now a new duty to perform in life. There were still two young, helpless beings dependant upon her care, and she still struggled on. Mary, the eldest, was a lovely girl of nine years, and had she not been already her grandmother's pet, her likeness to her mother would have endeared her amid this bereavement. Edwin was a little lisping curly-haired child of three, and his continual entreaty, 'Ganma, do let mume come home,' was almost agony unto her soul. His mother had indeed gone home, home to her Savior, home to her God. Again was the aged widow compelled to encounter the trials of the world alone. Yet she bowed not in desolation as when the angel of sorrow first came to trouble the waters of love in her young heart. It seemed as though she had gained a strength and firmness of mind, which had never before been hers. The mourner of three-score was to watch over and to cherish the child of three. Well did she strengthen herself for the task. She would live to be their guide and protector. She would be father, mother, friend, all unto them, for they were the children of the loved who were with God. Mary was old enough to aid her in taking charge of Edwin, and with the aid of the little which had been left at their father's death, she contrived to earn a scanty livelihood by coarse sewing, knitting, and at her equally humble employments.

A kind lady who lived near, offered to give the children some instruction during her hours of leisure, and a sad trouble was thus taken from her heart, the fear that they must grow up almost in ignorance. As Mary advanced in years her resemblance to her mother grew more perfect, she wanted but the same merry smile, to almost persuade her grand-mother that she had won her own dear Alice back. But there was ever something in the calm seriousness of her countenance and the subdued softness of her tone, which told of the severe trial through which her young spirit had passed. Perhaps it was fortunate that the little Edwin had been too young to know the extent of his loss, for his buoyant and happy temperament were often necessary to give cheerfulness to their dwelling. He is now a manly lad of thirteen, and his intelligence and activity have procured him a place in a store which enables him to share with his sister in relieving their grand-mother's labors. It must be him whom they are expecting this evening, and for whom their supper is waiting.

He has just entered, and the large packet which he holds in his hand tells the reason of his delay. 'Grand-mother, I have brought you a new Bible, you know yours is so worn and the print so small, you can hardly read it.' Her age-dimmed eyes are still more dimmed by tears as she takes the gift, for she feels that God hath given her a rich blessing amid her poverty, in those loving beings who have been spared to sooth her declining years. The lad turneth now to his sister, and his arms are entwined around her as he whispers, 'Mary, I had only money to purchase the Bible, I have brought you nothing but love.' The maiden answereth not, but the unwonted smile which lighteth up her pale countenance, contrasting so strangely with that sudden tear, tell us that to her a brother's love is the most welcome Christmas gift.

Philadelphia.

Doing Good. How much real good may be done by each one to the other, in various offices of aid, in restraining from evil design, and in cherishing those desires which breathe love to all mankind. FR.

MORNING.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

NIGHT lifts her sable mantle from the earth!
A faint soft light now streaks the eastern skies
With roseate hues, and each bright star has fled.
The day doth break. Deep silence reigns around,
In nature's courts, and in the homes of men.
A solemn spell seems cast o'er earth and heaven,
When day and night thus meet. How doth the world
Greet this pure hour? The laborer will go
With merry song to ply his daily task,
Which if it leadeth not to Mammon's shrine,
Grants a supply far better, health and peace,
And a contented mind; a happier lot
Than his, who on his downy pillow press'd,
The morning hours doth waste in ease and sloth;
And who has spent his youth in gaining wealth
That wants the power to bless, for in the search
The claims of heart, mind, soul, and health were stilled!
The suffering sick, who in the depth of night
Sank into sleep, now raise their drooping heads,
And faintly welcome, and yet dread the day.
Affliction's children, who in rest have sought
Forgetfulness of wo, and who perchance
In dreams have clasped again the loved and lost,
Now wake to tears and mourning. Are there not
Some happy beings that do greet the day
In full and joyous feeling?
Few there are
Whom earth calls blest, and fewer truly so,
For in each cup is mingled joy and wo—
And only those who drink and are content
To suffer if it be God's will, and then,
Firm in the path of duty to press on,
Can e'er be termed the wise and blest.

East Randolph, Vt.

THE VALUE OF MAN.

IT was at the close of a fine afternoon in Summer that I reached the village. I had arrived on the day before. I now went forth to examine my new home. Having lived, for the most part, in the city, the streets of the village seemed very quiet, almost lonely; but when I did meet an individual, he compensated for that by the attention which he paid me, no one passing without a brief salutation, while in one or two instances I was welcomed to my new abode by a courteous speech.

This gave rise to some reflections; for as I walked leisurely forward towards the end of the village, I could not avoid remembering how little notice men took of each other in large cities. Men are as valuable in town as they are in the country. Yet even persons of the same caste, or station in society, pass each other without seeming to be sensible that a human being has been so near them, while in the country, the squire does not pass a common laborer without a smile and a nod. As we progress towards the interior, this state of things gives way to something like a recognition of the common relationship of mankind. When you reach the country, you do not pass any person without receiving a salutation. But when you have penetrated far interior: when you have reached the forests of the West, you find yourself alone; and then if you chance to meet a traveler, you deem it an adventure. Although you never met before, you stop to converse like old friends. You tell each other some parts of your history, and you part, at least, with feelings of regret. If you, at a future time, fall in with the man whom you met afar from the haunts of your kind, you feel an interest in him; you converse with him like a familiar friend.

These things prove the worth of man to his fellow. We do not find out the worth of our fellow-creatures until we are cut off from their society. They are like the inestimable gift of cold water, which we heed not when it flows in rivers before us, but whose value we know when we seek it in vain.

Let us imagine ourselves the only man—the only human being in the whole world. I stand upon a rock in the midst of the plain, and look around me. I am entirely alone. I see the distant forest whose boughs I know to be filled with birds, the sea with its multitude of scaly inhabitants, and the hills on which roam the unfettered brutes. But no one of them all resembles me in form. No one of them appears desirous of approaching me. They all have their mates and their companions, but I have none. I suppose that I am a nondescript, the 'forlorn and abandoned one' for whom there is no sympathy and no companionship. I retire to my solitary cave to hide myself from the other beings who are so much more happy than I, and who appear to hold me in contempt. Years pass on, and I daily walk abroad over the earth, to see all that is to be seen—to seek for novelties to beguile me of my loneliness. I feel that I am solitary; and yet the idea of another such being as myself in the world never enters my mind. Having always been alone, the idea of finding a companion of my own form and nature would appear wild, marvellous, and absurd, even if the thought should by any means enter my mind. Early one morning, I set out on my usual tour. I have not walked far, before I see, at a distance, a something which resembles the stump of a tree. As I approach, I perceive that it moves. It is then alive! I have never seen an animal of that form before. I hasten toward it. It perceives me! It lifts its head and seems surprised. It moves towards me, and its motions and its manner seem to be intelligent like my own. As we draw together, I become convinced that it is of my own kind. 'How strange! how miraculous; What does it mean that I who am single and alone—who thought I belonged to a pattern which had no similitude in the earth—what can it mean that here is one who suddenly ap-

pears, the image of myself. Am I a double being, and is this my other half? He pauses and seems to be under the influence of the same feelings and speculations as myself. I walked up to him, and lay my hand on his hand. He also handles me. He speaks—he utters an intelligent idea! The shock of mind meeting mind, for the first time, creates a strange and bewildering sensation. He has uttered the same idea which was in my own mind. I seem to lose my personal identity, for this other being is another *me*: he thinks my thoughts. I supposed my thoughts were my own, and that something in me which reflected and reasoned, was in no other being, for surely this is myself, and this other man cannot use me to think with. I have seen the beasts and birds mate and herd together. They were near each other, and were alike in form—but here is a very different companionship, for this being appears to be myself in his thoughts.

Gradually we enter into conversation. We listen keenly and reverently to the words uttered by each other, wondering how we should both have thoughts so much alike; and whenever the one utters something which the other does not agree with, the hearer anxiously desires to know his reasons for his opinion, and does not presume to contradict it unless he has patiently heard all that can be said on the subject, as he expects to get some new ideas from this being who *thinks*, and who may be correct in his opinion.

I am no longer alone. I now have one who sympathizes with me, who shares my joys and sorrows, my hopes and fears, and the only dread I have is, that I may lose my companion. I now understand the worth of man to his fellow.

Two years pass on in this manner. At that time, we set out on a journey. After travelling a few days, we are surprised by the sight of another human being. We are overjoyed at this discovery. He comes bounding towards us and grasps our hands with rapture. He too supposed himself alone, and he now examines us critically to see if we are really like himself. We soon become acquainted, and we three believe ourselves to be the only human beings on earth. We are very glad of each other's society—yet we do not experience that peculiar anxiety about each other's welfare, that we did when there were only two of us. At last we fall in with a town, during our rambles, where are one or two thousand inhabitants. We rush forward into the streets of the town, where we find men, women, and children. We greet the inhabitants with enthusiasm. They cautiously return our salutation. We go into a shop where we see a variety of fruits. We begin to eat of all that we see. At once a loud outcry is raised. We look up with astonishment, and are then informed that those oranges, those apples, those figs which we have eaten, belong to one man, and that we must pay money for what we have eaten.

'Belong to one man!' I exclaim—'I thought they grew on trees! Will you not show me how to make oranges and apples?'

'Fools! barbarians!' they exclaim; 'these things do grow on trees; but the trees belong to one man, and the seller of these things has paid for the privilege of gathering them.'

'That is strange!' we reply, 'for if we had trees, we would give of the fruit to every man who is hungry.'

'No, no, you are not civilized,' they reply, 'every one must look out for himself. You must have property of your own, or you must not eat or drink.'

We are surprised and shocked at this unkindness, and we conclude that these men never lived alone, or they would have had a fellow feeling for their species. Being willing to live in town, we bestirred ourselves to learn some business, and soon became as selfish as the rest. We no longer looked upon men as necessary to our happiness, for they were so plenty that we set but little value upon them. Now, instead of calmly listening to their views, we could quarrel with them because they differed from us in opinion, and we could form associations and despise those who did not belong to our own particular circle.

While reflecting on these things, I reached my boarding-place. A clumsy ploughman accidentally ran against me, as I opened the gate, and soiled my ruffles. I was about to use a harsh expression, when the thought struck me that if I were alone in the world, I should be glad to meet this uncultivated specimen of humanity; and so I passed silently by, convinced that no man, though ever so faulty, or so humble, is to be despised. * *

Boston, Mass.

THE VICTIM OF MESMERISM.

I VERILY believe I am the most miserable man alive, and in hopes of receiving sympathy from the public I have concluded to give my sufferings a voice. A few years since I accidentally wandered into a lecture room where a gentleman was enlightening his audience upon the subject of Mesmerism; and proving his theory by wonderful experiments, which, for aught I could see, were honestly performed. Witchcraft in its palmiest days, the marvellous feats of goblins and ghosts, haunted houses and prophetic warnings, were nothing to the deeds done by the mesmerizer and his sleeping victim, the patient. Victim, I may well call her, for I would about as soon have submitted to the rack of the inquisition, as to have endured the torments inflicted upon the poor girl merely to gratify the spectators by proving that she must have been in a magnetic sleep, or she would show signs of agony.

I am not sure that the subject would have taken so

strong a hold upon my mind but for one painful circumstance which attended my first acquaintance with it. When the lecture was over, instead of departing with the crowd, I lingered, I know not why, but I wish to Heaven I had not. I believe my evil star was in the ascendant—I can account for it no other way. The lecturer advanced to the very spot where I stood, and regarded me for a moment with fixed attention; then, with a bow which he intended should be very gracious, but which seemed to me very *demoniacal*, he said, 'Sir, you would make an excellent subject!' Had a serpent stung me, I could not have felt greater horror. 'God forbid!' I exclaimed, and hurried from the hall as if pursued by a legion of mesmerisers anxious to transfix and paralyze me, and then subject me to the slow torture I had just seen administered.

I reached the boarding house in which I had been pleasantly located for a few months, and immediately retired; but sleep came not to my excited brain. The moment I closed my eyes, there stood the lecturer by my bedside gazing intently upon me, and performing the manipulations with surprising rapidity and perseverance. I buried my face in my pillow, and pressed my fingers upon my closed lids, but to no purpose; those glaring eyes and waving hands shone through all impediments; and at one time I half resolved to leave my bed and beg a lodging with one of the boarders, but unwilling to betray the source of my torment, I lay still. Tired nature could endure no more, and towards morning I feel asleep, but the breakfast bell awoke me with such a start, that I found myself standing in the middle of the floor. In my dream I had gone back to that fatal lecture room, and was myself the subject seated in that horrible chair. I thought a kind hearted gentleman was approaching me with a loaded pistol, which he was to discharge as near my ear as possible without wounding the flesh, but totally unmindful of the chance by which I might be rendered deaf for life; and was on the point of firing when the bell awoke me from my dreadful fright. The real and imaginary so blended that it was some minutes before I could believe that my sense of hearing was unimpaired, and that the scene that had so terrified me was but a vision of sleep, caused by overexcitement the night before.

I may as well add that my horror of fire-arms was always so great, that nothing could ever induce me to touch a gun, and even the pop-gun with which I was furnished in my boyhood, I speedily gave away. I could never endure a shock of any kind. The sight of an electrical machine or galvanic battery could at any time throw me into a perspiration; and I would not have cared if a peal of thunder had lasted all day, provided it increased and decreased gradually. I once called on a dentist to have a tooth extracted. What induced me to such an act of heroism, I cannot tell, but I shall never forget the smile with which the dentist regarded me when I asked him to draw it slowly. The fiend promised, but if he had been doing it on a wager, he could not have done it quicker. Lightning was nothing to it. I have never lost another tooth save by slow decay.

At the breakfast table one after another inquired for my health, and if I had just stepped from my coffin, I could scarcely have looked paler. I ought to inform my reader that I had inherited from my father twenty thousand dollars. I had been an only child, and the pet of a sick mother, who, through fear that I was as delicate as herself, immured me in her own sick room and watched me with unbounded solicitude; so that feeling unwilling to grapple with the rough world, I acquired a due hatred of commercial life, and concluded to study. What shall I study? then became a question of paramount importance. The law first presented itself, but a vision rose before me of my diminutive figure and pale face, in a crowded court-room. I saw the finger of derision pointed at me—I felt the blood mount till my cheeks were of carnation hue,—and then I imagined myself stuttering unintelligible sentences, until the vision became too painful, and I banished it forever. I was never wild enough even for a moment, to suppose myself a doctor, for I would not bleed a man if every drop of blood could be transformed into a diamond of the first water. There was one avenue left—the ministry, and as the sacredness of the calling would at first shield me from open contempt, I hoped to be able to face a congregation at some future time without trepidation. The day which succeeded the memorable morning when I sprung from my bed in such haste, mistaking the breakfast bell for a double barreled pistol, was the one which I had appointed to visit my only uncle, and read to him my first sermon. He was quite a literary old gentleman, and rather eccentric, but I thought much of his judgment, though he generally handled me rather roughly, and often told me that he wished I had not a dollar in the world, that I might be obliged to toil, and then I might become a man. What an insinuation! However, my pride was touched, and I determined to show him that I could and would make my brain work; so to his house I hastened. I found him in his easy chair, his cat slumbering at his feet, and the newspapers which he loved next, scattered upon a table drawn towards him. He took my manuscript, and as he approached the end of the last page, while my heart was beating postmen's double knocks against my unfortunate ribs, he said, 'Pshaw! Timothy, have you any idea of turning mesmeriser? I'll venture my Tabby here, that you could put any one asleep in reading five pages of such tame trash.' He gazed at me a moment, and then burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. 'No, no! Timothy, that is too ridiculous, but you would make a capital subject—supposing you let yourself to some showman. I half thought last evening, the lecturer was making a

bargain with you, for I saw you conversing as you went out.' Shades of all martyrs! I could bear no more. I thought but of getting away, and in my haste, I sent Tabby yelling into one corner, my chair turned a somerset, and I reached the next block before I ascertained that my hat had not accompanied me, so I was compelled to return. 'Well,' said my uncle, 'another such egress and I shall speak for a straight jacket. Your sermon was not so bad as it might have been, take it and try again.' Alas! he little knew of how small consequence that sermon had become. The dreadful night-mare that was constantly pursuing me, I felt would work my ruin.

I have said that my boarding house was a good one—a rare commodity—but even this I was compelled to leave. One day at dinner, to my utter dismay, a near neighbor broached the hated subject, (*I* had religiously abstained from uttering the word.) Not wishing to draw attention, I remained, though my appetite was gone. My neighbor had joined a class, and was learning to perform the mysterious operation. In a tone so merry that it grated on my ear, he said, 'I should like to perform some experiments in the parlor this evening, for the amusement of all.' Amusement! I should as soon think of holding a levee in a grave-yard, as of deriving any pleasure from this diabolical mystery. My neighbor turned to me. 'Mr. W., I think I could mesmerise you—are you willing that I should try?' Willing! I would as soon consent to be served up on a dissecting board for the edification of young physicians. A mildew had passed over my Eden, and retreating to my chamber, I literally crushed my clothes into trunks, then I sought the landlady, paid her a fortnight's board in advance, and before night, I had taken lodgings in a hotel at the other extreme of the city.

I am almost convinced that the world is in league against me. I cannot endure that a pair of eyes should more than glance at my face. I met an old friend the other day, whom I had not seen for months. We grasped each other warmly by the hand, when he exclaimed, 'My dear Timothy, you look very unwell, what is the matter?' He would have looked sick also, if he had suffered what I have for years past. 'You need more of the magnetic fluid Tim, why don't you get mesmerised?' He had imbibed the mania! Had he recommended a shower bath of lava fresh from an irruption of Vesuvius, I would have complied as willingly.

I cannot attend church with any feeling of security, for, just before me sits a large, strong man, whom I am convinced has evil designs upon me, for I encounter his gaze whenever I look in his direction. In the rail-road car, the steamboat, the lecture room and even in the public street, my peace of mind is at the disposal of all I meet, and all seemed disposed to destroy it. The crowning sorrow remains to be told. I had long loved a beautiful girl, in temperament, manners and appearance, my very opposite. I resolved to offer her my hand and fortune—my heart was hers already. On a beautiful evening, arrayed in my best, I called at the house and resolved not to leave it until I was an accepted or disappointed lover. Ellen was more radiant than ever, and enjoying uncommonly high spirits. Her wit was more brilliant than I had ever known it, and led on by an irresistible impulse, I had become almost as frolicsome as herself. Suddenly she started up in an ecstasy of delight, laid her hand upon my arm, and looked into my face with a bewitching smile; when she said, in a tone of voice full of glee, 'Sit down, Timothy, and I will mesmerise you, for Mr. D. says I have the power.' Had she been a boa-constrictor just imported from the wilds of Asia, I could not have shaken her off with a more real shudder. I made a hasty apology, and left the house. I have never touched even the side-walk before that house since.

Kind hearted, benevolent reader, can you suggest a remedy for my almost hopeless sufferings? If not, give me the boon of sympathy, for I can scarcely revive courage enough to leave my room, and even there I am always haunted by that lecturer and his insensible victim. IONE.

Boston, Mass.

MEMORIES.

BY CHARLOTTE.

Old friend, dost thou remember the sunny days of yore,
When nature, ever to our eyes a face of beauty wore?
When meadows green or snow-clad hills alike our heart's could warm?
For we were blithe and gay, alike, in sunshine or in storm.

And do you not remember the humble village school,
And the kind old dame who governed it, with mild and gentle rule?
And how we used to loiter and con our lessons o'er,
Beneath the spreading branches of that ancient sycamore?

Do you remember, playmate, how the self-same path we trod,
As each successive Sabbath came, unto the house of God?
Through that green lane where stately elms upreared on either side,
And spread their massive arms above the brooklet's mirror-tide,—

The merry brook that singing went, through all the long, bright hours,
Whose banks, in spring and summer-time were broidered thick with flowers;—
O dear its simple music was to my untutored ear,
And bright as dreams of fairy-land did every scene appear.

Do you remember the old church with ivy over-run,
And the snug old-fashioned parsonage, that seemed the gaze to shun?

For its front was almost hidden from the careless passer's view,
By the clambering vines that o'er it in rich profusion grew.

Do you remember too the day when that young preacher came,
The tidings of a full and free salvation to proclaim?
And oh how eagerly we hung upon his every word,
And felt that he indeed possessed the *spirit of the Lord?*

Do you remember how we wept the day the pastor died?
And how we sought his lowly grave, and planted flowers beside
The humble mound, and watered them with many a shower of tears,
And how carefully and tenderly we nurtured them for years?

Do you remember the old church-yard, where so many dear ones lie?
It used to be our favorite haunt in pleasant days gone by—
And oft I've prayed, that when at length, life's cares are all forgot,
You and I may rest together, love, within that quiet spot!

Boston, Mass.

TEMPERANCE AND THE 'PRIVILEGED CLASSES.'

We present an outline report of an Address made by Rev. Samuel Osgood of Providence, at one of the meetings of the City Society. He was requested to speak to a resolution which commended the Temperance Cause to the attention, sympathy and co-operation of the 'Privileged Classes,' and his address was just in thought and beautiful in language and expression. The outline here given was published in the 'Gospel Messenger,' and was made from memory and from a few notes taken down in a dark place, and quite imperfect. We do not pretend to give the reverend gentleman's language, but his ideas, and regret that we cannot give adequate time to re-write the sketch. It is, we are aware, a poor outline, but we are confident it attributes to the speaker no *sentiment* which he did not utter. He deserves a gold medal, from metal seven times tried, for his frankness in the address. We cannot but regard it as presenting an important branch of the great subject, and one which is too little discussed. We trust our readers will deem the space occupied by the following sketch as well filled, and that the ideas of the speaker will awaken fruitful thought and energetic action. Marshall and Parker have eloquently borne their testimony in reference to the same matter, and we trust the time is not distant when 'wine drinking' and every form of 'fashionable' inebriation, will be regarded and treated as disreputable. There is a need of much speech on this subject, for we find that some influential journals have lately approved the ridiculous custom that bids the ladies at a public festival to depart, that wine may be brought in. This custom was discontinued by a society with a great name in New York, but observed again at the last anniversary. Abominable! If wine drinking is not opposed to all refinement of feeling, speech and action, wherefore are the ladies required to leave as the bottles enter? A fine sort of a gentleman is he who prefers a bottle to a lady, and then toasts in bumpers, '*Woman!*' Shame on him.

Mr. Osgood remarked, in substance, that he had been requested to touch upon the claims of the Temperance cause on the more 'privileged classes' in society—doubtless employing the phrase according to common usage, and his idea was well understood, everybody knew who were meant. He observed that in carrying out our principles, and aiding the movements of the age, we ought to be as catholic as possible, and follow out duty wherever the principle of duty taught us to go and act. In the great movement of the Washingtonians, he recognized the spirit of the Gospel, and its advance promoted the diffusion of the influence of christianity. It, therefore, had claims on all; but he should address himself particularly to one portion of its claims—its claims on the privileged classes to set aside the use of all that intoxicates; and he should speak of the duty which the privileged classes owe to the Temperance cause.

And, first, he would remark, that Intemperance has more power in its disguised or veiled forms, than when openly exhibited. Such was now the general sentiment in favor of Temperance, that the exhibition of the reeling inebriate in our streets, has rather a moral influence. There is no danger that our children will admire the beauty of the physiognomy, or the grace of the movements of such an one, for there is in the sight enough to waken disgust. But there is danger in the example, the habits of those whose refined manners and cultivated intellect connect them with the influential, but whose morals ally them to the inebriate.

The privileged classes owe a duty to the Temperance cause, because they are thus privileged. They have a commanding influence, and should exert that influence for the highest good. They rule the manners, and through them the morals of society. It is a trite remark, but will bear repetition, that was made by a certain writer, 'Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who makes the laws.' He would not say that, but he would say—give me the power to mould the manners of a people, and I will not wish to control the laws. There is no mistaking the influence of the manners of the privileged classes, and laugh as we may at the idea, yet they do shape the general manners of a people. The practices in the saloons of Fashion do exert a greater influence on morals, than the enactments of our Legislative halls. It is this privilege which presents a duty which the

privileged classes owe to the Temperance cause, to mould the customs to its requirements.

Again. The fact of their privilege implies that they have not the excuses which the less fortunate can put forth plausibly as apologies for intemperance. They have not the pressing weights of poverty on them, and are not called to those stern strugglings with evil which weaken so many; and therefore when victims of Intemperance, they have all the grossness, without the excuses of the less fortunate inebriate.

He, therefore, would lay down the only safe and consistent principle for all to observe—*Total abstinence from all that intoxicates.* All the reasons which bear against the use of distilled spirits, bear against the more delicate forms of inebriation. We cannot be consistent in pleading and acting in behalf of the cause of Temperance, and then in the social circle or elsewhere partake of the wine cup. The example will do more than the professions.

Again. The peculiar dangers of the privileged classes furnish another important consideration. The enemy approaches under the disguised forms of pleasantness, so gradual that his grasp is fixed ere any are conscious that he is near. Let us go out and stand before the homes of the affluent, and call up their family histories. Some melancholy facts will be recalled of those whose countenances have changed from bearing the expression of a noble mind and pure affections, and who have gone down to a drunkard's grave. The practice is carried farther by the child than the parent, and that which is deemed safe by the father in reference to himself, is seen to be destructive in its influence upon the son. And who has not seen the evils of the more delicate or disguised forms of inebriation, who has been familiar with life in our seminaries of education! How many wrecks has the wine-power made! How many noble hearted fellows have been degraded by the conviviality which they deemed promotive of kindness of feeling and good nature!

The speaker added that he believed that the dangers to which the privileged classes were exposed, were fearful on account of other excesses to which intemperance from the wine cup led, and which it increased. Gluttony and wine bibbing go together, and excess in drinking is often consequent on efforts to prevent injurious effects from excess in eating. A change, as demanded by Temperance, would produce a change in the whole economy of the table, and preserve those whose god is their appetite.

It is of the highest importance that we be consistent in example—that we do not sanction in a more elegant form that which we condemn in its grosser forms. Too frequently the quaint remark of Luther has direct and just application, 'We are willing to curse the black devil, and let the white devil go, whereas the black devil is only the white devil with his coat changed!'

These dangers and others which are connected with them, show the important duties which the privileged classes owe to the Temperance cause. Why are they not more faithful? Why is this cause so completely taken out of their hands? There are reasons for this want of interest and absence of effort, and some of these he would briefly notice.

The first to which he would allude was *The Power of Fashion.* He could not but recall a remark of the head of the French police, Fouche, in reference to a certain person's offence—It was worse than a crime, it was a mistake. And so now we might use a common opinion, and severely censure an act by—It was worse than wrong, it was unfashionable. Hence the absurdest customs are apologized for by the remark—O, it is fashionable. The speaker added that he verily believed that were it the fashion to have opium carried round in some disguised form at our parties, or any similar poisonous drug, it would be sufficient excuse for participating in the use thereof—It is *the* Fashion! We are led by Fashion, notwithstanding our loud boasts of freedom; and as in the cut of a coat or the shape of a bonnet, so with morals—the Fashion rules. It should not be so; and when Fashion comes in contact with morals, turning the devotee away from that which is right, just and good, we should speak out—it is not a trifling matter, and should not be lost amid the common talk about Fashion.

Now we do know that in consequence of the form of inebriation which the power of Fashion aids in perpetuating, that we can scarce attend a large party, without perceiving some one much the worse for the kind hospitalities of the host. And this is not confined to the males, but reaches to those of the other sex. There is a brightness of the cheek which comes not from nature's element of beauty, and a fire of the eye that comes not from the glow of soul. The Physician could tell us stories which would reveal startlingly the evils of such inebriation in the sickness resulting from the excess which Fashion still countenances.

Again. Another reason why more has not been done by the privileged classes for the cause of Temperance, is to be found in the pretension that the possession and use of inebriating drinks are a matter of refinement. Some now speak of their delicate wines, with as much pride as the nobles of old spoke of their family escutcheon; and at the dinner party the variety is brought forth for criticism and praise. Now, the speaker said, he cared not whether the evil came from the distillery or the most famous vineyard, all we have to do is to *mark the effect* of the drink on the company. Just in proportion to the indulgence will it be seen that the spirit of the bottle is against the spirit of refinement; and how often does it lead on to practices at the festive board of which a heathen would be ashamed. He thought the common invitation to

a dinner party ought to be amended so as to read after the complements to attend the dinner, 'and will do his best to return him to his home as near a brute as possible.' This is a matter, he remarked, for the sober consideration of young men, that the wine-pride may not be considered by them as a mark of refinement.

Again. Another reason for inefficiency, is in the supposition that the use of inebriating drinks promotes good feeling. Now there is none too much good feeling in the world, and did he suppose that the use of rum or wine would really promote the flow of good feeling, the speaker would say, 'Drink rum, drink wine.' But facts will not admit of such a supposition. Try the experiment. Let two young men who are intimate with and ardently attached to each other, set out with the idea that inebriating drinks promote good feeling. Can we not recall instances in real life to show us how this practice would change them—how it makes the heart sensual and selfish, till at last the victims will stoop to the meanest acts to obtain new supplies for farther indulgence. Students in college have been known to borrow money of their poor classmates, that which they could illy afford to lose, and which the borrowers no more thought of repaying, than the grave thinks of giving up its dead. The feeling caused by inebriating drinks is no more to be taken for real good feeling, than the hectic on the cheek of the consumptive is to be taken for the glow of genuine health. People should be more social. They should live as though they believed there is a blessed rill in our being, that can impart vivacity and joy without the aid of artificial and ruinous stimulants. The true temperance man is the most generous and true hearted man; the readiest to do a favor, and promote genuine good feeling.

Look around creation and see how joyous all things are but man. Why, when the winds are rude and the storm fills the air with rain, do we not call the birds in, and pour a little brandy down their throats to keep them lively? They would know better than to receive it, for their joy is in obeying those instincts of their being which keep them from all but the simple elements of life. When the children return from school with a cloud upon the brow and a weight upon their spirits, why does not the mother resort to the wine cup to cheer them? She knows better than that. She knows that God has placed in their hearts that which can be awakened to restore to them the buoyancy of joy and bring back the sunshine of happiness to their countenance.

If these things are so, what is the duty of the privileged classes? They should exert their influence to make all ideas of Fashion, Refinement and Pleasure to harmonize with the requirements of Temperance; and be ever consistent not to countenance in its more elegant forms that which they condemn when exhibited more grossly.

'LIKE THE FLOWERS HE PERISHED.'

A YEAR or two since, I met in my daily walk a young boy of exquisite beauty. His complexion was brilliantly white, and his large blue eyes had that mingled expression of tenderness and playfulness so bewitching in the young. His high expansive forehead gave token that the spirit within was worthy of its beautiful tenement. Perhaps the observer's eye was first attracted by his long, golden, curling hair, which fell over cheeks, neck, and shoulders, and looking in the breeze so much like stray sunbeams, that I longed to bear one away as a talisman against darkness. Again in his coffin I saw that withered flower and o'er the flannel robe, by which wounded affection still strove to guard the faded form, those rich curls fell even as a week or two before they swept the gaudier robes of living childhood.

DUST unto kindred dust—
The spirit to its Maker, is the doom
Of those in whom we fain would place our trust,
And grasp as treasures from the opening tomb!

But when the young depart,
When untried spirits softly spread the wing,
We feel that angels win the tender heart,
Lest it should faint for heaven's eternal spring!

Oh! who would stay the flight
Of the up-soaring spirit, though the eye
Cannot perceive the lingering track of light
Stretching beyond the portals of the sky!

Hath it not joined the band
Blessed by the Savior in those ancient days?
Doth he not lead them in that stranger land,
And teach their infant voices songs of praise?

Call not the seraph back
With the vain yearnings of absorbing love!
Invisible yet known, its shining track
Is guide unerring to the courts above! IONE.

Boston, Mass.

THE GROUND OF HOPE AND THE COMING OF CHRIST.

GREAT days are coming. Scoffers and careless persons are too prone to say with those mentioned by Peter—'Where is the promise of his coming? All things remain as they were!'

Others do speak of his coming—but not of the true coming—'Peace on earth and good will to men!' Truly the coming of His kingdom can be no other than this—for the kingdom of Christ is not woe and calamity, and it is absurd to say that Christ has come in his kingdom when the reign of Peace and Good Will has not commenced. Glad tidings to all men is the coming of Christ—not glad tidings to a few and horror to every body else. When the prophets, in the Light of Truth, foretold a day of universal Peace and joy upon earth, they echoed that which the Spirit teacheth to every man: for is it not deeply written

on all our hearts, that truth must conquer error, and that good must conquer evil? Has not hope—the prophet of nature—always pointed to the distant East where we see the clouds gilded with the uprising of Everlasting Love, from whence he cometh who shall save us from our sins?

The Prince of Salvation is not the Prince of a battle lost. The triumph of Jesus Christ is not the triumph of Napoleon returning from Russia with his handful of veterans, to fill the air with wailings as they recount the fate of the day and tell of the heaps of slain who lie bleaching in the snows of the North.

What is the triumph of Truth? What is the triumph of Peace? What is the triumph of Endless Love? Is it the earth in flames, and is the trump of Love's victory, the screams of perishing and despairing mortals? Such might be the triumph of a party—such might be the triumph of a sect. But the Maker of the Universe is not the organ of a sect or a party. He cannot triumph until all his sheep are brought into the fold—that all men are his sheep is evident from the fact that Jesus came to save those who were lost. How were they *lost?* Were they in a state of endless misery? Every soul is lost that is not of the true fold, but he that has true religion has Eternal Life. This has no reference to the past or future. Now is the judgment of this world. In Adam—in that life which is of the flesh—we shall experience death, because we learn good and evil, according to the rudiments of this world—the cunning of expediency; but down deep in the mind is that bright beacon which waves upward—a path of Light from earth to heaven. This is the second coming of Christ—It is the Star within, the hope of glory—the proof of immortality—the true God which is seen by the pure in heart. This is the kingdom of God within us, where Christ appeareth without sin unto salvation. As the lightning shineth out of one part of heaven even unto the other, making all things manifest, so is the coming of Christ within a Light superseding the doctrines of men and books, as it is better to drink at the Fountain of Living Water for ourselves, than to receive it at second hand, from the cisterns of others. This is that bread which cometh down from heaven—this is that Living Water, even God's own substance, which we must receive into our being, or we have no life in us. This is that ambrosia of the gods spoken of by the poets—the idea having been corrupted from the early times when the sons of God walked among men and were men—this is that manna which spoils when eaten from vessels, but which must be eaten fresh every day—this is that Gospel which comes not from man nor by man, but from the Fountain of Immortal Wisdom—this is Immanuel, God with us. This is that Truth which it is impossible for man to utter to his fellow, and which it was impossible for Jesus himself to bestow upon his disciples; for no man can know Jesus unless he first know the Father.

This is that New Jerusalem wherein there is no outward temple—no written rules or creeds—but the Lord God is the Light thereof; for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life. This is that Truth which is a devouring fire to consume all the stubble of human invention, to burn up all the written laws, and which none can abide unscathed but the pure in heart—those who buy nothing but plain, uncorrupted truth—no matter how sacred error may have become from tradition and expediency.

These rocks must be rent—these high places must be thrown down. The new wine must not be put into old bottles. At the appearing of the Light we must not run back into the house, to dress up the new revelation in those old clothes which have clad orthodoxy for eighteen centuries. All things must become new. The two women must no longer grind at the same mill—for he that is taught of the Light, must not seek also to be taught of the letter, lest the rent become worse, as in the case of the christian church, which sought to obey both God and Mammon! Where human wisdom lies dead, there are the wings of the great eagle to convey us away from the bondage of human traditions, books, and fears—to give us liberty from the bondage of sin and error, so that we need not that any man should teach us, for God is the teacher of his people. Our spirits become united to that Spirit and inherit the wisdom of God.

This coming of original Truth is of vastly more importance than would be the coming of Jesus' person in the skies; for how could that display affect our immortal nature? In what would it differ from a great display of fireworks? If this splendid pageant were brighter than any earthly display, we could not look upon it at all; for we cannot look upon the sun, with our fleshly eyes, without being blinded. We must, therefore, have new bodies, a new existence, before we could see this splendid appearance at all!

But Truth is a consuming fire! Those who are honest—those who take no bribes—those who stop their eyes from the seeing of evil, dwell in everlasting burnings; they abide in the devouring fire, and the smell of the flame is not upon their garments. But truth—the wisdom of God—purifies the mind from all stubble—preserves the good, and carts away the bad—and creates a new man, the earth being burned up, which is perdition to all ungodliness. Jesus distinctly told his disciples that the kingdom of heaven was within them. It is within us then that he is to reign, and every wicked thing in us will be consumed by the brightness of that coming which is called 'Christ within—the hope of glory,' and as the Son of Man was in heaven, so are all in heaven who live in God.

Love. What a lovely sight to the upright mind is the blending of young hearts on the aged sire, who has been their star of hope! PR.

FADING AWAY.

LIKE a low wail, an undertone of sadness,
One sound thrills through earth's sweetest harmonies,
Casting a gloom o'er hearts elate with gladness,
Like storm-clouds floating o'er fair summer seas.
It cometh borne upon the breeze of morning,
It speaketh in the melodies of day,
It murmurs in the low-voiced song of even,
Fading away!

At early spring-time, when the lovely flowers,
Rise in their dream-like beauty from the sod,
And, fanned by winds, and kissed by gentle showers,
Are the immediate handiwork of God;
We gaze with gloom, for on the coming morrow,
Their loveliness we know will all decay,
And on their leaves we read the song of sorrow,—
Fading away!

When the glad summer comes, when earth rejoices,
And the dim woods are eloquent with song,
When ripe fruits glisten, and a thousand voices
Float through the perfume-laden air along;
Whene'er earth's joyous melody ascendeth,
At dewy eve, dim night, or sunny day,
A strain of sadness with its music blendeth,
Fading away!

When autumn comes, a bright-hued mantle throwing
O'er each fair scene; when many a forest tree,
With crimson, gold and purple colors glowing,
Arches o'er earth its leafy canopy;
When bright-wing'd birds are through the clear sky winging,
And the warm sun pours down its mellow ray,
Through the soft air the mournful strain is ringing,
Fading away!

When winter's tempest rages through the heaven,
And bears on high the dead and rustling leaves;
When by the frost the mountain rocks are riven,
And dying nature o'er the sad scene grieves;
When the cold ice king chains the rushing river,
And turns to sparkling gems its dewy spray,
Nature, as with expiring breath doth murmur,
Fading away!

It casts a shadow o'er the bliss of meeting,
And with affection a deep sadness blends,
It mingles sorrow with our words of greeting,
As tearfully we muse of absent friends;
For to the heart there comes the mournful feeling,
That this may be some loved one's dying day;
Like muffled bells it through the heart is pealing,
Fading away!

That dirge-like voice, its solemn accents murmur
A truthful lesson to the listening heart,
Saying, 'this earth is not thy home forever,
And soon its fading glories will depart;
Rise then, O spirit! rise on tireless pinion
Above the fleeting vanities of clay,
E'en now are all things of this brief dominion
Fading away!'

I love its voice,—that sound of solemn warning,
Cheers my lone pathway o'er earth's midnight sod,
With promise of a brighter, fairer dawning,
New life within the paradise of God;
It gives new energy to each endeavor,
The glorious hope of an unending day;
An angel speaketh in that thrilling murmur
Fading away! T. L. H.

Utica, N. Y.

THE BELLE REFORMED.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

'WELL Miss P——! did you notice how Helen Manly acted the other evening at Miss Cummings' party?'

'Notice how she acted! yes: who could help noticing her? I declare, I never before in all my life, felt so mortified for any one, as I did for her!'

'Nor ever did I. There she was tittering and laughing with the beaux all the evening; in fact, she had but little to say to the ladies, save to repeat to them some of the fine things and silly flattery which the gentlemen had whispered in her ear.'

'Well they think but little of her, I know, and as for me, I am more and more disgusted with her, at our every meeting.'

'But she is a good girl after all; and when she is in the company of ladies only, none can be more agreeable or entertaining than she.'

'Except that then, she is always telling of pencilled passages in newspapers and periodicals which have been sent her, or showing love verses presented by "some one—she shant tell who."'

'Hey-dey! girls—who now is being dissected with the point of your tongues?' asked a noble looking youth, who had entered the room unobserved by the speaker. 'I would that all ladies were politicians, for then instead of slandering each other, they would be engaged in the more commendable enterprise of using their utmost exertions to prefix "Ex" to the present public officers, and raising their husbands and lovers to the vacated stations! But to be serious, of whom were you speaking?'

'Of one,' replied Miss P——, 'whom you would call "beautiful," whose mind, with the proper cultivation, could be rendered a casket of the most beautiful and polished gems, and who in short would not have an equal in the whole circle of my acquaintance, but who now by her foolish coquetry and flirting renders herself ridiculous and even despicable.'

'I know who it is,' rejoined the young man, and the color mantled his cheek, 'and your description, though glowing, is but too true. Only last evening, there was a little party which happened in at my boarding place to spend the evening, but learning that Helen was one of the number, I preferred entertain-

ment from a book in my own room, but would you believe it? she inquired of one of the family where I was, and stealing out from the company, she flurried into my room, and without any seeming hesitancy, took a chair not far from me, and staid nearly an hour. I know that young men are flattered with the smiles and preference of a pretty girl, but I for one, am disgusted when she steps in the least beyond the boundary which strict propriety has prescribed, even if it be to make *me* sensible of what she confers. Yes,' continued he, 'I am actually sick of Helen Manly.'

'There was a time, James, when I never should have thought of hearing you speak of *her* in this way.'

'I know it, I know it,' replied he; 'there was a time when——' but his voice trembled, a tear started to his eye, and he left the room.

'But why do you not speak to Helen of the impropriety of such conduct?' inquired a youngerly married lady who had until now remained silent; 'you know she has neither brother or sister to point out faults, and perhaps if you were to portray hers, in a candid and friendly manner, she would correct them.'

'Mercy me!' almost screamed Miss L——, the young lady who introduced the conversation, 'I would not for my life—she would never forgive me.'

'But could you not more easily forgive yourself than it is possible for you to do, when you in her presence profess a warm friendship, and in her absence belie that profession by such unsparing condemnation.'

'But if I did tell her, it would do no good, she always thinks she knows more than any one else.'

'I have often thought of speaking to her about it, Mrs. Mory,' said Miss P——, 'and as often determined that I would, but when an opportunity offers for me to do so, my heart fails me.'

'Well,' replied Mrs. Mory, 'I believe there is not a girl of a better mind or of a more benevolent or affectionate disposition than Helen, and it is a pity that she should be ruined, as she certainly will be if she continues such a course of conduct, when proper treatment might effect a reformation. Now when I have an opportunity, I shall tell her what a reputation she is acquiring, if she have not already acquired, for herself, and urge her to a change of conduct.'

'In pity's name don't tell her what I have said,' chimed both the girls in one voice, 'she will be so offended.'

'Girls!' said Mrs. Mory, sternly, 'do you not know that by saying things of Helen which you are not willing should reach her ears, you deserve nearly as much censure as she? But you need not fear. I too should feel condemned did I stoop to the meanness of a tattler. But this need not be—I can tell her the opinion of community without naming one individual of it, and if her conduct is as you have represented, she certainly can but see its ridiculousness if pointed out to her.'

We need not repeat what our readers have already learned of Helen, by the above conversation, but it may be necessary to say something more of her, and of others also, who were there introduced, in order that the sequel may be the more readily understood. She was the only child of a fond and widowed mother, who thought it enough that her daughter should be called kind dispositioned and the most beautiful of the young ladies by whom she was surrounded, and with whom she associated. This was awarded, for none could deny but that she was both; and at an early age she was ushered into society, not in the least noted for depression of spirits or want of hilarity, without any one interested to discipline her conduct to guard her against the errors into which the young are often led by a volatile temperament, and therefore in a short time she was noted for unrestrained mirthfulness. But this was not all; she knew she was beautiful, and she always had a ready response for those who addressed her; possessing an ardent love of praise and admiration, she sought the applause awarded to wit and beauty by those who were the most willing to bestow it. And while many frailties and imperfections are allotted to woman as peculiar to her sex, we believe that observation will vindicate the assertion, that a disposition to flatter, which originates many and grievous evils, is a characteristic of the 'sterner sex.' We do not deny that there may be exceptions honorable to man, yet we believe that as a general thing the position will hold correct, and while we lament the weakness of our own sex in listening to, and being led astray by it, we condemn, nay more, despise the more than weakness, of those who claim superiority in wisdom and judgment, and yet deal in this folly.

It was flattery that enticed Helen beyond the limits of womanly propriety, and by its intoxicating influence rendered her so much more deserving of censure and ridicule, in the society of its bestowers than in that of others; it is flattery alas! that blinds many—too many young females to the proper course by which they might gain that which they so sincerely desire—real admiration and esteem. For however much young men may appear pleased with an acknowledged belle, few, very few, would choose her for a wife, or desire a sister to imitate her gaiety, or earn her appellation. Yet there was one upon whose heart the beauty and sprightliness of Helen made a more serious impression, and that was James S——. He looked upon her as a bright creature sent to earth, to cheer and gladden and discipline the hearts of those by whom she was surrounded; and while he looked upon her in silent admiration, he as silently wished that she might be his own. But though he never mingled with the flatterers, or told her the thoughts of his heart, yet her quick eye was not slow in reading his glance, and she presumed on the affection which she had never been told was hers. Time passed, and he

too plainly saw those traits of character, which rendered her the subject of condemnation and laughter, and he turned away disgusted with the conduct which was intended to please, and pained that gifts rich as hers should be laid at so unworthy a shrine as a coquette's. And he too condemned her while he vainly strove to efface the impression which she had at first made on his heart.

But of all who felt grieved by her conduct, or ridiculed and condemned her faults, not one spoke with affectionate frankness to her of them, or intimated any impropriety of deportment. Some there were who were fearful of giving offence; others who though they did not hesitate to censure her severely when she was not present, professed too great a regard for her feelings to tell her the common opinion; and others still, who envied her the attention which she received, and therefore were not anxious to correct the faults which submitted her to so much censure. Mrs. Mory was different from either class. Yet she was not one of that number who boast so much of their 'plain heartedness,' while in fact they never openly censure any, except those toward whom they bear no little pique, and do even this with an intention, not so much to effect a reformation, as to wound the heart and mortify the feelings. I would there were more such as she in our world. Benevolent, noble minded and ingenuous, she never spoke of the character of any, in their absence, in a manner in which she would not be willing to speak in their presence, and never hesitated to reprove promptly yet gently, whatever fault fell beneath her eye. And when she expressed a determination to speak to Helen, the young ladies who heard it, felt almost sure her reproof would be given in such a manner that it would be heeded.

Some days passed before Mrs. Mory saw a proper time to put her resolution into effect, but an invitation to spend the day with her, which Helen accepted, offered the wished for opportunity. Cautiously she introduced the conversation, and then in a frank and plain manner, showed her the situation in which she stood. She told her the frequently expressed opinion entertained of her, and then pointed to instances in her conduct which would naturally give rise to such opinions. Nor did she fail to point out the impropriety of her leaving the company of a party visiting a female friend, to intrude into the private room of a young man, who had manifestly avoided her. And then she showed her the exalted station she might occupy in the society in which she moved, if she would but change such a course, and by cultivating her mind, strive to render herself useful.

Helen did not listen to her friend unmoved. She wept bitterly, and taking Mrs. Mory's hand in hers, 'O tell me,' said she, 'how I may retrieve what I have lost, and escape the vortex into which I am so fast hurrying?'

Mrs. Mory mingled her tears with Helen's, as she replied, 'Gladly indeed would I place you on that elevation which can never be attained without much firmness and prudence of purpose and action. Of late you have mingled in society by far too much—in future it may be necessary that you, for a time, seek the opposite extreme. Leave home but seldom, and when you do, guard well your deportment. You may again be sometimes tempted to smile on the flattery, and even to *seek* the caresses of young men, but inasmuch as you value your peace and reputation, beware that you do not heed the delusive syren! Listen with manifest coldness and indifference to the tale of flattery, and heed the voice of delicacy as well as good sense, which forbid your repeating it on any occasion, even to those in whom you place the utmost confidence.'

Much more passed between them which might not interest the reader if repeated, but when Helen took leave of her friend at the garden gate, she said in a voice full of decision, while it trembled with emotion, 'I know that I can and I *will* reform!' Mrs. Mory was nearly as much affected as she, and replying—'God aid you in the noble resolution!' she bade her good evening and turned to the house.

Time on ever varying wing passed on, bearing changes to all, but to none a more healthful and pleasing one, than to Helen. She had acted in concert with her resolution, and was reformed. True, the struggle had been a hard one, and at times the temptation seemed almost overpowering. Young friends called, and with blandished voice and winning smile, solicited her company in some newly planned ride or visit; and young men had repeated the story of her wit and beauty, and sued for her smiles, but she remembered the admonitions of Mrs. Mory, and calling to mind the great object she had in view, she was enabled to give a polite but decided refusal to the former, and to listen unmoved to the latter. But it cannot be supposed that with a mind constituted as was Helen's, she saw without one pang of regret, the gradual falling off of her former associates, and the homage which was once dedicated to her, laid at the feet of another. No: but still she felt a new and sweet satisfaction, as degree by degree she succeeded in overpowering her inordinate love of admiration, and was conscious she was securing the esteem of the intelligent and good. Her leisure hours, of which she had now a greater number, were not employed as before, in reading novels or plays from which to learn some new air or feat, that by practising she might gain more hollow attention, but in perusing books that were calculated to elevate her feelings and enlighten her intellect; and she wondered how it could be that so valuable a fund of enjoyment had so long remained within her reach without attracting her love. A few fleeting months rolled by, and again she mingled more freely in society—not as the gay, forward, and ridiculous coquette, but as the retiring, beloved, and truly admired Helen Manly.

She was still the cheerful friend and companion, and contributed more by far, to the enjoyment of those by whom she was surrounded, than she ever had in her gayest hours. All noticed the change, many wondered what had wrought it, but none were at heart more pleased than James S——. He had remembered her as one endowed with gifts such as nature is not frequently lavish in bestowing; and now that the faults which had once tarnished and nearly obscured the brightness of those gifts had been removed, he did not hesitate to acknowledge the sway she held over his heart. And she, now that she had learned to justly prize the value of real worth, and sincere affection, accepted with emotions of gratitude, the hand and heart which he proffered. And how was it with Mrs. Mory? She saw the reformation she had been instrumental in effecting, and rejoiced. She had obeyed the dictates of duty and the noble principles of her nature, and the consciousness of so doing, together with what followed her works, she felt to be a commensurate reward, a great recompense. I would that all would earn such a recompense as hers, by emulating her virtues; and instead of giving wide circulation to reports derogatory to the character of those for whom they profess friendship, endeavor, by the kind voice of admonition and entreaty, to warn them of their errors and win them from them. If such a course were pursued, how many that are now almost given over to folly and dissipation, would be turned to the service of virtue and usefulness! How many, like Helen Manly, when made sensible of their faults, would with grateful hearts acknowledge their advisers worthy the name of friends, and more endowed with the heavenly spirit of love and good will, than those who look smilingly on, and never intimate any imperfections.

Monroeton, Pa.

OUR STAR.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

When eve in all its soft repose
  Falls lightly o'er the earth,
And human life no longer flows
  In streams of noisy mirth,
When nodding flowers fold up the wings
  That fanned the drowsy bee,
One radiant star shines forth, and brings
  Sweet memories of thee.

Our star! How oft when misty shades
  Have curtained o'er the vales,
And birds that fill the woody glades
  Have ceased their witching tales,
How oft that one bright constant star
  Will waken Memory's tide,
And bid me wish, when distant far,
  To call thee to my side.

Hours spent with thee beneath its light
  Have been serenely blest;
The spell that bound me with its might—
  Why need it be confessed?
The beating of a kindred heart—
  Sweet sympathy of mind—
How can I, when we are apart,
  That mystic spell unbind?

Our star! Oh! let its golden beams,
  Where'er thy path may be,
Awake, amid thy changeful dreams,
  Some gentle thoughts of me.
And whensoe'er, in silent prayer,
  I meet its hallowed ray,
For thee, twin object of its care,
  My heart shall kneel and pray

DISCOURSES FOR COMMUNION SEASON, UPON TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

BY REV. E H. CHAPIN.

Discourse I.—THE TENDERNESS OF JESUS.

'Jesus wept.' John xi. 35.

I propose to engage the attention of the readers of the Repository, from time to time, in a series of discourses upon *Traits in the Character of Christ*. In this way, perhaps, we may bring our Great Exemplar more vividly before us, during the season that precedes, or follows the Communion Service. Of a certainty I do not expect to do adequate justice to my themes. Indeed it will not be my aim to present elaborate essays upon these subjects, or profound thoughts, but merely to bring before you, my readers, sketches, suggestive hints, a lineament here and there of that meek Face, and bloody Brow, that may have some influence upon your hearts—that may tend, in some measure, to secure to professors of religion more fully the objects of the Communion Service, by exciting in their bosoms admiration and love for him who said—'Do this in remembrance of me;' and that may kindle in other souls a desire to become of the band of open and avowed followers of that lowly but great Teacher, and a determination to gather with us around the table not merely of his dying, but of his living love. I devoutly pray God, that this end may be reached, and that I may be guided in my work.

My friends, Christ is to be *studied*. The peculiarity of the Savior consisted not so much in the originality of his teachings, as in his life. We are endeavoring to make good states, and to build up excellent institutions; but 'Christ,' as I once heard it sublimely remarked, 'is an institution himself.' In that one life, so humble that it was despised by Roman soldiers—so beautiful that it embodies the best maxims of ancient sages; so meek that it attracted the homage of but a few peasants—so sublime that it shines far

above the procession of all earth's kings;—in that one life, deep and pure, lie the elements of all the good that we seek to achieve by organization, to build up in society, to develope in individual character, to cultivate by discipline, or to secure by prayer.

I say, then, that life is to be *studied*. Studied with a more intense interest than we bestow upon books—these are but the emanations of human wisdom, at best they are but borrowed fragments of the Divine; studied even with a closer attention than we extend to nature, for, as another has said, 'Nature gives us' only 'the *scale*, but Christ the *spirit* of the Deity.' And here let me remark further, we must study Christ in simplicity of comprehension, as a *real* being. I mean by this, that we should throw no mystical drapery, no metaphysical distinctions, around that life—but should view Jesus as a being of body and soul, who felt as all men, without sin, would feel—who actually taught, and smiled, and wept, and sympathized—who had friendships and desires.

The doctrine of two natures in Christ, has to me objections apart from those which apply to its immediate connection with the doctrine of the Trinity. I am perplexed and kept at a distance by these two natures. One, it is true, is the nature of man—but the other is the nature of God. When Jesus weeps, I feel as if it were a kindred sentiment to the best feelings that spring up in the human heart; but, as I think so, the thought flashes upon me, that he who thus wept was the very Deity, and the idea of a kindred sentiment is absorbed in the awfulness of Godhead. When Jesus prays, we hear his voice like the voice of a fellow creature partaking in our infirmities without our sin, struggling against our fears and doubts; but then I reflect that this is but his *human* nature that prays—that in him also is enshrined the Almighty Spirit that made heaven and earth; and that prayer is like no human prayer—it is guarded by a mystery, which I cannot understand—it is a communion with the Eternal, which, from the very nature of the case, I can never feel. When Jesus crowns his perfections upon the cross, and triumphs over the strength of suffering and the force of death, I feel as if my poor, frail nature, at some coming period, may arrive at such perfection—as if I too might triumph thus over all sin and all fear, and rise to intimate communion, to holy oneness with Christ and with God;—but the thought that that was the Omnipotent, whose temporary *human* nature only, suffered in that dying hour—that the man that would have sunk was upheld by the God who hath all power, and that these were thus manifested in one person; this thought quenches the glow of lofty hope, and makes the aspiration almost presumptuous.

It is thus that I am perplexed by the mysterious doctrine of two natures in Jesus—making Christ very God and very man. But I do not deem that the Scriptures have so represented Jesus. I will not deny his super-angelic nature, nor am I prepared to affirm it. Let me say what appears to me the most simple and consoling doctrine. It is that Christ was a man, as we are men—possessed of human nature, liable to human feeling. With all this, he sinned not. He went through earth, lowly, and despised by many. He wept, he prayed, he toiled, he loved. His aim was the good of our race. His motive was God's glory, and universal benevolence. I look upon that being as one whom I may call my brother, notwithstanding my infirmities and my sins. But oh! what a glorious hope is connected with this relation. If Christ was a human being, then I see in him what human nature is capable of becoming. In *his* resistance to temptation, I see that *I* too may prevail against it. In *his* meekness *my* pride may be overcome. In *his* love *my* affections may be enlarged. In *his* patient endurance of suffering, *my* resignation and trust may be developed. In *his* forgiveness of injuries *my* mercy may take root. In *his* triumph over death, *I* may learn to conquer the conqueror—and in *his* resurrection, glorious in immortality and perfected in righteousness, I discover the lustre that *my* sinful, fallible, tempted and struggling soul may one day wear. I say, this aspect of Christ's nature—as a man, showing what man may become—is to me encouraging—is to me a means of bringing Jesus very near to us. I can, then, in some degree, feel his sentiments by my own—I can sympathize with him—I can be drawn to him in the bonds of an intimate brotherhood.

But, not to discuss this point further, let me say, that it is peculiarly to what *all* would term the *human phase of Christ's character*, that I would lead your thoughts in these discourses. In so far as Christ is our *Exemplar*, he is so only *to the extent of the human faculties*—he is so only as he manifested *human* powers and feelings—allowing, of course, for that communion and connection of man with God, that takes place with every righteous soul, that indeed makes Christ one with God, but makes his true disciples one with him and the Father also. In these discourses, then, we will consider Christ as a being of human feelings and capacities. We will do this for a special object, and that object I have already mentioned—in order to bring his character more vividly before us—in order that we may *realize* him more.

There are two classes of errors respecting Christ. One lies with those who treat the Master with too much familiarity—who even think they espy weaknesses in him. We need not say that this is a wrong view of Jesus. Whatever may be his nature, he is still the holiest being that ever walked our earth. Whatever may be his nature, we do not intend by any thing that we have said to be understood that he had nothing in him more than ordinary manhood. To him was given the Spirit without measure, and a power and a sanctity such as make him distinct from

all others. Still is he the Master, still is he the great Teacher. He who held direct communion with God—at whose presence sin shrunk abashed—at whose voice the dead stirred in their graves—who spoke with such authority that the learned were rebuked, and the ignorant felt his power—who dispensed judgment on the very cross, and conquered death in the very grave—to whom the heavens spoke, and angels ministered; he is no being to be treated with the cold formality of criticism—no being to have his seamless, stainless robe, rent by rude and profane hands.

But, on the other hand—and is it not a common error?—Christ must not be too much separated from us. He must not be made an *abstraction*—a passionless, unkindred being. This is the result of a false theology. Men who vociferate the name of Jesus the loudest—who use it the most frequently in their exhortations and their prayers—may, after all, know least of the true spirit and real character of the Master. To them, he is some mysterious being, of whom they have only a vague conception—an awful and shadowy idea. He is not really a brother—a fellow-being—speaking to us as one who loves and sympathizes with us. They speak of the love they bear to Christ—but is it not, often, a strained and spasmodic feeling? Is it a love any thing like that which they feel for their friends, their benefactors of every-day life—a natural love—a love gushing from the heart, that *cannot help coming*, any more than water from the bosom of the ice-cliff, when the genial sunshine smites it? Is *this* the feeling which we have for the great Teacher? Is it a calm, yet a deep feeling—a feeling based upon intellectual admiration, as well as upon impulse—a feeling resulting from a due consideration of the beautiful, and sublime, and holy features of the Savior's character? It is, chiefly, to cultivate something of this true feeling in regard to Christ, that I now present these discourses. I would guard against an over-familiarity, an estimation too low, on the one hand; but I would be instrumental in bringing to a vivid conception, to a rational admiration of the true character of the Master, on the other. Let us, then, with this view, proceed, in the remainder of this discourse, to consider, as one *trait* in his character, *the* TENDERNESS *of Jesus*.

'Jesus Wept.' The fact thus briefly recorded, lets us, at once, into the sympathetic element of Christ's character. Having this truth before us, we cannot consider Christ as the mere *Teacher*, or the mere *Reformer*, or the mere *Prophet*. He is all these—but he is something more. He is all these, but all these he might have been, without sympathising so deeply with humanity. Understand me. I do not say that Jesus could have been to us and to the world what he is now, if he had not possessed as much tenderness as he did. But I say, he would have been *Teacher*, *Reformer*, and *Prophet*, without possessing so much. He lived in a stern age—an age with whose notions the austerity of John the Baptist, and the strictness of the Pharisees, corresponded more than the social freedom and the undistinguishing communion of the Nazarene peasant. Had he come, then, with the asperity of the bigot, or the fire of the zealot, he might have been a *great Teacher*. Truths he might have taught that would have made their souls tremble and shrink within them—that would have fallen upon their hearts like the hammer upon the rock. And as a *Reformer*, he might have taken the mailed corselet and the unsheathed brand. He might have kindled watch-fires upon every fortress in Judea, and have called to his standard unfurled to the free winds of Galilee, spirits as ardent and as brave as those which, in days gone by, gathered around the patriotic Maccabees. And as a *Reformer*, he might have swept, at least, for a time, the abomination of Roman tyranny from the land—he might have quelled the pride and exposed the hypocrisy of the priesthood; and upon the broken sword and the fallen mitre, he might have reared the throne of a national sovereignty, a patriotic administration of new and better laws. Even as a *Prophet*, he might have come on a stern embassy, and perhaps the absorbing intensity of his mission, might have had no time to suffer the gentle tear at the sight of misery, but engaged in his purpose, might have passed on with untiring feet and uplifted eye, pointing with quivering finger to the cloud of blood and the meteor-sword that hung on the skirts of the fast-coming future. It was not because he was a Teacher, a Reformer, and a Prophet, then, that Christ possessed this deep tenderness. It shows a more intimate relationship between him and us. It reveals him to us as a man—a loving, gentle, self-sacrificing man; and thus we are drawn unto him—thus he becomes very near to us.

There is one point now to which I would direct your attention as an illustration of the kindness of Christ. Twice is it recorded that Jesus wept. But in neither instance did he shed tears for himself—not his own sorrows came flitting before him—not the dark calamities of his own latter days stirred bitter fountains in his soul. But his grief was for others. One of these instances was the weeping of Jesus over Jerusalem. The connection of the event, the crisis that so soon followed, the circumstance itself, all constitute a scene of the most sublime beauty—of the most touching interest. You will recollect that, as Luke records it, it followed immediately upon an occasion of enthusiastic triumph—the only extensive outburst of popular praise—the only formal jubilee—that is recorded to have accompanied the steps of the Savior. As he came down the Mount of Olives, as he went on his way towards Jerusalem, the excited people plucked palm branches and strewed them before him, and cast their garments in his path, and uttered hosannas. It was in the very flush of this triumph that the Evangeltst has penned that touching passage—'And when he was come near, he beheld

the city, and wept over it.' Proud, beautiful Jerusalem! with all its holy memories, with all its consecrated places, with its glory of palaces, its splendor of loveliness—it burst upon his vision! And at what a time! That brief flush of excitement could not deceive him. He knew that he went to his death. He knew that if now there were some who scattered their robes in his path, there would soon be those who would rejoice to see him clothed in scarlet mockery—if there were hands that waved palm branches before him, there were also hands that would readily plait a crown of thorns. And some may say, that it was for this, perhaps, that he wept—that he wept for the blindness and hardness of that people whom he came to save. Through those very streets that now opened to receive his triumphal procession, would soon rush the living tide, breaking with hoarse murmurs into the cry —'*Crucify him!*' Through these very streets soon must he bear the heavy wood on which he was to be nailed. There Judas should betray him. There Peter—eager, exultant Peter, who now, perchance, hung upon his path in all the glow of Jewish hope that his Master's earthly kingdom was about to dawn—there ardent, frail, well-meaning Peter, should deny him. There friends should forsake, and foes should rage. And there, upon those very gates that now gleam bright before his triumphant progress, as it were lifting up their heads to admit the King of Zion —upon those very gates, in a few days, he should turn his dying eyes, his pale, blood-streaming face. And, perhaps, some will say, for this he wept. Oh! it was a sublime, a pictured sight—Christ weeping over Jerusalem. That isolated brightness of his life behind, that cloud of darkness gathering before. The Sent of God, the Rejected of men, weeping over one of earth's cities, the very city that should refuse and crucify him. But he did *not* weep for himself—how it adds to the sublimity of the event!—he did not weep for himself. He wept for Jerusalem. He wept, perhaps, as a patriot, with a patriot's noblest sentiment. That city of a nation's pride, how soon should it be trampled under foot! How soon should the heel of the foeman go over her martyr-graves, and the desolating ploughshare strike her last remnant from the earth! He wept as a righteous man. Her temple with its lofty pinnacle must fall beneath the engulfing flames—the trumpet of Titus should ring through its hallowed arches—the banner of the Pagan, dripping with the awful baptism of blood, should be reared upon its very altar. He wept as a Prophet. He saw, with fearful minuteness, the sights others could not see—the woes such as had not been from the beginning of the world, nor never again should be. He saw the fierce fight of factions, the dreadful wars of brethren. He saw the famine-stricken mothers devouring their children. He saw the awful work of retribution in which 'there was not room enough for the crosses, nor crosses enough for the bodies.' Blood and flame, desolation and ruin, he saw it all—and he wept—wept for others—wept as a tender, loving man.

The other instance of Christ's weeping, is connected with our text. It was at the grave of Lazarus. Christ was no anchorite—no unsocial idealist. He had friendships. How deep, how true they must have been! That humble house at Bethany, how often did it witness the beauty and the sanctity of this friendship! Does it not bring the life of Christ more freshly, more *humanly*, so to speak, before us, when we contemplate him as leaving the scenes of his public labor in the great city—leaving the excited and curious crowd—the bigoted Pharisee, the sceptical Sadducee, the painful suspicions, the open insults, the coarse attacks of men—and retiring to the home of Lazarus, and Martha, and Mary? Jesus loved to hear the voice of friendship. Meek traveller over life's thorniest track, he loved to grasp a kindly hand, and hear a soothing word.

But one of those dear friends died. Four days had he lain in the tomb when Jesus reached it. It was here, that with inimitable truthfulness the Evangelist tells us that he wept. And on whose account was this? It was not for *himself*, unless so far as the grave might suggest his own death. But it was not the grave that was bitter in his lot. He stood there over the sepulchre of *another*, armed with the power to summon him forth in his grave-clothes—what would he do when he went with the same resistless power, prepared to achieve a loftier victory, into *his own?* It could not have been grief for the loss of Lazarus that caused him to weep. He had expressly declared that he *slept*—and to him it was so. He had power to call him from that sleep. Never, moreover, had he asserted in a more sublime manner the dignity of his mission—the great power that was given him. It was in reply to a remark by Martha, that Jesus uttered those triumphant words that have rung over so many tombs on the land and in the sea—'I am the Resurrection and the Life!' And in the whole course of his ministry, perhaps he did not perform a miracle that redounded more to the glory of God, or that aided more to convince the people of his divine authority. And this he must have foreseen.

We cannot find, then, that he wept for his own case, or on account of his own peculiar griefs. But we have a clue to his weeping in the fact that *others* wept—Mary wept, and the Jews wept with her; and it troubled Jesus. Did he not weep, then, with sympathy? Did not the tenderness of his nature vibrate to their sorrow? At least we know, that it was from no selfish cause he wept.

Thus, these two instances may serve to show us how near in human emotions was Christ to us. When I look upon him as the miracle-sent and miracle-guided, I must behold him with reverence. When I go with him to Calvary, and hear his dying prayer,

his mighty yielding up of the Ghost, I am constrained to say with the Roman soldier, 'Truly this was the Son of God!' And when I tread with him the rocky pavement of the sepulchre, and feel the thrill of his awful rising, and hear the rush of angels wings go by me, and he stands upon his grave-clothes—not all the light that breaks through the unsealed tomb, can dissipate my awe. But when I pause with him before Jerusalem, and see his full, fast tears—when I get near the grave of Lazarus, and hear him weep—I feel that he too is somewhat like me. I feel that he was a tender, loving being, sympathising with humanity, and I know it is a *brother* I am called to love.

Let these two instances suffice to illustrate this trait in the character of Christ. As we draw nigh the Communion Table, let us remember the *tenderness* of Jesus. Let us remember also that he was a manifestation of God, to whom, although human weaknesses are impossible, belong mercy and compassion. In that mercy, in that compassion, let us put our trust. We can never get beyond it. Wherever we may be, still will they spread above and around us. What if that doctrine which is stirring so many minds with fear, and driving so many wild with madness, what if it should prove true, and the world be shattered upon its golden axle? we cannot get beyond the mercy and the compassion of God. Should this crystal habitation dissolve, God's nature will remain the same.

Again: When we sin, let us remember *what* it is against which we sin. We sin not merely against a law, not merely against a Judge—we sin against infinite mercy and compassion. Let us remember this, and let us sin no more.

'HOMEWARD BOUND.'

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

Welcome, bright and early morning,
Thou art welcome to my heart,
Though from dear familiar faces,
With the dawn I must depart.

Farewell friends! the word is spoken;
For the parting hour has come,
And I go, with glad impatience,
To my long forsaken home.

Think not, though a smile is stealing
O'er the cheek with tear drops wet,
That I turn away with coldness,
Or without one fond regret.

Were this heart of mine laid open
Where its cherished feelings dwell,
With the sweet and sad emotions,
All too deep for words to tell;

Ye might see how much lies hidden
'Neath a calm untroubled brow;
Now a bounding thrill of pleasure,
And a soul all saddened now.

Grief and joy so oft are mingled,
In the cup we drain below,
That we taste till sweet from bitter,
Joy from grief we hardly know.

Fair the scenes my steps are leaving;
Scenes through which I loved to roam;
Long will memory retain them;
But there is 'no place like home.'

Now we reach the glancing waters;
Now we leave the busy shore;
Hasten barque and bear me onward!
Bear me to my home once more!

Swift we sail the blue waves over;
For the wind is fresh and fair;
But my thoughts outspeed the vessel,
Home!—they are already there.

There I see the dear loved dwelling,
Where youth's golden hours have flown,
And the smiling pleasant places,
All from sunny childhood known.

'*Homeward bound!*' O, words of gladness!
Thrilling my impatient heart:
Give me wings! the wind is dying;
See how slow the waters part!

Once I loved to watch the sunbeams
Dancing on the foaming tide,
And the shores and hills receding
Till they crowned the landscape wide.

Now I have no eye for beauty;
Wave and shore no charm can show;
I can only count the moments,
Count and chide them as they go.

Chide them that they move so slowly,
When I fain would have them fly;
Chide them that they idly linger,
With the wished for haven nigh.

Hush my heart, nor beat so wildly!
Thou canst patient wait I ween;
For our barque is hastening homeward,
Though long miles still lie between.

Friends I leave, may Heaven's sweet blessings,
Ever round your pathway come;
May the friends I seek be blessed,
And thrice blest the '*light of home.*'

'Life. Many have learned secrets under the roof of a poor man, which would add to the luxury of the rich. The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye come from nature, and the trailing of a vine may develope them as well as the curtaining of a king's chamber.'

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. NO. VII.

BY CHARLOTTE.

THE AULD WIFE.

'John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We've clomb life's hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had with ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.'

How OFTEN has that beautiful and touching old ballad of Burns' risen from my heart to my lips, as I have witnessed the devotion of old Hannah Evans to her still more aged and infirm husband; the quickness with which she discerned his slightest wants, the alacrity with which she ministered to them, her gentleness and the numberless little kindnesses she seems to delight in bestowing. To me, her unwearied love and devotion seem to diffuse a bright '*light*' amid the numerous shadows that darken woman's life, and so I am tempted to pen a sketch, which imperfect though it be, may perhaps convey to you some idea of one, who is deserving of far higher praise than this simple tribute to her excellence.

Hannah Lee was the youngest child and the only daughter of parents, who were born, bred, and married, and who hoped to live and die in the same quiet village. They dwelt in a venerable cottage, weather-stained and moss-roofed, near the church, for in addition to his peculiar calling, (he was a carpenter) old James Lee had succeeded his father as village sexton. Beneath that lowly roof he had received life, it had been the scene of his boyish pleasures, and thither in the first prime of manhood, he had borne from a similar dwelling his bride, a fair, meek village maiden with no dowry save virtue and affection. There for many years had they dwelt together, poor and humble it is true, but blessed with tranquillity and happiness such as gladdens few wealthy habitations. They were healthy and industrious, their children were good and well behaved, and they felt that they had no cause to murmur.

Their sons grew up tall, sturdy youths, and possessing the genuine spirit of Yankee enterprise, they left their quiet village to 'seek their fortunes' amid more stirring scenes. Hannah remained at home, a fine, healthy, well grown lass, who among the rustic youths of Heathside bore the enviable reputation of a beauty —a title which would doubtless have shocked the refined ideas of modern, lisping city beaux, and fragile, pale-faced, wasp-waisted belles, could they have seen Hannah Lee's plump, ruddy cheeks, with which the sun and the rain had taken unwarrantable liberties, her full, ripe lips (rather *too* full and *too* wide, to be likened to a cleft cherry,) and her well developed figure, which gave ample evidence that it had never suffered from compression or whalebones, or any other bones, save those which nature had given her, and which might possibly have weighed down one or two dapper young gentlemen of the present day,(this is only a rough guess) but Hannah had a pair of merry blue eyes, and an abundance of tastefully arranged hair, which a poet or a painter, or some such out-of-the-way *genus* might, perhaps, have raved about, and likened it to that of Allston's Beatrice, or to the tresses of Petrarch's Laura, or some equally renowned personage; but the unsophisticated farmer lads of Heathside, had probably never heard of these ladies, famed in Italian song, so they unceremoniously called it *red* hair, and only admired its graceful braids and large, natural curls; and some few were found who were so completely devoid of taste, as to say, 'Hannah Lee would be pretty if it were not for her hair!'—but there were few who did not love and admire her, and so if any one dared hazard such an envious remark, they were generally silenced by the reply, that 'she *was* pretty in *spite* of her hair.' And alas for modern nerves! how would they have been utterly annihilated by Hannah Lee's merry-ringing laugh! For in those days, it was not considered ill-bred to give vent to one's exuberance of mirthful feeling in a good hearty laugh; or if it were, the code of fashionable etiquette had not reached the primitive village of Heathside; but be that as it might, certain it is that Hannah's laugh was sweet music in the ears of those who loved her, and made the old walls of the cottage ring, and the hearts of her aged parents leap with joy and gladness. A happy creature was Hannah Lee, ay, and a good and kind one too!—with a leal and by no means *narrow* heart, for she found plenty of room in its numerous corners and crevices for a host of friends, and as she grew to woman's estate, she discovered that there was still abundant room for another occupant—and who was this to be? Among the village beaux to whom she was the centre of attraction at huskings, quiltings and singing-school, Hannah had early given the preference to John Evans, the village blacksmith —a tall, robust, good looking youth, just such a one I fancy, as Longfellow must have had in his mind, when he wrote that admirable description of the son of Vulcan. John was steady, industrious and well principled, and it was universally acknowledged that he and Hannah were every way worthy of each other. It was not the fashion then as now, for a couple after a few weeks' or it may be months' acquaintance, to go to the altar knowing as little of each others' characters and tempers as on the first day they met; and so John and Hannah plodded through a three year's courtship, which, humdrum as it may appear to us, seemed perfectly proper, and was undoubtedly very agreeable to them. 'The course of their true love' ran perfectly smooth, and there was every prospect of their being married without any ob-

stacle interfering to impede their progress. Hannah's preparations were all made, a small cottage had been rented, only a few minutes walk from her maiden home, they had been regularly cried in church on three successive Sabbaths, and the next week was appointed for their wedding, when a shadow (alas! that such there be!) darkened their pathway. Suddenly and without warning, old James Lee was struck with palsy—and a second stroke rapidly succeeding the first, deprived the old man of the use of his limbs, and the village of its sexton, while his wife was afflicted with an inflammation in her eyes, which impaired her sight, and threatened eventually to destroy it altogether. Hannah's wedding was necessarily delayed, and when after a lapse of several weeks, she found that her father's helplessness continued, and her mother was totally blind, after tearful meditation and earnest prayer, she concluded to release John from his engagement. With as much calmness and composure as she could command, she made known her decision to her lover.

'And why Hannah, should this misfortune separate us now, any more than if it had happened after our marriage? I am well and strong and able to work—let your parents remove with us to our cottage, and I doubt not that with the help of God I shall be enabled to support you all.'

'Nay John, this must not be! That you *could* and *would* do all this, I do not doubt; and had this misfortune fallen on us after our union, I could only have resigned myself to the stroke and assisted you to bear the additional burthen; but I see the hand of God in this dispensation—I too am able and willing to work, and it will be alike my duty and my pleasure to live and toil for my aged and helpless parents. I alone must bear the burden he has laid upon me and fitted me to endure. Time will soon efface from your mind, dear John, all painful recollections, and you will find some one equally well calculated as I am to make you happy.'

John plead warmly, but Hannah had nerved herself to meet every argument, and finally they parted. John strove two or three times to renew his suit, but it was unavailing, and unable to live amid the scenes that continually recalled his disappointment, he at length gave up his occupation and departed for the West. Hannah was now left alone to toil for her aged parents, to cheer with her smiles the sadness of the helpless one, and to brighten with love and kindly words, the gloom of her who sat in perpetual darkness. She knew if her brothers were acquainted with their circumstances, they would be ready and willing to assist her; but she was also aware that they had now families of their own, and she would not call on them for aid. Hannah was an excellent semstress, and found no difficulty in obtaining work—and her mother who as her sight grew dim, had applied herself diligently to knitting, was enabled to ply her needles as rapidly and skilfully as before her deprivation. This employment answered a double purpose, relieving the depression and melancholy which would naturally have resulted from continued idleness, and also affording pleasure by enabling her to add her mite towards the support of the family. While Hannah and her mother were thus engaged, the old man sat in his great easy-chair by the window, and with the Bible outspread on a little stand before him, read to his companions from the pages of holy writ. Thus all were employed, and they soon grew to be, if not happy, at least cheerful and content. And did Hannah experience no regretful feelings, as she sat there between her stricken parents—no yearning after the happiness which might have been her portion as the wife of John Evans? Did the memories of the past never rise up and haunt her, and fill her soul with their subduing and saddening influence? Of this we cannot say—no mention was made of his name by her parents, and only twice did Hannah manifest any emotion on hearing it from stranger-lips; once when an officious gossip of the village brought the tidings of John's departure, and again when the same busybody announced his marriage with the daughter of a New England emigrant. The first had well nigh called forth an exclamation, but when the last came, she had no power to speak; she felt the blood recede from her cheek to her heart, and there was a choking sensation in her throat, which she could not master. But that spasm passed away, and whatever might have been her inward struggles, there was no visible sign that it had affected her, if we except a calmer and less mirthful demeanor.

For nearly two years she toiled on with unremitting industry, the pride and admiration of the village; and more than one had sought to share the arduous duties she had undertaken, for 'so dutiful a daughter,' they reasoned, 'could not fail to make a good wife.' But Hannah steadily resisted all importunities; she had borne to part with the first loved, and it required no exertions to refuse other proposals. But ere the second year of her filial self-devotion had expired, a third stroke of palsy carried the old man to his grave, and Hannah's whole attention was now directed to her remaining parent. But the old woman missed the companion of forty years—she listened in vain for the sound of his voice, reading and praying, and joining its tremulous tones with Hannah's in the evening hymn. She could no longer apply herself to her knitting, for her thoughts would wander back to those bygone years of happiness, her work would drop upon her knee, and thus she would sit listlessly for hours, while Hannah strove in vain to rouse her. She did not long survive the aged partner of her pilgrimage, and they lie side by side in the village grave-yard, within a stone's throw of the spot where they were born, lived and died! Hannah was now left entirely alone. Her brothers offered her a home in their fa-

milies, but she could not bear to leave the village, where every spot teemed with associations to her mind; and at their request she became a member of the family of a friend of her parents. A year passed away, and Hannah was again tranquil and comparatively happy,—when John Evans returned to Heathside, a widower. He re-opened his old shop, resumed his business and called upon Hannah Lee. The substance of their first interview was kept carefully in their own bosoms; but John's visits became frequent, and ere the lapse of many months, it all resulted in Hannah Lee's becoming the wife of the widowed lover of her youth. The cottage which would have been their home, had their marriage taken place three years before, had now another occupant, but the old house by the church which had been the home of her father and her father's father, the scene of all her childish joys and sorrows, and the trials of her maturer years, was now vacant, and it soon became Hannah's bridal abode, and the home of her wedded life.

Time passed, and fortune smiled upon the village blacksmith and his wife; a group of rosy, happy children clustered around their hearth, and filled the house with music—they had been enabled to purchase the old homestead and an adjoining field which afforded pasture to the cow, while in the yard might be heard the cackling of Hannah's poultry; for her nice yellow butter and fresh eggs found a ready market in the adjoining town, and thus added to the store which they were laying up against a rainy day. That day came at last! twice seven years of happiness rolled away, and then the surly dame Misfortune, as if envious of their prosperity, dashed the cup from their lips and substituted her own in its stead. The first stroke fell, and from a quarter whence it was least expected. John Evans, now in the prime of life, had become a person of no small importance in his native village. Since his marriage he had beguiled the long winter evenings by reading books which were loaned him by the minister, himself a deep read and intellectual man, though lowly in heart and content to pass his life among the humble people with whom his lot had been cast. In this manner, and by the conversation of travellers who in passing through the village always stopped to gaze at and admire his brawny, muscular person, and the intelligence which beamed forth from his face, spite of the smoke and dirt with which it was begrimmed, he had gathered a considerable store of information. But the reading in which he most delighted, was the history of his own country, and he felt the patriotic fire kindle in his veins, and his blood thrill as he read of her noble struggles for independence and her final glorious triumph! Of this subject he never tired; his voice grew strong and his step proud as he descanted upon it, and he often regretted that he had not been old enough in those days to bear a musket and go forth to the fight. About this time the last war in which so many now living were engaged, broke out, and parties were out in different sections of the country in search of recruits. Heathside did not pass unscathed; a small detachment of soldiers took up their quarters at the village inn, and stirred up the martial spirit in the breasts of the male portion of the community; many a sturdy youth exchanged the plough for the musket, and the coarse blue frock for the knapsack, and went forth to the conflict from which perchance he might never return! Day after day the recruiting serjeant might be seen at John Evans' forge, pouring into his listening ear tales of wild adventure and all the charms of a soldier's life. The blacksmith was fascinated and his wife distressed; and it was no surprise though a terrible shock, when John informed her that he had enlisted. Tears, expostulations and entreaties were alike in vain; his mind was filled with visions of glory, and he panted to go forth, to fight and conquer. My memory does not extend back to that time, but I have heard my mother speak of the sorrow that pervaded the village the day the recruits marched out. Wives clung to their departing husbands, parents implored their sons not to desert them, maidens gazed, half dead with terror, on the lovers who might never return to redeem their vows, and children, ignorant of their own loss, wept in sympathy with their distressed parents; while the sound of drum and fife playing merrily the national air, rung in their ears like the death knell of all they loved. Alas! how few of that goodly company returned with unbroken constitutions and unmaimed limbs to their homes.

There is an old saying, that 'misfortunes never come singly,' and the blacksmith's family seemed to verify the truth of the remark. Soon after the departure of the recruits, a contagious disorder appeared among children, and the young Evans' were not exempt from its effects. The youngling of the flock passed from the home where her presence had been as sunshine, and those who braved the disorder were long confined to the house. The attentions they required were so unremitting, that Mrs. Evans was obliged to neglect her other affairs, and when at length her family were restored to health, then came the long apothecary's bill, and other numerous expenses necessarily incurred, and she was obliged to sell, first her cow and then the field which her industry had helped to buy. The homestead alone remained, and to retain this, Hannah was obliged to rally all her energies. She had always been famed for her skill as a laundress, and she found no difficulty in obtaining employment in that vocation. Her eldest girl assisted her, and twice a week went to the next town with a little wicker car such as is now used to draw infants, and thus brought the soiled clothes, and carried back the clean ones. The two eldest boys hired themselves out to farmers during the summer months, and went to school in the winter, and the third went to the parsonage to do errands and the light chores;

while the youngest girl braided straw for a manufactory in an adjacent town, an occupation in which her mother and sister shared when the heavier labors of the day were over. All this was a considerable help, though in order to keep her children at school every winter and to clothe them neatly, Mrs. Evans was obliged to toil unremittingly; but she never repined, and would have been comparatively happy, but for her disquietude concerning her husband. Since the first six months of his absence, she had heard nothing from him; the war had long been ended, and many of the recruits had returned, but they brought no intelligence of John Evans, for soon after their arrival at head-quarters, he had been placed in a different regiment, and they knew nothing of his future fate.

Five years, the time for which he had enlisted expired; and one hot, sultry day in August, Hannah stood ironing at her long deal table, her eldest daughter was busily plaiting ruffles at one end, and at the other by the open casement, sat Hetty the younger girl, trimming a straw bonnet, when the latter, looking up, saw a lame, weary and apparently broken down man, crossing the road that led to their cottage. He paused a moment at the wicket gate and looked wistfully round, then hobbled up the gravel-path, and before Hetty's surprise and curiosity would allow her to speak, he was at the door. 'Who can he be?' she exclaimed, as she rose to open it, and her mother and sister lifted their eyes from their work just as the man inquired, after regarding the girl intently for an instant, if Mrs. Hannah Evans had removed. One sound of that voice was enough; scarred, seamed and mutilated as he was, the eye and ear of love were too keen to be deceived, and Hannah with tears of joy welcomed her husband once more to his home. The news of his return spread like wildfire through the village. John, the eldest son, now an apprentice in the shop where his father had formerly been master, threw down the huge sledge hammer, and without waiting to throw off his leather apron, or even to wash his face and hands, ran with the speed of lightning homewards, James hurried from the fields, and Bob heard the news in the distant meadow, where he was cutting peat, and darted off hatless and barefooted to greet the long absent and deeply mourned father. All work was suspended for that afternoon; the wanderer was worn with travel and hunger, so the tea-table was set, with the strong and refreshing beverage, good home-made bread, potatoes and smoking rashers of bacon, and never met a happier group than that which gathered around the humble but well spread board in the cottage of John and Hannah Evans. When the table was cleared, and the family were seated in the 'best room,' inhaling the fresh air that came through the open casements, rendered more fragrant by its passage through the honeysuckles which climbed even to the lowly roof, how eagerly did they listen to all the father had to relate of his adventures since he left them. The recital, however, occupied but little time, great as his sufferings had been. He had been taken prisoner in a skirmish after a stout resistance, and for many months had languished in an English prison, in a cold, damp cell, which had the effect most certainly, of *damping* his martial spirit, and making him sigh most heartily for the comforts of his own happy fireside, and the society of his wife and children. Thus deprived alike of the companionship of his own race and of books, cramped up in the narrow limits of his cell, pining for fresh air and active exercise, sick and desponding, he remained till the declaration of peace, and an exchange of prisoners set him at liberty—to return to the army. But the spirit which had formerly incited him, was now quelled or dormant, and but for the disgrace which must accrue to his family as well as to himself, he would certainly have deserted. With a heavy and cheerless heart he toiled on. He wrote several letters, but received no answer, which added to his dejection, and when at length his time of service was at an end, he was unfit to commence his journey home. His illness increased, and he was taken to the hospital, and after lingering there for several weeks, he was discharged, and set off on foot for his native village. How different from the hale and hearty man who had gone forth full of health and vigor, was he who returned with his head whitened though not by the snows of threescore winters, foot-sore, and lame from the effect of wounds which had been aggravated by neglect, and so changed that none but the true and loving wife could have recognized him.

But now he was again *at home*, surrounded by comfort and by the dear ones for whose presence he had so yearned, and for that night at least, all care and regrets were given to the wind. As soon as he was rested from his fatigue, John began to seek employment; he was gladly hired as foreman in the shop where he had formerly been master, and for several months he wrought at the forge as diligently as in the days of his youth. But as the winter advanced, a chronic disease, engendered by prison-damps and want of proper food and exercise, attacked him, paralysed his limbs, and utterly disabled him for work. Again John was cast down and again Hannah rallied all her powers to cheer him.

'Don't fret, John dear,' she would say, 'we have still the old house over our heads, I have my health and strength and plenty to do, and our children, God bless them, are able not only to support themselves, but to add something weekly to the common stock; and sure I am, neither of them would ever see us want. Think how many of our neighbors are poorer than we; there is old Janet Lewis, with neither chick nor child, compelled to seek an asylum for her old age in the almshouse; and Robert Lane shaking with palsy and no wife or daughter to take care of him, and see that he is kept clean and comfortable. In-

deed, John, we have a great deal to be thankful for;' —and John would assent to all she said, and reproach himself for murmuring. It was not in the nature of such a man to sit idle and inactive, and he soon set about laying plans for gaining at least his own subsistence. He tried to devise some way in which he could assist his wife, but failed; and at last he hit on an expedient which he thought might be rendered feasible. He possessed considerable ingenuity, and his sons having procured at his request some blocks of wood, he had his arm-chair wheeled to the window, and began to carve out boys with his jack-knife. When Hetty went to town the next week, he commissioned her to take them to a toy-shop, and see if the master could dispose of them. She did so, and was successful—and the shopkeeper told her if these met with a ready sale, he would employ her father constantly. The articles were soon found to be saleable, and John had as much as he could do to answer the demand. Employment and independence, humble as it was, soon restored him to cheerfulness, and he ceased to repine at his afflictions.

Many years have passed away since we first introduced the reader to the old brown cottage, and it has still much the same appearance, save that the velvet moss lies thicker and heavier on the roof, and the woodbine and honeysuckle hang in richer profusion around the casements; but the inmates have not been exempt from the general law of change. The eldest son is now proprietor of the blacksmith's shop and is married to his master's daughter; the second, James, is settled on a small farm in the outskirts of the village, and Robert, the youngest, who always loved books better than either work or play, is usher in the grammar school of B——, with a prospect of being, some day, at the head of the institution. Hetty, too, the lady of the family, as all the villagers call her, and as she doubtless esteems herself, is the wife of a city merchant, and lives in style in the metropolis, and Sarah alone, the good, kind, gentle Sarah, the 'elder sister,' lives at home a quiet, contented, happy old maid, with apparently not a wish beyond the walls of the humble cottage where she was born. Old John Evans still sits in his accustomed seat, the old arm-chair by the window, with a placid smile upon his wan face, but his fingers are no longer busy with the knife and wood—his hands rest listlessly on his knees, and there is a vacancy in his look as he turns his head from side to side, when any one addresses him, to ascertain in what direction they are. Another affliction has fallen upon him, and John Evans is blind! but he has learnt resignation, and many a lesson of wisdom do his aged lips impart to those around him. And old Hannah Evans? It is long since she was introduced to our readers, and few of them, I fancy, would be able to recognize in her now, the original of the portrait then drawn. The snows of three-score winters have thinned and whitened the auburn locks of her youth, and they are put carefully back, beneath a simple muslin cap; time has ploughed furrows, many and deep on the once broad, smooth brow and the ruddy cheek, from which the peach bloom tint has also departed—the merry light has faded from her eyes, but in its place they wear an expression of calm, chastened and serious thought—her once tall, plump figure, is attenuated and bowed with the weight of years and sorrow, and a rheumatic affection which has settled in her hip, produces constant and intense pain.

Yet amid all her sufferings it is a beautiful and touching sight, to witness her devotion to her husband, who, as she says, is even more afflicted than herself. No attention that she can possibly pay him, will she allow her daughter to render; for his sake, in the midst of her sharpest pangs, when her whole frame quivers, and her brow is knit with agony, she represses the slightest groan or exclamation, and could he see, I really believe she would obtain sufficient command over the muscles of her face to prevent even a look of anguish, lest it should pain the beloved one. Her own hands prepare his simple food, and administer it too, for so helpless has he become, that he is obliged to be dressed, washed, and fed like a child, and when these offices are performed, and she has combed his long silver locks and parted them smoothly on his broad, high forehead, she seats herself at his side, and with the Bible on the stand before her, knits and reads at the same time. And on the pleasant Sabbaths in summer, when Sarah has gone to church, she seats him in his chair by his favorite window, beneath which she has planted the flowers he loves best, and with little glass vases filled with blossoms, and a box of mignionette on the window seat, she places herself beside him, and they talk cheerily of the past with its many memories, sad or pleasant. They recount all the incidents of their childish days when they played together, of their pleasant days of courtship, and all the years of mingled trial and happiness they have spent together since they were wedded; they speak of the blessings they enjoy in such good and loving children, and in the reverence and affection of their grand-children; and they look forward with calm, quiet joy to the time when they shall sleep together in the green church-yard, which is ever within their view, and which is to them no darksome place, but a pleasant passage to a brighter and better world. Thus with no vain regrets for the past, and no idle fears for the future, they look cheerily forward to the close of their earthly pilgrimage, with but one prayer, that when the sun sets upon the death bed of the one, it may never rise upon the living survivor.

I am well aware that I have not done justice to the original in this feeble sketch, but I could not resist the temptation to pay at least this small tribute to her virtues; and with this for a ground-work, let the read-

er picture to herself a true-hearted woman, 'faithful unto the end' in every vocation to which she is called —one from whom many a young wife, ay and many an old too, might learn useful lessons of meekness, forbearance, gentleness, kindness and earnest love, an embodiment of all that is beautiful and good, and pure, and true in woman, and then christen your ideal, the faithful auld wife—Hannah Evans.

Boston, Mass.

SONNET TO AN INFANT.

ROSETTA.

Welcome—stranger, thou art entering,
On a path that's thickly strewn;
Flowers and brambles where thou'rt venturing,
All the way hath overgrown.
Bright and beautiful it seemeth
When it bursts upon the sight,
And 'tis lovely; yet it teemeth,
With illusions false as bright.
Ere thy hand shall pluck the roses,
Tempting thee with sweetest breath,
See each shining fold discloses,
No rude thorn whose touch is death.
God bless thee! sinless one—and strength impart,
To struggle onward with a guileless heart. C. W. H.

GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

HOUR TENTH.

This is a most bewilderingly beautiful day, Louise. Let us up to the summit of the hill, where we can be above, yet not shut out from the busy world around. I have no sympathy with the life of a recluse. If I were the most religious person in the world, I would not be a nun. I believe with Franklin, that the most acceptable service we can render God, is to do good to our fellow beings; and how can we do them good, to any great extent, unless we mingle with them, and share with their pursuits?-I never could see the superior piety of those persons who devote their whole, or indeed the greater portion of their time, to self-examination and self-improvement. It is true, no higher duty exists than to make ourselves perfect; but how can this duty be accomplished so long as we devote ourselves entirely to selfish ends? entirely to our own mental and moral refinement?

It is my creed, Louise—would to God I more fully practised it in my daily life!—that the very highest responsibility of our being is to make those in the sphere of our influence, *happy*. The question we ought to consider when reflecting on the result of any action, is not, 'Shall I be rewarded for it?'—but, 'Will it be useful to any human being?'

That we owe ourselves certain duties, I am aware. There are practical virtues, whose performance extends scarcely beyond our own individual knowledge and benefit. We owe it to ourselves to be temperate, cleanly, and in every respect orderly; to be well-instructed in religious faith, and in scientific and historic knowledge. Still, all these virtues and acquirements have an indirect bearing upon the happiness of those around us. We are so connected, every individual of us, with the great mass of human life in the world, that even our personal habits do more or less affect the general comfort and tranquillity of those with whom we mingle.

But I am prosing—and here we are now, on the very brow of this high hill. Let us have a seat on this crooked apple-tree. Years ago, Louise, a friend sat with me here, and I can show you now the spot where he cut from its bark a fragment of green, velvety moss. 'If I go over the seas to other lands,' said he, 'I will look upon this little relic there, and think of you.' I should like to know if he is looking on it *now*, thinking of me. A blessing on him, though the waters be between us. Would there were in this world, no less faithful friends than he!

Look up, Louise, into the deep, blue sky! What a mystery is day, that shrouds from our gaze the myriad worlds that are forever moving through that stupendous arch! Day was made for *our* earth, to show us the minute loveliness spread everywhere upon its bosom; Night for the million-sphered universe; for the display of suns and worlds a hundred-fold more magnificent and glorious than our own! Day is for the beauty of the rose, for the song of the lark; Night comes

'With every star,
Making the streams that in their noonday track
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of worlds afar!'

Is there not, to you, something almost terrific in the sublimity of astronomic truths? I confess, limited as is my knowledge of that Olympic science, I am thrilled and awed to the soul by the novelty and magnitude of its discoveries. I could almost wish, sometimes, that this universe were less stupendous; that its creation and operations were not so deeply veiled from human investigation. How natural was that ejaculation of the Psalmist—'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and stars which thou hast made; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?'

Be ye one and all, lovers of justice, doers of mercy, and happy recipients of the bounties of God! PR.

HUMAN LIFE.

I've seen at early dawn
A sky of stainless hue,
And the broad arch above,
Of pure cerulean blue,
Long ere the coming eve
With darkening clouds o'ercast,
While wild and fiercely blew
The tempest's fearful blast.

I've seen the little bark
With light and snowy sail,
Gaily with *seeming* pride
Ride on the swelling gale;
But ere an hour had passed,
The angry billows roar,
And deep beneath the wave
It sinks to rise no more.

I've seen the fair young bride
In health and beauty stand,
On him who 'd won her heart
Gladly bestow her hand;
But ere a year had passed,
She changed her bridal dress,
In yon bright spirit world,
For a robe of righteousness.

I've heard the mother's voice,
In accents soft and mild,
Beseeching heaven to bless
Her only darling child!
Just as his little voice
Had learned to lisp her name,
I've seen her, bathed in tears,
Stand o'er his lifeless frame.

I've seen a female friend
Spend all her better days
In deeds for which she gained
The just award of praise;
But envy saw her fame,
And aimed its poisonous dart,
With slander's cruel aim,
At that lone female heart.

And such is human life!
'Tis but a changing scene;
To earthly minds its joys
Seem few and far between.
But to the trusting heart
This precious boon is given,
To look beyond the ken,
And make of earth a heaven. S. R. M.

'LITTLE KINDNESSES. Happy is he who always means there shall be an affectionate meaning even in "the soon forgotten charity of a kiss," and whose heart of affection gives pulses to his hand whenever he clasps another in the courtesies of life. *He* shall "be free from the great transgression."'

Truly, little kindnesses well up to a fountain.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD BY FIRE.

THE vagaries of Miller have brought out a great multitude of Essays and Disquisitions on the Destruction of the World, in which the imagination of man has run as wild a riot as when the wide spread mania against which these productions were written originated. Some of these productions are evidently the fruits of minds undisciplined by any real love of truth, or serious regard to it as the most precious of all things—as the divine agent of all Progress. These aim at *confounding* the 'Millerites,' but do nothing at *convincing;* they deal much in the negative, but not at all in the positive. They seem to regard it as useful to keep alive fear and terror—to preserve those awful apprehensions which make men tremble as on the brink of a bottomless abyss, and eager to grasp any thing which promises to support them from falling therein. These are brought forth by proselyters. Other of these essays appear to come from the philosophical temperament, as they treat of the burning up of the world as coolly as the merits of an ice cream is discussed in a summer garden bower. They bid us not be alarmed, as all things are governed by Wisdom, but they fail to show us an Affectionate Wisdom —that kind of wisdom which we must perceive ere we can be at rest under the prospect of any calamity. We need a faith whose instinct shall be to prompt us to be ready for flight, as when the shell of the embryo bird of the desert is broken, he wings his way far above and beyond the ruin. We need to look up to God as the great Father, ere we can think submissively of a 'wreck of matter,' and a 'crush of worlds.' Whatever fails to give us this faith, will in vain call upon us to tremble not, in view of the destruction of the material world. It is not in our nature not to tremble, till we feel secure of desirable life; we must be in terror as we think of our immortality and the ruin of the terrestrial, if we have no sure hope of glory eternal.

In the last Christian Examiner there is an article on 'The Destruction of the World by Fire,' which proposes to accomplish considerable, although but a little more than eight pages are given to the whole matter. It opens with the statement,—'that a violent end is appointed for the present system of created things, has been a theme of poetry, and even of philosophy, from the remotest times.' The writer proposes to inquire into the *origin* of this opinion, to trace *its history* from the feeblest intimations down to the glaring errors of the present day, and to close with citing the *practical principles* which the subject ought to suggest. A vast matter for so small a space.

It will be observed that the writer starts with the idea that a 'violent end' is '*appointed* for the present system and order of created things.' The *origin* of such an *opinion* is proposed to be given. Now, it seems to my mind that a christian minister should

open the Bible and point to the record, if record there be, or present some reasonable ground from the researches of science, for speaking of such an *appointment*; but instead of this, we are told that it '*seems natural* to look for the cause in some terrible revolution which befel the old world, and in the impressions of dread which it must have left on the minds of men.' *This* is the *origin* of what is treated of as an *appointment* of God!' 'Men *naturally* associate,' says the writer, 'the memorials of the Deluge with a looking forward to the destruction of the world by Fire!' That is, because a fearful judgment came on the gross wickedness of a corrupted world, *therefore* it is *natural* to look forward to the destruction of the world by fire! I cannot understand this, if it does not convey an idea the most repulsive to christian faith and trust; and were I to adopt it, a new language would be given to the bow in the clouds! It would no longer shine in beauty to tell me of the Creator's promise of love, but would *suggest* an idea so awful as completely to rob the mind of all enjoyment, as the eye gazed on the pathway of angels. I must also marvel that the Deity did not add a prophecy of the future destruction by fire, for if the covenant meant anything, it was designed to take away all dread which was and is incompatible with the true enjoyment of life.

When the writer informs us that it is *natural* to expect another convulsion as the mind was impressed by the fact of the deluge, he cites 2 Peter iii. 5–7, as proof of the union of the two ideas;—'By the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water; whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished. But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire, against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.' In direct connection with this citation, the writer says, 'We are aware that some interpreters have been *willing* to see,' (is this an intimation which questions their honesty?) 'in this picture of a flaming universe, only a description in bright colors of the destruction of Jerusalem, or of great political convulsions.' (Rather, a great overthrow of church and state.) 'Such an interpretation *betrays a great inattention to the history of ancient opinions, and is one of a thousand proofs to show how easily men find that only in the Bible which they are predisposed to find.*' Why not give some specimens of ancient opinions from the Old Testament? None can be given.

The remark I have *italicised*, is one of those common *flings* which are thrown out in the absence of any thing rational. When an opinion is against our own, it is very easy to say that men are *willing* to think as they do—that their *predispositions* were in favor only of such an opinion; but it is *sometimes* more difficult to establish the truth of an opposite idea. It might be readily surmised, that the writer of that sentence was predisposed in favor of the opinion he regards as supported by Peter's words, for he refers much to heathen poets and writers, but not at all to the Bible. When we are willing to see in Isaiah's sublime language, chapter xxxiv. 4, a reference to the judgments visited on Idumea, we may be deemed as merely *willing* so to regard it, and not as being *convinced* that such was its only reference. Read the prophet's magnificent imagery—imagery necessary to strike with force the mind of those who should be interested in the prophecy;—'Their slain also shall be cast out, and *the mountains* shall be *melted with their blood. And* ALL *the hosts of heaven shall be* DISSOLVED, *and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; and all their host shall fall down*, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from a fig tree.' The next verse gives the reference: 'For my sword shall be bathed in heaven; behold, it shall come down upon *Idumea*, and upon *the people* of my curse, to judgment.' See also to the end of the thirty-fourth chapter.

When the New Testament writers treat of judgments, if we go to the Old Testament to learn *the key* to their imagery, we shall find no difficulty in understanding them. But if we choose to roam the world, and plunge into the vagaries of heathen poets and the fancies of darkened minds, we must not wonder if the letter kills all cheerful thought. To interpret Peter's language as justifying the idea that it is *natural* to associate with the deluge the future destruction of the world by fire, is to take an entirely *unspiritual* view of his language. It is to overlook all the passages in the prophets which are parallel to it, and isolate it contrary to every rule of correct interpretation.

The literal material world did not perish by the deluge. It was the *people* who perished by the flood, and hence the prophecy of our Lord when he treated of the judgment then coming on the Jews, Matt. xxiv. 36–39. Peter designed a *similar allusion* in the language which is deemed so strongly in favor of the idea of the destruction of the world by fire. To use it in support of this latter opinion, is to turn the Apostle into a philosopher, and make him predict a *physical* change in the world, when his whole object was to clothe the disciples with patience in view of the *nearness* of the *spiritual* change which was so much desired, and against the approach of which many obstacles seemed to exist. He speaks of some who tauntingly asked after the coming of Christ in his kingdom, and he refers the disciples to the consideration that thus it was in Noah's time; the jeering sons of iniquity made use of what might seem a delay of jndgment, but the judgment did in God's time come, and after it a new order of things was produced. Peter uses no stronger language than Isaiah and St. John. Compare Isa. lxv. 17; lxvi. 22, with Rev. xxi. 1, &c. It is the language of high wrought and sublime poetry.

By neither of these passages, nor by any other of

the prophetic declarations concerning convulsions, overthrows and ruins, is meant a reference to the burning up of the material world; but they all intimate great changes among the people referred to, in accordance with the infinite designs of a wonder working God. Though the imagery is *celestial*, the reality is *terrestrial;* and it would be well to learn one lesson therefrom, to rightly look up that we may rightly labor around us—by heavenward thought to spiritualize the earth, that it may reflect more of heaven's order and beauty.

Now let it be particularly observed, that after Peter has used the startling imagery concerning the heavens passing away, &c., he says, 'Nevertheless, we, *according to his promise*, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' The question then is—*Where is the record of the promise?* Is there any promise on record where the *creating* of new heavens and a new earth, is *connected with the literal, actual burning up of the material world?* If there is, then some proof can be adduced in favor of what I have treated as a gross error. Where is there such a promise? No where, but in the vagaries of heathen poets, and the fancies of those who can leap from the Deluge to Peter's epistle, when treating of the origin and history of an opinion. By referring to a passage already alluded to, we can see a specimen of what was promised in connection with a new creation; Isa. lxv. 17–25. This is a description of what is uniformly described as to follow the destruction symbolized by celestial and terrestrial commotions, beautifully summed up in a few words by Haggai, ii. 6, 7, 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts; Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land; and I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts.' Bishop Lowth remarks that great changes in public affairs are represented in prophetic poetry by great natural events; 'if,' says he, 'the subject be the destruction of the Jewish empire by the Chaldeans, or a strong denunciation of ruin against the enemies of Israel, it is depicted in *exactly* the same colors, *as if universal nature were about to relapse into the primeval chaos.*' It was to promises couched in such lofty imagery, to which Peter referred, when we spake of a ground of trust that a glorious order of things would follow the changes predicted. A new heaven —new church; new earth, new governments; were to be established by the setting up Christianity as the permanent and universal religion. This surely is intimated by Peter's language where he says he wrote to stir up the pure minds of the disciples, *by way of remembrance*, that they might be mindful of the words *which were spoken before by the holy prophets.* He reiterates those words—those prophecies, and it was natural for him to do it in similar language—in similar lofty imagery, making the believer to feel that nothing but the might of God could accomplish a work represented in such awful colors.

But some may thus emphasise Peter's expression—'The heavens and the earth *which are now*, by *the* SAME *word* are kept in store, reserved, &c., and by thus emphasising the passage, deem it strong against any opinion. But I would ask, Were the material heavens and earth which were then, when Peter wrote, not in existence before? Did the flood destroy the solar system? Did it quench the stars, and put out the sun? No one will presume that such a power was exerted by it, for the ark rode on the waters, and the eye that looked up when the clouds departed, saw the same sun shine, or the same stars twinkling in the firmament, as before the ark was entered. The The contrast instituted by Peter was something different from what it is said to be by those who count him a prophet of a dissolving universe. What, also let it be inquired, What did he mean by the expression—'by *the same word*'? Did he not mean the same word, or record, which contained the account of the Deluge? A critic, of extensive learning, says—'There can be no reasonable doubt that by "his word" is equivalent to "according to his word," i. e. his written word.' He tells us that all modern editions of the Greek Testament exhibits a reading which is rendered as above, '*by his word*,' instead of '*by the same word.*' Where then is the prophecy from which Peter quoted, if he referred to the conflagration of the solar system? And if his language is to be made unpoetical—different from the usual prophetic style and materialized, then we are bound not only to speak of the burning up of the globe, but of the conflagration of the heavens! How will this coincide with the notions of riding on the clouds and returning to the earth after a renovation? But Peter spake not literally; he spake metaphorically. He maintained, that the prophecy of the coming calamity was not only spoken by Christ, but that the same record which told of the change wrought in the past by the Noachic deluge, contained information of other changes in the future by fire. Fire is a common term for consuming judgments. Jerusalem is called a furnace where it is said, 'The Lord's fire is in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem.' Isa. xxxi. 9. See also Ezek. xxii. 17–22. And if the reader will turn to Nahum i. 5, a record will be found where a judgment is predicted by the burning of the earth, the world and all that dwell therein. In the fulfillment of the catastrophe alluded to by Peter, literal fire did constitute an element of destruction. 'In the passing away of the Jewish symbolical heavens and earth, the conflagration of the temple by the hands of the Roman soldiers, and the perishing of thousands in its flames, attested the presence of *fire* as a ministry of wrath.' In passing, it may be well to remark, that Peter in applying his language, represents the christians as *looking* for such things as described, but we have no reason to believe

that they looked for a universal conflagration; if they did, they were in an error; for in what sense could it be said, that they were *hasting unto the day of the Lord?* But if Peter spake metaphorically, as Jesus did, of the then approaching terrible judgment, the fiery trial, it was just for him to say to the disciples, 'Ye, therefore, beloved, *seeing ye know* these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness; but grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.'

But to return to the writer in the Examiner. After rebuking those who see a description of the destruction of Jerusalem, in bright colors, in Peter's 'picture of a flaming universe,' he makes it refer to *the globe*. Why did Peter speak of the 'heavens being on fire' and 'dissolving,' if the globe only was referred to? He that regards that language as literal, ought to take in the whole idea; and not while rebuking others for seeing a small matter in a mighty vision, see only such himself.

After the writer has accounted for the *origin* of the opinion alluded to, the *time* is also alluded to, and this is to be 'when iniquities shall sufficiently abound.' Here is all that any enthusiast, who deems this a wicked age, would ask as authority for running up and down the earth, prophesying the speedy end of all things, and for bending predictions of calamities to his time.

The next question is, Why should *fire* be chosen as the instrument of the general ruin? The Hindoos choose to speak of another flood, but destruction by fire is the most prevalent opinion in the world. 'The principle of contrast might have led to it.' A great and forcible reason, truly! 'It was natural also that the mightiest of the elements should be chosen for so tremendous an overthrow.' 'There are besides many appearances on our planet and beyond it, calculated to inspire apprehension from this agent, rather than from the other.' 'No bounds have been fixed for that fiercer element.' 'Internal fires are laboring in the heart of the earth. They break out in volcanoes.' I know a very excellent lady who believes that volcanoes were made to destroy the world with. As well might we regard the safety valves of a steam engine as made to blow up the engine and destroy the train. Volcanoes are the breathing holes of the earth—the safety valves of the globe. The writer next alludes to meteors and comets—to fiery phenomena which no philosophy can explain, as suggesting reasons why *fire* will be the agent to destroy the world. And thus he accounts for the origin of the doctrine he maintains. What a profound silence has he kept in reference to the Living Force enthroned above all. But once has he opened the Bible, and then places side by side with sacred writ a sybilline oracle.

But I confess myself bewildered when I come to the writer's 'practical principles.' He tells us we have no business, or that it is not our province, to 'look to the end of things created.' Shall we not heed the Apostle's exhortation and warning as he has explained it? We cannot but have our imaginations awakened when we feel that it is true that beneath us fires are gathering to destroy the world—especially when the guilt of man is so great—when the cry of near three millions of bound humanity rises from a little spot called the land of the free!

I am bewildered again, when I find the writer speaking thus at the close of his article; 'It' (this lower world) 'may wax old as doth a garment, and perish like its inhabitants under the weight of years; or a sudden calamity may overwhelm it and change it utterly, or it may go on in its own bright order forever.' How can this uncertainty be, if the writer's use of Peter's language be correct? Is it but as a mere sybilline oracle?

But I must close, rejoicing in the sublime prophecies which are yet to be fulfilled on this earth. This globe is to be the theatre of God-glorifying deeds. The time is to come when peace and good will shall prevail, and the will of the Father be the delight of the reconciled family. 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.'

B.

Providence, R. I.

'THE GOLDEN VASE.'

I RECEIVED a few days since a letter from a young friend, in which she says, 'I send you with this my New Year's present, Miss H. F. Gould's Golden Vase, thinking you would like to read it.' A beautiful title for a book, thought I, and what I know of the author, (I dislike the word authoress) leads me to suppose that the contents are worthy of the pretty receptacle. I had been told it was designed for the young, and so I opened it rather to gratify my kind little friend, than with a hope that it could profit a child of larger growth; but though I *opened* it at the suggestion of another, I *finished* it to please myself, and glad was I to find that my heart had not grown too old for its simple and beautiful lessons. Any one may learn the pleasure of doing good from the story of 'Mary and the Sparrow.' Mary took as she supposed a dead bird from the gravel walk, but she soon ascertained that life was not quite extinct in its little bosom, and by dropping cold water on its head and beak, she imparted almost new life to the tender thing. She put it in a blanket, and laid it aside, and had quite forgotten it, when it darted out like an arrow and sought its leafy home. It soon returned with parents, brothers and sisters, thus showing its lively gratitude. Any man or boy may learn a useful lesson from the con-

duct of the kind hearted coachman who unwittingly exposed his system of management in a few words, '*I never fret my horses and so they never fret me.*' Miss Gould has the happy faculty of adorning the most ordinary incidents of life with the bright coloring of her own graceful imagination, and the most common objects and occurrences become poetical when treated upon by her magical pen. The Golden Vase is an appropriate and valuable book for the young, and let not the more advanced overlook its humble pretensions, for they will gather from its perusal sweet lessons of faith and duty, and feel the tide of early joyousness and innocence flow back in a refreshing tide upon their hearts. IONE.

RUTH AND BOAZ.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE PLATE.

THERE was a famine in Israel when the Judges ruled, and strange tales of luxuriance and plenty came to the people from the land of Moab. The tales were believed, and Elimelech, with his wife and their two sons, went forth to journey thither, bidding farewell to Bethlehem, with tears, vowing soon to return to its hallowed ground.

The land of Moab was greeted by the exiles, and its pleasant fields where the bending grain waved like a sea of gold, gladdened the pilgrims, bidding the spectre of haggard want depart. The song of industry rang loud and clear, and their habitation was a happy one. 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Darkness is in the house of Elimelech, but not the darkness of night. He has lain down to die; as by his head Naomi stands, and on either side Mahlon and Chilion, the Hebrew would willingly close his eyes, were he in his own land. He dreads to be buried in a strange soil where the step will not be softened as the foot passes over his resting place—he cannot bear the thought that his grave will be deserted when they shall return to Bethlehem again. But he remembers that God is every where, and, blessing the loved ones, he turns to the East, and sleeps the last sleep. 'May you die among your kindred!'

There is joy in the home of the exiles. The preparations are for the marriage rite. It would be a most happy time to Naomi were it not for the fear that a curse may come upon the house through the union of her sons with a strange people. Yet they are beautiful maidens, and the affection which drew their hearts to her sons is pure. Why should she doubt? The rite is attended to and the mother gives her blessing. How little the issues of the time are known!

Ten years have passed, and again there is darkness in the home of Naomi, the pleasant one. Her sons are dead, and on either side is a widow. Now, bereft of husband and sons, she thinks of the land where she was ever joyous—where the living kindred dwell. But how can she leave the dead? How can she turn away for the last time from the graves of the loved? Rest in peace!

The Lord has visited his people and they have bread. Naomi has heard and rejoiced in the grateful story. She resolves—alone and in sorrow—to return to her early home—to greet once more the sweet scenes of unclouded years. She faints not at the thought of the weary miles of desolate land that lie between. She arises and goes forth on her journey, while her daughters-in-law believe not that she can mean to travel the scores of miles that stretch through a drear land. Hope defies difficulty and unites the far off with the near.

Naomi and her daughters-in-law stand where the road bends away from the village towards far off Judah. They cannot permit her to go on alone; they would plead with her to return, but they know it would be in vain. How can they leave to go where they will be regarded with a jealous and severe eye? They resolve to meet all and bear all for the sake of the dead, and for the love of the living. But nay, the mother-in-law would go alone. Alone would she bear the trial before her, in some degree happy to think of them in their mother's home—that they wanted not for life's good—that they will remember the burial places of the precious dead. She kisses them, and bitterly they weep. Life is struggling.

Orpah kisses Naomi, and a tear drops upon the cheek of the mother. She lays her hand on her daughter's head and blesses her in the name of Israel's God. She departs—slowly and mournfully—not venturing to look back, lest she should again falter and resolve to go with the pilgrim. But Ruth clings to the mother of her husband. How firm are her arms twined around her neck. She is bidden to lift up her head—to behold her sister departing, and to follow her; she does but turn her face, while still her head rests on Naomi's bosom, and how beautiful is the heroic look. 'Return, Ruth,' says the mother, 'to thy people and gods.' Still more heroic is the countenance of the daughter, as with untrembling lip she pleads, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord bring upon me the greatest evil, if aught but death part thee and me.' Naomi sees she is 'steadfastly minded to go with her,' and she speaks no more against it. They travel on; cheerful thoughts and kind affections wing their feet with speed. Love lessens toil by strengthening the heart.

It is the beginning of the barley harvest. The travellers enter Bethlehem, and the people throng to greet the exile's return, as her name is sounded

far and wide. As they come near, they marvel at her altered countenance, and ask, 'Is this Naomi? the Beautiful, the Pleasant One? Mournfully she answers—'Call me not *Naomi*, call me *Mara:* for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, but the Lord hath brought me home again empty.' Went out full? Did she not go out when famine was in the land—did she not become an exile to get bread? Yes, but yet her heart was full of happiness, for her affections were satisfied by the presence of her husband and sons. The people understand; they give way for the passing on of the sorrowful with her Moabitess companion. 'Tis home wherever the heart is.'

Again Naomi has a home in Bethlehem, and she blesses God for the faithful one he gave her, proving her love of the dead by fidelity to the living. The gleaners pass by to the fields, and Ruth would go. She asks for the bidding and it is given her—'Go, my daughter.' Industry is the activity of love.

There is a merry time in the harvest fields, where the sickles glitter in the sunlight among the grain, like bright eyes flashing through a veil. The bending files fall as the reaper's hook strikes them, and briskly the work goes on. Here and there are the gleaners seen, joyful to gather what God has forbidden the reapers to take up. Humble industry is as happy with its small gain, as the wealthy owner with his crowded granaries. Life is what we make it.

Ruth is in the portion of the field belonging to Boaz, a kinsman of Naomi's husband. Meekly she gathers as is her fortune to find gleanings. Boaz enters and greets the reapers, and they salute him. He notices Ruth. He looks again, and asks him who is set over the reapers, 'Whose damsel is this?' He replies, 'It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab. She asked leave to glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves; so she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, save a little while when she tarried in the house.' Boaz knew her history, and would show that he can appreciate self-sacrifice like hers. He speaks to her, 'Ruth, hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here, fast by my maidens.' He has spoken to the young men not to molest her, and he invites her to go when athirst and drink from the urns of the reapers. Ruth bows before him and asks the wherefore of this favor? 'Thy history hath been told me.' Behold the power of virtue!

There is a pause in the labor of the field. The harvesters are gathered to the simple repast. Bread, a vessel of vinegar, and parched corn, are the all of the feast, and it was enough. Ruth is there. The Master of the reapers waits upon her at the board. She is grateful and satisfied. She rises and departs for the field again. As she is seen in the distance, Boaz speaks to his young men, bidding them permit her to glean even among the sheaves and to reproach her not. 'And let fall, says he, 'also some of the handsful on purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.' Delicate charity!

It is evening. Ruth is beating out the grain from her gleanings; she has about an ephah of barley. She takes it and goes into the village, in the direction towards her home. Gather up, that nothing of good be lost.

There is joy in the house of Naomi. She is once more the Pleasant One. Ruth has told her the adventures of the day; the mother's surprise at her success in gleaning, yields to other thoughts concerning her own husband's kinsman. She bids Ruth continue in the field of Boaz, for it is good; she almost ventures to prophecy. We prophecy as we know.

Ruth, each day through the barley harvest, gleans in the field of Boaz, and dwells with her mother-in-law. She gleaned the field, but harvested the affections of Boaz.

Again Naomi is at a marriage rite. Boaz and Ruth are there. The wealth of heart which the one yields, is better than the riches of the other. No more will the Pleasant One ask to be called Mara, bitter, for she rejoices that the pilgrimage of Ruth ends in the home of Boaz. She doubts no more that the blessing of God was on the union of affections in her Moabitish home. How little of his ways are known!

There is yet more joy in the home of Boaz. A babe rests on the bosom of the nurse, and that nurse is Naomi. It is Ruth's son. And God was him: he became the father of Jesse, and Jesse was the father of David, the regal progenitor and illustrious type of the Messiah—'The Root and Offspring of David.'

Even so is human life. After the night, cometh the morning; after tears, smiles; after death, immortality.

B.

Providence, R. I.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

The earth never was designed for the christian's home. It is a field in which he is sent to labor. Here he spends the heat of the day, and he cannot find his home, until the evening comes and his work is ended. If this earth had been designed for the christian's home, it would have been made a very different place. Would it have been filled with so many snares and miseries? It would have been rendered a peaceful, quiet, and holy habitation. But now, God has prepared for him a better habitation, where nothing shall ever enter to disturb his rest, and where he feels himself forever at home. The christian only sojourns here like a wayfaring man, to lodge for a night, but Heaven is his home, where he has an eternity to spend. Eternity! eternity!! Oh, the boundless thought! How can we settle in the dust as though we were always to continue here? How can we feel otherwise than as strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

Griffin.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., APRIL, 1843.

The Philosophy of Reform; a lecture, with five discourses upon the same general topic. By Rev. E. H. Chapin. New York: C. L. Stickney. Boston: A. Tompkins. 1843. 18mo. Pp. 136. 37 1-2 cents.

We welcome with peculiar pleasure such volumes as this, inasmuch as they contain much suggestive sentiment and recognize Thought as the chief element of Progress. The subjects discussed in the work are of great moment, and they deservedly receive much and deep attention at the present age, instructing, animating and giving strength to thousands to labor heroically for the highest good of Society and Man. The first part of the volume proposes the discussion of an important theme—'*The Philosophy of Reform.*' By the '*Philosophy*' of Reform, we understand the author as intending the right comprehension of principles and tendencies, the unfolding of which really retards or aids the correct and strong developement of Right, Truth and Goodness. In doing this, he speaks against the strict Conservative, as looking only on the Past and deeming it impossible for any thing to be equal to what has been; and he also speaks against the *strict* Radical, who also despises the Present, because of glowing visions of the Future that loom up to his far-stretching eye. The true Reformer is neither of these. He recognizes what has been of good—is cautious what of the Past he retains—and what of good is now existing, and labors so to Purify and Perfect, as that an Advancement may be made surely and permanently. In this discussion there are many eloquent passages—the illustrations of particular portions are of great strength and beauty. The discourses are all on kindred subjects, holding up Christianity as the great light to illumine, guide and cheer, in the work of Reform, in all its departments. The author treats of the true grounds of Christian Union, of Intolerance, the Work and the Law of Christianity in the human soul, and the mission of the Gospel. All these are excellent productions, and no one can read them without receiving substantial benefit. The humblest efforts in literature do us good, if an earnest and true spirit breathes in them, how much more those of such marked excellence as this little volume contains!

The Prophecies of Daniel, with their application and fulfilment, illustrated by Profane History. By Rev. L. L. Sadler. Portland: S. H. Colesworthy. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 1843. 12mo. Pp. 152.

This little volume contains a series of Lectures delivered by the author to his society in Portland, and at the time of their delivery attracted, we are told, considerable attention. As published, they form another argument against the vagaries of Miller, and suggest many valuable thoughts. The book opens with a disquisition on Prophecy—a subject not to be hastily considered or settled in a few pages,—and then the prophetic times and seasons mentioned in Daniel are treated of; the next two lectures give us an interpretation of the visions, and the volume closes with a lecture on the prospective view of Jewish History—the advent, labors and death of Christ, the destruction of Jerusalem, the overthrow of the Jewish polity, and the establishment of Christianity. This very brief outline is sufficient to show the interesting character of the subjects discussed.

We are sorry to see such an oversight as in the note to page 46, where twelve times thirty days are made to amount to '365 days and some hours.' In the same note the same numeration is correct. We were surprised to find it stated in this note that 'the fact is not fully known,' how the Jews made their years to correspond to solar time. The matter is clearly treated of in standard works on Jewish antiquities, though it may be not satisfactory to the author. These small matters, however, do not injure the argument of the work, and we notice them only to suggest care. This volume is well printed, highly creditable to the press of Mr. Colesworthy.

Education. Part I. History of Education, ancient and modern. Part II. A plan of culture and instruction, based on Christian principles, and designed to aid in the right education of youth, physically, intellectually, and morally. By H. J. Smith, A. M. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1842. Pp. 340. 'Family Library,' No. 157.

When we take up a work on Education we always turn to the table of contents, and if there be a chapter on Religious Instruction, we read that first. We have always found that in such portions of various works on Education are revealed many of the principles the authors advocate, and the character of the motives they appeal to and strengthen. Thus have we done with the work before us, and the favorable opinion of the author formed therefrom was strengthened by a glance at the whole work. The plan of the work is somewhat novel, and the manner in which it is carried out has enabled the author to present a very interesting production, full of valuable suggestions.

We see by an advertisement of the Harpers, that they intend to publish a cheap edition of the future numbers of the Family Library, in paper covers, at twenty-five cents the volume. It ought to be remembered by those who are preserving an entire set, that the bound volumes will be sold at the same price as formerly, and it is only such that can be kept with care. However, we expect some one will soon invent an instantaneous dog-leaf pressing machine.

Travels in the South of Europe, &c. &c. By Rev. C. Rockwell.

To such as are fond of visiting other lands without leaving their own firesides, we would recommend the above work. His remarks upon Spain are full of interest to those who are conversant with the state of affairs in that ill-fated land. He delineates in bold colors the abuses of the church of Rome, and, drawing from life, with reference to the best authorities, we are ready to exclaim 'How art thou fallen,' and how are thy garments soiled till scarce a white fragment remains! Like the leper, could it find free utterance, it would cry, 'unclean, unclean!' I will briefly remark that we must not judge Catholicism by what we see around us, because here it has not free sway, but, if we would see it carried out, we must turn to the old countries of Europe where its abuses make the heart faint and the soul sick of human degradation. His description of Rome, Naples, Vesuvius, and the disentombed cities are strikingly vivid, and, as far as we can judge, correct. Upon the whole, we have not met with a more interesting work for a long time, and we hope it will be extensively read. H. J. W.

'*Documents relating to the* (*Mass.*) *State Prison.*' 'Seventeenth Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Prison Discipline Society, Boston.'

We are always grateful to those friends who furnish us with important public documents like the above. They assist in perceiving the moral aspect of the age, and show that great good is being done where but little noise is made. The first named pamphlet above, presents the Inspectors' and Chaplain's Reports. The first details the order and industry of the prisoners, and gives us a good opinion of the discipline of the prison. It contains, however, two paragraphs which made the blood run cold, and which we cannot fail to contrast with the Chaplain's glowing account of a revival in the prison—how all engaged have new zeal

in reference to the eternal well being of the guilty. Let some of this zeal be turned in behalf of the insane prisoners, to arouse the public to deeds of mercy—nay, of justice, in their behalf. A year since the General Court was memorialized in their behalf, but nothing was done:—we quote the paragraphs.

'Deranged persons and idiots are sometimes committed by courts, who are undoubtedly ignorant of their actual condition; and occasionally convicts are deprived of their reason during their residence here. The prison affords no means of relieving these unhappy prisoners: as they cannot safely be employed in labor, and are not the subjects of discipline, they are necessarily confined in solitude, which generally aggravates the disease.

'Other institutions have been established, and munificently endowed by the public, for the relief and cure of insanity, which are constantly mitigating or removing this greatest of human calamities, while in this prison no kind regard is extended to those who are entitled to it equally with the patients of the lunatic asylums. In this prison the insane are forgotten by the public, and sequestered from the humanity of their friends and kindred, and doomed to spend years in hopeless misery.'

The last named pamphlet is a very valuable one. The facts detailed are of great consequence. The improvements made in prisons, here alluded to, are sometimes very singular, and show what attention is paid in some cases to the minutia of things. To instance one, the bars of grates of cells, it is recommended, should always be made of *round* instead of *square* iron; 'the light and air are comparatively little intercepted by the bars of a round iron grate. A person not much accustomed to observation on prisons, would scarcely believe it possible that so much of the comfort and improvement of prisons depends on this simple provision of round iron in all the grated windows and doors.'

It seems clear to us, that our papers would do more good, if instead of raising 'a warning voice' against sectarianism in prisons, they would notice some of these matters, and plead that God's sun light be let in to cheer the imprisoned. Guilt, in a dark, damp, cold prison, must make a soul fitted to receive the gloomiest of all ideas of God, man, and human nature. But if in Christ's name any labor to exorcise the evil spirit of guilt is done, let us not 'forbid them' simply because they follow not us; rather, let us rejoice in every way in which Christ is preached.

The Christian Examiner. March. 1843. Boston: James Munroe & Co. Bi-monthly; $4 per year. Providence: B. Cranston & Co.

The Christian Examiner is one of the ablest Reviews in the country. We value it highly, and would not, for a large price, part with it. We do not fancy, however, the new arrangement by which a portion of the pages is given to poetical contributions. The issue for March, presents two exceedingly valuable articles—'Slavery,' and 'The Early Literary History of Christianity,' by Revs. A. P. Peabody and G. E. Ellis. The article on slavery is an earnest and powerful production. It dissects the abominable foolishness of a writer in the 'Southern Review,' who endeavors, not to apologize for the perpetuation of the 'patriarchial institution,' but to legitimize it as a divine ordination, against which we should not and against which we cannot virtuously contend! He maintains that the Canaanites were doomed perpetually to be a servile race—hewers of wood and drawers of water; the modern Africans, he tells us, are the descendents of the Canaanites and heirs of the curse; and to this it is added, that the Creator has constituted them, body and soul, to be such in support of which opinion, the anatomist and psychologist are appealed to. The argument is briefly thus:—Noah's curse on Ham was prophetical and perpetual; the present negro races are identically the same as the Canaanites; the negro is, from necessity, more under the influence of his instincts, appetites, and *animality*, and less under the influence of his reflective faculties, than other races of men; the negro's eye has an anatomical contrivance, by which a membranous wing covers a considerable portion of the globe of the eye, when he is exposed, as he must be to the hot sun; in the negro's nature is provided *a principle of protection against the exactions of a hard master, by making it impossible to force from him more than a moderate amount of service!*—and next we are assured that the slaves are entirely contented with their condition and have no desire for freedom. The review of this presumptuous and *impious* article, is one of the most earnest and right down sensible articles on the subject of Southern Slavery we have ever read. How different as a specimen of reasoning and argument from the article in the same No. on the 'Destruction of the World by Fire!'

The Christian World: a monthly publication, for all denominations of Christians. T. H. Stockton, editor and proprietor. Philadelphia: Drew & Scammell. 1843. Vol. 3, No. 1. January. Pp. 24. $1 per year.

The Philadelphia 'Christian World,' in the quarto form, was one of the very best specimens of typography in the country, and was conducted with ability and true dignity. The present issue is in book form, much better for binding, and as beautiful an imprint as the other size. The present No. is embellished with an elegant mezzotint engraving, '*The Nativity*.' It is the first of 'Serial Illustrations of the History of Christ.' The 'World' is a valuable work for reference, as it embraces a wide range of topics, and its literary character is of a high order.

The Health Journal, and Independent Magazine, February, 1843. Vol. 1, No. 1. 8vo. Pp. 32. Monthly: $2 per year. Boston: S. A. Whitmarsh.

We omitted to notice this magazine last month, but not because we had 'no opinion of it,' for we formed a very good one at first sight. It is edited, we understand, by Mrs. Gove, which to many will be a good recommendation. The pages of the present number are filled with very readable, and with some strong and thoughtful articles, on various subjects connected with physical, intellectual and moral reform; and the work is to be devoted to free thought on 'all questions and subjects that concern the great brotherhood of Man.' The typography is excellent.

THE

UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY 1843.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

BY HENRY BACON.

In that beautiful tribute hymn to the God of nature —the 104th Psalm, the poet saith: 'Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.' The season to which the sweet singer of Israel alluded, is now around us in its leafing and budding beauty. A creating spirit is abroad over the earth, renewing its face, as when the fountain of life in a human form is made to send healthy and vivifying influences to every portion of the frame, making the countenance beautiful with freshness and warmth, and causing the eye to glisten as an unbound streamlet that flows on singing in the sunshine. A great moral of the season is that which bids us recognize God as the Living Force, acting behind material veils, producing all that we behold—all that makes us rejoice that the spring-time is come. It is thus that we can realize the presence of God all around us, and adore him as the God of the rolling year. It is thus that we can be led to tender and beautiful thoughts of our Maker, and have awakened in our souls feelings 'too deep for tears.' It is thus that our moral sensibilities can be quickened, and we thereby be made able to read the lessons of the beauty of virtue and right industry, which the season presents.

The sacred writers give us abundant aid in this effort to make nature eloquent with God. They never stop at second causes. That which appears is as naught to that which is invisible; and the constant recognition of God as the Artist, gives enthusiasm to their contemplations of the beautiful pictures of the seasons, as the panorama of the year passes before them. And this caused them so frequently to apostrophize the animate and inanimate objects of the lower creation and call upon them with all their powers to praise God, as though they were endowed with intellectual and moral faculties. But from these apostrophies we are not to draw the influence that the sacred writers—the Hebrew bards, regarded these objects as thus endowed. No; the living thoughts of the poet went forth and gave the life of a rational soul to mountain and valley, hill, river and stream, beast, bird and insect, sun, moon and stars. As the rapt bards gazed on these portions of the material world, they found so much to admire, so many wonderful revelations of the ruling Deity, so many beautiful harmonies and adaptations, that, for the time, they felt that each had a soul like their own, and that unitedly they should praise the Creator. Thus mind gave mind to materiality and clothed nature with the attributes of spirit—as we do when exercised by great gladness, we walk forth amid the pleasantness of a bright spring-day, and speak of the earth as smiling and all nature as rejoicing. We can then bow down and easily fancy that we hear the breathing of the growing grass, and the beating of the heart of the unfolding bud; to speak then of 'the voices of spring,' is not to us mere poetry. There are voices—voices of music, coming to the spirit's ear, as if the angels were floating invisibly around and breathing the melodies of heaven in the forest, by the stream, and in the garden. There are voices—voices of those who once roamed with us amid the witching beauties of the rural walks, and discoursed of what their eyes beheld and their hearts felt, but who now have passed away.

> 'And there comes a shadow o'er us now,
> For we've strown the dust on the sunny brow!
> We have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
> She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race;
> With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
> They are gone from among us in silence down.'

But there are other voices—voices that speak of the Power that brings life out of death, that gives such a body as it pleases him to give to the surviving spirit; that renews the face of the earth, as an emblem of the freshness and beauty that gladden the soul in the spirit land. There are voices which remove the shadow from our brow—voices that come from the freed stream as it bounds from the mountain top or the sparry cave, rushing towards the mighty main to mingle with the waters that have gone before, as we are tending to eternity and to union with the departed. And as we listen to the faint sounds of that far off main, they seem to be the pleasant voices of the absent speaking from eternity, bidding us press on with

unwavering hope, doing good as does the stream while it rushes on to the ocean.

Yes, that stream, causing verdure to mark its passage, teaches us the first lessons of Spring—freedom and industry—the beauty of active virtue and social goodness.

It speaks, I remarked, of *Freedom;* and by this I allude to thousands long pent up in their homes and denied by the severities of the past season from enjoying the free air. I allude also to birds and insects —to innumerable creatures delivered from bonds that bound. O there is much to waken grateful feeling as we now are permitted to walk forth and greet childhood sporting in the open air, playing with the sunbeams as with golden ribbands, and leaping and dancing in their excess of joy! And then too we meet old age leaning cheerfully on the strong staff, drinking in relief from much weariness, and rejoicing that once more they are permitted to behold the green earth, and bare their head to the grateful breeze, letting the wind sport with the silver locks that flash back the sunlight. And then, too, how pleasant it is to behold the invalid coming out from the dull chamber and sitting in the porch of the dwelling, wherefrom she can feast her eye on the renewing of nature's face, and be made glad as she meditates on the goodness of that power which thus can create anew. How rich are her thoughts as she looks abroad into the garden and field, or gazes on the lovely flowers that have been placed in her hands! How exquisite is the enjoyment of the relatives that gather around, placing on her brow the green and fragrant wreath, or directing her attention to the thrilling note of a bird, to the sport of the brooklet into which they have thrown a rock to form a mimic cascade, as the waters dash over it! Farther on, we behold more reasons for social grateful feeling, as we see the raised window of the room where the sick has long languished. Too feeble to reach the portals of the house, she is able to have the casement open and enjoy the sweet breath of morning as it steals over her with a reviving power. She can look out on the returning beauty of the earth, grateful for that privilege, and rejoicing in the cheerfulness of the many rural sounds that reach her ear. And then too the poor—*the poor* who have suffered much while they were forced to cling close to the small fire, the keen wind finding many a passage to them, as though sporting with the slight defences which they were able to procure. How often has the little child been kept in the covering of the humble night couch, till the sun rose to its noonday height and sent his grateful beams to gladden the cottage room! But now, the little innocents can rush forth early as their instincts prompt them, and find health, as well as joy, in the open air. I bless God for the spring-time as I think of the joy it gives to the poor, and I find deep sources of heartfelt gladness as I think of the freedom granted to multitudes by the goings forth of the Spirit that renews the face of the earth.

Beautiful are the sympathies thus awakened by Spring. They are the patrons of philanthropy and benevolence, and they prompt to deeds of gentleness and patient love. Happy is he in whose heart they reign with power, for his course will be like the stream that is our teacher—glad and fruitful.

This fruitfulness speaks of the second lesson of Spring—*Industry*. God's creating spirit is indeed abroad, and his power is indeed renewing the face of the earth; but this is not that man may be idle and dwell in luxurious slothfulness. No, but rather that he may be encouraged to labor—to imitate nature's industry—to work together with God, who giveth seed to the sower that bread may be given to the eater. He that 'goeth forth, weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' And why will he doubtless come again rejoicing, bearing the rewards of his labor? Because he has the right anxiety to sow and nourish aright the seed, in accordance with the established and unvarying laws of vegetable growth. And in this he is a pattern for all who labor in productive industry. They must study the laws of labor which cannot be set aside; and therefore in every relation in active life it is true, that as a man soweth, so shall he reap. Spring is beautiful as the result of the action of the laws of vegetable life as God ordained their operation, and beautiful are the effects of industry when directed by correct principles. Thus Spring not only calls us to the prompt and energetic exercise of our productive powers, but teaches us to control their operation by the dictates of honesty, integrity and prudence. Without obedience to these, industry has no beauty—the heart finds no happiness in the retrospect of life, and self-condemnation will often deprive the soul of power to enjoy what has thus been gained. It is indeed true that 'godliness is profitable unto all things;' and honesty is not to be recommended simply because it is the 'best policy,' but because of a higher consideration—it is God's law of right, and the noblest law of honor. Spring's honesty is Autumn's richness.

Another lesson of the teaching stream giving voice to the spring-time, tells of the beautiful effects of *active and christian virtue in renewing the spring-time of the soul.* Similar language to that which the Psalmist applies to Spring, is many times employed, both in the Old and New Testaments, to describe the effects of the operations of gospel faith. Beautiful is the language of prophecy: 'The Lord will comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.' Again; after allusion was made to the mission of the snow and rain to prepare the earth for bringing forth and budding, to give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, the declaration is added that God's word

shall in like manner accomplish the end for which it was sent, and then the effects are set forth, 'For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.' Again we read an even more direct and perfect similitude drawn from the season we are contemplating;—'For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations.'

How eloquent then should this season be in setting forth the power of the Gospel to produce a spring-time of the soul, and that the effects of the Gospel will ever be joyous and beautiful. When the garden causeth the things sown in it to spring forth, the reign of freshness and beauty commences; that which was late so unattractive, now begins to assume many charms, and the eye is no sooner directed thither than it glows with delight. The seeds prove their vitality —their affinity to the soil in which they were sown; and as the plant or slender stem of the flower rises, and the leafing process commences, a discovery is soon made of the character of the seed sown, and we delight to pronounce the names of the unfolding favorites, dear to the heart from tender associations. Even so is it with the seed of christian truth—of immortal vitality—when sown truly in the heart. Where there was a desert before, an Eden commences to bloom. The christian graces, one after another, each in her time and place, spring forth and bud and unfold their moral beauty and send out their sweetness to make the air balmy. Voices of joy are heard—for there must be spiritual melodies in the spring-time of the soul. And these representations of the effects of the growth of grace in the soul, effectually, it would seem, set aside the too common idea of dullness and gloom being the effects of religion's sovereignty within. We *may* plant a garden with seed that will produce none but dark and unfragrant flowers; but when we do so, we can expect no other result. So if we choose not right spiritual seed, we may have instead of an Eden, nothing but a drear array, as of a mourning assembly where Hope is not.

Yet it is a truth, that the Scripture references are all like those we have quoted, and always imply the existence of great joy and exquisite beauty in all spiritual gardens which are worthy of being called 'the gardens of the Lord.' Where gloom abides and no sweet singing birds will come, the wrong seed have been planted, or thorns have been permitted to choke good seed.

But has the true spring-time of the soul ever come to each of us? This is the great question, O my soul! Has the good seed of the kingdom been sown in our hearts? Is it springing up? and if so, what increase does it promise? It may be that some are ready to inquire, How shall we know whether the reality has come to us? The answer is a plain one. How do we know when spring-time, as a yearly season, has come? We know it by the milder air and softer sunshine—by the freshness which is spreading itself over the earth, and the delicate flower peeping forth amid the yet frozen grass, the herald of the speedy coming of the beautiful children of May; and we know it by the labor required in the garden to pluck the ambitious weeds and guard the tender blade that betokens the growth of a flower or plant. By the same tokens we know when the soul's spring-time has come. If we breathe milder and speak more kindly—if a new life spreads itself over the spiritual being, and a freshness is given to religious things long unknown; if all the winter of the soul is broken up; if here and there, in the mental garden, seeds of truth are germinating, desirable plants and flowers are springing, and a need is felt of weeding, and of bestowing careful attention to what is permitted to take root,—then may we trust that the spiritual spring-time is come! and happy is he who, like a true husbandman or gardener, is faithful to the spring work; for beautiful will be the summer, and rich will be the autumn of life in immortal fruitfulness. 'This is the commandment, *that ye bring forth much fruit.*' Remember this —It is the Master's word—and be true to the work required; then will the discovery be made, of how true it is that life assumes new and happier aspects as we obey the laws of our higher nature; and of the spiritual garden, we shall find cause to say as the poet has said of another:

'Yes, in the poor man's garden grow
Far more than herbs and flowers;
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.'

Another lesson of the spring-time is that which speaks of our *dependance upon God*, who alone can give the early and latter rain. Without him, nothing lives. His power and wisdom are seen in every unfolding bud, in the delicate blossom, in the springing grass, in the foliage of the trees, in the luxuriance of the vine, and in every flower that lifts its head to smile and breathe out sweetness on the morning air. The birds as they cut through the blue air, or sing the song of love; the insects as they sport in the sunbeam, or sail on the stream; the rain as it descends, the dew as it falls, the wind as it blows,—all speak of God; and to him who will reverently listen, there will come voices as from the lowest valley, over plain and mount, and from shady wood, dense forest, and loftiest height, offering praise to God. We do not need to have priests go out on the high hill, as the Moslem priests ascend the towers, to cry—'God

reigneth!' Nature's stillness is more eloquent than any human voice. We know it when we are startled in our solitary meditations by a human voice. It leaves us to ourselves—to the undistracted exercise of all our rational powers, that we may find in our own hearts testimony to the highest truth—God reigns and man is dependant.

We may turn over the moist soil; we may prepare it with all possible diligence for the seed to be sown; and in the furrows we may drop the golden grains. There our power ends. We cannot bring the warmth from the sun, or the rain from the clouds. It comes as God wills; and we shall labor to the best success, inwardly and outwardly, as we reverently heed the lessons of our dependance and say with the Psalmist; 'Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof, thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof; thou crownest the year with thy goodness.' These are truths not only for the husbandman and dweller in the country; but for the inhabitant of the city, that he may honor aright the tiller of the soil and confess the medium by which God confers the essentials of life; and that he may also devoutly respect the laws of integrity in all the business of trade and commerce, in order that his harvest may be honorable to himself and to God.

In ending our communion with the spirit of Spring, let the season speak to us of cheerfulness, and let us drink in the inspiration of a happier life. Let us commune with the beauties of the opening season as with the hand-writing of a friend, and cultivate the pure feelings that may be awakened within us thereby.

Let the young especially receive wise lessons from the spring-time. It has sympathy with them. It is full of vivacity and joy. It inspires gladness in the soul. But it also teaches care and prudence, by the beauty that is seen in the garden where these virtues have been duly exercised, and by the want of beauty where they have been neglected. 'I went,' says the wise man, 'by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well; I looked upon it and received instruction. He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.'

May the memories of the spring-time be sanctified to us. If when we go out to inhale the spirit of the season, we miss some of the beloved who were wont with us to say 'How Beautiful!' let our thoughts rise till we see the vision of the Redeemed, walking by glad streams, in white robes, with the green palm branch of victory over death and the grave.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

BY MRS. S. BROUGHTON.

The stars were in the sky,
Holy and beautiful, as pearls of light,
That gem the crystal battlements on high,
With radiance purely bright;
And shadows deep, were on Judea's vales,
And silence brooded o'er her verdant dales.

The Temple gates were closed;
And 'round the hallowed shrine where fervent prayer
Was daily offered, Israel's priests reposed,
Safe in His watchful care
Who cleft the dark waves of the rolling sea,
And led his chosen forth from bondage free.

Amid the olive boughs
The night breeze stray'd with softly murmuring sound,
Wooing the wearied watchers to repose
In love and trust profound;
Resting the burden of their cares on Him
Who dwells between the glorious Cherubim.

O'er all the shadowy plain
The breezes bore no echo, save the song
Of purling rills, as the lone night-bird's strain,
Whose music thrill'd along
The vine-clad terraces, and shady bowers;
Now sere and chill, 'neath Autumn's drenching showers.

On storied Galilee
Thick brooding darkness rested like a pall;
The watchful Shepherds waited for the day,
And mourn'd their nation's thrall;
Communing sadly through that weary night,
Of promised Shiloh's long expected light.

Hark! on the midnight air
The thrilling cadences of minstrelsy;
Soft as Eolian music heard afar,
Or ocean-melody;
When gentle gales sing in the pearly shells,
And nereids weave their soul entrancing spells.

Near, and more near it rings,
And now the vast cerulean brightly glows;
The air is radiant with ten thousand wings,
And pure as northern snows
Those flowing robes that float adown the sky;
Whose radiance is too pure for mortal eye.

'Fear not,' the angel said,
'For unto you a Savior Christ is born;
Low in a manger rests his princely head,
Yet hallowed is the dawn
Of this blest morn, when God his love reveals;
And with such glorious boon the covenant seals.

Go ye to Bethlehem,
And worship him the matchless King of kings;
His brow is crown'd with mercy's diadem
And healing 's in his wings.'
The lyre notes through the empyrean rang,
And all the shining throng together sang,

'Glory to God on high.'
This was the burden of their song, and then
Pealed the loud anthem through the sapphire sky;
'Good will henceforth to men.
The everlasting King descends to reign,
The Prince of glory comes to dwell with man.'

Came he with spear and shield?
With glittering steel, and trumpets martial clang?
With waving banners, gleaming o'er a field
Where the wild war-cry rang?
With brazen armor, stain'd in human gore?
And victory, plum'd above the battle's roar?

Ah no, let tear drops flow,
Let the soul melt in gratitude and love;
He came to gild the wastes of human woe
With radiance from above.
To shed the glory of the life divine
O'er the dark rayless midnight of the mind.

On Olivet's fair brow
Behold him teaching 'mid the wondering throng;
List, from his lips what gracious accents flow,
Sweeter than notes of song,
When Judea's daughters swept the sounding wires;
And on her mountains rang the prophet lyres.

'Blest are the pure in soul;
For they shall walk in robes of stainless white;
They shall be led where living waters roll,
And visions ever bright,
Shall cheer their pathway through this vale of tears,
With a sweet foretaste of the eternal years.'

'Blest are the mourning ones
Who thirst for the clear streams of righteousness;
They shall be filled, and with the shining ones
Repose in bowers of peace.
They shall not roam 'mid gloomy shades of night,
For truth shall be their soul's unfading light.'

When shadows dim thy sky,
And threatening tempests frown above thy way,
When one by one thine earthly comforts die,
And cherished hopes decay;
Then rise, and gird faith's heavenly armor on,
And tread the path mark'd by the Sinless One.

He is the living Light,
Whose splendors dim the glowing noontide ray;
His hand hath rent the gloomy veil of night;
And heaven's immortal day
Is beaming o'er the portals of the tomb,
And crowning Death's pale brow with fadeless bloom.

When we have burst the bars
That chain us sadly to this weary earth;
When we shall tread the pathway of the stars,
In the bright spirit-birth;
Then shall we understand the thrilling song
That o'er the plains of Bethlehem peal'd along.

'Glory to God most High;'
From myriad living harps shall ring that strain:
The ransom'd of the Lord no more shall die,
Or suffer grief, or pain;
But songs and everlasting joy shall crown
The unnumber'd millions round the emerald throne.

Soon shall our spirits stand
Within the golden courts, and tune the lyre
To swell the anthems of the white robed band,
That walk the sea of fire;
Whose crystal waves resound the deep-toned lays,
'Till heaven's eternal arches ring with praise.

Malone, N. Y.

DUNN BROWNE, ESQ.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'Well, Mary, here we are by ourselves, in our retired and pleasant room, with a cheerful fire and nothing to disturb us; and now what shall we do to make the time pass pleasantly?'

'With me it could not pass otherwise than pleasantly while I am in your society, for it is happiness enough to be where you are, to hear your voice and look upon your soul-beaming face. There is nothing for me, like the charm of a quiet room which contains a treasured friend, with whom we can converse, or indulge in musing, as we feel in a social or silent mood; for we can never be truly at ease where conversation must be constantly kept up, because a pause would be embarrassing. But you ask what we shall do? and I answer read, of course, for your library contains many useful and amusing works, which we have not yet allowed ourselves the pleasure of perusing together. And the next question is, what shall we read? poetry or prose, philosophy or fiction?'

'Why I vote for fiction; but you need not smile, as much as to say, "I knew you would," for I *do* sometimes read other books than novels, though you look so credulous; but what say you to "The Pathfinder?" '

'O, do not ask me to read that to-night.'

'Why? have you any especial dislike for that book in particular?'

'No, I never saw it; but have read so many similar to it, by the same author, I think I know just how it begins and ends. Can you not think of some other book that would suit you as well?'

'Not now; I am quite set upon that; that or none; but since we cannot agree, let us postpone reading, and have "a talk," as the Indians say.'

'Well, so say I; but what shall we talk about? Is there any subject upon which your mind is particularly exercised at present?'

'Oh no! but what if you should tell a story?'

'Why, you do not think I am an Improvisatrice, or an eastern tale teller, do you? Would you have a true or false narrative? and what should it be about?'

'It would be of no great consequence whether it

was fact or fiction; but have you no amusing adventure of your own to relate? Has nothing befallen you since you came to the Quaker city which might "point a moral or adorn a tale?" and have you met no original characters who would do for heroes or heroines of romance?'

'Perhaps I have; but do you think they would like to be brought "before the people" in the pages of a public print? As for my own adventures, they have never been at all Quixotic, romantic, or sentimental; for, as you very well know, I am a right down, matter of fact damsel. There is one thing which is rather annoying, especially to a nervous person, and I wonder if you have ever thought of it: it is to have people expecting you will write about every thing that comes under your observation which is a little out of the course of common, every day events; to hear them say this or that occurrence would be "a fine subject for your pen;" "you must write some lines on that event," or "this adventure would be a good theme for a story." I know it is perfectly natural to make such remarks, though I cannot refrain from smiling when I hear them; but this is a digression, *not* made to find fault with your request about the story; so take up your "knitting work," and put the green shade over the lamp, that you may not look into my eyes if you suspect me of not telling "an ower true tale."'

'As I was one day taking a solitary walk through the straight streets of this rectangular city, and moralizing to myself on the loneliness one sometimes feels amid a passing crowd, my attention was attracted by an ancient looking mansion, which stands several feet farther back from the pavement than most of the houses in Fourth Street. It is built of brick, black and red alternately; on the front, between the lower and upper stories, are white marble slabs with reclining figures sculptured thereon; small, slightly projecting blocks of the same, form an arch around the door way; and a wide portico, or piazza, extends across the front, with broad marble steps descending to the court-yard, which is paved and enclosed by an iron railing. It bears no comparison with the proud dwellings of the present day; but there is something about it which made me think it might in time past have been the residence of a wealthy citizen. An aged, wrinkled woman; a dealer in pies and cakes, and such delectables; had her station and her little table near to the gateway. My fancy was wide awake, and I imagined that ancient dame might know something of the history of a dwelling before which she seemed to be a fixture; and if there was aught of the marvellous, any legend or romance of the past connected with it, who so fit to know and relate it, as the wierd woman, with sharp gray eye and silver locks, who sat without the gate. I stopped before the table to select something from her little store, and having won her good will, and suited my Yankee taste, by "buying out" her whole stock of *molasses candy*, I inquired how long she had kept her stand in that particular place. "Many years, marm," she answered, "many years." "Then," said I, "you must have seen many changes; yonder house has come to be a familiar object, and often must its inhabitants have gone in and out before you."'

'Ah! lady, you are right. I have seen the bride come hither in her gay attire, and the mother borne away with her face shrouded for the grave. I have seen the dancing child grow up to womanhood; have known her trials, her sorrow and her joy, and have bid her farewell on this very spot when she went forth to return here no more.'

'Who was she?' I eagerly asked, 'good woman, will you not tell me her name and story?' She seemed ready to gratify my curiosity, and regardless of appearances, I seated myself on a stone which, fortunately for my comfort, as I was somewhat weary, happened to lie upon the pavement by her side; and this is the tale she told me; of course I do not confine myself entirely to her own words in repeating it, though she spoke correctly and with the eloquence of feeling.'

'The house before us was purchased many years ago by Monsieur Linant, a French gentleman, who had made quite a fortune by trading here and in foreign places, to which he often made long voyages, till he seemed to be a citizen of the world, with no idea of making any particular place a permanent home. But finally, after having nearly passed the meridian of life, he came here once more with a beautiful young Spanish lady, who, as woman sometimes does, had given her heart to one many years her senior, and become his willing wife. This was the bower to which he brought his cherished dove, and it was then truly a luxurious dwelling. The muslins of India, and the silks of Persia, draped the windows, and soft, rich carpets from Turkish looms, covered the floors. Books, musical instruments and pictures, were collected together, to amuse the idolized young wife; who, secluded from the world, like a bird in some leafy bower, seemed to have no wish but to lavish her love and her charms upon one alone. Monsieur Linant was somewhat avaricious and fond of hoarding his wealth; but his strong box, like his heart, was ever open to his charming wife, and her every wish was abundantly gratified. They were such a couple as we sometimes see, who, had we known them apart, we should have thought were entirely unfitted to tread their path together; but who, when united, seemed to have been made for each other. He was a man of no more than ordinary intelligence, and of reserved and cold exterior, which is not common with those of his country. He had never sang lays in lady's bower, or dipped his pencil in the hues of light, or wove sweet words in story to charm the ear. His life had been spent in the pursuit of wealth, and his intercourse was mostly with the calculating and the cold. Gray hairs

were sprinkled among his dark brown locks, and lines of care were legible upon his brow; but he was blest with fervent affections and a gentle nature, and was the chosen of a young, high souled and loving woman: one who had spent her days among the beauties of nature, and the bright creations of art; whose affections had been lavished upon poetry, and birds, and flowers; till her heart was made a shrine for the image of him who became her husband; who took the place of every other idol, and was more than all the world beside. Happy they were together through the whole of their short wedded life, and Heaven gave them one fair daughter to crown their cup of bliss. I seem to see her now frolicking among the flowers; for this paved court-yard was then a perfect bower of blossoms, shrubs and trees surrounded the mansion, and the pillars of the portico were wreathed all over with flowering vines.

Time passed on, and nothing had yet occurred to mar their deep felt, quiet joy. The young Inez, the fairy child, had reached her tenth summer, and their hearts were full of fond anticipations of the blissful lot which the future should bring for their darling. But a sudden blight came upon the mother; her cheek grew pale, and her dark eye faded; and after a few months of languishing, the bier brought forth all that remained of that lovely and loving woman. O, it was sad to see the stricken husband. He seemed to grow older in a few days than during the ten years before; his hair became white, and fell away from his forehead; his head was bowed and his step heavy and slow; and the young girl wept and mourned, and would not be comforted. The windows of the house were darkened, and the garden was neglected, and it seemed that the cloud of sorrow which overshadowed the place would never pass away; but time softens the deepest grief, and the bereaved husband again went forth to mingle with his fellows, and the sad daughter found solace among her birds and flowers.

Years flew away, and the sweet Inez was seen by the windows, on the portico, and in the garden, with a graceful youth ever by her side. It was her cousin Henri, her father's nephew, who, when left an orphan in France, had been offered a home by his uncle. He did not wish to be an idle pensioner on that uncle's bounty, but was preparing himself for some situation in a foreign city, which M. Linant promised to procure him. In the mean time he was cherishing a passion for Inez which was to be the bane or blessing of his after years, and she too allowed her heart to twine itself around the handsome Henri. I need not detail the progress of such an attachment; but when their affections were unalterably fixed, the time came for Henri's departure. M. Linant had been unconscious of their growing attachment, and when the truth was told him, he refused to sanction it, and bade Henri depart without a hope of ever being received as a candidate for the hand of his cousin. They parted in sorrow, with an interdict denying them any future correspondence, and each felt that darkening of the soul which follows the vanishing of youthful hopes.

It might seem that the father was cruel in thus dooming two young hearts to such bitter disappointment; but Inez was his all; she was young, and could soon forget her first fancy, and she should not plight her troth to her penniless cousin. He did not wish her to marry at all; but if she did, he must give her to one who would not allow 'the winds of heaven to visit her too roughly;' who would shower the luxuries which wealth procures around her; in short, a husband of his own, instead of *her*, choosing.

Inez did not 'pine away,' or grow fretful under the influence of this affliction; her laugh might have been less joyous, and perhaps she shed some tears in secret, but no trace of them could ever be discovered. She united a considerable degree of French vivacity with a share of Spanish reserve and pride, and though her thoughts never wandered from her cousin and his unkind banishment, she devoted herself more than ever to her father, and went in and out before him with a sunny brow, till he laid 'the flattering unction to his soul,' that he had acted wisely, and that Henri was forgotten. But a new competitor for the favor of Inez appeared, who needs to be introduced to notice.

Dunn Browne, Esq. had attained his majority, and come into the possession of a rich inheritance. He was vain and shallow minded, and had little beside his wealth, and personal appearance which was prepossessing, to recommend him; but he imagined that these would be a passport to the favor of all. He set up an elegant establishment; dashed about with a handsome equipage and fine horses; wore his hair in ringlets, and decorated himself much as do the dandies of the present day. He added an *e* to his name, to distinguish himself from the common herd of Brown's, and never wrote it without tacking on the title of Esquire; and the card of 'Dunn Browne, Esq.' was welcomed with delight by many a fashionable lady as the voucher of a call from that distinguished individual. He spent his time in idleness, on the pursuit of pleasure; to be sure his tables were covered with fine books, but he never read them, and his walls were hung with costly paintings, but he looked upon them only as necessary articles of ornament; they could not cause his eye to light up with admiration and pleasure; they never touched his heart, and he did not know a Salvator Rosa from a Claude Lorrain. As he had nothing else to do, he saw fit to fall desperately in love with the fair Inez Linant. He was continually annoying her with his attentions; his horses stood at her door daily, waiting for the honor of giving her an airing, and when she excused herself from receiving him, she found a card, with 'Dunn Browne, Esq.' staring at her in large letters, from some conspicuous situation.

Her father encouraged his visits, and she could not

always avoid him, or refuse his attendance when she appeared in public; and sometimes her natural gaiety and fondness for amusement, got the better of her discretion; and she would forget her coldness, and allow herself to be so friendly and agreeable, that the sanguine gentleman thought he had but to say the word and be accepted. Accordingly, having obtained the consent of M. Linant, he declared his passion to Inez; laid himself and his wealth at her feet, and was rejected on the spot, without reserve or hesitation. It so happened that while writhing under the mortification of this event, he received a call from the lawyer who was settling the claims, for and against, the estate he had inherited. Among the houses and lands mentioned in the will as bequeathed him by his father, who had died leaving him an orphan in boyhood, were the mansion and grounds occupied by Monsieur Linant. His guardian, not doubting the honor of M. Linant, had taken his word as proof that the place had been duly purchased, without seeing the deed, or having the fact legally established; but our rejected heir, vexed with the daughter, determined to accuse the father of holding property not his own. M. Linant who had ever been exact and honorable in all his transactions, felt wronged and insulted by such a charge. He explained how he had purchased the estate, and received a deed drawn up according to the form observed in such cases; and how the father of the young man had died suddenly, soon after, which accounted for the will, which had doubtless been made before, remaining unaltered. He would then have brought the deed to be examined, but it was no where to be found, and he was threatened with a lawsuit if the paper was not produced, or the property given up.

They sought the lost deed in vain, till they were hopeless of its ever being found; and Inez was censured by her father for refusing a man whose wealth would make her happy, and who now would endeavor to deprive them of their home. M. Linant was naturally avaricious; but his indulgence towards his wife had been unbounded; and having pursued no business, and added nothing to his possessions, for many years, if the valuable estate on which he resided should be taken from him, he would be left no means of procuring another to compare with it. He explained the whole matter to Inez, and besought her to save her father and herself from poverty and disgrace, by considering more favorably the suit of her discarded lover. Inez was not prepared for such a dilemma; she might endeavor to make a friend of her suitor, but she would not, she could not be his wife.

Dunn Browne was not wholly ignorant of the ways of womankind. He knew the most cruel of the sex sometimes relented; that perseverance would overcome many obstacles; and finally he thought the lady must have been joking when she refused such a desirable match as he considered himself; and so he returned with new hope to the siege of her woman's heart.

'No wonder he would not willingly give up the wish of winning Inez Linant; for O, she was a lovely and a fairy creature; not much larger than yourself, and you are an uncommon small lady:' and here the old woman paused in her story and surveyed me from head to foot; then being apparently satisfied with having made so *true* a remark, she thus continued:—'I will not attempt to describe her; but think of the most beautiful being you ever saw and call her Inez; neither will I dwell long on the trial she underwent in endeavoring to obey the commands of her father; who finally insisted upon her giving her hand to a man she regarded with abhorrence. The time was even mentioned when the sacrifice was to be made, and Inez could do nothing but weep and fold her hands in despair; but a few days before the dreaded event a change appeared to have come over her spirit; she seemed determined to resign herself cheerfully to the worst, and went about the house with her accustomed alacrity busying herself with preparations for her bridal. The guests were invited, and the rooms swept and garnished. I thought there was mischief in her eye; but she kept her own council, and all wondered at her changing will: all but Dunn Browne, and *he* thought it was the most natural thing in the world that she should be pleased with the prospect of wedding a man like him.

The anxiously expected evening came, and every thing about the house was in bridal array. The guests were assembled; Inez, resplendently decked, came forth from her chamber; the bridegroom expectant, showering perfume and shining in curls, broadcloth and ruffles, led her before the holy man, and when he repeated with solemn air "if any can show reason why these two should not be united let him speak now or ever after hold his peace;" a manly voice was heard in response, saying "pause priest! she is mine!" and a noble looking youth stationed himself by her side. "Henri!" she exclaimed "O, save me!" and she put her hand in his with such an appealing and confiding glance he could scarce refrain from folding her to his heart.

Henri took M. Linant aside and explained all in a few words. He had returned three days before and sought an interview with Inez, when she explained to him the difficulties of her own and her father's situation. He had been fortunate in his business transactions; a maiden aunt had left him a fine estate in France, and furthermore the lost deed was safe in his possession. Inez had given him, years ago, a curious box that once belonged to her mother, and during his absence he had accidentally discovered in it a secret drawer containing the deed, which had probably been put there through mistake, and sundry other papers. He hoped, these fortunate circumstances considered, his uncle would not deem him entirely unworthy of

his constant cousin. It was she who had contrived this little *ruse* of allowing the wedding to proceed till he should appear at the critical moment, that thus she might have an opportunity of being revenged on her troublesome lover; and now, with her father's consent, the holy man should say the words which would give him his own Inez.

M. Linant could hesitate no longer, he smiled his approbation, the ceremony went on, and one bridegroom made way for another. The knot was tied, Inez wept and smiled, Henri looked radiant with joy and triumph, the guests were amazed, and Dunn Browne, Esq. *was* most completely, and to all intents and purposes, *done brown*.

There is nothing more to relate, except that Monsieur Linant soon after sold his residence, and removed to France with his children. The house has since passed through the hands of several owners; time has not improved it, and you see what it now is, when its palmy days have departed.'

'And so endeth the story which the pie-woman told me.'

'Well Mary, is it all true?'

'True, why I thought you was fond of fiction, and I did not promise to tell the truth, did I?'

'No, I believe not; but is the house really there, in Fourth Street?'

'Certainly it is.'

'Just as you have described it?'

'As nearly as I can recollect.'

'And the old woman, is she there too?'

'She is not far off.'

'And did she tell you this story?'

'Why how incredulous you are; I have said she did; but if you doubt *my* word you can go and ask *her*.'

Hartford, Ct.

THE MINSTREL BRIDE.

BY CHARLOTTE.

THE accompanying stanzas were suggested by an engraving, entitled the 'Bridal Wreath'—representing two females—one wreathing the hair of the other with orange blossoms. The face of the bride, though beautiful, wore an expression of intense melancholy, which attracted my attention, and suggested a little romance which I have woven into verse as follows:

TWINE not amid my tresses now
Those orange blossoms fair,
Their beauty ill befits this brow,
They'll fade and wither there.
And take these glistening pearls away,
Their purity would shame
The unquiet breast whereon they lay,
That bartered *peace* for *fame*.

Those beautiful, pale orange flowers!
What dreams of olden time,
Of vanished joys, departed hours,
And my own sunny clime,
They bring before my aching eyes,
Until I yearn to be
Once more beneath thy sapphire skies,
Mine own fair Italy!

Those skies—they never look so blue,
In this far distant land—
And hearts are colder—friends are few
To press the stranger's hand.
I loathe this carved and gilded dome,
With gorgeous tap'stries hung!
O give me back my childhood's home,
Where first my lute I strung!

Why did I leave that vine-clad cot,
To gain a prouder name—
And bear a minstrel's chequered lot,
To win a minstrel's fame?
I deemed *that* was the highest bliss,
The *triumph of my art!*
I left my native land for this,
And broke a trusting heart!

My laurel wreath with blood is stained—
How great hath been its cost!
What is the glory I have gained,
Compared with all I've lost?—
Earth's proudest ones have sought my shrine,
And offered incense there—
But gladly would I all resign,
A *quiet heart* to bear!

Ye've twined the bridal orange wreath
Amid my raven hair—
Alas! the brow that smiles beneath,
Doth hide a weight of care!
Ye deem it strange, a '*blessed bride*'
Should weep on such a day,—
And 'tis not well—but do not chide—
I'll wipe my tears away.

There! that's the last! one heart-wrung sigh,
To ancient memories given—
One burning tear to days gone by,
To ties forever riven!
And now lead on! the pang is o'er—
Let weal or wo betide,
No chance or change can ever more
Affect the Minstrel Bride.

CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION.

THE reasonableness of submission to the Divine will and dealings with us, appears very plain from the view the Scriptures give us of the Divine government. It is perfect; all its principles are right, just, and benevolent; all its operations harmonize with a wisdom that cannot err and a goodness that cannot be unkind; and identifies the glory of the Supreme with the happiness of man. The Scriptures do not permit us to doubt the benevolence of God's govern-

ment, but write upon the very throne of his judgment his name—Love, as the Savior bade his disciples to pray that the *Father's* kingdom might come and *His* will be done. If his government is perfect, and we are his subjects, regarded with kindness, the *reasonableness* of submission is apparent, and as rational beings the duty is binding on us.

There is a necessity for this submission. It should not sound harshly when we are kindly told that we cannot throw off the government of the Divinity, nor exempt ourselves from the jurisdiction of his omniscience. This will not sound with severe tone if we remember the character of our Governor, though it tells us of the necessity of submission. He is the universal King, of unlimited dominion, and the order of worlds and all the harmony of mind depend on this necessity. The highest angel in the courts of the Holy One is thus connected, and we cannot conceive of any good unconnected with obedience to the Divine will. The Infinite Mind we cannot fathom, and our short-sightedness is sufficient of itself to teach us this necessity, and the intimate connection of peace of mind with this submission. Thus submission brings us in harmony with celestial order.

There are rich advantages in this submission, but they cannot be adequately described. The experience of every true heart can testify to the great advantages of christian submission, and how much more was desired in times of affliction or calamity than possessed. It is the parent of *Patience*, that amiable virtue—that strengthener of the weak heart—that energy to the desponding soul. It does much to lessen the weariness of sickness, to take away the corroding power of bereavement, and to lift the mind above the weighty depressions of misfortune. It teaches us to bow our minds in humility, to trust where we cannot see, and wait with fortitude for the time of relief and gladness. It enables us rightly to value the evanescent things of earth, and set our affections on the imperishable realities of heaven and eternity, regarding ourselves as pilgrims destined to a better country.

There are many and various teachers of this submission. The reasonableness, the necessity, and the advantages of this submission, are so many teachers of the duty, to enforce it on the mind and persuade the heart to cherish it in a very warm embrace. The circumstances of our being instruct us of this duty; for we are introduced into existence weak, dependant creatures, subject to the control of others; and even to the close of life we are subject to human laws and government. Every day teaches the folly of expecting to make our will supreme, our wishes the law of conduct, and our inclinations the arbiter of what others owe us; but it tells us how we should aim and persevere to mould the temper of our mind in accordance with the wisdom of heaven, that we may escape the evils of following the wisdom that is foolishness with God. Thus we see that the constitution and order of nature, the dictates of searching reason, and the events of life, concur with the solemn, yet affectionate, voice of revelation, to enjoin upon us submission to the Divine Will; showing us that while obedience is required by the Supreme and is honorable to him, it is the only source of mental quietude.

And the Scriptures give us much aid to enable us to cultivate this needed submission, especially in the view they present of the future life, so unlike and so superior to the speculations of philosophy. The gospel represents the raising of mankind from death to another life, as a mighty operation of the glorious power of God, a constitution of his infinite wisdom, and an effect of his paternal goodness; and deduces the primary evidences of our belief, not from the merits of men, but from the grace, or favor, of God, who in pursuance of the same wise and good purposes for which he created mankind, saves them from perishing at death, and raises them to another life. The Scriptures permit us also to believe, that as the goodness of God prompted him to bestow this existence, so in the other life his benevolence will abound. I know no vestige of a reason why any rational mind should regard the character of God's government as being changed after death has visited mortals, and that though through life he followed them with expressions of love and compassion, yet after the valley of death has been trodden, he will be their enemy. They who believe such inconsistencies are certainly advocates for a great change in the unchangeable Mind, which we regard as no less fatal to the peace of mankind, than dishonorable to God.

We are privileged to gain assistance in strengthening our faith from all that we see of God in the material world and in the wonderful powers of the human mind. What vast and astonishing displays of power and skill have been made in ages past to man! Centuries have rolled on, and the celestial company of worlds has marched in the appointed order, and the seasons in their revolutions still bring seed time and harvest. Why may we not believe the future has in store equal wonders; and if the Majesty of heaven has condescended to give us this existence with all its blessings, why may he not give us another, with other delights? What is too great or good to expect from the unlimited power, wisdom and goodness of our Benefactor? When we consider the *power* that commanded light into existence, formed and set in motion the heavenly bodies, and gave life to every living thing; that *wisdom* which mysteriously directs all the revolutions of the material system and connects the remotest parts of creation by invisible chains, and unites souls and bodies with unsearchable skill; that *goodness* which is the abounding source of all joy, and which made the earth and heavens contribute to the benefit of man;—when we consider these, what effects for the glory of God and man's good, may we not expect future ages and invisible worlds

will reveal? What room is there to doubt the accomplishment of the fullness of the Restitution? What pretence can we have for doubting the parental providence of Jehovah? What reason is there for questioning our Maker's goodness when mysterious calamity overtakes us? Why should we not open our hearts to receive the comforts which the Father of mercies abundantly bestows? Why should we not be submissive?

Submission is not unmoved stoicism; it does not require that we never weep, for he who is our pattern wept. Nature will triumph in her own hour, and the full heart find relief in the gushing tears. Christianity does not forbid this indulgence; it is adapted to sensibility; it knows death must be considered in one view as our enemy, for he comes in and snaps asunder the chain of affection and removes away a link; he is unmoved by the lamentations of the mother, the bursting heart of the wife, the unutterable grief of the husband, or the melting sorrow of the child. No tie is too sacred to be touched by his withering hand; no supplications can avert the afflicting stroke; the wife may become a lonely widow, the home of the husband desolate, and the child an orphan in a cold world, but the work must be done—and the silver chord of life is broken. To-day, the lovely babe is borne home to God, and angels rejoice that another is added to the cherubim, while the mother weeps that her arms are empty, and the father mourns that his heart's pride has vanished; to-morrow, the hoary headed sire may be borne to the tomb, and the ministering spirits who watch over declining age, hail his entrance to the world of immortal youth, while there is sorrow and weeping in the earthly home that the good councillor and venerable father is no more there; and thus each day and every day, death is extending his conquests, and showing fearfully that he has all times to take his own, and no age is secure.

But there is a brighter part of death's picture. From how many evils are the departed removed, and from how much sorrow and suffering delivered. And consider also, how the Scriptures represent mortals as pilgrims and strangers in the earth, as away from home, afar from their best enjoyments, and that they tell us the issues of death are with that God who is good unto all and whose tender mercies are over all his works. Remember also, we are privileged to feel that as Jesus remembered his apostles after his resurrection, so the dear departed still remember us, and as he gave them evidences of his undiminished love for them, so, in due time, our friends will give us proofs of their unchanged affection. O glorious hour, how sweet to anticipate its approach! It makes us love to think of the dead; to think over what they were to us; each little tribute of their love to prize as a gem; to remember the happy hours we passed by their side, and all they done to add to our comfort; to feel that their spirits are hovering around us—that their eyes look upon us, and that they hear us when we breathe the love we still bear them.

'Some of the native Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news of the other world.' The sweet poetess, Mrs. Hemans, has beautifully addressed this bird:—

'Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird!
Thou art come from the spirits' land!
Thro' the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost, are there,
They are there—and they weep no more.

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!
Can those who have loved forget?
We call—and they answer not again—
—Do they love—do they love us yet?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill;
We know, thou bird, that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still?'

Echo gives the right answer—*they love there still!* There shall we realize the most ardent hopes of the aspiring and affectionate heart; no sickness, no gloom, no discord, shall mar the bliss, but the bond of perfectness shall encircle all—

'——no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.'

B.

THE GIPSEY'S MAGIC WORD.

BY CHARLES O. P. ELLIS.

Mary Ann and Rhoda Guest were cousins. The former was tall, with deep blue eyes and flaxen hair. She might have been considered sylph-like by some critics. Her complexion readily reminded one of pearl, as there was but little color in her cheeks, yet the impression made upon the mind of the observer was rather that of delicacy than infirm health. Her teeth were even and white, and her smile, though pleasant, seldom awakened an answering smile upon the countenances of others, but rather inspired awe and admiration. Altogether, there was something etherial and mysterious in the looks of Mary Ann—if not in her deportment. Rhoda, on the other hand, was a gay, lively, dark eyed girl, not a brunette, but with tolerably fair complexion, and rosy cheeks. She was about the middling height, and was thought pretty.

It was a sultry afternoon in summer when the two cousins had extended their walk farther than usual,

and arrived at an old ruined tower, near the borders of a small but very deep lake. In America, it might have been termed a pond. This tower was the scene of several interesting legends, not unmingled with superstition. It appears not to have been generally known for what purpose this tower was built, as Rhoda said—'See how the weeds over-run the old stones, and the snake glides away through the interstices at our approach. This tower must be very ancient. Do you suppose that while it was in its glory, young ladies wandered about these precincts, as we do now. Must it not have seemed queer to them, to be dressed in those old fashioned garments. The woman of Samaria in Calmet's dictionary, is singularly attired; but surely her dress approaches more nearly to that of women's dresses in this age than some others that I have heard of.'

'The dresses worn of old were fashionable in the time of them, and could the people who lived in ancient times have foreseen what we should wear, they would have "counted it odd,"' answered Mary Ann.

'But you must acknowledge that our dresses are much more proper than'——

'They were last year,' interrupted Mary Ann. 'It is difficult to tell when our dresses are proper, or how many more times they will be altered before we get them right.'

Here she sauntered on, as if some sudden thought had struck her, and Rhoda knew her so well, that she did not undertake to interrupt her musings. She kneeled down to gather a few wild flowers, while Mary Ann walked forward, sometimes slowly, and at other times moving with great velocity. In a few minutes, however, she returned to the spot where Rhoda had awaited her, and began to converse affably upon some ordinary subject.

'Pray tell me what you were thinking of, just now, when you ran off and left me alone, to amuse myself with these gray stones,' said Rhoda, with a bright and knowing smile.

'Thinking of,' said she, 'I do not know that I could be said to have been thinking; it is nothing, perhaps, that I could express intelligibly.'

'Ho! ho!' cried the other, laughing, 'you can't tell. Mysterious feelings about the heart, I suppose. Cousin Albert didn't bring home his gallant chum to no purpose. I saw you looking very earnestly at him at the breakfast table, this morning. Pray what were you thinking of then—or can you not express it in intelligible language?'

'Very easily, coz; I was thinking whether there was any real difference between his nature and that of a king—whether royal blood was better than any other blood.'

'He had a noble air, and well he might,' returned Rhoda, 'for you must know that he is very nearly related to the family of Lord Albury.'

'Indeed!' cried Mary Ann, 'then I am troubled again. Are you sure that he has what is termed noble blood?'

'I am sure of it,' said the other, 'but don't despair on that account.'

'Pray how can I get out of my difficulty, then,' said Mary Ann.

'Now that you have made me your confidant,' said the other, 'I will tell you. You must know that, although Algernon Powers is related to the nobility, and may come in possession of a peerage, it will still be an empty title. Your gold would set it off to great advantage, and therefore——'

'But how does that enlighten me with respect to the question of human equality?'

'Certainly it does,' said the other mischievously, 'for your gold is an equivalent for his title.' Here Mary Ann became silent a moment, and then said, 'Circumstances produce inequality. One is better bred and educated than another, and among people of understanding, this gives the idea of superiority; while some have more wealth, and this is supposed by some to make up for the deficiency of good manners and intelligence. People do not so keenly feel the want of mental food, as they feel the want of physical aliment—therefore money generally takes precedence of talent and intelligence. Animal life is older than intellectual life, and the younger serves the elder. But where titles are concerned, in what consists the superiority? Is it not merely nominal?'

'The value of gold is merely nominal,' said the gay Rhoda. 'We might make money of lead, and term that the precious metal.'

'There is one objection to this—gold is the more scarce article of the two.'

'We do not esteem every thing that is scarce,' said Mary Ann. 'Yet in many cases we do so. An apple in the Indies is more highly esteemed than an orange. Here the case is different. This is easily explained on natural principles. Man loves novelty. We grow tired of food that we have been long accustomed to.'

'It is for that reason that I mean never to get married,' exclaimed Rhoda, briskly. 'Now, the beaux bend their backs whenever they speak to me; but if I were married, it would be too much trouble.'

Mary Ann took no notice of this remark, but continued—'Titles appear to me to be merely nominal, although in the first instance they may be won by superior courage and prowess. Now the question is, whether the children of a man who has won a title by what are termed "noble deeds," do not inherit some of their father's talent and heroism, and whether their education is not such as to qualify them for greatness.'

'That might be for a few generations,' said the other, 'but the stock must deteriorate in time.'

'What if the blood is kept pure,' said the other, 'and nobles intermarry only with nobles, and the ed-

ucation and breeding are always consonant with nobility of birth?'

'I should suppose,' said Rhoda, 'that then there would be something noble in all noblemen.'

'I doubt it'—returned Mary Ann, 'for nothing is more common than for a brave and magnanimous man to have a puerile and weak minded son. As a general thing, children resemble their parents, but there are so many exceptions that I place little faith in the nobleness of nobility. If noblemen had adopted all their children, and had never let them know that they were merely children by adoption, and had educated them as they now educate their eldest sons, our nobility would have been as noble as it is now.'

'Still, cousin, you cannot pretend that all men are equal. Compare Algernon Powers with William Howard—both have received the same advantages, but how much more superior is'——

'Which?'

'Can you ask that question? Algernon will be acknowledged by every one to be the superior.'

'He is superior in height,' said Mary Ann.

'In bearing—in manner—in intelligence—in every thing,' said Rhoda.

'William Howard has no *title*,' said the other.

'No *title* to my esteem,' said Rhoda, 'when compared with Algernon.'

'You speak warmly,' said the other, 'but I confess that Algernon is very polite to you, very complimentary.'

'I am not so selfish,' returned Rhoda, 'but I heard him speak very highly of you.'

'I will not ask you what he said, although you seem to desire I should do so,' said the other. 'So you may keep your secret. I am somewhat weary of fine speeches made under such circumstances. They are too much alike, and with most young men, are a matter of course. Gallantry appears to consist in a few set phrases learned by rote, and certain motions, gestures, and smiles "made to order." A girl must be very weak who feels flattered by such things; especially when none are so much at home in such matters as the ordinary class of young gentlemen.'

'Now, Mary Ann, if I did not know you, I should say that you were decidedly ill-natured. Especially when your remarks have a direct reference to Algernon Powers, who has never given you cause—indeed, with whom you can scarcely be said to be acquainted.'

'Had you lived in the days when this old tower was in its glory, when the knights of yore perilled life and limb for woman, then you would have been very much at home, I trow,' returned Mary Ann. 'But we live in no such days. Gallantry now is a very homely affair, and even in those days, it was quite mechanical. I do not like these "matters of course." If a person of either sex takes notice of any good quality which I may possess, and pleases to speak of it, with honesty and sincerity, I must naturally be gratified by it; but when I have every reason to believe that a poor youth is taking great pains to keep a smile upon his countenance and to utter agreeable things, I feel sorry that I should be the occasion of so much trouble to him.'

'Yet, you would be displeased if he were to be wanting in common gallantry,' said the other. 'For my part, I am pleased with these delicate attentions.'

'Yes, Algernon picked up your white handkerchief in the garden, yesterday, and presented it to you with a bow, thus saving you from the possible loss of property to the amount of two shillings sterling, but William Howard plunged into the sea, during a storm, and saved the life of your younger brother. The comparative value of the two actions, I leave you to estimate—the one is a *delicate attention*, the other is—'

'No more than any spirited young man would do,' interrupted Rhoda. 'Do you not suppose that Algernon would plunge into the sea to rescue me, or *you*, from drowning? Such occasions for the display of courage, do not often occur.'

'We have no right to decide that Algernon would do as much, if it were not for the unfortunate circumstance that he is unacquainted with the manly art of swimming,' said Mary Ann. 'As he cannot swim, he could save neither of us. But he may do very well to pick up cambric handkerchiefs.'

'This is unjustifiable,' was the reply of Rhoda. 'Why do you mock a young gentleman, about whom you know nothing?'

'I speak so, not from wantonness, but because when your brother was extolling the noble daring of a young naval officer, this Algernon turned up his dainty nose, and declared that he knew the individual, and had laughed himself to death more than once to see the awkward figure which he cut in a drawing room. I am not pleased with the delicate attentions of such men.'

'Behold!' cried Rhoda, 'the two gentlemen have come out in search of us. They are passing yonder stile.'

Mary Ann turned and saw Algernon and her cousin approaching. While they stood surveying the young men, two persons came out of a grove in their rear who were unperceived by them. They consisted of a tall, slender man, remarkably straight, though advanced in years, and a bonny black eyed girl, not quite so tall as beauty requires, but of excellent symmetry, and regular though tawny features. She was dressed fantastically, and wore on her head a light green bonnet which became her well, though it was carelessly thrown upon her head, and the wide ribbons hung dangling from either side.

The two strangers had nearly reached the spot where the girls stood, before they were observed. Then, the girls had missed sight of the young men, who had turned down a narrow lane formed by trees which met together at the top. Therefore, the girls

turned away, and beheld the two strangers. They started with surprise on perceiving that two persons had approached so near them, without their knowledge, and they looked timidly at the man whose blackened features and grisly beard gave him a savage appearance, but he smiled, and that so far changed the expression of his countenance that they feared no longer. The girl stepped lightly forward, leaving the man, who lingered in the background as if fearful of alarming the ladies. Although Mary Ann had seen many accomplished young ladies, upon whom much money had been expended, to teach them the *art of pleasing*, yet she thought she never had seen one who exhibited a more delightful air, or whose manners were more prepossessing than those of this poor wandering daughter of the wild.

'We have come,' said she, fixing her large black eyes upon the countenances of the girls—'to see if you would have your fortunes told.'

Rhoda glanced slyly at her companion, and seemed to await her reply.

'You need not fear,' continued the gipsey girl—'for yours will be a sunny fortune.'

'Nay, then, how do you tell our fortunes?' inquired Mary Ann.

'By the lines of the hand'—said the gipsey.

'Indeed! how then do you know that our fortunes will be bright, since our hands are gloved?'

'Yes!' cried Rhoda—'you have not seen our hands—you began too soon. Now will you not confess yourself an impostor?'

The gipsey girl said not a word, but pointed with her finger towards a little hut which the brothers of Rhoda had built, at a short distance off, and which the gipsey had passed on her way to the tower. This little hut, the boys had covered all over with mortar, and the girls on passing it, had put their hands against it to see if the mortar was dry, leaving the prints of their hands upon it.

The girl, therefore, pointed to the hut, Mary Ann understood her, but Rhoda signified that she did not.

'Your gloves were off when you left the prints of your hands on the hut'—said she.

Rhoda was surprised, and looked earnestly at Mary Ann, who only smiled.

Rhoda pulled off her glove, and held out her hand. The pretty gipsey took hold of her taper fingers and held them firmly with her left hand, while she explored the lines with the forefinger of her right hand. She had searched the lines several moments—occasionally seeming perplexed—without uttering a word. At length, she began to move her lips, though no sound was audible. Then she began in a slow chaunt, and with a voice of ineffable sweetness:—

'Many days of gleesome mirth—
Long years of thoughtless joy;
These thy portion are on earth,
Yet not without alloy.

A sorrow in thy twentieth year,
Soon after that, another—
A husband on his bloody bier
Slain by an angry brother!'

She then became silent, and continued to pore over the lines of Rhoda's hand. She, at length seemed to have reached a point which aroused her attention. She glanced frequently at the countenance of Rhoda, and again at the hand which she held. The poor, girl, by this time, looked quite pale.

Mary Ann looked on, but with so stone-like a countenance that her cousin could not but regard her as very unfeeling. At length the gipsey spoke—

'Lady fair, beware a stranger—
Know him by this token,
He hath been a heartless ranger,
Sacred vows are broken!

Gay her heart when first he met her,
Gay as yours is beating now,
False was he, but not Lucetta,
He alone has broke the vow!

Mark ye well when next you meet him—
How his looks are stern and proud;
Say "Lucetta!" when you greet him,
And those lofty looks are bowed.'

The gipsey girl then threw away the hand of Rhoda—'but shall I marry this wicked man?' asked she.

'Oh, yes—marry a man of that sort, if you please, Madam,' said the gipsey girl, coloring deeply. Rhoda was ashamed to ask another question: and she took the hand of Mary Ann. The latter was evidently little interested in the matter. She gave her hand with a careless smile, and while the gipsey was surveying the lines of her hand, her eyes were cast down, the long yellow fringes covering the iris, as if she had been in a slumber. The gipsey spoke:

'Mighty is the boundless ocean,
Tho' her sluggish waters sleep—
Dreadful is their wild commotion,
When the tempest wakes the deep!'

Mary Ann looked up, and was now interested; for she had always been told, by those who knew her best, that beneath the surface of her apathy lay deep, wild, and passionate feelings, and that when she was once aroused by some beloved object, her love would be violent and enduring. The gipsey paid no attention to the change of manner which she betrayed, but continued:

'When mountains fall and valleys rise
And swallows turn to eagles;
When tigers heed the lambkins cries,
And foxes herd with beagles,
Then thou shalt see that equal day
In all its splendor dawning;
The clouds of heaven pass away
In an eternal morning!'

'Strange!' said Mary Ann, turning to her cousin.

'This poor gipsey certainly favors my theory.—There is no gentle blood in her veins, yet what manners, and what a singular discernment—does she really know my thoughts? She could have picked up nothing of this kind in this neighborhood.'

'Let us go!' said the other, shuddering, 'I do not feel well.'

'We will go,' returned the other, not forgetting to drop a piece of silver into the hand of the gipsey girl, who received it very courteously, yet Mary Ann thought that her eyes did not express that delight with which people of her cast generally received *heavy coin*.

'You will call at the house?' said she.

'If you wish it—to-morrow'—said the gipsey girl, running off towards her companion who had waited for her with a degree of patience hardly to have been expected.

'Did you not observe the decorous conduct of that gipsey man?' said Mary Ann—'how he kept at a respectful distance, and the courtesy with which he treated even his tawny companion. Surely gentle blood could not have conducted with more propriety!'

'I thought not of that,' said Rhoda, 'I only thought of the dreadful prophecy.'

'A husband slain by a brother!' said Mary Ann, smiling, 'but heed it not.'

'Oh, no, something else,' said Rhoda, 'the falsehood of a lover, the treachery of one who should offer his hand to me.'

'But you have no lover, my dear child. Therefore that need not alarm you.'

Just then the two young men came out of the lane. Algernon advanced at a quick pace. 'We have been conversing on important matters,' said he, 'and as we saw you were engaged, we did not interfere.'

Rhoda smiled, and Algernon took his station at her side, while her brother walked with Mary Ann.

The conversation is not worth repeating. In good time, they reached the house, and then Rhoda's brother beckoned her into another room. She was gone half an hour, when she came out, 'blushing like the morn.'

At the first convenient opportunity, she told Mary Ann that Algernon had proposed in form for her, although he had said nothing to her on the subject; 'and,' said she, 'I will pronounce the magic word to him.'

'What word is that?' cried Mary Ann.

'Have you so soon forgotten? It is *Lucetta*,' said the other.

Mary Ann told her she would do well not to heed the gipsey's prophecy on this occasion, but treat Algernon well, as she deemed him a very suitable match for her. But Rhoda said it would do no harm to pronounce 'the magic word.'

On the next morning, as soon as breakfast was concluded, the two youths proposed a walk. The girls arranged their toilette, and sallied forth with them. They had no sooner got through the Park gate, than Rhoda said aloud to Mary Ann, 'Don't you think that Lucetta is a very pretty name?'

Both girls looked steadfastly at Algernon. He suddenly turned away his face, but Rhoda was not to be baffled, and pretending not to be taken with a flower that grew on the other side, she ran towards it, and as she plucked it, looked up at her lover, who again turned away his face from her, but exposed it to Mary Ann. It was first pale and then red. Then the color gradually faded away, and left a deadly paleness on his cheek. He endeavored to keep up a conversation, and evidently avoided the eyes of Rhoda. She placed herself once more by his side, and commenced a conversation on botany. By degrees, the equanimity of her lover was restored. He talked of some queer pranks at college performed by the younger students. 'There was an old woman who kept a beer shop,' said he; 'she had a daughter some seventeen years old, who used to wait upon the collegians, and she always made a distinction, giving the commoners beer in a pewter mug, but for the sons of noblemen she used glass.'

'A queer notion,' said Rhoda, innocently. 'Her name was not *Lucetta*, was it?'

He started with surprise, looked at her keenly, and said, 'You are very partial to that name, my dear lady'—but his lips trembled, and the laugh with which he ended his speech, was wild and hollow.

'I have heard that name mentioned recently,' said she.

'Ah!' said he, 'who has been so attentive to Miss Guest's interest as to mention it?'

'A gipsey—the one you saw—she told my fortune.'

He laughed, and he now laughed naturally. His mind was evidently much relieved—'Gipseys say any thing and every thing,' said he. 'But what did she say in connection with it?'

'She said that I must beware of one who had beguiled and proved faithless to a maiden of gay and buoyant feelings.'

Algernon was evidently struck, and became thoughtful. He, however, continued his 'delicate attentions,' and at length, Rhoda became as much interested in him as ever, having forgotten the gipsey's warning, and becoming intoxicated with the flattering compliments which he bestowed upon her. They had reached the end of their walk, and were about returning home, when Mary Ann beheld the gipsey girl coming over the lawn, and advancing towards them. Algernon and Rhoda were too deeply engaged in conversation, and too much interested in each other to perceive her. She walked directly up to Rhoda, however, and said, 'I have come, according to promise, to make that visit.'

'I did not invite you,' said Rhoda, petulantly.

Rhoda's brother drew near, and begged to know if she was the gipsey girl who had spoken of Lucetta. The girl said—

'I told your sister, when I met her,
To speak the name of one Lucetta.'

'For what cause, my pretty gipsey?' said the youth.

'Because the shaft that's pierced a dove,
Is sharp enough to pierce another;
And if your sister is in love,
Then vengeance should possess her brother.'

'You are harsh, my little gipsey—what if I should approve the match?'

The gipsey shook her head and said—

'You've heard, I trow, of a collier's daughter,
Betrayed when her father was on the water:
Suppose your sister was that maid,
Suppose your sister was betrayed!'

'I would scorn the reptile, and drive him from me, forever,' said the young man.

'Suppose your sister had no brother,
Her father lost upon the sea—
The comfort of her widowed mother,
Hard were then her destiny.'

The young man turned to Algernon. 'You hear the strange talk of this gipsey—what does it mean?'

'Some scandal she has picked up,' answered the other, and then dropping a piece of silver into her hand, he bade her retire.

'No, Algernon,' said she, 'It is not silver that can buy my silence. I am that Lucetta to whom you plighted your vows, and whom you deserted when my father's untimely death had enabled you to do so with impunity.'

The youth was astonished to find in the disguised and pretended gipsey the victim of his heartlessness. Mary Ann no longer wondered that this girl had so faithfully depicted her own condition, as she recognized the poor Lucetta as one of the companions of earlier years to whom she had revealed her inmost thoughts. Rhoda moved off slowly, casting back looks of scorn at the betrayer, while her brother said —'Henceforth, Algernon, you and I must be strangers!'

Thus scorned and deserted, Algernon stood a monument of woe and chagrin, when Lucetta stepped up to him, and said—'But I, oh! Algernon—I will not forsake you, if the deserted Lucetta may share your joys and your sorrows'—

'On that condition, you may be my friend again'—said Rhoda's brother.

'And mine'—said Rhoda.

'And mine'—said Mary Ann.

'Virtue and Truth are best, after all,' said Algernon, 'and I here renew my vows to the orphan Lucetta, whom I always loved, though a roving and inconstant disposition has led me to seek another.'

Algernon was as good as his word, and he has since been heard to say that true happiness in the marriage state is found only by pursuing a strictly honorable course, and above all in adhering to those earliest vows which are made while the heart is young and unpolluted, and much more capable of forming a judicious choice than it is after the heart has become hardened and blinded by the god of this world.

New York.

THE HUNGARIAN CAPTIVE.

BY MRS. L. A. MILLER.

Brightly the parting sun-light fell
In Turkish mosque and citadel,
Making the silver crescent seem
Still brighter in its lingering gleam;—
Telling the wearied Christian slave,
His daily task was almost o'er;
When to a brother captive chained,
He'd stretch his limbs, to sleep once more.

Oh! there are moments when the gleam,
Of sun, or moon, or limpid stream,
Brings memories of other years
Home to our hearts, which cause the tears
To flow, as youthful scenes, again
Come thronging in the wildered brain;—
Making, while bound by fancy's chain,
What once was pleasure, now a pain.
Strange feelings, thus, a varying train,
Rushed wildly through the captive's heart,
When the sun brightened at its wane,
Making his pulses all to start.—
Again, he gambols through the fields,—
A happy child—and now he wields
The pond'rous sword, as when in youth
He tried it first—now owns the truth
Of her, his chosen, by his side—
Now turns to clasp her as his bride.

'Alas! vain phantasies!' he cried,—
'Oh! when will cease the burning pain,
To dream of home and all I love,
Then wake beneath this galling chain;—
Wake to more keenly feel the smart
Of slavery's foul and venomed dart?'

He ceased and sighed. With harsh, rough tone,
His keeper bade him seek his tent;
Calling him '*Idle Christian dog*,'
And muttering curses as he went.
But now he's lying on the ground,
With nought to break the stillness round,
Save the quick breathing of the slave,
Chained to his side, and the soft note
Of Eastern Poets' favorite bird—
The bulbul, with its mellow throat.

Lo, how he starts! A voice, as 't were
Of angel, comes his heart to cheer!
His ransom's paid! How speedily,
Urged on by swift Fidelity,
Forward he spurred his courser fleet,
With bounding heart his bride to greet;
While strange emotions filled his breast—
Feelings, no tongue hath e'er expressed,
But which, his eyes full plainly told,
Though he a warrior was, and bold.

Within his peaceful home once more,
Recovered from his toil and pain,
His heart beats high to arm for fight,
And meet the Moslem hosts again.
His warlike summons forth has gone:—
Swift as the winds, 'tis onward borne;—
With haste, around his banner bright,
All filled with zeal, thronged serf and knight.
With joy the leader views his band;
Nor wait they long for his command.

'Away! speed on to meet the Turk,
We strike for the Fatherland!
To the Moslem's shrine shall we bow the knee?
For our land we fight;—we will see it free,
Or die by the Infidel brand!

'Quail not in the battle, but brave it well,
For our God is a God of trust.—
By the Christian's sword, shall the Infidel host
Fall, as leaves by the wind-spirit tost,
And in agony bite the dust.

'Around your Chief's standard ye've gathered strong,
And I know by the scornful curve
Of each manly lip, and the flashing eye,
'Neath the Christian's banner ye'd rather die,
Than Mahomet's worshipers serve.

'Then mount each one on his battle steed,
With his good lance in his hand;
And the strong right arm of the God of might,
Will shield you well in the holy fight:
Then *joy for the Fatherland!*'

Long raged the battle; not till night
Ended that fierce and bloody fight:
And well that field of slaughter told
The Christian hosts were firm and bold;
They saw their foemen lay around,
Wounded and dead, upon the ground;
Then knelt they on the trampled sod,
Each giving heartfelt praise to God,
For the good guidance of his hand,
Then shouted '*Joy for Fatherland!*'

Worcester, Mass.

'EARNING with one's own hands the means by which he supports himself, protected by a government which, like the sun, sheds its light, its fostering care, upon all, who shall gainsay his right to enjoy the fruits of his labor in the way which best may please him?'

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

AN eccentric clergyman in giving out a hymn at a Dedication of a church, which hymn was written by the pastor's companion, gave it out as written by the *Pastoress* of the society. A brother minister who sat by me archly remarked, 'I did not know that we came to install two!' I have frequently thought of this circumstance when I have heard such free comments as are frequently made in reference to the Minister's wife, as though she was, verily, as much an overseer as her husband. But we have, however, no idea of penning any exhortation in respect to this matter; we only wish to ask attention to the following extract of a private letter which fell under our eye once, and from which we begged the following extract. It is an earnest soul and a true heart that breathes and beats in these passages, and the frank expression of thought and feeling here given cannot fail of doing good. We cannot think the writer will reproach us for this use of her honest thoughts, for no one will be able to divine who the author is. We answer no guessing.

'I cannot claim an uncommonly sensitive heart, yet I find it hard to bear with those around me, who say, and *tell me* too, that "it is the duty of the Minister's wife to devote her whole time and strength to the ladies in the society," whether they return the devotion, or pass it by unheeded as a trifling thing. I acknowledge, it is my duty to call on the sick and the well often, and to feel interested in them and theirs; but it is very painful to me to receive no returning call—nothing that indicates a cordial sympathy, or even common politeness and respect.'

'Do you think I am repining at my lot? Oh, no! very far from that. But I do think the duties and trials of a clergyman's wife are but poorly understood and are wrongly estimated by a great many. I think the ladies in societies too often look upon the minister's wife as their servant, instead of a companion and fellow laborer in the vineyard of our Master in Heaven. I refer particularly to visiting, now. The relation between the sisters of a society and the faithful minister's wife, is not the least of interesting, holy ties, which bind woman to woman. Yet we are often led to suppose that it is regarded as unimportant and unmeaning, except when it is considered as an exalted one, that places one woman far above another, whereto none can arrive save *the minister's wife*. This may be the result of education in part; yet I believe it is oftener the result of indifference on the part of the ladies. They will not consider the relation one that demands mutual attention, mutual expressions of love and interest, and mutual exertions. It is of no consequence to many individuals that they neglect to call on the minister's wife for a whole year; but should she neglect *them* notwithstanding the many, many individuals she must visit in the course

of the year, then coolness, bitterness, and oftentimes detraction are engendered.'

'Perhaps you will think, my dear sister, that I forget the clergyman *himself* and the many discouraging circumstances, of a like nature, that *he* is called to endure. You are wrong, sister. I often wonder that he does not faint—that he is not discouraged. Still he can publicly defend *himself;* and his brother ministers are ever ready to advocate his cause, to teach the duties between pastor and people. But who will speak for *us?* Who will intercede in behalf of woman, to defend her in this relation and represent the duties of it as they really exist, faithfully portraying it? Perhaps it is an unsuitable theme for the pulpit; it is certainly a very delicate one for a minister to discuss himself among his parishioners.'

SABBATH DAY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

'I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave.
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.'

THOMSON.

THE next day was the blessed Sabbath. It would seem as if even nature were made to harmonize with the divine spirit of rest. The little winds scarce rustled the leaf upon the tree, and the white clouds floated in the blue sky like the drapery of invisible spirits. Not a discordant sound broke upon the ear; every thing was hushed to quietude, except the sweet music of the birds that every where filled the air with melody. The young blossoms opened their dewy petals with a freshness and beauty according well with the renovating character of the day. Little do those know, who permit the cares and labors of the week to encroach upon this sacred period of repose, how much they wrong the body, as well as the spirit.

To the little family of our story, the Sabbath was always hailed with peculiar pleasure. The employments of the week were always so arranged that nothing should disturb the quiet serenity of this holy day. The simple labors of the household were quickly despatched; and when the weather was fine, the open windows, around which the woodbine and honey-suckle formed a curtain of perfume and verdure, the glasses filled with flowers neatly arranged, and the Bible, with other choice books, spread upon the table, imparted to the whole domain an air of taste and intelligence, often wanting in the houses of the wealthy. They might be poor, according to the common acceptation of the term, but could never be vulgar.

This was the only day which Mr. Cleveland could devote to his family, his business as a mechanic requiring his whole attention the other six days of the week, in order to meet their daily expenses. This circumstance contributed to make it still more a day of rest to his excellent wife, who found herself relieved of the incessant care of little Edward, and in part of her attendance upon the elder Mr. Cleveland, whose infirmities daily increased. George and Mary, too, directed the innumerable questions of childhood to their father, instead of their mother, on this day; and Mr. Cleveland, with a manner in which kindness and dignity were happily blended, led the minds of his children to subjects worthy of their contemplation; now teaching a lesson of wisdom from the experience of past ages, and now inculcating some lofty truth, from the examination of a flower, or the construction of a crystal. There is not a leaf or shrub, a ray of light, a shadow on the hill side, or an insect in the summer air, but is full of truth and beauty, to those who have the faculty to perceive it. Thus thought Mr. Cleveland, and he lived up to this conviction. He doubted not the intelligence and moral strength of his children would reward him for his pains. And most ably was he sustained by his amiable and strong-minded wife. With none of the petty ambition and weak vanity of the sex, Mrs. Cleveland was perfectly feminine and possessed a refined taste and strong native intellect. Strangers thought her handsome, a circumstance never regarded by her friends, who were in the habit of witnessing the excellence of her mind and heart.

We have said it was the Sabbath. As the twilight softly gathered upon the earth, and the birds began to twitter upon the branches, the family strolled out to enjoy the freshness and verdure of the delightful season. George and Mary took care of Edward, who seemed 'to feel his life in every limb.' Now he plucked the clovers and butter-cups, and now flung all aside and tottled off in pursuit of a butterfly. Anon he tumbled into the green grass, and tossed his white arms, and played bo-peep through the clustering leaves, his eyes and white teeth gleaming out like gems and pearls.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland gave each an arm to the old gentleman, walking slowly and cautiously to suit the infirmities of age.

'Ah, my children,' he said, 'beautiful and salutary as is this rest of one day in seven, it is glorious to feel, that there yet remaineth a rest for the people of God. Not the cold, insensible sleep of the grave, but a rest from toil, from temptation, and infirmity. Oh, it is good to think of these things, "ere the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be darkened, or the clouds return after the rain." For me the silver cord

is loosed, and the golden bowl of earth is broken; desire has failed, and the grasshopper is a burden. I long now for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.' His voice ceased, but his lips moved, as if in prayer. They had seated the aged one on a rustic bench beneath the overhanging branches of an old oak tree.

'Oh, this peace, this quietude,' he continued, 'it seems to raise the weight from my senses. Hush! I hear the young birds in the branches, and the insects from the green earth. The odor of wild blossoms steals over me as it did in years gone by; and the warm summer air fans my cheek with a sensation it gave me in my boyhood. Is not that the ripple of the brook down by the mill? Yes, yes, it is becoming every moment more distinct. I had never thought to hear it again. And the shadow is removed from the hill side. I see the clouds floating in the sky, and the spire of the old church where I loved to meet with the people of God. Oh, if the longing soul can thus overcome the obstacles of a decayed body, how glorious must be its perceptions, when it shall have shaken off this mortal covering. My children, this gleam of youth in the midst of the ruins of age, admonishes me that my lamp must be trimmed and burning, for the bridegroom is at hand.'

He leaned heavily upon his son's arm, and arose. He turned to the green woods, to the blue sky, the far-off waters, the cultivated landscape, and drank in the whole prospect, as things he might never see again: then leaning on the arms of his children, returned to the house.

It was evident the convictions of the old gentleman were about to be realized. On his return, he retired to his bed, and seemed much exhausted. He desired to be left alone, but the door should remain open that he might hear the evening songs of the family.

After having sung various hymns adapted to the capacities of the children, Mr. Cleveland commenced the grand and appropriate notes of Old Hundred, to the words,

'Be thou, O God, exalted high'—

and the trembling voice of age joined with touching pathos in the melody.

When the hymn had ceased, all remained silent for some time.

'Father,' said George, 'I should be unwilling to love my friends any less, but I sometimes think we are not so happy for loving so well.'

'We must fix our affections upon worthy objects, George, and we cannot love them too well. We must not love them for wealth, or beauty, or accomplishments; but only so far as they are assimilated to the perfection of Him who is perfect in holiness. If we love deeply, we must love worthily, even for those qualities that never perish—that time or death cannot change, but serve only to exalt and purify. I would have your standard of excellence high; then you will be less likely to be turned aside by the accidental circumstances of wealth or beauty.'—[*Selected.*]

THE COMPLAINER AND THE ANGEL.

One night when the stars were in the sky,
And the birds had gone to rest,
And childhood had sunk in peaceful dreams
On the patient mother's breast;
There was heard a troubled mortal's voice
In a chamber old and lone,
And the winds bore on their wandering wings,
The sad complainer's tone.

'I have walked,' he murmured, 'from youth till now,
In the paths of equity,
And have freely cast on the waves my bread,
But it comes not back to me.
I have clad the poor, and the hungry fed,
And cheered the child of toil,
And poured on the faint by the wayside laid,
The healing balm and oil.

Yet the Father hath blessed me not with wealth,
Nor a high, imperial name;
While the proud of earth wear the regal crown,
And the deathless wreath of fame.'
Then an angel bright was heard to speak,
While a glorious light shone round;
'O, mortal! thou look'st for the peace without,
Which alone in the heart is found.

If thou seek'st the Lord with a spirit meek,
He will ne'er from thee depart;
Though the purple robe, and the fame of earth,
Be not for the pure in heart.
But he who doeth his Father's will,
Hath a more than earthly meed;
Though the things of earth reward him not,
He is blessed in each righteous deed.' P. C.

Mt. Healthy, O.

MILLERISM: ITS GOOD EFFECTS.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

To the candid observer in the theological world, it is well known that ever since the open introduction of the doctrine of Universal Grace and Salvation into our religious community, it has encountered from almost every quarter, continued opposition. And much of this opposition has been of the virulent and irrational kind;—not an appeal to sober fact—a direct and honest reference to the law and the testimony,—but too often a warfare of contumely, reproach, and sheer falsehood. Professing Christians have thus joined issue with it, as if they supposed its destruction

might be effected by such exertions! that this or any other doctrine whether true or false could be eradicated by means so foreign to the sure influences of Christ and his gospel!

In this course, we believe our brethren have erred; in this course we believe they still err;—and while we do not pretend to justify in every respect, the treatment they have received in return from those they have thus despitefully used and persecuted,—yet we must be permitted to declare it as our opinion, that in the main we have not only received no essential injury from their resistance to our sentiments, but that in consequence of this very opposition, our cause has advanced ten, if not thirty fold. That *our* controversialists have always been governed in their theological conflicts by the kindness, courtesy, and forbearance of the complete Christian, is what we are not so mistaken as to avow. They have been grievously abused; and while in the excitement occasioned by warfare upon them, have doubtless at times been led to render 'railing for railing,' instead of following that better apostolic injunction—'contrawise blessing.' While we say this, however, we have no fear of instituting a comparison with the defenders and opposers of Universalism on the ground of Christian Charity. But this we only mention by the way.

For, beyond all this, we are looking to ulterior effects. This settled and too often, we fear, unprincipled hostility to God's truth, has occasioned controversy of the most searching kind. For thirty years just passed, our theological community hath been stirred to its very depths; and while it is to be regretted that so much of bitterness and so little of love have been manifested therein, yet we have abundant reason to rejoice that God has made the place of his feet glorious in the advancement of the gospel of his Son. Human opposition in *this* conflict has but added another evidence in confirmation of the language of Paul, that men 'can do nothing against the truth, but *for* the truth.' Amid all these severe encounters, the great doctrine that 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself,' has gone on prospering and to prosper. 'The little one has become a thousand; the small one a great people;—the wilderness and solitary place has been made glad, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.' The wrath of man has been made to praise and honor the Most High.

We have before us at the present time one striking manifestation of human wisdom, or rather 'folly' in contrast with Divine Truth, which cannot fail of being instructive to the discriminating and devout mind. All along in the past, during our controversies, we have besought the opponents of our doctrine to turn their attention particularly to those passages of Scripture supposed by them to treat of a judgment yet to come, when Christ would personally appear, when this material world would be consumed, and men adjudged either to eternal torment or felicity, according to their religious belief and conduct while in the present existence.

We have given them what we have considered rational interpretations of those passages,—endeavoring to show that so far from having reference to the future, they have had their fulfillment in past time, and have expressly and repeatedly and almost continually called upon our dissenting friends who supported the popular orthodoxy of the day, to show us wherein we were amiss in our interpretations. But in *too many* instances, our answers have only been studied and dignified silence, dishonest quibbling, or insolent abuse. Strange sayings, indeed; but no more strange than true. Entrenched behind the array of numbers, and feeling secure in a public opinion, this old theology of error hath supposed itself for a time secure, and hath boldly persisted in the repetition of the course already named,—as though error was always to rear its head in triumph when everlasting truth was in the field against it! 'There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord that shall stand.' And they who oppose this counsel, must ultimately witness the destruction of their erroneous pretensions—the utter futility of their warfare against God and his word of truth.

Recently, as if to take the opposing wisdom of man in its own craftiness, a new theory has been broached concerning the Second Advent—the coming of Christ—the destruction of the material world—and the separation of believers and unbelievers. Conceived in ignorance, and matured by the most flaming fanaticism of our land, this theory during the past year has gained advocates on every hand. Its chief expounders have seized upon the very texts of Scripture so constantly adduced by the opponents of Universalism in proof of the yet future coming of Christ and the end of the material world,—and by a series of reasonings which they themselves are best competent to understand, have endeavored to make it apparent to an unbelieving world that in these very days—in this very year, the coming and the end will take place.

So widely has this delusion prevailed, that it could not escape the notice of our chief theologians. The new heresy threatened the 'visible church'—i. e., it made inroads upon it; and many who had hitherto been considered well settled in the old opinions, were suddenly drawn forth in vindication of the new.

And now on every hand comes out the attempted refutation of this new theory. The learned professor in the Theological Institution, and the parish minister in his study and pulpit send out their reasonings against this strange infatuation. And how could they answer it? We mean those who retained the old notions of Christ's yet future personal coming and the destruction of the material world? That the Universalist might successfully encounter this delusion,—that he has successfully encountered it, we think, is

true. But what had those to say who gave modern Millerism all its materials, and whose theory of the Second Advent differs in no essential point save in the fixing of the very *time* of Christ's coming?

Indeed—they could only answer this new faith by approaching nearer the ground of Universalism! by giving in many instances just such interpretations of the passages already alluded to as have been urged upon them in time past by the leading controversial writers of our own denomination. If there is any doubt of this, let the reader consult the recent works of Professors Stuart and Bush, eminent theological men, and they will have ample conviction of the truth of my affirmation. And so of other writers against this new divinity. I have just noted an extract from a work recently issued on this subject in a neighboring city, in which the author among other interpretations, assures us that the passage in Daniel xii. 2, 'And many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt,' had its fulfillment ages ago,—the very declaration *against which*, had not Millerism arisen, this author might now have been contending!

And what do these things signify? What but that out of all this delusion, and commotion and darkness, God will bring the triumphs of his holy truth? Even this fanaticism, then, hath its mission. And though we mourn that ignorance and superstition and besotted credulity have so far taken captive the minds of our fellow men, as to lead them to gaze after signs in the firmament, and be frightened even unto death when some neighboring conflagration was seen —and to be taken in consequence of religious insanity to the hospitals of our land—and even in their infatuation, to prepare themselves 'ascension robes,' and watch and wait unto weariness, and even to impatience and death for the appearance of their Lord to take them from the earth;—although these occurrences in this day of light and truth, considered by themselves alone, are enough to fill us with confusion and almost drive us to seek some hiding places in the very caves of the earth where we might the more freely and appropriately indulge our shame for degraded *humanity;* and yet, when we take all events of the past, the present, and the anticipated future into the account,—when we see, as we believe, God's hand directing his truth amid all this conflict of human interests and opinions—we have no fear—and are prepared calmly and trustingly to abide the issue.

This evil will result in good. The opinions which have gone out against it can never be recalled. If they are of the truth, so much has been done *for the truth* by their dissemination. When the tempest shall have spent its force, then will come the calm and the clear sunshine of reason and faith, in which men made wiser by experience, shall go on unto perfection.

Malden, Mass.

THE REDEEMED.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THY praise was on the lips of men—
They called thee good and great;
And oh! my heart with gladness, then,
And triumph was elate.
To see thee move a chief mid those
Who feel the spell of worth,
To track thy footsteps as they rose
Above the sons of earth,—
Oh this was joy and happy pride—
A glimpse of life divine—
For truer hearts was ne'er allied
To thee, dear friend, than mine.

Then came the dark and desolate day
Of sin, and wo, and shame;
And all along thy pathway lay
The lava's lurid flame.
No longer sought thy hands the grasp
Of hearty love and pride;
They met thee with a chilling clasp,
Or coldly turned aside.
And I, oh! bitterly indeed,
I wept thy shameful fall;—
But yet my heart did not recede—
I loved thee through it all!

I loved thee; and I trusted still
That thou wouldst yet redeem
By thy strong, earnest, moral will,
Thy soul from death's dark stream.
I trusted that temptation's sway,
O'er spirit high as thine,
Like some hot plague would pass away,
And leave thee at God's shrine.
I trusted that the giant strength
Of virtue in thy soul,
Would break the withs of sin at length,
And rise from its control.

Oh thanks to God! 'Twas not in vain
I nerved my heart with faith,
For thou art all thyself again,
Redeemed from shame and death.
Thy hand with dauntless nerve hath set
The seal upon thy vow,
And now I *know* when thou'rt beset,
Thy virtue will not bow.
Oh joy! Let angels catch the strain
And fill the courts above,
To welcome back to heaven again
The prodigal they love.

Oh joy! A thousand erring souls
Are stronger than before!
And fiercely tho' temptation rolls,
Will safely reach the shore.
When thou wert chief among the men
Who walk in wisdom's way,
Most excellent I thought thee then,
And glorified thy sway.

But oh! to see thee spurn the tide
Of sin, and death, and shame,
And prove to those who sink, a guide
To honor and good fame;

To see thee hold out hope to those
Who, faint, and weak, and worn,
Dread to perceive the dark waves close
And hide the glimmering bourne;
Oh friend, I tell thee ne'er hath yet
My heart felt such a tide,
As that which now o'ermantles it
With gratitude and pride.
Joy! joy! Oh! ever may my soul
Increase *His* bright renown,
Who helped thee reach the lofty goal,
And win the VICTOR'S CROWN!

BREVITIES; OR THOUGTHTS FOR ODD MOMENTS.

BY HENRY BACON.

THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

I HAVE seen many of the young waste away and die. It was hard for them to turn aside from the gay world and deem themselves incapable of enjoying its pleasant things. Weary and more weary became 'the bed of languishing,' and pains severe and severer tried the patience of the soul. Memory turned the leaves of the mystic records of the past, and the sweet lines written by Hope, with a pen dipped in the light of her own smiles, shone as beautifully as ever; yea, more beautiful as the colors of dying Autumn, or the hues of the foam of the wave, just as it breaks upon the shore. Every thought recalled some lovely vision that once pleased the fancy, and in which the heart delighted to expatiate. Like ice laid on the naked flesh, came the first thought of death; and 'It is hard to die!' was the deep feeling of the soul. The struggle, the robe, the pall, the solemn gathering, the grave! all came before the imagination, and they could not but ask for life. Life *was* given as they were afterward taught to ask for it—the life of heaven. The teachings of our holy and ever blessed faith, the heavenly instructions of Jesus the Beloved, were offered to the ear and it heard. The mind understood, and the heart believed. How wonderful the change! 'There is more to die for than to live for!' was then the feeling of the soul. Calmly and sweetly hand after hand was taken, lip after lip was pressed, breath mingled with breath, as the last whispers were uttered, and the spirit departed with a smile like the last flash of the sun on a snowy cloud. Thus do the young die when Universalism has done its divine work for the spirit; and as beautifully will the young live, when the heart has received of the unction of that same best gift of God.

COURAGE.

THANK God for Courage! courage that will not falter though the way be long, the hill high, the storm fierce and wild, and multitudes of voices cry—'You'll fail!' There is no failure to the man of true courage. If he work not out the project to which he gives himself—if he gather not to his standard true soldiers of progress—if he meet all that Napoleon met as he climbed the Alps, and be turned back by omnipotent antagonisms, yet he has not failed; he has unfolded in himself new strength and gathered new aids from stern Experience. When he goes forth again, he proves that to him even defeats are victories—that triumphs over him in the past, have been like sleep that bows and chains its subject, but is thrown off by the soul which has been invigorated by it. True courage is borne of high and pure aspirations—an ardent longing after moral excellence—a determination to appreciate more and more the endowments of our nature and develope the strength and harmonies of our spiritual being. Where true courage lives, no obstacles can be too great to be overcome. Its faith is the faith that overcomes the world. 'The intent and not the deed is in our power; and therefore who dares greatly, does greatly.'

THE ADVENT OF JESUS.

THE choral song of the angels of the Advent should never be forgotten by the Christian. It revealed the interest of spiritual beings in the affairs of earth, and their recognition of the spirit and power of the mission that should be given to the babe of Bethlehem. They waited not for the coming forth of the Messiah in the glory of wonderful works—when he should bid the light of day flash as a new created sun on the unveiled orbs of the blind, and the thousand voices of summer pour their music into the opened ear of the deaf, or the grave to give up its charge and the dead to revive again to the life of earth; but they came forth with the song of rapture when the eye of the holy babe first opened to the light. And it was well. Yea, more, it is well that we have the record of their song, and that we can blend its spirit with the thoughts which are naturally awakened by the sight of an infant. 'Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, good will towards man!' was the choral cry, uniting the sentiments of Reverence, Humanity, and Philanthropy. When these are perfected within, and the whole soul is brought into the service of this glorious trinity, man by the beauty and harmony of his life will prove the divinity of the christian law of action—'Recompense to no man evil for evil.'

This law is the law of all Heaven's dealings with man. All that Jesus Christ is to us as the ordained Savior of man, is a revelation of the glory of the divine government in overcoming evil with good—in distinguishing between that which is truly Godlike,

and that which is marked with the frailty and imperfection of human nature. Man approaches to God—man becomes a partaker of the Divine nature, according as he rises to a clear and constant perception of the highest good, being connected with the exercise of the purest and most enduring sympathies.

'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself,' and hence the love of Jesus for man—for all men. Never shall we come up to the standard of Christ, till God shall be in us by his reconciling spirit, and we are 'full of grace and truth.' This is the day to pray—'Thy kingdom come!' come in our souls, come in wonderful power, come to the full subjection of 'every thought to the obedience of Christ.' O let thus God's kingdom come, and there will be prevailing might in our prayer—'Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven!' by the spirit of filial love.

ARISTOCRACY.

'You must have your company come in at the *back* door, Lucy,' said the matron of the house to her waiting maid, who was a member of the matron's husband's church. This produced no little altercation, which resulted in the maid's remarking that there should not be such distinctions made between members of the same church, and adding, 'Well, I don't suppose you believe there will be any difference in Heaven, do you?' 'Any difference in Heaven,' responded the indignant mistress, '*Why! dont we read of angels and archangels?*' This is *a fact*.

Human pride can never be sanctified—it is of the earth, earthy. It is this passion which prevents thousands from seeing the beauty and glory of the complete Redemption; they cannot bear the idea of heavenly equality, any more than they can a social equality here. They wish to be separate here, and in heaven; and if they feel they must admit those below them here, to an entrance there, it is a relish to them to believe that the humble here will only be angels there, while they themselves shall be archangels! Humility is the root of true christian virtue.

THE PAINTER.

A CELEBRATED *Revivalist* once visited a painter's studio, and when about to leave, was invited to call again and examine other portraits. 'I don't know that I can,' haughtily responded the Elder, '*I have as much as I can do to make portraits for heaven!*'

Heaven would be a strange portrait gallery if this painter were to add many of his specimens to it. Every painter copies some favorite style, and all his portraits thereby bear the impress of the artist who executed them. The portraits of *this* artist are distinguished for very dark shadings that give repulsiveness to all the countenances, and mark them as the children of woe—the subjects of a comfortless religion. He who attempts to paint portraits for heaven by sulphurous flames, only shows what kind of a heaven he believes in—it is a refuge into which affrighted souls rush to escape the fire, not because they love the Master thereof.

CHRISTIAN CONTENTION.

JEREMY TAYLOR, whose wit was no mean quality, and admirably employed in theological and moral discussions, in treating of contention, remarks:—'If Christians must contend, let it be like the olive and the vine, which shall bear the most and best fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which make the most noise in the world.' This is a beautiful idea, and peaceful would the world be were there no other contention than the contest who shall take in most of the divine influences whereby the soul grows and becomes fruitful unto the great Husbandman! 'Herein,' said the Master, 'is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.' Blessed are the children of faith, who never permit contention to remove from them the spirit of Christ, and who are ever faithful to the warning—'A branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine.' 'His beauty shall be as the olive tree.'

'HELP.'

THE use of the word *help* to designate household assistants, is an Americanism, and we look upon it as a right down republican term. We like it, because it suggests the true relation which should exist between domestic assistants and their employers. The *help* should be regarded as *help*, not as drudges—not as of a lower order of creatures—not to be kept separate as though it were a part of their duty to feel an inferiority. It is not station that dignifies; but faithfulness to duty gives dignity to any one; and more honorable is she who is conscientious and true in the performance of her duty as *help*, than is the mistress who, in pride and slothfulness, forgets what moral influence is exerted by the habits of her household, and who does nothing to improve the character or protect the virtue of her *help*. Those persons are the happiest whose conduct makes their domestic assistants feel they are help or aids, and not regarded as drudges and do-all's. They are like the 'virtuous' woman depicted by Solomon. One among the whole household, ready to do with them:—'She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.'

DANGER OF DELAY IN RELIGION.

WE have met with many sermons and articles on this subject, in all of which the danger is made to refer to Eternity, and much is said of the inefficacy of 'death-bed repentance.' This shows how habitual it is for the Partialist world to regard the great blessings of Religion as pertaining to the vast future—to giving peace of conscience in death. Thus they overlook the immeasurable benefit of immediate attention to religion arising from the fitness of the soul thereby

for all the relations of life. To delay in adopting a true religious rule of life, is to delay to supply each attribute of our nature with an element essential to its right action, its harmony with its relations in our being, and the exercise of its full capability to promote our happiness. Man without religion is like the atmosphere without a due proportion of electricity. According to the want in the one case and the other, will be the consequent evils. Make then no 'delay in religion'—give immediate attention to that which will become a balancing power within, and give a new, healthy and happy vitality to every attribute of the perfect man—our intellectual, moral, and religious being.

A TRUTH.

In stopping a few moments at a Book stand in Cornhill, Boston, we chanced to take up a volume of 'Beecher's Sermons,' which had probably been in the library of some orthodox clergyman. The 'fly leaves' were covered with sketches of sermons, and some pretty good we thought; but we are intending to notice an item in one only. The text was, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord,' which contains a philosophical truth—'for he must be pure,' says Origen, 'who would have a proper view of a pure Being.'

'All christians,' said the sketch, 'acknowledge the necessity of Holiness. Even the Universalists do not believe that men are to be saved *in* their sins; they trust in a moral change by which all souls are to be made holy and fit for heaven.' We wish all preachers were as honest as that one, and would give up the frequent and most absurd assertion that Universalists would have men saved *in* their sins. We go for Holiness as the great law of our being—as 'the law of the spirit of life,' or spiritual life, 'in Christ Jesus.' The glory of Universalism consists in the fact, that each principle and the combination of the principles of our doctrine, tend to commend holiness to man and give him the most powerful encouragements to cultivate it.

A DEATH SCENE.

A group of grief stricken friends were gathered around a dying one who was as precious to them as life itself. They waited with grieving hearts for the close of the solemn scene. She spoke—'O what music I hear! You have no conception of the music of heaven.'

'Can't you join them?' said a friend.

At this the dying one commenced singing beautifully. She sang a tune the friend had never heard, and they could only catch a word occasionally. When she had sung what seemed to be two stanzas, she paused and remarked,—'My voice is not tuned yet for heaven—but it will be soon.' And she passed away with the light of that beautiful thought resting as a smile upon her lips. It was sweet to behold it.

I have seen an unbelieving, an infidel woman. She scorned Jesus and despised his ministers. But her death was not the death of her I have just alluded to. No! the rattle of the earth on the coffin was the only sound which imagination brought to her ear, and the shadow of the last gloomy thought rested on her countenance like a frown. The eye of the looker on turned quickly away as from a sad sight.

Such contrasts must be while Faith and Unbelief exist.

CLOAK ZEAL.

Isaiah speaks of being '*clad with Zeal as a cloak*,' and of this we have been reminded by seeing two persons cloaking themselves to go out from home. One of them put on a cloak to keep him warm, that he might have the use of his limbs, and be active, the other put on a cloak to hide his garments, desiring, by the aid of a good cloak, to look well. Thus is it with religionists every where and in all sects. Some clothe themselves with zeal to be really active and improve times and opportunities to the utmost; but others put it on to hide their real clothing and make a show. And yet others wear zeal as a fashionable cloak; while those whom they follow wear the like, they will be careful to put their zeal cloak on, but are sure to throw it off when the fashionable season—the four or fifty days meeting is over.

Choose wisely, reader, how to wear zeal *as a cloak*.

A TRUTH FROM JUNIUS.

Who the author of Junius' letters was is still a mystery, although many books have been written to decide the matter. But whoever he was, it seems he had known some rogues and had paid some attention to the good and ill of their lives, as he says,—'After long experience of the world, I affirm, before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.' This ought to be worth something to those who dwell so much on the pleasures of sin, that they may learn that holiness, filial obedience to God, is not only *to be*, but *is* now, the soul's element of happiness. He who alone knoweth all the qualities, combinations and effects of spirit and matter, hath shown us what is good—Rectitude, benevolence and humility; do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God. This, this is bliss. This is the happiness in which the purest affections expand. This is heaven.

'KNOW THYSELF.'

At the foot of Parnassus, on the southern side, was the most celebrated Oracle of ancient Greece—*Delphi*. Greeting all who entered the temple and reminding them of a first duty, were the words—'*Know Thyself*.' Those words became a favorite maxim in philosophy, and the recollection of them kept many a one from

rash speculations and injurious speech, as they reminded of the duty of scrutinizing one's own feelings and passions. Ignorance of ourselves—of what we really are, lies at the base of more than half our follies, for much wiser should we act did we oftener ask ourselves—'What fruit have I in those things whereof I am now ashamed? Shall I sow more seed to reap more follies?'

Know Thyself! Study to understand thy frailties and truest wants, and come nearer and more humbly to Him who is gracious to pardon and merciful to impart wisdom.

LOCAL DEITY.

JEREMY TAYLOR has a pretty good shot at selfish sactarianism in the following singular application. He says,—'Plutarch reports that the Tyrians tied their Gods with chains, and Apollodorus tells of some who tied the image of Saturn with bands of wool upon his feet. So some Christians; they think God is tied to their sect, and bound to be of their side, and the interest of their opinion.'—Hence when a person of enlarged mind and heart leaves them, though he retain all the moral excellences of character and attend to all the practical part of christianity, they regard him as having left the *locale* of their Deity, and no longer regarded by him. They are far from the old idea that he that worketh righteousness in every nation is accepted of God. A right perception of the universality of God's grace, is essential to correct views of christian goodness.

ENGLISH UNITARIANS.

THE following passage from the general preface to the series of doctrines preached by the three Unitarian preachers of Liverpool, in reply to thirteen opponents, gives the common doctrine of English Unitarians respecting punishment under the Divine Government. The language about to be quoted is in reply to an assertion made by the 'thirteen clergymen of the church of England,' who proposed to confute Unitarianism;—

'It is stated that we "utterly deny" "the eternity of punishments," without adding *what we have added*, that the moral consequences of actions *are eternal*, and that in its influence on character and progress, the retribution of every evil thought or deed *is everlasting*. What we *do* deny, as the blackest misrepresentation that can be conceived of the God of Providence, whose glory it is to lead his children to Himself, is the horribly distinct statement of their own "General Preface"—"*that the sufferings of the lost are not intended for their amendment, but as a satisfaction to divine justice, when the hour of pardon shall have passed away.*"—Is this the Religion, and this the God of Love? These are the men who make the Unbelief, of which they afterwards so blindly and bitterly complain. If such was Christianity, unbelief would be a virtue, a prompting of devotion, a protest on behalf of God.'

Some Unitarian writers in our own country, in treating of Retribution, take the same position, though not so boldly, as they do not throw themselves into the antagonistic attitude. They affirm the belief in the 'everlasting retribution' of evil thoughts and deeds, but do not state, as their English brethren demand of their opponents to state, the whole matter what they deny of the popular doctrine of eternal punishments. There is a vast difference made between punishment and consequences by these writers; as they cannot but see that according to their view of retribution, every responsible human soul must be the subject of eternal punishment, as all have thought and done evil.

They reason incorrectly when they endeavor to establish their doctrine of everlasting evil consequences. They say that time, misimproved, can never be recalled, and that a loss of good that *might* then have been wrought out, will be sustained by the soul forever. This, however, will not hold good, inasmuch as the loss sustained by misimprovements in the past, arouses the soul to more determined and heroic action than it otherwise might have known. Every one knows this fact, and the proverb is common that Experience is a dear schoolmaster, but gives the best lessons.

What is meant by '*the overruling* Providence of God,' if the evil consequences of wrong thought and doing are to be eternal? And why do we so often meet with approbatory quotations of Thomson's words:

> 'I cannot go
> Where Universal love smiles not around,
> Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
> From seeming Evil still educing Good,
> And better thence again, and better still,
> In infinite progression.'

Is evil an agent of God? If so, it must tend ultimately to good, and it is folly to speak of eternal evil consequences resulting from that which is the means of revealing to us the most adorable perfection of God—the Divine Forgiveness.

ZELICA.

> 'SHE came like a dream in the morn of life,
> And she fled like a shadow before its noon.' SHELLY.

LONG weary years have passed away
Since that fair being drooped and died;
And yet it seemeth scarce a day
Since we were rambling side by side.
O we were blest, when free from care
We wandered through the long long day,
As idly as the birds of air,
And sang a song as glad as they.

I never saw a form before
Of such unrivalled loveliness,
Nor one who was of earth who wore
The look of heaven upon her face.
I never knew a heart so kind,
Such tears for others' misery flow,
Nor saw a hand so gladly bind
The crushed and bleeding heart of woe.

Her spirit was from sin so free,
Such gladness round her path she shed,
That all, who knew her purity,
Poured blessings on her bright young head.
In this cold world I never found
But one to whom my heart was dear,
But thousand cords of love had bound
Her being to this changeful sphere.

And, like a bright and balmy day
When spring hath put her mantle on,
The future in her visions lay
Without a cloud to dim its sun.
And yet she lay, ere youth went by,
Unmurmuring on a bed of pain,
And gave, without one tear or sigh,
Her spirit to its God again.

The radiant gates of paradise
Were opened to her ravished sight,
With angels singing in the skies,
And coronals and robes of light.
She panted for that holier home,
Where they who drink shall thirst no more,
And smiled to see the angels come
To bear her to the heavenly shore.

I knew not how so blest a one
Could leave the earth so willingly,
For, though within the world alone,
The grave looked dark and chill to me.
But when her feet had trod the brink,
When the grave held a form so fair,
I would not tremble, would not shrink,
For one I loved had entered there.

O death had lost its chilling gloom
Since seen on that triumphant brow,
There were such garlands on the tomb,
I did not fear to sleep there now.
I feared not, but my heart was sad,
And my weak vision saw not why,
One who had made the earth so glad,
In the bright morn of life should die.

But now I know, that God above,
The earliest calls the good away,
To chasten hearts that bind their love
To idols that are made of clay.
For if the glory grow not dim
To those whose thoughts to earth are given,
They will not fix their trust in Him,
Nor lay their treasure up in heaven. P. C.

'He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction: but he that refuseth reproof, erreth.'

LECTURE ON ELOCUTION.

The subject of Elocution has attracted great attention the past season, and it should be attended by all who value that valuable accomplishment—the Art of Good Reading. I present here a slight sketch of a lecture I heard from Professor Greenbank, which, brief though the sketch is, will afford some good hints to readers and speakers—sufficient, at least, to suggest some improvements to some preachers. The illustrative passages are easy to be found, and therefore I have not copied them.

Elocution is an important subject—especially to citizens of a free country where opportunities are offered to every one to exercise the power of mind through speech. Every one should be interested sufficiently as to feel the importance of speaking with propriety and elegance; and so great are the advantages attendant upon possessing good elocution, that they will repay any effort, however great, necessary to obtain success. Music is a delightful accomplishment, but Elocution requires talent of a superior order, as not only is a good voice and ear necessary, but nice discrimination and accurate judgment. And does not *music* require this? All, indeed, cannot be good elocutionists, but all can, by study and discipline, make great improvements in the use of the powers of speech. And how frequently do we witness the force and beauty of grand ideas, and splendid passages, almost entirely lost by an inefficient delivery! The Ancients excelled in this Art. They gave great attention to voice, action, gesture,—to all that was necessary to render their ideas the most efficient in producing the effect desired.

To good elocution, *just and clear articulation* is of the first importance. By attention to this, a person with a weak voice can make himself better understood and by a larger audience, than one with a voice much stronger, but who is deficient in this particular. We continually hear and read, that attention should be paid strictly to sound the *consonants*, but more consideration should be given to the *vowels*. Take for instance O. How often do we hear persons say win*der*, instead of win*dow*—pil*ler*, instead of pil*low*, &c.

In order to attain to just and clear articulation, a person must stand erect, and be careful not to exhaust the lungs. If the voice be weak, read aloud in a large room, or, which is best, in the open air. Demosthenes is a remarkable example of what can be done to render a weak voice powerful, as he, though naturally possessed of a very inefficient voice, became the most powerful orator of Athens. The speaker referred to himself as an illustration; that by discipline his own voice was five times as strong as when he commenced public speaking.

One error into which weak voiced speakers fall is, the pitching the voice too high. They feel a difficulty in attempting to fill a large space, and make an ef-

fort which exhausts them and renders them faulty in finishing periods and sentences. Now it should be remembered that by sounding the *lower* notes, the *upper* notes are strengthened. It is useful, therefore, to attend to different pitches of the voice, taking some passage which requires variations—as Seutonius' address to Cato's senators;—'My voice is still for war, &c.' Or Marcellus addressing the crowd. A good rule is to begin with some word ending with the consonant N—such as *on*, and run up climaxes of different numbers. On! *on!* ON! &c.

Effort should be made by speakers to take the breath through the *nostrils*, as it was designed of God that we should so breathe, for we read—'He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.' There are many dangers attendant upon public speakers breathing through the mouth. The cold air coming in contact with the throat, &c. inflamed by the exercise of earnest speaking, does harm, whereas breath coming through the nostrils, has to pass through circuitous passages, and is warmed before it reaches the lungs. Speaking by breath thus drawn in, the lecturer called *the head voice*. The head voice will effectually prevent Bronchitis—the throat complaint. He had cured hundreds of a tendency to this evil by teaching the use of the head voice. He gave illustrations of the use of the head voice, the throat voice, and the chest voice; the first had pre-eminence for clearness, strength and ease. The use of the chest voice brings on Consumption, where there is a tendency to that disease. He could speak, and his custom at home as a teacher was to speak, eight hours a day, and this he did without any more exhaustion than produced by the same amount of labor performed otherwise. He earnestly recommended public speakers to study to bring out the head voice.

Good reading is the foundation of good speaking; and attention to the elements of good reading is, therefore, of the utmost consequence. The first requisite is attention to proper inflexions of voice—the rising and falling. He lately heard a preacher reading from the sermon on the Mount, regardless of the inflexions, and in reading Matt. v. 15, he let his voice fall at *candle*, making the first member of the verse an assertion—thus,—'Neither do men light a candle.' A similar illustration of this error was given by a gentleman when reading Cowper's poem on slavery, giving this rendering; 'Man finds his fellow guilty of a skin.' Terrible crime! 'Man finds his fellow guilty of a skin not colored like his own, &c.' Many illustrations from Richard III. were introduced;—'Is the chair empty, &c.' 'Was ever woman in this humor wooed, &c.' Cowper to his mother's picture;—'O that those lips had language!' 'How mysterious are the ways of God!' Chatham in his celebrated speech in reference to the American war,—'If I were an American I would not lay down my arms—*Never!* NEVER! *never.*' The sense of an author very much depends on the management of the rising and falling inflexions of the voice. Without this, assertions may become questions, and irony approbation.

2. *Emphasis.* The meaning of sentences depends oftentime entirely upon the management of the emphasis. For instance Chatham in his speech says;—'Can ministers presume still to expect support in their infatuation?' Whatever word is emphasized in this sentence, makes a certain idea prominent. So also, Jesus to Judas;—'Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?' *Betrayest? thou? the Son of Man? with a kiss?* One simple rule can be adopted which is sufficient to enable a person to manage the emphasis even when reading a passage for the first time; it is this;—*Every word that stands for a new idea should be emphatic.* The '*Lord* sent *Nathan* unto *David.*' Take Byron's description of the ball given by the Dutchess of Saint Albans the night before the battle of Waterloo. The whole poem is one of the finest exercises for trying the emphasis according to this rule, so many and so rapid are the transitions of ideas.

3. *Climax.* Climax comes from the Greek word signifying *ladder.* It is a shooting up of ideas. Evevery member of a climax should be emphatic sometimes; and yet there is generally in these cases some one idea more prominent than the rest, and to the sign of which a prominence of emphasis should be given. St. Peter gives a good example,—'Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, &c.' 2 Peter i. 5–7. In Othello's Apology for his marriage, is a fine exercise—'What drugs, &c.' Running up a climax is one of the best exercises for the voice. Take a passage from Byron's poem alluded to—a climax of seven members;—'And nearer, &c.' Or the close of one of Phillips' speeches;—'Oh, I need not ask this verdict from your mercy; I need not extort it from your compassion; I will receive it from your justice. I do conjure you, not as fathers, but as husbands;—not as husbands, but as citizens;—not as citizens, but as men;—not as men, but as christians;—by all your obligations, public, private, moral, and religious; by the hearth profaned; by the home desolated; by the canons of the living God foully spurned—save, oh! save your firesides from the contagion, your country from the crime, and perhaps thousands yet unborn, from the shame, and sin, and sorrow of this example.'

This splendid passage by being read without a regard to the climaxes, becomes monotonous as the continual striking on one key of a piano forte. 'The Oxford Student and his father's servant, or Breaking Bad News,' is a fine example of the climax. So is the whole of Othello's Apology for his marriage. This last extract affords also a good exercise to attend to all the rules given. So also does Patrick Henry's speech in favor of the War, with which the lecture was closed.

BOOK OF CREATION.

This state of being may be regarded as a *priming* to another life. None of our desires are fully satisfied here. The eye fails before the splendor of beauty, and even the mind has experienced fruition. We are pleased with the brightness of the sun; yet we cannot gaze upon him. The brain is wearied in the search for knowledge, while exhaustless stores are still left unculled. The fables of man have rendered death hideous, and bad economy has changed its very nature, so that that which was intended to be but the gradual wearing out of this earthly frame—the slow sinking of the light of existence in the socket—is converted into a sudden shock, full of pain and unnecessary terror. Were the art of living understood, were intemperance avoided, and exercise pursued—'the age of a man would be as the age of a tree,' and his decay would be equally gradual, without suffering and without fear. The gluttony of man, the sudden changes from heated rooms to damp atmospheres, the abundance of useless clothing which pride and vanity have invented—all these prepare us and our descendants for sudden illness and for visionary fears, nameless apprehensions, and short lives unnaturally wrested.

Nearly all the sorrow we experience in this life, is the result of our own disobedience to the laws of nature, and it is worthy of note that we who are punished in our bodies are those individuals upon whom the light of civilization has dawned. It is the man who has the knowledge of the law who suffers from its infraction. We know that the lives we lead are unnatural; we know that our sedentary habits, our sealed rooms, and our excessive indulgence of the palate, are not healthful, and that we shall suffer for it. But the barbarous nations know nothing of *the science* of living, and having no law, they do not suffer from the infraction of law. The barbarian has no bad dreams—no tormenting fears; he never suffers from indigestion, lassitude, or the many diseases to which civilized people are subject.

This world, therefore, was intended as a place of enjoyment; its enjoyments may be comparatively coarse—but when reason is permitted to have her perfect work, we shall find that they point to a better state, to an exceeding weight of glory, yet to be revealed, when the veil of flesh is removed. Although we suffer much from disobedience to the laws of nature, yet even here the benignity of God is displayed; since our evils are often turned to good, as the fairest flowers spring up from the unseemly soil. Although good may come forth from evil, like honey from the lion's carcase, yet it is always better to escape evil. By our sins against the law of nature, our torments are increased. Some individual who has broken down his spirits by indulgence in sensuality, goes forth to publish his own fears and apprehensions. Now, people more readily sympathize with sorrow than with joy. Fear is always an epidemic. Let a person, sitting at his fireside, hear a number of individuals laughing joyfully in the street, and it will scarcely attract his attention—but let him hear them uttering exclamations of terror, and he will start upon his feet scarcely less agitated than they are, even before he knows the *cause* of their fear. When Jesus appeared to his disciples, risen from the dead, we are told that they 'believed not *for joy*;' but if they had been told that the Sanhedrim had pronounced sentence of death against themselves, they would soon have given evidence that they believed. There is a common saying upon the reception of joyful news—'It is too good news to be true!' This saying eloquently portrays the characteristic of the human mind. We like to be on the safe side. If bad news proves true, we shall experience no disappointment, if we have believed the report. We often hear people say: 'If the Universalists are correct, then we shall lose nothing by a belief in partialism; but if the former should prove untrue, we should be damned for our heresy, if we believed in it!' The fact that partialism appeals for support to so base an argument, does little honor to its supporters.

As soon as our fears are excited in respect to the mysterious and the unknown, they operate more powerfully than hope. The reason of this is, that one of the uses of that passion developes itself in guarding man against rashness. Fear prevents a man from leaping in the dark; it serves to caution us against trusting one who is utterly unknown to us, and who might deceive us. But when we permit it to operate towards God and his designs, we do wickedly. There is no excuse for mankind, if they do not repose full confidence in the mercy of God: or, if there is any excuse those only can plead it who have been misled and blinded by tradition and education—by that hideous and blasphemous creed which represents the benign Author of our being as the inventor of future punishment. The goodness of God is legibly written on every part of the Universe, and no book whatever can be of greater authority than the book of Nature. Other books are written by human hands, and have been preserved by mortal agency: but here are unrolled to us those everlasting pages upon which the very Finger of God has written his purposes towards us, in characters so legible that the fool may read and understand. The record of everlasting mercy is hung up before our sight, and the broad sun pours his beams upon the lettering. He who cannot read the ever-enduring benignity of God here, in vain calls for the testimony of the dead. Are we not, then, justly punished, if we overlook the plain record which God has given us in his creation, and listen to the ravings of men, whose interest it is to magnify their office by pretending to be the keepers of heaven's gate—the almoners of the Universal God? Is the butterfly less

under the protection of God—does the chrysalis go less safely through his glorious change, because he has never blundered among Greek and Hebrew? Is the sheep's coat less warm, because no one has informed him that all the earth has been cursed for man's sake? Does the fish, sporting in the silvery lake, need to know that a flood of waters once covered the mountains? He rejoices in the life which God has given him, and if he could express his feelings, he would declare the glory of his Creator. All creation teems with enjoyment; and the more we study nature, the more we shall discover of the contrivances of God to promote the happiness of his creatures. We need, therefore, to go no farther to insure ourselves that whatever is our future state of being, it must be attended with more happiness than misery. Nay—the law of existence is improvement; and that we shall advance still higher in the scale of being, and find more happiness in futurity than we can possibly realize here, is the natural conclusion to which we must arrive.

It requires a long time to remove the impression of fear. Fear is the protector of men and animals, and was mercifully bestowed upon us to guard our bodies from pain and death: but when men saddle upon the fears of others those things which belong not to them, they create unnecessary suffering. Designing people have always found fear the most potent auxiliary which they could bring to bear against the liberties of others. In ages of darkness, the ambitious leaders of the people were like ignorant mothers and nurses who rule their children by exciting their fears. Horrid and cruel policy! A lady of strong mind and excellent education, residing in the city of New York, told me that she was perfectly satisfied that there were no such things as ghosts and hobgoblins, but she had been instructed in such things during her childhood—'and now,' said she—'if I am alone in the dark, I feel and act precisely as if I did believe in them. I cannot get over the impression which those stories left upon my mind.'

When I was a lad, there was a dark nook in the mason-work of the cellar. The serving maids told me that a big black man occupied the place: and it so wrought upon my fears that I was unwilling to go into the cellar alone, even in the day time. My father perceiving this, lighted a lamp, and carried me into the place. He showed me every part of the nook, and there was nothing in it. Instead of being convinced by this occular demonstration, I looked up to my father and said—'When will the big black man come back?' I supposed that he had merely fled at our approach, and would return to his den. Nothing could dissipate my fears of the spot, and believed what had been *told me*, in preference to what my own eyes had seen! So it is with those who believe in future punishment. They think that because God is powerful, he must necessarily be cruel. In all nursery tales of giants, they are represented as monsters of cruelty. The ancients were mere children in science and demonstrative knowledge: and they supposed that the power to govern without responsibility was necessarily connected with the will to play the despot.

Men who love to be feared by their children and helpless dependants cannot conceive of a God without tyranny and revenge. The pure in heart, only, can see the Supreme Benefactor in his true colors. Every person who lives upon the earth will be happier, in a future state of being than he can possibly be in this.

Now, reader, are you prepared to trust the Word of God revealed in the creation and in your own heart? Nothing but this is wanting to render us contented with our destiny and full of hope for the future. It is the fear to trust ourselves to the disposal of God—a doubt of his benignity that occasions nearly all our woes—our incertitudes—our griefs—our tormenting fears. Wear this on thy heart, on thy mind, deeply engraven, and ever legible: 'I will fear nothing that can happen to me, for the Author of all good, is the Author of my destiny!'

Boston, Mass. W. C.

SONNETS.

BY CHARLOTTE.

THE BRIDE.

She stands before the altar, bright with blushes,
Trembling with fear, of keenest pleasure born;
And ah! how tenderly the lover hushes
The agitation of the timid fawn.
Her radiant eyes thro' jetty fringes beaming,
Rival the midnight blackness of her hair;
In which a few soft, orient pearls are gleaming,
As if to show the brow and neck more fair.
But listen now! the willing hand is given—
The vow is said—the solemn rites are done—
The tie that only may by death be riven,
Is consecrated—and the twain are one!
God bless thee, beautiful and happy bride—
And lead thee safely in the path untried!

THE BURIAL.

Through the church-yard a solemn train is sweeping,
Clad in the sable draperies of grief;
Their forms are bowed, their eyes are red with weeping,
For one whose term of life was all too brief!
In vain they strive their mournful sobs to smother,
Whene'er they think of her, the young and gay,
One year a wife—one little week a mother,
So early called from all she loved away!
Then comes that 'withering sound' to all who love her,
The clods are falling on the coffin-lid!
And now they heap the flowery sods above her,
And the beloved one is forever hid!
Mourner! behold the rainbow in the skies—
She whom thou lovest shall again Arise!

GOD'S ALTAR.

Not where the organ-tones are loudly pealing
Thro' the cathedral aisles or arches dim—
Nor when upon the ear is softly stealing,
The low, sweet cadence of the evening hymn—
Not where the sound of pompous prayer ascendeth,
And hundred voices echo it again—
Not where the knee in solemn mockery bendeth,
And careless lips pronounce a loud AMEN!
Not where the sacramental cup o'erflowing
Presents a symbol of the Savior's blood—
But in the HEART with pure affection glowing,
Is the true altar of the living God!
There hath he reared his own most holy shrine,
And consecrated it with Love Divine!

THE STARS.

'*Those golden tears that men call stars.*'—HYPERION.

BEAUTIFUL thought! that the stars o'erhead
Which beam so soft on our mortal ken,
Are but the tears which the angels shed
O'er the transgressions of sinful men!
Though changeless ye seem to our feeble sight,
With steady brilliancy shining on—
Do ye not beam with a holier light
To hail the return of the erring one?
Golden drops from compassion's fount,
Lit by the fire on Mercy's shrine—
When the hosts of the ransomed upward mount,
To bask in the glories of Love divine—
Shall ye not blaze like undying suns,
In the golden crowns of the shining ones?—

MARY, MOTHER OF CHRIST.

MOTHER of Christ! what dream of fame
Could paint a lot so high as thine?
How meanly sounds earth's proudest name
Beside a title so divine!
In every nation, age and clime
Where HIS religion has been taught,
Thy name has been with thoughts sublime,
With holy love and sweetness fraught!
O who was honored e'er like *thee*—
What heart was e'er so sorely tried?
Raised from thy lowly lot to be
The mother of the Crucified!
Hail highly favored! who upon thy breast,
Didst lull the infant SON OF GOD to rest!

THE CRUCIFIXION.

A WAIL of wo is heard from Calvary's mountain—
A mournful cry resounds along the plain!
Forth pours the stream from Love's redeeming fountain,
The SON OF GOD—th' anointed one is slain!
And lo! the air is rent with peals of thunder,
And midnight darkness on the city lies;
The mountains shake—the rocks are torn asunder—
The graves are opened—and the dead arise!
Priest, Judge and Levite see the awful vision,
And to the ground fall prostrate with affright;
Rejoice, O man! thy sins have found remission,
And 'immortality is brought to light!'
Christ hath fulfilled his Heaven-appointed mission,
And Love's bright banner streams from Calvary's height!

Boston, Mass.

THE ISLE OF THE GIFTED.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

'BEAUTIFUL, O how beautiful!' was my exclamation as I finished reading an article from the pen of one of our most gifted female writers, and truly indeed did it merit the encomium. The subject embraced one of her most favorite themes, and in language the most glowing and harmonious, she had embodied sentiments which could not but awaken the most thrilling and ecstatic emotions. So vivid were her descriptions, and so clear the expression of her thoughts, that with her, I seemed to have entered the blissful courts of immortality, and witnessed the reunion of friends long since separated on earth—the reveller in sin turn in penitence to the paternal mansion, and the father, when he was yet afar off, stretch forth his arms to embrace the erring but repentant one, while angels of the celestial choir struck their harps to greet him with a joyful welcome.

And such is the power of language! So wholly absorbed had been my attention, and so deeply interested were my sympathies, that I was conscious of my own existence, only at times when the blood seemed to stop in my veins as if to prolong a throb of delight, and at the next instant to hurry forward with such rapidity, that each nerve was thrilled with unutterable sensations. But the subject was concluded; too soon I thought, and from that lofty height to which my imagination had been conducted, I descended to plain reality, and was now only permitted to regard with admiration the skill of one who had been so successful in chaining my attention and leading my fancy at will. Happy, superlatively happy! thought I, must she be, who feels conscious of such a power, and closing the book, I leaned my head forward upon the table, and in the depth of earnestness whispered, 'O would that I too were gifted!'

Again and again was the wish silently repeated, though as fervently as before, and again did I muse on the pleasure and satisfaction which must attend the gifted. I would not care so much that the *world* knew of my possession, but I would that deep in my heart, I might feel conscious of a power to elicit that world's admiration! Neither would I, that the choice and faithful few who knew that I was thus blessed, should tell me I was gifted, and yet I would that one —*one* whose commendation I prized above all others, should whisper in my ear his knowledge of its truth! But if this wish might not be gratified, I would that I might be permitted to live in the light of the exam-

ple, and listen forever to the conversation of those so much more favored than the common lot of mortals; for surely thought I, those who sing so sweetly of the virtues, can but know what a blessed thing it is to practise them—those who can awaken such pleasure with the silent pen, can but dispense from their lips the honeyed words of delight.

As these thoughts passed, a more confused train followed, and in a few moments more, sleep and its dreamy attendants were with me. But still was the theme unchanged, and with a fervor equalling that which was at first felt, I again repeated, O would that I too were gifted! Scarcely had the words died away, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I was surprised to see a stranger by my side. For a moment he remained silent, while I gazed with the deepest admiration upon beauty as singular as it was unrivalled. It did not consist so much in regularity of features, and beauty of complexion, as in the glance of a soul-lit eye, which spoke more than volumes, and the expression of a mouth which seemed to have forever drank in wisdom. 'Twas Genius; and with eagerness I listened to what he might say. 'I have heard your wish,' said he, 'and have come hither to ask if you know its whole import. True the sphere of those whom you so revere, is a lofty and admired one, but know you not that attendant on it are trials and difficulties, vexations, disappointments and heart-aches, which those in other stations know not of. Besides, are not the most delicate flowers the more easily blighted, is not the finest texture the more susceptible of injury, and do not the loveliest tints of the rainbow the soonest fade? Even thus with the gifted. With talents they are also possessed of cultivated sympathies and refined feelings, and like the delicate flower, and fine of texture, they sink beneath the gentlest breath of suspicion, and their hearts are torn in anguish by a touch which would be unheeded by others; and as the loveliest hues of the rainbow the soonest fade, so do they pass from the earth ere the world has half learned to admire their beauties! And would you wish to be numbered with them?'

Before I had time to answer, another of noble mien and lofty bearing approached, and though clad in richest robes, and adorned with glittering gems, he seemed on terms of familiarity and friendship with Genius, all unadorned and lowly as he appeared. Though I did not remember of ever having seen him before, yet his spell was on my heart, and he seemed a familiar acquaintance. 'Twas Ambition, and turning from Genius he saluted me in the most bland and courteous manner. 'I too, have heard your wish,' said he, 'and claim your hearing; Genius has told you that difficulties and dangers beset the gifted, but have they not joys and delights peculiar only to themselves, which overbalance these? He has told you that the delicate flower is easily blighted, but does it not retain its fragrance, ay is not its perfume increased long after its petals have withered? He has pointed you to the more beautiful tints of the rainbow—and it may be that they are soonest to fade, but say, are not their memories cherished and their beauties treasured up in the heart long, long after the latest that lingered have been forgotten?'

In glowing language he then painted the Isle where dwelt the gifted, and offered his guidance and the aid of Genius to conduct me thither. His representation enkindled anew the desire which had been partly suppressed by the language of my earlier visiter, and expressing a thankful acceptance of what he had tendered, I turned to Genius for his confirmation. It was given, and taking the arm which he proffered, we followed Ambition till we came to the shore of a bright and beautiful lake, whose silvery waters rose and fell, like drapery stirred by an infant's breathing. Casting my eye over its beautiful expanse, I saw far in its centre, an elevated Isle, and upon asking Ambition if it were the one he had mentioned, he raised to my eye a small golden cased telescope, which had till now, hung unobserved by his side. Still was the Isle too far away to be closely observed, yet in the distance it appeared lovely almost beyond description. The richest verdure like the softest velvet, was spread over its rounded surface, while it seemed that all the most effulgent of the sun's rays had combined to shower upon it a golden smile. Trees of the loftiest and most beautiful proportions, clothed in leaves of brightest green, were scattered throughout the Isle, and I felt sure that beneath their shade must bloom the sweetest flowers.

But I could linger no longer, and forgetting that 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' I stepped into the barge which slept at our feet, and begged Genius to hasten to the lovely Isle. He took a light oar in either hand, and Ambition stationing himself at the helm to direct its course, the barge glided swiftly over the sky-dyed waters, while dimples, which nestled in their bosoms the reflection of a fleecy cloud, followed in its wake. As we proceeded, musical notes came wafted over the lake, and as they fell on the ear, my heart in ecstacies beat time. 'Twas the voice of praise, and sweet, sweet indeed were the notes to me, but instead of satisfying they but awakened a desire to hear more, and seating myself by the side of Genius, I endeavored to hasten our progress, for Ambition said, that when we should arrive, I should be forever greeted with her strains. Our boat was soon moored, but still was the labor no more than half accomplished. The elevation was not very great, but extremely difficult for ascension; besides attendant on every step was the danger of falling back into the waters of the lake, in which case I should be forever forgotten, or remembered only by the few who watched my progress. But Genius remained by my side lending a helping hand, and removing whatever obstacles could not be overcome, while Ambition flew

rapidly up the height, keeping forever beyond reach and aiding me only by encouragement.

At length weary and toil-worn, I gained the elevation, and was surprised to see deep ravines, hedges of thorns, with briers and brambles, scattered throughout what was otherwise a garden of beauty; though one of far less loveliness than I had imagined. The number too, of the dwellers on the Isle was far greater than I had supposed—indeed the names of but a comparative few of the numerous assemblage, had ever reached my ear, but the pallid features and languid movements of all, showed that they had toiled to gain the ascent, and had still to struggle to overcome the obstacles which impeded their progress. Around the brow of each was entwined a wreath of laurel, to testify that as a recompense for all these toils and struggles, the world had bestowed a tribute of admiration. Ill measured recompense! I might have thought at another time, but Ambition was still beckoning me forward with his smiles and allurements, and so, thoughtless of all else and unmindful of my present fatigue, I again availed myself of the aid of Genius, and mingled with the crowd. A continual restlessness and uneasy anxiety marked the actions of the greater number, but even while laboring to surmount the greatest difficulties, an expression like an emotion of pleasure, beamed from their eyes, and this I thought was the only evidence of true enjoyment, but it appeared that it was not their incentive, for when the voice of commendation and applause reached their ears, they redoubled their exertions, and pressed forward with renewed zeal.

Approaching one whose name was familiar, and whose productions were well worthy of praise, I was induced to ask her opinion of the article with which I had been so much pleased. 'To tell you the truth,' said she, in a voice lowered as if to denote confidence, 'I never did admire that author's prose articles—her figures are too far fetched, her imagery is allowable only in poetry, and there is a tinsel splendor thrown over the whole of her writings which renders them disgusting to a refined and cultivated taste.'

Surprised at such a decision, I raised my eyes to her face and was no less astonished, at the change it had undergone. A dark frown sat where before beamed a radiant smile, and the bright look of intelligence which radiated from eyes that seemed full of gentleness, was changed to a glance of suspicion from beneath lids which shut in hatred. I thought too that her laurels began to wither; and unwilling to listen longer to one whose criticisms were the product of envy, rather than real discernment, I turned away. 'Misjudging and miserable creature!' said Genius as we left her, 'she fears that the lustre of her own talents will become dimmed by a reflection from the brightness of another's, and thus the purity of enjoyment which my gifts would otherwise confer, are lost to her.'

I was about to make some further inquiry respecting her, when Genius interrupted it, by pointing to a young female who was seated on a grassy mound, at a little distance. She was regarding with evident pleasure and satisfaction a page of a popular periodical, while at the close of every short interval she raised her hand to her head as if endeavoring to adjust, in the most pleasing manner, the few bright leaves which fell over her young and snowy brow. Drawing near, I recognised her as the author of several sweet and touching lays, and addressing her, she returned our salutation with an easy grace and winning smile, and reached to us the open pamphlet. Casting my eye on the page which had arrested her attention, I saw near the foot, a short note, in which she was spoken of as a young though gifted and accomplished writer, whose poetry was full of pathos, and whose descriptions were full of life. I was somewhat surprised at her forwardness, but before I had time to frame a reply, (for it was plain that she expected one,) Genius led me back, remarking—'Hers are rich gifts and rare, but she has not yet learned, *to hide her vanity*.'

Passing on, we saw on the right, a tall, intelligent looking gentleman, busily engaged in looking over a new and highly lauded poem. Being anxious to obtain the opinion of one so well qualified to judge as he appeared to be, I advanced to his side, and asked what he thought of the production. 'It rhymes well enough,' said he, 'but,' he continued with a sneer, 'all rhyme is not poetry, and the greater shame is, the world has not sense enough to know it!' Saying this, he turned on his heel and walked away, but I observed that he appeared of less noble stature than before; and that he placed his hand to his head to see if his new rival had not plucked some of his hard earned laurels. As he left us, a small group who were engaged in discussing the merits of some particular author approached, and I heard one remark, 'Yes, he writes very well—particularly when he writes of himself! Do you not observe how largely *he* figures in all his productions?'

Musing on all that had passed, I took the arm of Genius and walked on in silence. I did not feel any longer a desire for the laurel crown, and Ambition was no longer near to beckon us onward in the way of difficulties, so Genius led me forward in a smoother path. But we had not proceeded far, when two gentlemen crossed our way, and to a remark which one made, the other replied—'She has talents,—their is no doubt of that, but it is a pity she does not employ them about something better than frivolous *love-stories*.' Observing that Genius had noticed the last remark and emboldened by repeated examples, I asked him why all those upon whom he had bestowed his gifts were so unwilling to acknowledge that others were as highly favored as themselves, or when compelled to admit this, why they were so unwilling

to allow that the gifts of others were improved in a proper manner?

'Nay, it is not thus,' said Genius. 'Do you not remember that it was Ambition who guided you hither, and are not all of those whom you have noticed, his followers? Many there are, upon whom I have showered the choicest and richest of my stores, who appreciate all that is bright and beautiful in science, and all that is pure and lovely in morality, and they are willing to encourage and credit to the full, all the merits of others. But they are those who have chosen the quiet retreats of duty and usefulness, rather than the ostentation which you so ardently wished to possess—they are those who have never bowed for the adulation of the world, or sought to win the smile of fame—they are those, who have never been lured away by the wiles of Ambition or suffered their spirits to be clothed with the garments of vanity or envy!'

'What!' said I, 'would you that your brightest gems should be treasured up in the casket of the mind, and hid forever from the sight of all except their possessors?'

'No: I would that they should improve, polish them, but that they should let the reflection of their brightness, go forth only for the cause of virtue and humanity—yea, I would that their possessors should shine forth like stars in the cloudless heavens, but like them send forth their beams, not so much for their own glory, as to enlighten the darkened understandings, and enkindle the fire of devotion in the hearts of all upon whom their rays should fall. Then instead of wishing to strike from existence the myriads by which they are surrounded, they would greet with joy, and hail with gladness, each new accession to their ranks, and each new brilliant in their firmament!'

Just as he finished speaking, a noise which shook the place whereon we stood, alarmed me, and looking down I found that I had let fall the book, and lo! all that had passed was a dream. But it had its moral and induced the determination that though still striving to obtain wisdom and understanding, I would never aspire to a high place in the ranks of those called gifted, and that in examining the productions of others, if there was found in them any thing which was calculated to instruct or afford innocent amusement to any class of mankind, and nothing to deteriorate the cause of virtue and humanity, I would commend them, though they were highly faulty in the less important particulars of style, perspicuity, or construction.

Monroeton, Pa.

'A GIFT in secret pacifieth anger; and a reward in the bosom strong wrath. It is joy to the just to do judgment; but destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity.'

TO A MOURNER.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

IN memory of REBECCA P. CONNER, who died suddenly January 18th, 1843, at the age of eighteen.

'*Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.*'

THOU weepest for a sister! in the bloom
And spring-time of her years to death a prey;
Shrouded from love by the remorseless tomb;
Taken from all life's joys and griefs away.
'Tis hard to part with one so sudden called,
So young, so happy, and so dearly loved;
To see the arrow at our idol hurled,
And vainly pray the shaft may be removed.

Young, loving, and beloved! O, cruel death!
Couldst thou not spare the treasure for awhile?
There are worn hearts that wait to yield their breath,
And aged eyes that can no longer smile.
Why pass the weary pilgrims on their way,
Bowed down with toil and sighing for relief,
To make the blossom in its pride thy prey
Whose joyous heart had never tasted grief?

Weeper! thou hast a treasure for thine eyes,
In the fair semblance of the sainted dead:*
See the sweet smiling face before thee rise,
From which the light of life so lately fled:
See the same bright expression beaming there;
The mild blue eyes and pleasant features trace,
And the brown ringlets of her floating hair,
Shading the fresh cheek with their wavy grace.

Sad sister, turn not hopelessly away,
Nor longer at the will of Heaven repine:
Fold not thy hands in agony and say
'There is no sorrow in the world like mine.'
O, could my numbers soothe thy sinking soul;
Or one hope waken with the words I twine;
Soft sounds of sympathy around should roll,
Warm from a heart that knows such pain as thine.

I, too, have been a mourner. Sorrow deep
Its lava tide around my pathway rolled,
And sable weeds a hue could never keep
Sad as the heart they hid beneath their fold.
All joy grew dim before my tearful eye,
Which but the shadow of the grave could see;
There was no brightness in the earth or sky;
There was no sunshine in the world for me.

Oh! bitter was the draught from sorrow's cup,
And stern the anguish which my spirit wrung,
When I was called to give my idol up,
And bend a mourner o'er the loved and young.
And for the lost to weep is still my choice;
I ask for one whose pilgrimage is o'er,
And vainly listen for a vanished voice,
Whose pleasant tones shall greet my ear no more.

There is a spell around my spirit cast;
A shadow where the sunbeam smiled before;

* A perfect likeness painted by I. B. Flagg.

'Tis grief, but all its bitterness is past;
'Tis sorrow, but its murmurings are o'er,
Within my soul, which to the storm was bowed,
Now the white wing of peace is folded deep,
And I have found, I trust, behind the cloud,
The blessing promised to the eyes that weep.

So *thou* wilt find relief. For deepest wo
A fount of healing in our pathway springs;
Like Lethe's stream that silver fountain's flow
A soothing draught unto the sufferer brings.
A Father chastened thee! O, look to Him!
And *his* dear love in all thy trials see;
Look with the eye of faith through shadows dim,
And He will send 'the Comforter' to thee.

Hartford, Ct.

GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

HOUR ELEVENTH.

WELL, dear Lottie, I am in a merry mood once more—and who would not be, at the sight of that laughing blue eye, peeping out from its bonnet of straw? And such a day, too! Why Lottie, a very mule might be pardoned for a frisk or two in a sunshine so exhilarating.

Will you go a bird's-nesting? Not a *foraging* the poor dear things, but just to take a peep at the tiny blue eggs, or drop a few crumbs into the gaping mouths of the fledglings. No, I see you have your heart set upon a dinner of minims and chubs. But what will you do for fishing-tackle? Here is my work-box—help yourself to pins and thread—and down by the brookside we can find an abundance of willow-rods. You laugh, but I assure you it is all the angling apparatus I ever use.

Pray don't stay inhaling the very life out of those poor violets, if it *is* three long years since one has met your eye. I am impatient to show you my gipseying haunts. There! isn't this the coziest bit of an island you ever saw? And look above! What a wealth of clematis has hung itself upon every bough of this young elm. Do you think the whole islet is broad enough for us to sit upon? Let us try.

Are you a Mesmerizer? One would suspect so from the intensity with which you have been gazing at that poor dragon-fly for these last ten minutes. His violet-colored body may possess some magnetic properties, for aught I know—and look at his eyes! Those round, staring, motionless orbs, are, for all the world, a perfect miniature of Dr. O.'s, who has so much of the nervo-fluid, it is thought he might put the aurora-borealis to sleep, were he to gaze at it.

'Oh my!' as our friend Mr. T. says—'what a shoal of the tiniest little fish! Do see them, how they dart away at the sound of my voice, and hide themselves in the shadow of those grape leaves. When they passed through that streak of sunshine, they looked like so many amphibious jewels, 'gone in a-swimming.' Oh Lottie! what a sin it would be to eat such pretty creatures as those. Of how many hours of fine frolic in these little spearmint scented nooks and coves we should thus deprive them—*we*, who, ourselves, love frolic so well! And all to gratify a momentary whim of appetite. I acknowledge there is a mystery about this principle of *life* which consecrates, and makes it sacred in my eyes. It is what we all can take away, but none of us can restore; and it is not without hesitation that I destroy the life of a troublesome and insignificant insect. Why should I deprive it of an existence given to it by God—and given, we may well believe, for purposes of use and enjoyment? If He deemed it worthy of *creation*, ought not I, at least, to regard it as deserving *preservation?*

Oh what a bright little cluster of cowslips! Do you like them, dear? They are becoming to your dark locks—let me interweave them. Mary says they are a coarse looking flower, and from having frequently seen them brought upon the table as an *edible*, they are not altogether poetically associated in the mind with salt pork and beef. Despite this misfortune, however, they are rather a favorite flower; and I never see their golden clusters and rich green leaves growing upon the water's brink, without feeling a fresh glow overspread my innermost heart.

Look—do look! See that green-coated, amphibious gentleman, with his hand resting gracefully upon that mossy stone, and his legs dangling in the water. He is the troubadour, I take it, who gives us our nightly serenades. Pray, my dear Sir Frog, don't fix those bright eyes of yours so insinuatingly upon my friend Lottie. She loves your serenades much better than she loves you. But what can the fellow mean, hanging so long upon that stone, gazing at us poor unoffending demoiselles? You know he was Galvani's first subject—who knows but what his regard for science has induced him to offer himself as a subject for Mesmeric experiments? Try him, Lottie.

No—he is no martyr. Away he paddles down the bright current, till finally he is lost to our eyes. Farewell, gallant troubadour; your music will be welcome in our hours of slumber, but Lottie and I regard you as *de trop* in our sylvan *tete a tete*.

While you are braiding that wreath of violets, I will read you a little hymn I wrote this morning, to be sung in the tune—'Near the lake, where droops the willow.'

Lord of midnight and of morning,
Hail, hail to Thee!
Now the golden light is dawning
O'er rill and tree.

Soft the dew rests on the roses,
Fragrant the air;

Every flower some sweet discloses,
Balmy and rare.

Nature worships at her altars—
So, too, should we;
Base, indeed, the heart that falters
In loving Thee.

Lord of Love, send down thy blessing
On us, below;
Let each heart, its wants confessing,
With fervor glow.

None so good as Thou, Jehovah!
Be Thou obeyed;
For thy mercy spreadeth over
All Thou hast made!

E'en the humblest, lowliest creature,
Lives by thy care;
Why should we, of human nature,
E'er then, despair?

Hark! can that be the dinner bell—so soon? Oh Lottie! where are your minims? If the good keepers-at-home have not been more provident than we wild gadders-abroad, I fear me we must be content to make our repast of cowslips and water cresses.

PHENOMENA OF THE HEAVENS.

BY HENRY BACON.

PSALM xix. 1: 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy work.'

THE first impression made on the mind by reading these words, is to recall the pleasurable emotions with which we contemplate the heavens when the stars are unveiled, or when the moon walks in brightness. No feeling is more universal than this. It proves directly and eloquently, that the Creator has constituted man to be lifted up by elevating thought—that he has given to all a love of the sublime, which can be made to minister to the highest good of the soul. And is it not a cause for deep and fervent gratitude, that we are so constituted as to derive rich enjoyment from the scenery of the heavens, to acknowledge the beauty and magnificence of the stars, and to bathe our very souls in the flood of moonlight as in a sea of glory! Were it not for this constitution of our being, how much would be taken from the sum of yearly happiness! We can in some degree imagine the effect of the withdrawal of this feeling after the sublime, by asking ourselves, For what would we part with the impulses that impel us so often to exclaim, How beautiful is Night! No more to find beauty in the heavens! No more to welcome the stars! No more to rejoice when the sunset hues have faded, and millions of suns shine where one late shone! No more to be lifted up by the grandeur of night, or to yield ourselves to the mysterious influence of the silent hours! No more to know a desire to rise and put aside the curtain, or to leave the couch of sleeplessness, and gaze as on the inner veil of Paradise, drinking in new life from the display of immensity and glory!

O who would cease to love the stars—to throw away the dear remembrance of youthful impressions, when we strove to count the glittering points and felt a sweet awe creeping over the soul as we gazed and gazed and had no desire to give ourselves to sleep! The world has indeed dealt treacherously with us in stealing away by its perplexing and wearying cares the delights of youth's innocent time. It has taken from us the undefined pleasures of unenlightened admiration of the heavens, and has given us nothing to replace them. It should not be so. The right culture of the intellect in harmony with the moral sentiments, can always supply compensations for any loss of the delightful mystic feelings of childhood. If we cannot bring back the heaven that was above us then, we can make the heavens that are now above us to declare God's glory; and whatever exhibits his glory, affords nutriment to feed and satisfy the soul's desire for happiness.

If the heavens did declare God's glory to us in childhood, we ought not to be satisfied with that. We should ask after something more than a poetical feeling, something higher than unenlightened admiration. The heavens should show God's handy-work—the work of his wisdom, power and goodness. We should enter, as we are able, into an acquaintance with the laws which govern the motions and revolutions of the heavenly bodies and their stupendous magnitude; for it is only thus that our admiration of the celestial scenery, can be made to differ from that awakened in the breast of the savage, as he sits on some lone rock which overlooks the sea, gazing on the heavens above and the mirror beneath. Suppose Newton standing beside him: What a difference in the expression of their countenances, eloquently illustrative of the difference of soul—of enlightened and ignorant contemplation. Suppose the savage capable of reading the nineteenth Psalm. How different were its sublimity to him, in comparison with its effects on Newton's mind! How different the thoughts awakened, the ideas suggested, and the visions of magnificent creations spread before the eye of the imagination! As different as the fancies and vagaries of Astrology, from the mighty and everlasting truths of Astronomy. As different as the studies of Chaldean shepherds, from the researches of true scientific philosophers.

And does not this show the Theology of Science? Does it not prove to us that knowledge is essential to elevated and worthy views of God's works? Does it not clearly certify that the christian has something to do with science and philosophy, and that the word of God is made more eloquent by the study of his works?

Indeed, his works are his word—they express the divine mind—they bring us into intercourse with the Invisible Spirit. Christians are too apt to forget this, and hence they build the glory of the Bible upon the ruin of the chief beauty of nature. The chief beauty of nature, I say, because as a most lovely human body is but as an exquisite statue, when the soul has departed—when the spirit no longer expresses itself through the material, so is nature when the Deity gives no expression of himself through his works. The child who has never seen his parent, can be made to know that parent through the works wrought for his happiness and improvement, in the arrangements for his education; and so is it with man and a knowledge of God. When the child becomes able to read a letter from his parent, he will doubtless joy in the privilege; he will be thankful for this more direct communication with unseen love, and he will study the pages with care and diligence. But it would be decidedly wrong for him to turn away from considering the works of the parent—from an intelligent appreciation of those tokens of parental love.

It is thus that the religious duty of obtaining knowledge is established. It is thus that increase in scientific wisdom may become communion with God, may enlarge the mind, may render man capable of receiving more and a higher happiness, and thus be made a guardian of innocence, a preserver of virtue, by imparting an excitement in harmony with the healthy action of the superior laws of our being.

And especially do we see the religious obligation of seeking after knowledge and with all our gettings to get understanding, in a day like this when some of the shadows of the dark ages seem to have lengthened unto the present time. The heavens are now gazed upon, not studied, by many, not to understand how they declare God's glory, how they show his handy work, but to gather phenomena to startle and keep alive the fears of the ignorant and superstitious. They look on the firmament as boys out of an enclosure watch to see some fanciful fireworks, not knowing the preparatory arrangements, and ignorant that the whole and every part is governed by strict laws. Hence lighted lamps raised from the tops of the highest trees, have been mistaken for stars; and many a rocket has made a most excellent comet. So also, when in the revolutions of celestial bodies, a comet really returns, there are to them 'signs in the heavens,' but not a body governed by strict laws. In comparison with such, the Astrologers of old are worthy of reverence. Those ancient star gazers studied the will of the divinity in the fires of night, and read the mystic page with reverence—a reverence which made them love the pleasing and the mild, as well as the startling and the awful. They watched the coming forth of the sweet star of evening, and the herald of morning; the changes of the moon in her usual course, and all the variety that is spread before the eye that deems night too beautiful for sleep. There is indeed something sublime in this employment of the wise men of the East, dealing as they did with the grandest objects in nature, and immeasurably removed from the low and grovelling means resorted to by many nations, for the purposes of forecast and prophecy, or divination. But what shall we say of those who choose to deal only with the terrific phenomena that attract attention in the heavens—who gaze out of their chambers of darkness only to see where the fire is burning, to make a record of a calamity? What shall we say of those who heed not the truth that 'night unto night showeth knowledge' of God, of his presence and glory, and only think they gain knowledge when meteors shine, when showers of fire are seen, when falling stars flash on the eye, and the moon wears a sickly aspect? They never, like the Prophet, wrap themselves in their mantles and adore, when the still small voice speaks from the placid stars and the radiant firmament, but leap forth in ecstacy when the strong wind sweeps by to prostrate the oaks and towers, rending rocks and mountains, or when the earthquake makes the globe quiver and reel, or when the fire flashes and blazes and seems to wrap the heavens in flames. They never go forth at calm eventide to meditate—to lean like Jacob on a staff to worship. They are unmoved before all that is best calculated to awaken lofty and pious feeling, to make man glad in communing with the works of God, but sit like Jonah in his booth waiting for nothing but for signs of the overthrow of Ninevah.

But still the heavens—in the common and uncommon phenomena—declare God's glory, whether the declaration be heeded and understood, or not. They are a radiant page, though we read not aright. They show his handy-work, and all his works display a divine order. Behind all that appears eccentric and ungoverned, a Living Force acts for determined and wise and gracious ends. No fire flashes through the heavens which has not its mission from God. 'He maketh the winds his messengers; the flaming lightnings his ministers.' 'He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.' 'Thou, even Thou, art Lord alone; thou hast made heaven, and the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth and all things that are therein, the seas and all that is therein; and thou preservest them all; and the host of heaven worship thee.' 'Who alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea; who maketh Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south.' 'Great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.' 'Yea, wonders without number.'

If this be true, let us seek intellectually and with pure moral sentiment, to understand how the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work. Let us enquire as we are able into

the mysteries of the stupendous architecture of the heavens, and we shall lose all those superstitious feelings which are kept alive by the imagination that bodies of fire, independent of all laws and capable of consuming the earth, are let loose at times in the heavens. The reins of the winds—of all things are in the closed hand of Deity.

Once an eclipse which is now witnessed without fear, filled nations with terror, so that he was accounted a man of bold thought, who could content himself to be shut up in a close apartment, aired and perfumed, according to the directions of a physician. When in 1456, Halley's comet was seen, the Pope called on all good christians to curse the Turks, (with whom they were at war,) the Comet, and the Devil! Services of great ostentation were performed to avert the evils which, it was thought, were threatened by the strange visitor; as in late years when the Pope, with splendid retinue, went forth in the streets of Rome, to lift The Host to stay the ravages of the Cholera! And so was it with such a visitor as has attracted so much attention the past month. 'A comet is to be seen!' would once have been as fearful a cry, as to the Eastern Caravan is the shout, 'The Simoon is approaching!' or the bursting forth of volcanic fires to those who dwelt at the base of the mountain. A comet's appearance, or what, is taken to be such, now awakens no terror or dread, save in those who have by fanaticism been trained to look on the dark side of every thing. We go out to see and wonder, but not to weep and howl. Multitudes have paused in the thorough-fares of a city to notice the brilliant train of the invisible guest, at noon day, and then have hastened to their daily labors, as we go about our business after beholding a pageant. This fact should be a theme for some meditation, inasmuch, as this comet was acknowledged to be a stranger, and was of unusual splendor and magnitude. The calmness with which it has been viewed—the delight with which all classes have searched for it, affords evidence how extensively the leaven of knowledge has leavened the mass of mind. There are many—there are thousands who gaze on the celestial visitant with pleasure, who can give no scientific account of comets or cometary motions, but they have heard the philosopher or man of science lecture, or they have read accurate accounts of this kind of phenomena, and though they retained no particulars—though they can cite none of the technical terms or phrases, yet they feel the influence of the correct and grateful *impression* made upon their minds by the lecture or reading. This is one great benefit of giving attendance to such subjects, though we may feel ourselves incapable of retaining particulars. We may hear a lecture on the atmosphere from one fully conversant with the subject or theme, and though we may be unable to retain an analysis of the argument, yet an *impression* will remain upon our minds, continually reminding us of the value of pure air and certain duties in reference to it. So with the discussion of a metaphysical question in Theology; we retain the *impression* made by the able discussion and it satisfies us. We may not be able to satisfy others; indeed, we may utterly fail when we attempt to express why we are at peace, but yet there down deep in our mental being, rests the satisfaction which is our comfort and our strength. It soothes us in sorrow, it consoles us in bereavement, and gives us hope under all the varied circumstances of this changeful life.

Such an impression we should have in reference to such mysterious signs in the heavens as have lately been given to us. Signs of God's power—that but parts of his ways are seen. Signs to keep alive the curiosity of the philosopher, and continually to unfold new applications of everlasting laws, that with a deeper emphasis it may be declared, that the firmament shows forth God's handy-work. Loftier and loftier becomes this truth, spreading out a more and more expansive view to the intellectual eye and moral vision, as the soul wings its flight and makes its home among the distant stars, warming itself in the rays of the central suns, and learning the harmony of the eternal music of rushing orbs as they circle round their centres in stupendous courses. If overwhelmed by the immensity of the universe, we lift up our eyes and ask, 'What is man that thou art mindful of him?' as we feel our humiliation, let us kneel at a shrine of light where millions of stars mingle their rays, and list to the answer which shows us our exaltation, which makes spirit superior to matter—'Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:' Stand up, O man, and feel thy destiny. Make the stars thy footstool. Ask not to view them with the eye of sense, for to behold them as they are—to look in upon the reality, best feeds the soul and makes it expand.

Let the pageant of the Comet, add new attraction to the heavens. We need it all. Our eyes are too much turned to the earth. We were made to look heaven-ward, and list to the voices that come from thence, bidding us not only glory in the intellect which surveys the heavens, but also in the moral feelings by which we feel and appreciate the religion of the stars and adore their God.

The heavens declare the glory of God by revealing the capabilities of Mind to unravel mysteries. Astronomy is a grand tribute of praise to the Creator of Man. It bids us hope on and hope ever for progress—to have faith in the infinite stretching out of the path 'that shineth brighter and brighter.' By the treading on of Mind, facts have been gained—the reality has been seen, as on some lofty eminence that revealer of the immensity of God—*The Telescope*—was lifted up, and the vision of unutterable magnifi-

cence was beheld. Mind has still trodden on farther and farther, higher and higher, from lofty mountain to loftier Alp, and from Peak to Peak, till firmament on firmament are gazed upon, and God is still adored.

A Comet is not now a fire lighted up in our atmosphere, to be but little regarded. Neither is it an eccentric body, but a member of the solar system, obedient to the great laws of attraction. It has ceased to be a terrible visitant, but affords subject matter for pleasing and lofty contemplation. We are eager for its appearance, that we may study the attending phenomena, and follow its course, by imagination, as it pursues its path far on and up through space, passing the planets, as the swift car, with its brilliant clouds of vapor, rushes on over the iron way leaving town after town as it flies. The time of a reappearance is accurately predicted; the place where first it is to be seen, is told us; the path it is to describe, is traced in the heavens; the increase of its light, and the rate of its progress, are detailed; and when it will be visible only with the aid of a telescope, and when the naked eye may behold it, are predicted. A variation in reference to one has demonstrated the existence of a *resisting medium*—that the celestial spaces are not void, which discovery is connected with many important matters, opening great questions for science.

And thus mind goes on, learning new truths by the errors into which it occasionally falls, affording a double lesson—a lesson of care and a lesson of encouragement. Thus may it be with us in all departments of Thought and Study. If we have the true love of knowledge, if we desire earnestly to read more of the reality of things in the moral world, we shall not lose our reward; no, not even if through the imperfection of our minds or means we fall into errors; those very errors shall minister to our good, teaching us the necessity of more care and leading us into new trains of thought. But if we turn away from knowledge and let our minds slumber, we shall often be as were the disciples of old, who were terrified and affrighted, supposing they had seen a spirit, when in fact they had gazed on the risen Jesus, the Prince of Life!

Providence, R. I. March 18, 1843.

IMPROMPTU—BIRTH DAY EPISTLE.

TO MY FRIEND S. C. E.

Did you happen to know, dear Sarah,
When my birth-day would fall?
And didn't the very thought of it,
Your gentle heart appal?
I'm getting antiquated—
(The truth must needs be told—)
But then, as N. P. Willis says,
'My *heart* is not yet old!'

You know I love all pleasant things—
The still, secluded nook—
The sunny glade, the forest-path,
The merry, chiming brook;
And the sweet, purple violets,
Amid the wavy grass,
That look up with their smiling eyes,
And greet us as we pass.

I am a very child, among
The pretty, fragrant flowers;
And they are still as dear to me
As in my childhood's hours.
Now, dear, don't think I mean to ape
Young ladies, sentimental—
The mention of that simple fact,
Was purely accidental!

Or rather, it came gushing out
From an o'erflowing heart,
For of my very being
The violets seem a part!
How I have been digressing,
Dear Sarah, from my text—
Now pray don't be impatient,
But hear what's coming next.

My spring-time has departed,
With the balmy April rains!
Why can't you write an *elegy*,—
I'll *thank* you, for your pains!
And let it be a mournful one,
For 'tis a cause of grief,
That I am falling into
'*The sere and yellow leaf.*'

Now don't forget it, Sarah,
I am serious, be sure—
I wish that you could see me now,
I'm looking *so demure!*
But pray don't say how old I am,—
I shouldn't like it told;
For, really, 'tis a dreadful thing,
That I am *getting old!*

CHARLOTTE.

Boston, April 16, 1843.

Woman's Influence. In the ordinary affairs of life, a woman has a greater influence over those near her than a man. While our feelings are, for the most part, as retired as anchorites, hers are in constant play before us. We hear them in her varying voice; we see them in the beautiful and harmonious undulations of her movements, in the quick shifting hues of her face, in her eye, glad and bright, then fond and suffused. Her whole frame is alive and active with what is at her heart, and all the outward form speaks. She seems of a finer mould than we, and cast in a form of beauty, which, like all beauty, acts with a moral influence upon our hearts; and, as she moves about us, we feel a movement within, which rises and spreads gently over us, harmonizing us with her own. And can any man listen to this? Can his eye rest upon this, day after day; and he be not touched, and be made better?

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., MAY, 1843.

The Ladies' Repository. Boston, Ms.

We have good reasons for asking the attention of our readers first of all, to our own work. Some of these reasons are the following;—the present No. is the last but one of this volume; our subscription list is small; we have suffered much from delinquents; and it is desirable to continue the work. We recieve the strongest commendations from all quarters, but these do not pay the printer, nor satisfy the publisher. The best approval of the work is an extensive circulation, which we think ought to be given to it, if a tithe of the praise bestowed is just. We say this with all modesty, referring only to the want of such a work in our denomination, and knowing the great good it has wrought in various portions of the States. If those who have expressed warm approvals, would each exert themselves personally to obtain one new subscriber, a great addition would be made to our list—an addition which is essentially needed. Is it too much to ask this? We hope not. Let our friends consider the typographical beauty of this Magazine—its Christian tone, and the variety and excellence of its contents, and that it will not suffer in comparison with any work of like design in any other denomination of Christians,—let them think also of its influence on a large class of minds which are not and cannot be reached by our weekly papers, and then answer whether they will do something to contribute to its continuance and prosperity? We need all that can be done.

With the next volume me shall leave off the first member of the title of our work, as it is every where known by the last—'*The Ladies' Repository.*' We sometimes find three articles taken from this work in one paper, and credited one to 'The Universalist and Ladies Repository;' the next to 'the Universalist;' and the next to the 'Repository,' as though they were taken from three different publications. And more than this:—our denominational paper in Connecticut, is called '*The Universalist,*' and articles appear in other papers from both that and this work credited alike. After due deliberation, we have been led to coincide with the opinions of a great many of our friends, and send the Repository forth without the distinctive name of Universalist, believing that its contents will always give it a distinctive character. We once thought we could never be led to do this, but circumstances have altered our convictions, and we are sure that the considerations which prompt us now to do it, are of as Christian a character as those which once made us strenuous to retain the name we relinquish—relinquish from the Magazine, but not from our heart, nor from our brow.

And now friends of this work! give us encouragement and see if we do not give you reward enough in the increasing excellence of the Repository. We have had *seven* years experience in conducting this work, and hesitate not to say, that the future will excel the past. We can command facilities to make the work excellent which we have never had before, and therefore we say—Who will aid us? Let the prospectus come back well filled, or at least with one name.

Family Prayer Book. By Otis A. Skinner.

The prospectus of this work was sent out in our last No., and we wish to again call attention to it as worthy of the consideration of all who desire such an aid to devotion. The advantages of Family Worship are many, appealing to the purest and strongest feelings and affections of the human soul, and wherever there is not ability or confidence to attend to this service without aid, this work will afford all that can be desired. There is a very large class of minds which can be benefited by a work of this character, aiding the developement and expression of devotional thought and feeling. By its suggestive power, it will give food to the mind, and, abstracting the soul from sense, will lead it to that spiritual communion which sanctifies the temper and prepares the individual to rightly discharge the varied duties of life. As the prospectus is before our readers, it is not needful for us to speak in detail of the character of the work; we need only remark our full confidence that it will be a good work, well adapted to promote its design. It will be ready for subscribers early this month, and will be the handsomest book ever sent forth by the publisher, and all his publications have been admired for the neatness and beauty of typography. A beautiful design will ornament the binding.

Shall we not strongly hope that a very extensive circulation will be given to this work? We trust the returns will tell the interest which our sisters take in the publication. Let the prospectus be returned as soon as *possible*, wherever names are obtained. It will not only be a work suitable for family, but also for private devotions, and will give direction to morning and evening thought, which shall bring down from heaven blessings on the day and calmness on the night.

The Will and the Affections. A Sermon by Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H.

The above titled Sermon was prepared for the ordination of Mr. Richard Pike, now settled as Pastor of the Unitarian Society in Dorchester, but was not delivered in consequence of 'unavoidable causes of detention on the Eastern Rail-Road.' We are glad that the Society requested its publication, because of its excellence and its fitness to the times. It discusses an important theme, and will do good to all readers but those whose 'meddling' cold metaphysics, 'misshape the beauteous forms of things, and murder to dissect.'

The text is Phil. iv, 13, and the Sermon opens with the position that 'Our views of the extent of human ability necessarily lie at the basis of our theology—'if we think too meanly of man's nature and native ability we lumber our theology with excessive and superfluous doctrines,—if we in any wise over estimate man's nature and ability, in that same proportion our theology becomes defective and meagre, our respect for revelation declines, and our sense of the need and worth of religion fades away.' Two opposite views equally erroneous, have divided the Christian world, the motto of one party being—'I can do nothing;' that of the other, 'I can do all things,'—man's utter moral inability, and the unlimited freedom of the human will. Neither is the doctrine of consciousness or experience—of the Scriptures of the Primitive Church. The bearing of these views on Christian theology is to be discussed; a belief in the first leads to the adoption of arbitrary schemes of redemption, as in the dark ages and in the Roman church salvation was wrought out by ceremonies and outward ordinances, which were considered to possess in themselves a sanctifying power. The same found expression in the doctrines of the Reformed Church, such as the doctrines of Predestination, Sovereign, constraining grace, and arbitrary election, setting forth that all that is good in human heart or character, is the result of God's arbitrary decree. The evils of the other view are next treated of; and we are shown how the doctrine of the entire, unlimited freedom of the human will, gives a very partial and low view of Christianity, and makes a large portion of its records unessential and worthless. It assigns no place or office to the paternal character of God, to the beauty of holiness in the Savior's life, to the cross or the intercession of Jesus—gives no place to prophecy or miracle, and leads to the treatment of the more than human beauty and glory that rested upon Jesus, as the mythological drapery, in which men's superstitious fancies have wrapped the simple form of truth.

The preacher laments the injurious influence exerted by

this false philosophy of the human will upon some of the Unitarian clergy, and contends that there is a deeper moral disease than ignorance or indifference. We may know our duty, may feel most thrillingly the curse and penalty of violated law, and yet lack the power to keep the law. There is an infirmity of the will, which, more than aught else, needs the aid of religion and the strength of Christ, and which it is Christ's peculiar Mission to heal. Arminian theology has overlooked this. It is recognized in scripture—Rom. vii,—it is confessed in common speech, and felt in every one's experience. Yet he contends that man is a free agent. But the seat of his moral freedom lies far behind those separate volitions which make up his daily life. Over these, we have no sure control. We obey the law, they follow the bent of the character. It is our love that is free. It may attach itself to what, or to whom we will. The affections govern the will and control the life—they must furnish the remedy for the infirm and diseased will. Religious love must strengthen and sanctify the will, and convert its lameness for all that is good into a blessed necessity of holy living, of duty and of progress.

In his unregenerate state man's will is lame, because his love is cold. The object, therefore, of the Gospel is to quicken his love—to fasten his affections, the gratitude and confidence of the heart, upon God and Jesus, and through the action of these make man omnipotent over evil—ready to meet any demand of duty. Those portions of the Gospel which best set forth the love of God and of Jesus, are its most prominent and essential features—they constitute the peculiar excellence, the crowning glory of the Gospel. They furnish religion with its motive power. They supply what man most of all needs,—something to bind his affections to the infinite and the heavenly. A religion of mere law would have been impotent, in proportion to its perfectness. By law alone is the 'knowledge of sin,' and the consciousness of weakness; but when the love of Jesus dawns upon the heart its language is, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

The subject is then applied very happily to the occasion, and the great moral is established—that the awakening and the cultivation of the religious affections, is the first and chief aim to be had in view in preaching the Gospel.

We express our thanks to the author for a copy, for it has done us good, and we rejoice in every effort which is directed to stay the progress of the false pride of reason and that tendency of rationalistic theology which alike speaks of Socrates and Jesus, denying the Authoritative element in Christianity.

Lectures to Youth. By S. R. Smith.

A work with the above title has been issued from the press at Philadelphia, but we have not seen it, as it has neither been sent to this, nor to the Gospel Messenger, office. So with Br. S. R. Smith's Sermon.

Letter to the Publisher.

SHIRLEY VILLAGE.

Br. TOMPKINS;—I received safely, and thankfully you *know*, the books that you and our kind friend Mussey were so thoughtful as to send me. Except for the shower of religious periodicals weekly dispensed to me from the four quarters of Zion, I should suffer somewhat from a literary dearth, being so far removed from Libraries, Bookstores, and Publishing offices; and when a dispensation, like the one acknowledged, does come upon our famished household, why, verily, there is little ceremony used at the book-table.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS, from Mr. Mussey, was read with the avidity Bulwer's late novels may warrant one in betraying. We all pronounced it one of his best. It has not the brilliancy of Eugene Aram, Rienzi, The Last Days of Pompeii, Zanoni, and some other of the author's works, yet it is as uniformly interesting as any we have read. The character of the King-Maker is a noble one, and even his pride becomes him, he wears it so loftily. Sybill is the favorite female character, though I had many a word of favor for Lady Bonville. Old Adam, the Philosopher, is one of those Intellectual Abstractions whom Bulwer excels in delineating. 'Kill *me!* kill ME!' said the old man, sublimely, throwing himself between his beloved model and those who would demolish it, 'but oh! not my THOUGHT!'

Yourself,—I thank for a copy of Br. Chapin's LECTURES. M. —— said, taking up the book after I had read it, 'why did you not mark *all* the passages?' I should if I had marked all that I approve. I have a wish, in reading a good book, like that the poet would have us cherish in living a life—a wish, in closing it, to leave behind me

> 'Footprints, that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, shall take heart again.'

And so I sometimes make those 'prints,' when I intend placing the book in the hands of a forlorn brother or sister, hoping they may 'take heart,' from the cheering doctrines, and noble sentiments thus pointed out to them.—But the LECTURES—what do I think of them? Why, that they are the embodiment of the pure spirit of Universalism—the utterance of an earnest, free, and deeply-christianized Soul. I like, more than I can tell, the noble Charity, the sublime doctrine of Tolerance, so eloquently enforced. God grant free course to this holy spirit of 'Catholic indulgence.' We have been Sectaries too long—let us be Christians now—*Universalist* Christians; and however reviled, let us revile not again; and if they smite us on the right cheek, we will turn to them the left also.

The 'Independent Magazine and Health Journal,'—or *vice versa*,—I have read with attention. 'Hereafter,' by John Neal, has, though a short piece, many true and just thoughts. We may say the same of Greeley's article on 'The Formation of Character.' I like the object of this Magazine—in the main. I like its principles. The Editor is a zealous Reformist—one who believes that 'the world is wrong collectively, and individually;' and as such, aims to correct it. I confess I have not the 'large faith' requisite to be a working disciple of the blended Philosphies of Kant, Fourier, and Sylvester Graham; but I would not scatter the smallest dew-drop to damp the ardor of one who has; for I honor the Philanthropist and the Reformer, whatever badge he wears, or to whatever School he belongs. So I say, success to the Independent Magazine!—progress to all its projected Reforms! verily, if there is one being on earth who needs the voice of sympathy and encouragement, it is the individual who crusades against existing institutions, and promulgates doctrines antagonist to the appetites and established habits of his race. And however much of a visionary and enthusiast such an individual may be, give him due credit for an earnest soul and a sincere desire to serve the world in which he lives.

While I am speaking of books, periodicals, &c., allow me space for a word or two about the 'LOWELL OFFERING.' I receive it regularly from the hand of Miss Farley, the talented editor. (N. B. I don't like Edit-*ress*, nor Poet-*ess*. Roughen them as I will, they still have a soft, lackadaisical sound not half so grateful to the ear as *dairy-maid*.) I believe Miss F. deserves much praise for the energy she exerts in her new sphere of duty. I trust her sister-operatives lend her all the assistance and sympathy in their power, for her office is one of trial and discouragement. Those 'STORIES FROM THE LIMSIDE,' are very pretty, though we hope they will not all be *sad* ones. J. S. W. has a graphic style—she should be a generous contributor. So also, should she who has so ingeniously paraphrased the Apostle's chapter on 'Charity.' The leading article in the March No., upon the same Subject, is well written, and in the right vein. The articles are generally short, and full of life. For this, we like it; for in this age of the world there is nothing like *variety*.

S. C. E.

THE

UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE 1843.

SOWING IN TEARS—REAPING IN JOY.

BY REV. E. M. PINGREE.

'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' PSALM CXXVI. 6.

This beautiful and expressive language of the Psalmist king is generally supposed to refer to the mission of Messiah—'the Savior of the world.' The allusion here, by way of illustration, is readily seen to be to the labors of the husbandman; and although we are all familiar with those labors and their fruits, it may be proper for us to reflect upon them, for a moment, in order to see the full force of the passage, as applied to Jesus Christ, his mission, and the accomplishment of the object of that mission.

In the Spring, then, the farmer goes out, prepares his ground—ploughs and harrows it, making it ready to receive the seed. After sowing the seed—'the precious seed,' he waits, during summer, the growth of that which he has sown or planted. When Autumn comes, he cuts the grain, cures it, brings it home, and stores it away in the barn—the garner;—he 'brings his sheaves with him,' and 'with rejoicing.' In New England, as most of our readers are aware, a day is appointed by the Governor of the State, to be observed in thanksgiving and praise to God, for the ingathered harvest—the glorious, joyous thanksgiving day. On that day, the scattered members of the family are gathered around the festal board, under the roof of the 'father of them all;' and gratitude, cheerfulness, and joy pervade every breast. On that day too, the people are called together at the house of worship, to offer due praise and the expressions of thankfulness to Him who has so abundantly blessed their labors, that they have gathered in a bountiful harvest.

Such also I suppose to be the object of the English 'Harvest Home.' That too, is observed by feasting, dancing, and praising God—all for the blessing of Heaven having been upon the labors of the husbandman.

But, if no harvest, then no 'rejoicing'—no 'thanksgiving day,' no 'harvest home.' If blight, storms, or mildew blast the crops, so that no 'sheaves' are brought home to fill the garner, then there is no joy; or, if an enemy ravage the country, destroying all in his course—all the hopes of the husbandman, so that nothing be gathered for the sustenance of himself and family, then also is there no 'rejoicing;' but rather fear, sorrow, and lamentation.

Let these several points of the Psalmist's illustration be kept in mind, as we proceed to apply them to the mission of 'the Savior of the world:' 1. The sowing of the seed, in the Spring; 2. Waiting, during Summer, for the growth of the grain; 3. The 'bringing in of the sheaves,' in Autumn; 4. The consequent rejoicing; while, 5. If no harvest—no joy.

The period of Christ's first Advent, then, may be called the Spring time of his labors, of his mission and reign. Then he 'went forth weeping, bearing precious seed.' By 'precious seed' here, I presume we may understand 'the good word of the kingdom,' 'the Gospel of the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men:' his sowing the seed, signifying the establishment of the Gospel Kingdom and reign in the world. In doing this, the Savior suffered; hence the propriety of the expression—'goeth forth and weepeth;' for it is emphatically said of him, that 'he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.'

The evangelical Prophet so forcibly and strikingly sets forth the sufferings of Messiah, that I cannot forbear quoting his language in this connection. 'Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him: he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted; yet he opened not his mouth:

he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.' Isa. liii. 1–9.

From this, we see how properly and emphatically it may be said of the Savior, in the language of Daniel, he went 'forth weeping, bearing precious seed.' His whole life, while on earth, illustrates the truth of the same declaration. We all have learned from the Evangelists' histories of his life, how much he endured, in accomplishing the mighty work committed to him;—how he said of himself, that, comparatively speaking, 'he had not where to lay his head;' how his countrymen hated him, persecuted him, and hunted him down, as they would hunt a wild beast of prey; how one of his chosen disciples betrayed him, with a kiss, and how another denied him; how he was brought before a civil tribunal, to receive a mock trial, his enemies putting a crown of thorns upon his brow, a purple robe upon his shoulders, and a reed in his hand, and then bowing the knee, in mockery, and crying, 'Hail! King of the Jews!' how they buffeted him, scourged him, gave him vinegar and gall to drink, and spit upon him; and how, finally, the enraged multitude led him up Calvary, and crucified him between two malefactors—hung him between the heavens and the earth, a spectacle to angels and to men, while his enemies stood by, insulting and taunting him, crying out, 'If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross!'

In view of all this, we can appreciate the correctness and expressiveness of the declaration, as applied to the Savior—'He went forth weeping'—he indeed 'sowed in tears.'

Now, if we may so speak, is the Summer time of the Savior's labors—of his mission and reign. Now, he is awaiting the growth of that which he sowed, while on earth. Now, he is awaiting the progress of that kingdom which he established in the world. By and by will be the harvest. By and by, in his own and God's appointed time, he will 'come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

Of this result of the labors of the Son of God, of the certain accomplishment of the ultimate object of his mission, there should be no doubt in our minds. The Psalmist felt and expressed no such doubtfulness or uncertainty; he speaks positively, and with perfect and unwavering assurance:—'He shall, doubtless,' that's the word, 'shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

The same result of the labors, the same consummation of the reign, of the Messiah, may be found taught in other parts of the Scriptures, as in the passage at the head of this article. For instance, Daniel sets it forth under the figure of 'a stone cut out without hands, that became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.' So it shall be with the kingdom of Jesus Christ; that shall increase, and flourish, and prosper, until it shall embrace all minds—all hearts. The Savior himself, referring to the progress and consummation of the same kingdom,—the kingdom of which men 'do not say, Lo! here, or lo! there; but which is within' us, that is, 'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit,'—says it 'is like leaven, which a woman hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened.' So also Paul teaches, in the 15th chap. 1 Cor., that this kingdom shall be delivered up to God the Father, when—and not until then—'when he shall have subdued all things unto himself,' destroyed man's last enemy, and then shall God become 'all in all.' Glorious consummation! well worthy the Lord God omnipotent. This is the final harvest—the bringing in of the sheaves. Then will be a time of joy among the hosts of heaven,—the joy of angels, of the saved, and of the Son of God himself; for 'it was the joy set before him,—this joy,—that he endured the cross, and despised the shame.' O! that will be a glorious 'thanksgiving time,' in eternity, the glorious 'Harvest Home' of heaven, when all the redeemed and purified sons of men shall be brought home, to be preserved forever in the garner of the Lord God Almighty—such a 'thanksgiving time,' and such a 'harvest home,' as Old or New England never saw—such a blessedness and joy as has not been known since 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Alleluia! Then shall be fulfilled the beautiful prophetic declaration of 'the sweet singer of Israel'—'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

This 'rejoicing' is spoken of in other parts of the Divine Word, as in the parable of the lost sheep;—I know this is changing the figure somewhat; but no matter for that;—when the shepherd finds the sheep that has strayed away, the Savior represents him as 'calling his friends and neighbors together, saying to them, Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep that was lost. So, added the Savior, there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.' Thus it is not the joy of the saved alone, nor of the Redeemer alone; but it is the joy of the angelic hosts—the joy of all heaven.

But, no harvest—no joy. This is true of the natural husbandman; and it would be also true of the great moral Husbandman. Suppose the Savior to fail in what he has undertaken, could he then rejoice? But what a supposition is that! The Son of Almighty God fail! He who is upheld and sustained by the omnipotent arm of Him who made and who guides and controls all worlds and all beings, fail! Might there

not then be applied to him the language which himself uttered, on a certain occasion! 'What man of you, going to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he be able to finish it? lest haply, after having laid the foundation, he be not able to finish it,—ay, 'finish' is the word; no matter what else he does; though he lay the foundation, and put up the walls, yet if he 'be not able to finish' the work,—they that behold it begin to mock him—as well they may,—saying, this man began to build, but was not able to finish.' Who, then, would hold a sentiment that would make the blessed and mighty Son of God the subject of such solemn mockery as that? Yet all the forms of Arminianism, which say Jesus Christ has undertaken to save the entire world, but cannot do it, place him where he could not avoid merited mockery, like that deserved by a foolish man who should undertake to build a tower, without 'first counting the cost, whether he were able to finish.' But grant for a moment,—however impious the thought, and dishonoring to the Savior,—that he may fail in the great work he has undertaken—the work of saving and purifying a world of human intelligences; grant that Satan may prove mightier than the Son of Almighty God, and take to himself and to eternal torture, a great portion of those whom Jesus designed and endeavored to save, but vainly, the inquiry forces itself upon our minds, can the Savior then rejoice?—can it then be said that he has 'come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him,' if the devil be beforehand with him, reap the 'sheaves' that belong to him, and drag them away to eternal burnings? Every mind and voice must answer, emphatically, no! In case of such a failure, so shameful a defeat on the part of the Savior, in view of only a partial, a blasted and blighted harvest, there would not be witnessed or enjoyed that glorious 'thanksgiving time' in eternity, nor

'The angels shout the harvest home.'

But we need have no fears that the Son of God will be so defeated and discomfited; 'he shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' No arm, no power can turn back his arm stretched out for the salvation of a sinful world; for the Father 'hath given him all power in heaven and in earth,' necessary for the complete accomplishment of the object of his mission. The same, too, is the explicit testimony of the Prophet, in the chapter from which has been copied the detail of the Messiah's sufferings—showing how he went 'forth weeping, bearing precious seed.' His language is, 'The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.' Isa. liii. 10. What was the pleasure of the Lord, in the mission of Jesus Christ? All, except the strict Calvinist, who believes it is God's pleasure to keep some of his creatures sinful and wretched forever, will answer, It was that all men might ultimately become pure, holy, happy; and so they answer correctly; for such is the teaching of holy Writ. Then remember the declaration of God's holy prophet,—and let no mortal tongue dare to impiously contradict it,—'The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.'

In the next verse, and to the same effect, the prophet adds, 'He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied.' For what, and for whom, did the Savior travail in soul—labor, toil, suffer, die? Was it not for the salvation of a sinful world? that he might finally bring all souls to the great garner above? So the Scriptures teach, and so most men now admit, for old Calvinism is getting out of fashion and out of date. Now the question urges itself upon us, Can the Son of God 'be satisfied,' unless he fully accomplish the work that he has undertaken? unless all are purified for whom he 'travailed in soul?' Every heart will answer, no! But the sacred penman solemnly affirms, 'He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.' May none of us wickedly reject his testimony.

Reader, suppose the midnight slumbers of a sleeping family to be suddenly broken by the startling cry of, Fire! fire! Suppose an individual to save all the inmates of the burning house, but one, who perishes in the flames—no matter from what cause, whether a Calvinian or Arminian cause. Then suppose that individual to get across the street, very complacently fold his arms, and say, 'I tried to save all that were in that house, but I could not; one has miserably perished in the flames; but I am satisfied—perfectly satisfied.' What would you say of such a man? Would you not call him a monster—a demon—a very devil? and would he not be cursed by all men? Would not the execrations of an indignant community rest on his head, and he be driven from human society, as unfit to dwell among men? And yet how much worse is that man than some creeds represent the Son of God to be?—saying that he will express himself satisfied at the conclusion of his reign, while half the souls, more or less, for whom he travailed, shall forever be in the hands of satan, to suffer all the torments of an ever enduring hell! Out upon such a sentiment! away with it! It is false as the Koran, and most dishonorable to the Savior.

No! Jesus will never 'be satisfied,' until 'he shall see of the travail of his soul'—until he shall bring all the sons of men to enjoy the eternal 'Harvest Home'—never, never. But O! what ecstacy will thrill his bosom, as he shall return to heaven and to God, with a world of human intelligences, redeemed, purified, amid the shouts of all the angelic hosts above. Then, and not till then, will he exclaim, in the fullness of the joy of his soul, 'I am satisfied.' Well and truly did David say—'He that soweth in tears, shall reap in joy.'

Louisville, Ken.

MOURNFUL THOUGHTS.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

'The yearnings of the soul for brotherhood
And all that makes us wise and pure and good
Come, broken-hearted home again to die.'
S. R. LOVELL.

In truth it is a bitter task, a sad and mournful strife
To linger in this weary scene in mockery called 'Life;'
To strive to keep within the heart sweet, Eden flowers in bloom,
While round me spreads on every hand the winter's cheerless gloom;
To see the hopes of youth's fair spring all, one by one, depart,
Till scarce a lingerer remains to cheer the fainting heart;
To hear the storm of sorrow wail with wild unending moan,
And wander in this stranger-world forsaken and alone.

I see the fair and beautiful throng round my daily path,
I hear around warm household hearths full oft the merry laugh,
Sweet words that breathe of melody, all angel-like and clear,
Like to a star-lit fountain's chime, oft fell upon mine ear;
Yet, though they come from gentle hearts, in youthful beauty glad,
They fill my heart with agony, and make me very sad;
Alas! I feel no kindred heart responds unto mine own,
I wander in this stranger-land forsaken and alone!

I know no dear one e'er will mourn, no soft eye fill with tears,
While furrows steal across my brow like shades of passing years;
That heartless hirelings will surround my last, my dying bed,
And not a tear will fall when I am numbered with the dead,
That ere Spring's first frail blossoms rise above my lowly grave,
My memory will be o'er-whelmed by cold oblivion's wave.
Why should remembrance linger on, when life's brief day hath flown,
Of one who trod this stranger-world forsaken and alone?

Yet, floating o'er the fearful din of sorrow and of wrong,
A voice from heaven bids my heart, to 'suffer and be strong,'
To lift each hope, each thought, above this darkened vale of time,
To an existence yet to come, more glorious and sublime;
To live for God! in word, in deed, to sing and act his praise,
With deeds of steadfast nobleness, with high and star-tuned lays,
Then, through the tomb's low, grassy door pass to a better home,
And tread no more this stranger-world forsaken and alone!

Utica, N. Y.

If preachers want to have mankind religious, they must first teach them to be morally virtuous. PR.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

I have just been listening to some remarks made on a sermon, the theme of which was the Omnipresence of God—a sublime subject for contemplation. In the course of this sermon, it seems, the preacher labored to show that the presence of God *in hell* would be the punishment of the doomed creatures in the prison house of despair. The victims of his wrath will see him as he is and themselves as they are, and this will blast all happiness. Now, with perfect soberness, and reverent feeling, I wish to pen a few thoughts which are suggested by this singular idea. And first, it sounds strange to hear of God being in hell—understanding that term in the popular sense. We are usually told that hell is in a part of space where the presence of God never shines, and however this doctrine mars the truth of the Deity's omnipresence, his infinity, yet it is maintained that the wicked are to be banished from his presence! But it would seem that the inconsistency of this idea has been discovered—that souls cannot exist without God's presence—and now it is admitted that the Divine presence extends even to the regions of darkness where hope can never come. The only object of the Presence there, is to torture! How at variance with all we know of God—with all that Scripture says of his Presence! Wherever we trace the presence of God, the proofs of the existence of Deity, in this world, we trace evidences of his love as well as judgment—and will eternity contradict the harmony of the divine attributes?

Again; if the Presence of God reaches any where where his grace has not power to come, then his grace is not infinite, his justice becomes unmerciful, and his power vindictive. Hell is an exhibition of wrath untempered with goodness, and we are left to muse on the paradox, that the same Presence which gives unmixed joy to the abode of bliss, gives unmixed misery to the abode of wo. But unmixed evil *cannot* exist under the government of a perfect Being.

Once more;—the very process that now converts and sanctifies the soul, is, in the future world, to fix unalterably the miserable fate of sinners! To see God as he is, and ourselves as we are, is all that is essential to that renewing of mind which begets regeneration. This must be, so long as Truth is omnipotent—so long as the laws of mind are the same as now; and it is awful—it is revolting to all christian sensibility, to regard for a moment as true the monstrous idea, that our heavenly Father will pour down perpetually the light of his presence on a portion of his dependant creatures, only to torture their sight, as the barbarians of old brought out their prisoners from the deep darkness of the dungeon suddenly into the overwhelming sunshine of noon day.

But away with this great error. In our Father's house are many mansions—many spheres of being—and in all his Presence shines—shines to bless, en-

lighten, and redeem.—The glory of the divine government must be according to the perfection of its results, and the old poet Gambold was right when he sang,—

'The man
That could surround the sum of things, and spy
The heart of God, and secrets of his empire,
Would speak but love; with him the bright result
Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,
And make one thing of all theology.'

The moral of our reflections is plain. If we recognize the Presence of God as being with even the wicked to bless and redeem, through chastenings to discipline for a higher life, let us mingle mercy with all our judgments, and divorce vindictiveness from all anger. The symbol of God's spirit at the baptism of Jesus, was not a vulture, but a dove; and it should ever be so to us, that with every thought of his Presence may come remembrances of his love—that we may 'stand in awe and sin not'—and ever cultivate those amiabilities of heart and character which will render us acceptable in the sight of Him, before whom 'all things are naked and opened, and with whom we have to do.' B.

CHRISTIAN REFORM AND CHRISTIAN DUTY.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

All around us, with the improvements of civilization there are bursting forth into life and beauty the developements of Christian love. Although we cannot, in conscience, be answerable for every individual measure of the reformers—although to our minds many of their movements may seem injudicious, immature, and even injurious for a time, yet in these main moral enterprises of our day we may behold the earnest strivings of Christian principle with the ignorance, selfishness, pride and fashion of the world. And if these movements seem slow, they are none the less sure. If Christian principle is on their side, vain, vain will be the strife of error, when once they have begun their onward course,—when once their leaven has commenced working in the great mind of humanity.

It will be well for us, as Christians, to remember this whenever called upon to speak or act in reference to the many reforms in operation around us. Although to our understandings all the measures of reformers may not seem judicious, nor all the logic by which they defend their position, of the true kind; yet, if the great question itself involve the interests of truth and humanity, we should beware what words we use, and what influences we exert against it.

For example: there is the Missionary enterprise. All connected with it in the past and present, we cannot fellowship. This we say from honest, Christian conviction. Yet we would speak naught but good of the idea—of the principle. It is the effort of Christian love to enlighten and bless darkened and degraded humanity. Better that our tongues be silent, than that we speak lightly of an enterprise like this! Stripped of its errors, it will yet carry God's salvation to the ends of the earth.

There, too, is the Temperance enterprise. While we may not all see eye to eye in reference to the action of its numerous friends; while imprudence, and intolerance, and unwarrantable coercion, and other evils incident to erring humanity, may appear in its progress; yet it is for us to remember that beneath all these there is at work the great principle of righteousness against sin—good against evil—purity, strength and freedom against vice, and debility, and the bondage of death. And in this strife we are to be engaged. Our influence should go into it;—nor should the ills with which this reform may be beset, ever furnish an occasion to speak lightly of it,—to turn away with indifference or distaste from its claims. Christianity speaks in these claims;—and just so far as we are false to them, under the pretence that individual measures are objectionable, just so far do we reply against God, and call in question by our conduct, a cause upon which he has set the shining seal of his everlasting approbation.

Similar remarks apply to the great movement for the abolition of slavery. Object as we may, (and as I think we certainly must,) to certain movements connected with this mighty enterprise, this furnishes no good reason why we should think or speak lightly of the reform itself. There is but one interest which should speak, here. It is the human—the Christian interest. To this we should be true;—and this will lead us to pray, and labor, and strive in every position, and by every righteous means, for the destruction of the hideous and infernal enemy of man against which this idea and operation of freedom are directed. As Christ's freemen, we are to hold no parley with that spirit which would even dare to whisper in justification of human bondage and human wrong. We should look upon slavery as dead,—dead in that bright and burning future where heavenly truth is in such successful and marvellous operation! And full of the spirit of this truth, we should bear our consistent and righteous testimony ever in favor of this most desirable and godly consummation.

These are but a portion of the many reforms based on the Christian principle. In them all we must remember that the moral creation of God is striving to pass from death unto life. He who came to bring grace and truth, hath there an interest. Let us see that this same interest is ours also.

Better is it so to live as not to mourn when we die.

THE WRECK.

BY MISS H. JANE WOODMAN.

A few winters since, during one of those storms which were so destructive to home bound vessels, a stately ship was cast upon one of the islands that line our coast. She was seen by a pitying group on shore, and every effort was made to reach her with a life-boat, but in vain. During the pauses of the storm, the mournful tolling of the ship's bell was plainly heard, nor did it cease till the ship went to pieces; and occasionally, a sadder sound than that—the death-shriek of some hapless victim—added to the horrors of the scene. The Captain and some of the crew belonged to the port only a mile or two distant.

Fiercely and loud the storm-wind blew,
Around the brave, despairing crew;
The threatening waves ran mountains high,
Dark as the clouds that swept the sky,—
Then sunk as if the ocean bed
Had opened to ingulf the dead!
Tossed like a light and worthless thing,
Is the proud ship whose sails yet cling
Unto its dripping, shattered sides,
While, driven by the wind it rides
The roughest billows, and the blast—
Hurrying with fearful fury past—
Strains every plank, till, by its power
They break like stem of autumn flower!
Masts, rudder, cables—where are they?
Ask not the ocean for its prey!

But see! the fatal shore it nears!
Now are wild hopes, and wilder fears,
Waging a fearful strife with those
Around whose bark the waters close!
See! with the last faint hope of life,
Madly they meet the tempest's strife,
They see the life-boat on the wave—
Alas! alas! it cannot save!
And they are dashing to the shore
That shows a friendly port no more.

Amid the pauses of the storm
The landsmen see the shattered form,
And hear, oh! fearful tale to tell—
The tolling of the lost ship's bell!
Could sadder sound arrest the ear,
Or rend the heart with grief and fear?
Rocked by the wave, that funeral bell
Pealed out its sadly solemn knell!
But oh! there is a sadder tone
Borne on the wild wing of the blast,
A death-shriek of despair—a moan
The longest and the last,—
As one by one the frozen band
Are scattered on the fatal strand!
And still the burden of despair
Rung out upon the wintry air,
Nor ceased until the sea was strowed
With fragments of the ship that rode
Like fretted courser to its goal,
Maddened and heedless of control!
God of the storm! The sailor's prayer,
Wrung from the depths of his despair,
Went up to Thee in that dread hour!
To thee who checks the tempest's power!
Known only to thyself the thought
With such a weight of anguish fraught,
Of breaking hearts that wait in vain
To greet the rover of the main!

When the fierce tempest's strife was o'er
Men gathered to the rocky shore,
And there—pale victims to the storm—
Lay many a fair and manly form;
The ice their winding sheet—their bed
The rocks which feel the mighty tread
Of untold ages, as they sweep
Like torrent rushing o'er the steep!

As they bend above the dead,
Solemn and slow were the words they said,
For the sleepers were their own!
And many a dear, familiar face,
Unmarked by the billow's rude embrace,
By the dawning light was shown!

Welcome the wanderers home!
They have swept o'er the ocean's glassy breast—
They have found the port where the weary rest—
They have ceased on earth to roam!

Hollow their narrow bed!
Let the moan of the wild, unceasing wave,
Sweep over the meek and grassy grave,
Where slumbers now the dead!

For them no feast was spread
In banquet-hall! No festal song, no dance,
Or torches flashing back in beauty's glance,
Were needed for the dead!

Sadder than partings oft
Are the strange meetings which the heart must bear!
But when we dread the chillness of despair,
Faith shows her wing aloft!

Boston, Mass.

THE SPRING.

This is one of those subjects which seem inexhaustible. Much has been said and sung, about Spring, and yet the theme remains interesting. Spring may come with all her beauties; the youthful year may dance gaily in her flowery and verdant robes, to the music of the spheres, but if there were no observing eye, no listening ear, in vain would be the waking of nature from her wintry sleep. The beneficent Creator has decreed that there shall be sensitive beings to enjoy the earthly glory; nor is man alone blessed in the resurrection of the dead year. Myriads of insects come forth to sport in the rays of the warm sun, to wander among the flowers, and sport upon the green leaves. The cattle, confined during the winter, now

burst forth from their enclosures to bound wildly over the fields and snuff the free air, fragrant with perfumes. The tender grass peeps forth, beautiful in its early green. The wild flowers spangle the heather, and invade the paths. The song of birds is heard in the neighboring wood, and the marsh is vocal when evening smiles from the stars through her dewy tears. The great willow has put on her green robe, and, drooping low, weeps for the early flowers which have already withered around her.

One of the finest situations, which citizens can conveniently repair to for enjoyment, is Boston Common. The long—very long walks, between rows of spreading trees—the plats of grass; the variation of hill and hollow; and the immense size of the grounds, together with the sheet of water in the centre, are calculated to create a momentary surprise in the mind of a stranger. The Park of New York is not so rural, but is thronged with passengers hurrying along the paths on business. On the other hand, the Common is so large, that you may find a spot in it, where you can enjoy your own reflections in peace. The New York Park, however, in the very centre of business, with its immense fountain, is a grand feature in the city of New York; but if you would be alone, you must leave the city behind you, and then if you run the gauntlet safely through the host of snarling dogs and ruffian-like people who infest the suburbs, you may, after a time, gain the pleasant fields and woods of the country. But that is a long walk for a Summer's day. Therefore, Boston Common is certainly a great blessing to the citizens of Boston.

But we need not linger here. The pleasant grounds belonging to cities cannot compare with the open country. The charms of New England scenery are remarkable. The healthiness of the atmosphere is well known; and a Summer spent in almost any part of the country, is delightful. In wandering abroad in the interior, the heart aches to see so much beauty in solitary places, where the foot of man seldom passes, and upon which so few eyes are permitted to gaze. A person of a romantic turn of mind might almost desire to set out on foot and travel about the country for weeks, sleeping in the woods at night, and sauntering, by day, among the natural bowers, the woods, and the long grass, occasionally gathering berries, and stopping to pick up a plump and golden-colored peach which the wind of the past night has blown into the highway.

The cattle move slowly on the hills. The geese rush from the gravelly bank, and glide upon the bosom of the silvery lake, screaming over the face of the waters, like the water wraith, at the approach of a passenger.

Man who hath been jostled by the crowd—tortured by the pride of thy fellows, or stung by ingratitude, leave the busy mart and come forth where the waters curl over the clean pebbles, and the green grasshopper, and insect with silver wings, fly in at the window. Come out from the throng of busy and emulous men, to 'meet the sun upon the upland lawn,' and commune with the spirit of mercy sent forth over all the earth. The squirrel takes his daring leap above thee, while the waters tinkle in the cleft rock beneath thee. The zephyr stirs the green leaf, and the fragrant wild rose opens, filled with dew.

Yon far off cottage in the dale is the only visible habitation. The tall corn that surrounds his dwelling, and waves its tassels in the wind, is ripening in the sun, and will be securely housed before the blasts of Autumn come up chill from the North. The large tin pans shine in the sun, and the flat door-stone, fringed with long grass, is without a stain. That golden-haired lass, who now may be seen crossing the adjacent hill, is the presiding genius of the cottage, and beneath her hands every thing wears the aspect of neatness and regularity. The door yard, though surrounded by an old mossy stone wall, is well supplied with the fairest flowers; and the lilac bush under the window is rife with sweetness in the time of flowers. There the nightingale loves to sing at silent eve, and by her song is the maiden lulled to her slumbers. These scenes are a balm for the anxious and fretted mind, and reprove the madness of superstition. It is only in the turmoil of business, where human passions rage—where envy darts her stealthy glance, and avarice hugs her ill gotten treasures—that the dark imaginings of the bigot conjure up preternatural horrors, and that man conceives the idea of ruling his fellow man with a rod of iron. The scenes of harmonious nature convey a different lesson. Although the lightning may flash occasionally, and the thunder may roar, yet we know that the atmosphere is purified by these means. In days of ignorance—when men knew not *why* the artillery of heaven was discharged—it was supposed that the thunder was the voice of an angry deity; and Jupiter received the name of 'The Thunderer.' It was supposed that the gods lived up in the air, and as the phenomena of thunder and lightning were unknown, they were attributed to the immediate act of the gods. Thus Brutus is made to say:

> 'When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
> To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
> Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
> Dash him in pieces.'

But history will inform us that, notwithstanding all the noise and commotion produced by thunder and lightning, they have been harmless when compared with the raging of human passions. Nature is sufficiently well ordered—let us command ourselves.

As thunder and lightning were heard and seen in the heavens, and as the heavens were supposed to be the residence of the gods, therefore the inference was drawn that God was terrible and revengeful—that he

would come in the clouds of heaven, with thunderings and with lightnings, taking vengeance upon his adversaries! It was not very difficult to make the ignorant and the timid believe this; and thus ambitious and designing men obtained the rule over them. It will be observed that among low and ignorant people, the custom of frightening children to make them obedient, to a great degree, obtains. After making people believe that God was a terribly revengeful being, the next step was for the designing to persuade them that *they* had power to unlock the doors of heaven—to forgive sins, to reconcile their fellows to this angry God; and finally to free them from a place of temporary torment, called Purgatory. This contrivance proved exceedingly profitable to the priests, and vast sums were amassed, by taking advantage of the tender concern which is felt for our deceased friends.

Science, by exploring the secrets of nature and her laws, has shown that thunder and lightning are no more the voice of God than any other display of his power and beneficence, and that they are eminently beneficial to our race, by purifying the air which we breathe. By pursuing our researches into the laws of nature, we find that every thing is calculated for producing the greatest amount of general good. There is no exhibition of wrath or purposed vengeance. What if an earthquake has destroyed a number of lives? If the confined air had not found vent in one particular spot, it would have spread far more extensive ruin. But would those persons whom the earthquake killed have never died, had the earthquake spared them? Death occurs, sooner or later, to all men.

The bounty of the Creator is apparent on all hands; and this would be more clearly and continually recognized, if man had not sought dominion of his fellow, by the invention of dismal fables which prevent him from enjoying that which he hath. We may hope that a change is at hand; and that men will begin to understand the true nature of their existence, and the design of the Creator in his works. ELAH.

Boston, Mass.

THE WOOD-PATH.

BY CHARLOTTE.

Away in the depths of a shady wood,
Where the ring-dove nurses her tender brood,
Where the red-breast trilleth his evening hymn,
And lovers walk in the twilight dim—
Is a grassy bank, with a terrace crowned,
Where the pale, soft blossoms of Spring abound;
And the moss looks ever as bright and green
As the emerald throne of a fairy-queen.

There the gentle dews and the April showers
Whisper of love to the nodding flowers;
And a song of gratitude riseth up
From the purple bell and the golden cup.
Like jewels they shine mid the wavy grass,
And greet us with perfume whene'er we pass;
And through the long summer the bees will come,
And fill the air with their drowsy hum.

And where a sycamore's branches fling
Their pleasant shadow—a silvery spring
Comes bubbling forth from its very foot,
Half-choked in its passage by many a root;
These forming a knotted and tangled net,
O'er which like a fountain the waters jet,
And ripple along with a pleasant sound
Over the sandy and pebbled ground.

How pleasant it was in my childhood's day,
Thro' that green wood-path alone to stray,
And idly lie thro' the dreamy hours,
Lulled by the wild'ning perfume of flowers.
How oft I've leaned o'er the fountain's brink,
With my hand for a cup, of its wave to drink,
Or thrown myself by its grassy side,
To bathe my brow in its crystal tide!

O many a season has come and past,
Since through those woodlands I wandered last;
And many a mountain and vale and glen,
Have revealed themselves to my eager ken;
I have listened with awe to the ocean's roar,
When its foaming billows have lashed the shore;
But nothing can charm me where'er I roam,
Like the scenes that smile round my early home.

Though bowed with the burdens of near fourscore,
My heart is as young as in days of yore;
And every beautiful thing, I see
In earth or in heaven delighteth me.
The simplest flower that grows at my feet,
Is full of instruction divinely sweet,
And the stars that jewel the azure sky,
Are types of my spirit's high destiny.

Boston, Mass.

A MIRROR FOR ALL CHURCHES.

Since mottos have gone into disuse, I will even *preface* my sketch with an extract from Timothy Flint's 'Reminiscences of a Recent Journey,' published in the Knickerbocker when he was editor of that Magazine.

'In the whole excursion, from the green hills of the interior of New Hampshire to the limits of a seaboard side on the south shore in almost every village, we saw this same array of rival churches, where the population called for but one. We every where heard the bickering and tale bearing of mutual efforts at proselytism. The ministry, that used to be considered in this region a tie as permanent and sacred as that of wedlock, now recklessly dissolved, a circumstance strongly tending to fickleness of character. How

beautiful a feature would these spires constitute in the scenery of these neat and white villages, if they did not instantly bring to our thoughts, not the influences of the gospel of peace, but struggling, rivalry, backbiting, petty contention, alienation of families, ministers forgetting the dignity of their calling in stirring up these divisions, in creeping into the houses and becoming parties to them, in a word, the breaking down of all regular worship. Strange that all this should grow out of the inculcations of the Prince of Peace!'

'How were you pleased with the doings of the convention, Esquire Manning?' inquired Deacon Hammond, as they met on the morning after the adjournment of the Strafford Association.

'Why, well as a *whole*,' said Mr. Manning, with emphasis.

'I understand you, Esquire. I doubt not you were reminded of our conversation of last week.'

'Yes, yes,' answered Mr. Manning, in his usual brisk tone. 'Indeed, indeed, Deacon, it is a great deal to say of our minister, who, *en passant*, is a clever soul; but he was, at best, but a miserable libel on our taste. Now, the fact is, Deacon Hammond,' he continued, tapping Mr. Hammond lightly on the shoulder with his ungloved finger, 'our village is rapidly increasing in wealth and beauty.' And he looked complacently at his own fine mansion that stood peeping through foliage, flowers and fruit. 'Our Academy is so flourishing, and the projected seminary so promising! And then there is Col. Bennet—a village in himself wherever he goes—he was at my office last evening, and proposed taking up an acre and a half of this field of mine, for a building site, yard and garden.'

'Indeed? Well, he will be a great acquisition to our village. But are you sure, Esquire, that he will attend our meeting? He may go to the other village, Mr. Ladd is so intriguing and artful in drawing hearers.'

'Yes, yes; but I questioned Bennet on the point,—rather indirectly, 'tis true—yet I am convinced from his answers that he will favor us. Report says he is very liberal in his donations wherever he takes.'

'He is! Well do close a bargain with him, Esquire, even if it is not for your immediate advantage,—I mean your pecuniary advantage; for you will be helping our common cause.' He assumed a look of great sanctity as he added, 'God forbid that I should wish Col. Bennet to settle among us, and join our fold solely because he is rich. This, independent of its bearing on the Redeemer's kingdom, if weighed in a balance, must be found wanting. But it is only by means of wealth, Esquire Manning, that we can build and repair our meeting houses, pay our preachers, and send the gospel to the heathen. Therefore wealth is desirable.'

'Oh! yes; most assuredly, Deacon. And some sacrifices, even of conscience, may be justifiable to this end.'

Mr. Hammond did not dare assent to so much, but he answered with a look that he meant should be very intelligible. 'Pray what is this Col. Bennett's occupation?' he inquired.

'Going largely into speculations of different kinds and failing, I believe,' answered Mr. Manning, laughing.

'Ha! and he finds it very profitable, does he?'

'So report says. The fact is, he is a very Shylock, except when it will suit his interests to play the Howard.'

'Well, we should overlook this failing of his; and forgive that we may ourselves be forgiven.'

'Oh, certainly! Yes, yes; you are always right, Deacon. Now I think of it, how is it with Farnum?'

'I have heard nothing from him since he withdrew our fellowship. Oh, he is irreclaimable; and it is worse than waste of time to dally with him when there is so much for the christian to do.'

'Certainly, Deacon. But some of the church think otherwise. Mr. Curtis called at my house this morning. His tone was rather lofty and decided for him, a mere plebeian in the church. He talked of the injury that would be likely to fall on his moral character, from such severity; contended that Farnum was less guilty than Deacon Bachelder who owns the store, and Mr. Mason, who tempted him when he knew his former appetite for it, and his inability to bear unharmed even the smallest quantity. He said that Mr. Mason drank more than Farnum; and insisted that the decision be reconsidered by the church, and that his expulsion be *pro tempore* instead of final. Rather high toned, Deacon. He was so urgent that I could not withhold my promise to assist him. I have fulfilled it, *ergo* no more of Farnum. The summer term of our institution commences next Wednesday, does it not, Deacon?'

'Yes; and I am delighted by its encouraging prospects.'

'Yes, yes, reasonably so. Indeed our new principal is quite a magnet. He brings half his old pupils from Dumner; and such is his reputation about here, that they will flock in from all quarters.'

'Yes; applications are being made on all hands for board. Dr. Adams has written to Mr. Lane, asking him to secure places for eight ladies in some pious, well regulated family of our order. I heard of the application, called on Mr. Lane, and offered to accommodate them. There was positive insult in his answer,—he had thought of applying to Mr. Curtis. Now you know, and Mr. Lane must have known, that Mr. Curtis' is not at all the place.'

'Yes, yes, Deacon, you are right.'

'He finally yielded; but I shall not so easily forgive him, when I have done so much for him and the church.'

'Yes; made yourself a pillar,—decidedly a corner stone,' said Mr. Manning, bowing. 'Well, well, let us consider the subject, Deacon,' he added in a low confidential tone. 'Just cast your eye round on our beautiful village. Think of the policy of attempting to secure Col. Bennet's patronage. Think of this institution, which will soon be filled with intelligent young males and females, from every part of New England. And then,' he added, laying his hand on the Deacon's shoulder, 'then just think of Mr. Lane, as he comes before us sabbath after sabbath, with his namby-pamby, "twice-told tales," delivered in his monotonous, obsolete style of gesture and pronunciation. Really, Deacon, 'tis too much.'

'Yes; 'tis contrary to scripture,' said the Deacon, huffly. 'For we are commanded to "put apples of gold in pictures of silver."'

'Ha, ha! apt upon my honor, Deacon,' said Mr. Manning, laughing, aud turning half round on his heel. 'Ha! we have, instead, wooden nutmegs in pictures of gold; ha, ha.'

'I don't intend to be uncharitable in my dealings with Mr. Lane; God forbid. But duty to the church, and to him, too, requires that we remove him, if possible.'

'Certainly, Deacon; there can be no doubt of it.'

'I feel sorry to part with him,' pursued the Deacon, 'for he has been with us a long time. But, Esquire, he is worn out.'

'Ha! yes; literally used up.'

'And duty demands that we give him up.'

'Yes; and *en lieu*, attach Herbert, Morse, Bryant, or some other sun in the theological world equally attractive and brilliant. I will double my donation, if necessary.'

'And mine shall be quadrupled, if our cause demands it. And we must be up and doing. We shall meet sturdy opposition from some of the church. But this must be overruled by zealous argument, and by clinging to what we believe to be right.'

'Yes, this seems necessary. Our house needs remodelling; the pulpit needs new drapery, and the aisles new carpets. You know, Deacon, you know how I am involved politically. My friends expect me to be a successful candidate for the senatorial office at the next election. Do not infer, Deacon, that I am an office-seeker. I am not; but I do not wish to baffle the projects of my party; and to avoid this, I must often occupy a neutral ground, when I would, under other circumstances, be most active. Now, Deacon, I go decidedly in favor of Mr. Lane's removal; but this must be between you and me; for if I come out openly, I shall offend many influential men of my party, lose my election, and thus disappoint my party. You have no such obstacles; and, so, as Mr. Lane has said every sabbath these twenty years, you can "come out boldly, and let the world know which side you are on."'

'Ah, Esquire Manning, I cannot admit that politics should lead you to neglect your duty to your church and your God,' said the Deacon, with more seriousness than he had before worn. It had the desired effect on Mr. Manning. He feared the loss of the Deacon's favor; and hazarded an attempt to secure it, by promising to work around the edges; to throw out such insinuations here and conjectures there, as could not fail of accomplishing their object. Deacon Hammond was to visit those not irretrievably attached to Mr. Lane, obtain their meed of approval, or at least, acquiescence; and then, as a friend, inform him of prevailing dissatisfaction, and consequent desires of obtaining a new preacher. He was to counsel him, as he valued his reputation and usefulness, to withdraw upon some plausible pretext—say, desires for change of scene, or for a more extensive field, or for the leisure that would be afforded by a repetition of old sermons. In all the cunning and baseness of selfishness and charlatanry was the plan laid and executed. There were some above infection; but by far the greater part of the church yielded to their machinations. Among these, were not a few of the charitably disposed.

'Mr. Hall, did it seem to you that Mr. Lane was not preaching so well as usual to-day?' asked Mrs. Hall on the next sabbath evening.

'Yes, he was uncommonly dull—tedious beyond endurance. As the Deacon says, we owe it to our cause to provide ourselves with a better preacher.'

'Why, Mr. Hall! I didn't think *you* would forsake Mr. Lane—especially at this time, when he needs all that his friends can do for him.'

'But as Esquire Manning said, he is so unpopular and dull.'

'Ah! I see what Mr. Lane's enemies have done for you, and I *feel* what they have done for myself. I have always liked Mr. Lane; but to-day I could think of nothing but the Deacon's "stupid, unpopular, worn out, &c." He seemed to have undergone an entire change; but all the fault lies in myself. I know he is not so spirited, so much engaged as he was ten years ago. But how can he be? He has nothing in the world to encourage him. Then every heart in the church loved him, and every hand helped him on. Now more than half of the influential members are drawing against him. The rest go with him, 'tis true, but more like the burden of Bunyan's "Christian," than any thing else. He is poorly paid, insultingly opposed in almost all his measures by the arbitrary Deacon, taught by him in his church, and even his domestic duties, when he ought to be his teacher. How can he be otherwise than dull in such a situation? Poor man! I pity him from my heart, he has always been so kind and fatherly. And Mr. Hall, how could we have borne all our troubles without his advice and prayers?'

She covered her face and was silent. Her thoughts

with dear ones who had passed away,—back with them at the dread hour when they lay before her in death, and when, in her agony, she would gladly have pillowed her aching head with theirs to the sleep that knows no waking. Then Mr. Lane had hovered about her like an angel of mercy, bringing 'the oil of joy for mourning and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' She felt humbled in the dust by a consciousness of ingratitude; and wept like a child. Mr. Hall attempted to soothe her. He talked of the interests of the church, and of Mr. Lane's growing infirmities—physical and mental. His manner was full of tenderness and affection. To *these* Mrs. Hall yielded, at last.

With tearful eyes, trembling lips, and a bursting heart, Mr. Lane gave his farewell to his tenderly loved flock. He had guarded them long and faithfully. He had mourned with those that mourned, and rejoiced with those that rejoiced. He came among them when wider doors were open for him on every hand; when they were few in numbers and scanty in means,—at the impulse of his ever benevolent, self-sacrificing spirit, he came among them. He healed existing animosities, and levelled barriers which prevented kindly intercourse among neighbors of different creeds, until creeds were forgotten. He had grown old in their service. His head had become white and bald, but this only rendered its bold and striking outline more definable. His eye had lost a portion of its fire, but it was full of benevolence and fatherly affection. His voice was slightly tremulous, but it was rich with the melody of a grateful, happy spirit. Its mellow sweetness suited the themes on which it loved to linger—love—love to God and man. His society loved him, but they loved popularity more; and more of this they hoped would follow in the train of a meteor. Alas, for poor human nature! forever acknowledging its affinity to dust, in its servile homage to the opinions of fellow worms.

'"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the light of my countenance and my God,"' exclaimed Mr. Lane, aroused, at length, from a long, sad fit of reverie, by the affectionate attentions of his wife. He clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven in supplication. '"Thy will—*thy* will, O God, be done,"' said he, in a tone of resignation and peace that thrilled the heart of his wife. 'I will write to my brother now, my love,' said she, after a long consultation upon their trials and future prospects. 'You know he has great influence, and it will all be exerted in our favor.'

She wrote accordingly; and in four days received a return from her brother, in behalf of the church convened, urging Mr. Lane's immediate acceptance of a vacancy in his parish. The letter concluded, 'We have just rid ourselves of a very Burchard, Mr. Hervey. We have all had our surfeit of rhodomontade; and are longing for the gospel that bringeth peace. To the wishes of the church, my dear brother, we add our earnest and affectionate entreaties.'

'Brethren, this gentleman is just what we need in this village,' said Deacon Hammond, when they were considering the expediency of settling Mr. Hervey. 'Devoted, of great learning and talent, we should not allow such a prize to slip. True his demands are rather exhorbitant, but he is a revenue in himself.'

The prudent had many objections, but these were overruled; and Mr. Hervey was duly installed. Then came the routine which naturally follows such events brought about by such measures,—the lauding the new minister to the skies; remodelling the church; purchasing an elegant bible for Mr. Hervey, and silver service for his wife; then a 'series of meetings,' which, under the direction of such a man as Hervey, could not fail of becoming the prolific source of 'rivalry, struggling, backbiting, petty contention, alienation of families, ministers forgetting the dignity of their calling, in stirring up these divisions, by creeping into the houses and becoming parties to them, in a word, the breaking down of all regular worship.' Those, who, though differing from that church in belief, had hitherto walked among them as brethren, were estranged, organized a second church, built a rival house, purchased a better organ and bell, and managed to appropriate some of the best voices from the first choir. Such scenes are more appalling to the sincere, humble christian, than the withering sirocco to the traveller in the desert,—such a death of piety, such an utter prostration of moral strength and beauty, attend them. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. West, although members of opposing churches, were still friends.

'All this seems like a dismal dream to me,' said Mrs. Hall.

'And one from which there is no hope of awaking,' answered Mrs. West. 'O that we had kept Mr. Lane! how happy we were with him!'

'Yes; I am bewildered when I think of the change in this village since he left. Every thing looks dark and fearful. Friends that I loved as I did myself, pass me without notice,—even my brother's wife never calls on me. Oh, how thankful I should feel to go to a wilderness! I have urged Mr. Hall to sell. But, although he regrets the division nearly as much as I do, he feels more anxious for his cause; and labors constantly for its prosperity.'

She strove in vain to suppress a gush of painful feeling. Mrs. West could not whisper 'peace, peace, when there was no peace;' and she sat buried in gloomy thought.

'Mrs. Ames, did you know that the chorister of the other choir is attempting to smuggle our leader on the air?' inquired Miss Mills.

'I guessed as much, for I saw him go into her father's just at dark last evening; and though I watch-

ed a long time, I didn't see him come out. Now don't you tell of it, Mary, but I sent Judith in to pretend that I wanted to borrow their scales. She said all were in the kitchen but Holmes and Maria. She could hear them talking and laughing in the sitting room, but couldn't understand what they said. They say Mr. Anson has called there several times of late.'

'So I heard, and you see, Mrs. Ames, if she don't go. But if she does, some stories about her will creep out, or I miss my guess.'

'They ought to. But we will wait, perhaps she won't go.'

'If she does, she is an ungrateful creature as ever lived, when we have given her so much.'

'La, she would say as Sarah Norton did, I suppose, that the other society gave as much as half. But she will be as sorry as Sarah is. They say she cries half of her time. Well, these stories about her would never have got out, if she had staid in our seats.'

'I gave her a piece of my mind, I'll tell you, and I haven't called there since, and shan't if I live to be as old as Methuselah. But do you know just what these stories are about, Sarah? A great many have asked me, and I couldn't tell.'

'La, no, I don't know exactly what they are; I never could find out; but they are bad enough, I'll warrant you.'

'Yes, that's what I told them. But I must go,' she added, rising. 'I shall call on *our* folks all along, and give them a hint of what is going on, on the other side of the road.'

'So do; I think it your bounden duty. Good morning.'

Mr. Abbot attended one meeting, his wife the other; and the respective attendants of each, were loud and vehement in their invectives against the offending party. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. West contended that there was no difference in the societies, except in their belief or disbelief of a few non-essentials. They were alike governed, almost completely, by a spirit of bitterness, sectarianism and prejudice, instead of 'the mild laws of the Prince of Peace.' It is a fortunate circumstance that such a spirit, in its impetuosity, rapidly exhausts itself. In a few months, there was a hush, a stillness, pervading the moral atmosphere at Alston, not unlike that in the natural world, which follows some tremendous convulsion. Energies had been exerted, fears had been excited, and imaginations warped to their utmost extent; and were now left to tremble into rest. But it was a rest the inebriate knows after a long season of intoxication,—a rest fearfully infectious to all the warm and benevolent impulses of the heart. Some, ay, many of both churches, had passed the trial unscathed. Theirs was the still, small voice, which, like that of conscience, had been unheard amid the din of sectarian warfare. Now Mr. Hervey had spent himself. He had exhausted his vocabulary of epithets of endearment, exhortation and denunciation; and was prodigiously dull, Mrs. Ames and Miss Mills said. And, indeed, he was. His was a temperament that acted only when under the influences of extraordinary excitement. He was a meteor, whose time of rest and extinction are simultaneous. Complaints, heard at first only in whispers, became loud and more loud, until they reached his ear; and he eagerly caught them as apologies for leaving Alston.

In the mean time, the other society, deprived, in the coldness and indifference of the first church, of their stimulus to action, became negligent in their attendance on the ministries of the sanctuary. The young and gay preferred vastly, a stroll by the river, or the perusal of a favorite author, to a dull bit of a sermon. The miserly, who never would have consented to the deposition of a farthing by way of rearing their house, but for the sake of being revenged on Mr. Hervey and his supporters, could not now endure the sight of their costly edifice, not in sober reality worth a fraction. Some of this class were among the most influential members of the society, and their vote for the sale and appropriation of their house for town conventions, was not to be disregarded. Mrs. West, Mrs. Hall, and other kindred spirits, were in favor of this plan; for if it were carried, friend could again meet friend under the same roof; and it would again be to them 'none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven.' At first, the scheme was suggested as something impracticable—to be talked of, yet never realized. But it at length became the object of a meeting of the two churches, to consider the expediency of the measure. Deacon Hammond was opposed to it entirely and eternally. The scenes through which he had recently passed, had not been destitute of hardening effects on his soul. It was more than ever, the seat of unnatural hostility to all who differed from him in doctrine. Esquire Manning had 'weighed the *pro* and *con*, but still remained in *statu quo*.' The utility of the measure was still a question with him, and must be at present; for his election was by no means secure. Mrs. Ames and Miss Mills would never attend meeting in Alston again, if the proposed union took place. They were sure they fairlyhated one half of the other congregation. They certainly would never hear Maria Perkins and Sarah Norton sing in the house of God, for they detested mockery. In vain Mrs. Hall remonstrated, they remained sturdily inflexible. But fortunately for the peace of Alston, there were redeeming spirits, counteracting influences abroad. Strong in the might of benevolent intention, they persevered against the tide of prejudice and scandal; and at last, effected a sale of the old house, and joint ownership of the new. Rev. Mr. Adams was invited to their desk, 'because he was so much like Mr. Lane.' Their choice was a happy one. Mr. Adams was a judicious, clear sighted man, energetic and persevering in his endeavors

to do good. This fortunate, and rather rare combination, amply qualified him for the arduous task before him. The wandering from the fold were to be reclaimed, alienated families and friends conciliated, the proud Pharisee humbled and the poor publican encouraged. Envy and jealousy, with their attendant, scandal, were winding their way about the village, coiling a luckless victim here, and fixing their envenomed fangs there. The fruits of the gospel, love, joy, peace, long-suffering—where were they?

'Alas! where are they?' said Mr. Adams to his wife, on their return after a round of calls.

'Sister Margaret would say, 'Fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason, doubtless,' said Mrs. Adams. 'You have much to encourage you in the influences the Halls, Wests, and Nortons are exerting. They will be felt, and all on the side of piety.'

'True, my dear; there is much reason to hope. We will trust our heavenly Father, seek his guidance, and I feel that all will yet be well.'

Many and severe were his trials, but he contended faithfully against them. Deacon Hammond was not to be reclaimed. The Paria had come in with the Bramin, and reconciliation was not to be talked of. Esquire Manning lost his election, and in a fit of spleen sold his seat to Mr. Adams, and removed to the West.

'Rejoice with me, my sister,' said Sarah Norton, on entering Mrs. Hall's sitting room. 'Our moral incubus is gone.'

'You must mean Deacon Hammond. Has he indeed gone to Vermont?'

'Yes. He told pa last evening that he should never set foot on Alston ground again. He acknowledged his motive in going there. His friend wrote him that his church had succeeded in putting down all opposition in the other churches in that town; and so there were none to molest or make them afraid. Look out, Mrs. Hall, see if it is not pleasanter than ever before.'

'Oh no, my dear, see those clouds,' answered Mrs. Hall, smiling, and kissing Sarah's cheek.

'Well, I am sure Alston never looked so pleasant to me before. Every body seems so cheerful! Mrs. Curtis has not spoken to me before since the schism. To-day she beckoned me to her window, as I was passing. She shed tears when she asked my forgiveness; but before we parted, laughed and chatted like her own dear self again. Oh, I never was so happy.'

KATE.

Franklin, N. H.

'Sleep. There is perhaps no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead on all sides.'

'LIFE IS LIKE AN APRIL DAY.'

BY CHARLOTTE.

Life is like an April day
Changing ever—
Friendships blossom and decay,
Fond hearts sever!

Sorrow, clad in robes of gray,
Mocketh gladness;
Sunbeams come to chase away
Clouds of sadness!

The smile is followed by the tear,
Sunshine by show'rs—
The bridal couch becomes a bier,
Love fades like flow'rs!

Genius weaves its thrilling lay—
Music gushes—
Grief will blight the wreath of bay,—
Sorrow crushes!

With dewy flowers, her locks of gold
Beauty braideth—
But ah! she loves not to be told,
Beauty fadeth!

Ay! life's like an April day,
Yet we cherish
Hopes—that like the buds of May
Bloom and perish!

Boston, Mass.

DISCOURSES FOR COMMUNION SEASON, UPON TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

Discourse II.—THE SERENITY OF JESUS.

'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'
LUKE xxiii. 46.

The Trait in the Character of our Savior to which I propose to call your attention at this time, is what I shall term the serenity of Jesus. I mean by this the calm and self-confident manner in which he ordinarily pursued his way, and taught his Truths, and wrought his works. This characteristic must have struck you as it has me. You must feel, when you reflect upon it, that Christ possessed, in a remarkable manner, this calmness, this self-possession—in one word, this *serenity*. Those who would undermine in a covert manner all the essentials of Christianity, yet respect its Founder, adding, perhaps, the remark that he was something of an Enthusiast. But looking at facts with the most sincere reverence, I do not think that this term, in the sense which they attach to it, can be applied to the Savior. There was in him very little of what we call *excitement*. There was *life*, deep,

holy *life*, that flowed from every action, that warmed in every word, and went down into the heart with quickening power. In every teaching that he gave, there was a spirit which should stir men dead in their worldliness, and lost in their transgression—a *vivifying* spirit, that should breathe over this great valley of vision, until the bleached trophies of moral death, the skeleton hosts of sin, should rise, and become living men—a *regenerating* spirit, that in its meek and bloodless mission, should outlast the sword and the fire-scourge, and conquer the world by *Love*, and cover the desolate places of humanity with green harvests of eternal life. All these were in Jesus and his teachings—Life, vigor, regeneration. But there was not, I say, what is commonly understood by *excitement*. There was no phrensy, no tumult, no fanaticism—all was calm, deep, and even, like the passing of a star through heaven.

When we picture Jesus in our minds, we see no fitful, violent manner—no contorted features, no phrensied gestures—all is dignified and harmonious. The face is sweet and calm, as though his communion was always with Love and with God—as though to *his* vision these material veils, these time-barriers, were all melted away, and though upon earth, he was walking all the while in heaven, surrounded by associations and perceiving objects that belong only to that holy clime. This, I say, is to us the most familiar picture of Jesus—whether he sits upon the mountain with the green leaves clustered above him, the far heaven looking through, and the tones of his voice melting and breaking over the great multitude in waves of melody, yet full of vast, eternal truth—whether he stands on the shore of Galilee, or walks its crested bosom—whether he speaks to the raging tide, or rebukes the spirits that rage more fercely—whether he stretches out his hand to the diseased, or argues with the bigoted, or communes with those whom he had called to be his Apostles. In each, in all of these scenes, still there is the same calm countenance, the same serene deportment.

Let us select two or three prominent instances in our Savior's Life, in which this *serenity* was manifested. Take the night and storm-scene on the sea of Galilee. This sheet of water is surrounded by high mountains, through whose gorges the winds rush with fearful power, creating violent and dangerous tempests. Jesus had embarked with his disciples in a frail vessel, a mere fishing-boat, out upon this uncertain lake. As was his wont, he had been engaged all day, in healing the diseased, and teaching the anxious people, and now, yielding to mortal fatigue, he had laid himself down in the hinder part of the vessel for a little rest. Calmly he fell asleep with the fresh wind blowing over his brow, knowing no fear, and disturbed by no evil. Suddenly, the wind came roaring through these mountain passes, ploughing the sea into broken furrows, and lifting up and dashing to and fro that tiny bark whose ribs were like glass to the angry storm. The startled disciples rush to their feet, staggering with every plunge of the vessel, until, in the extremity of fear they cry out—'save, Master, we perish!' What a contrast was there between those terror-stricken features—those writhing, reeling men—and that sleeping face, pillowed upon the very bosom of the Father, conscious if there was calm that God sent it, and if there was storm that He controlled it. He awoke. There was no excited or hurried gesticulation. He arose, admonished them for their lack of Faith, rebuked the winds and the sea, and, in the expressive language of the Evangelist—"there was a great calm." A calm which only mirrored that which dwelt in the soul of Jesus.

Take another instance. Upon a certain day, Jesus was teaching. A great multitude had gathered around him. Pharisees and Doctors of the Law, notwithstanding their bigotry and their pride, had assembled from every town of Galilee and Judea, and from Jerusalem, curious to hear the strange Teacher, who claiming to be the Messiah, assumed such a simple garb and spoke of such a mysterious Kingdom—and the common people, who 'heard him gladly,' were there, to catch the word of truth for which their souls hungered, to listen to the precepts that warmed and encouraged their hearts, and to gaze upon the beneficent Face of him to whom the sorrowful and suffering never appealed in vain. In the midst of our Savior's Teachings, a group approached bearing upon a couch a man sick with the palsy, anxious for the healing power of the Great Prophet. But the crowd was so dense that they could not pierce through to the spot where Jesus stood. So they took the light mat with the sick man upon it, and bore him by the outside stairway to the level summit of the house. Shifting the awning that covered the court-yard, they let the man down through, and placed him before Jesus, in the midst of the multitude. 'Man,' said the Savior, 'thy sins are forgiven thee.' There was no hesitation evinced by him upon assuming so great authority. It was said calmly, with few and simple words. He who spoke them evidently *knew* that he had power to forgive sin. But it was not what the multitude expected him to do, and they looked around one upon another, with astonished faces. The subtle scribe began to cavil, and the indignant Pharisee broke out—'Who is this that speaketh blasphemies?—who can forgive sins but God alone?' The great mass, no doubt, were silent and breathless, some angry, like the Pharisees, some enraged at the boldness of the Nazarene, some eager to see what the wonderful Teacher would do next. All were disturbed but Christ. Calmly he had uttered those words 'Thy sins are forgiven thee'—from a serene, self-possessed spirit they had proceeded. He saw their thoughts, read the various emotions that disturbed them, and added—'Why reason ye in your hearts?

Whether is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Rise up and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power upon earth to forgive sins,' said he, and as he spoke he turned to the sick man—'Arise, take up thy couch and go unto thine house'. Instantly, as though the words addressed to him came from the trumpet of resurrection, the poor invalid, who but now lay withered and helpless with the palsy, started up, rolled together his light bed, and departed, his lips full of gushing praises. The people were amazed, they were stricken with fear, they cried out—'We have seen strange things to-day'. But all had come from the Savior as a natural effort of the will—of one who was confident that he had the power to forgive sin, or to restore the sick; and in the midst of that agitated, wonder-smitten crowd, he alone was calm, like a sunbeam amid the dark and troubled waters.

Consider the last scenes of our Savior's Life, which afford several striking instances of his serenity. He had just finished his Prayer and agony in the garden. 'Rise,' said he, to the torpid and grieving disciples, 'Behold he is at hand that doth betray me.' There has been a rush of bitter agony over his spirit—and I shall allude to this fact again—but now it is Jesus again—Jesus as all along we have been accustomed to see him, calm and self-possessed, looking into the very face of that dreadful death that now approaches him. A light glimmers through the foliage of Gethsemane, and its beam grows broader and brighter, before the tramp of disciplined feet, and the clash of weapons. A miscellaneous crowd of servants and soldiery, of Priests and officers, breaks from the darkness before him. From this one advances, apparently with a friendly intent. It is Judas, the dark, traitorous Judas, tainted with a bloody bribe, and already, as it were, stained with the death of innocence. 'Hail Master,' says the hypocrite, giving him a kiss—a fatal kiss. No burst of anger comes from Jesus, though he knows the traitor's purpose, and reads with his piercing eye every intent of that black and selfish heart. 'Friend,' says he, 'wherefore art thou come'? Calmly does he meet even *him*, who had gone from the communion of kindness and the feast of love, to bargain for his blood, and who has used the most sacred symbol of affection as an instrument of betrayal. The soldiers advance and seize Jesus. He lifts up no indignant voice—he offers no resistance. But Peter, rash and impetuous, is moved by the feelings that influence ordinary men, and seizing in haste a sword, cuts off the right ear of a servant of the High Priest. Mark, again, the self-possession of Jesus. 'Put up thy sword again in its place,' says he, 'suffer ye thus far,' and stretching out his hand he heals the wound of one who was ready to slay him.

But further trials await him. He is nearly deserted by his disciples. He is borne to the palace of the High Priest. He is confronted by false witnesses. Calmly he bears it all. While others would have yielded to the impulse of indignation, or drooped in the agony of fear, he stands serene, awaiting the end, feeling that this too is his appointed work. He gives an answer to the High Priest. Instantly a rough hand smites him, and a savage voice exclaims, 'Answerest thou the High Priest so'? But calmly he meets the blow and returns not the insult. 'Behold the man,' oh! ye who bear his name—look at the Teacher, and see his serenity amid scenes that would stir our worst passions, or our most fearful terrors. They spit upon him, they smite him with reeds, they plait a crown and drive it upon his brow, rankling there and gashing the flesh with thorns. They sneer at him. They bow in contemptuous mockery. They robe him as if he were a maniac. Men for whom he would die, now ironically crouch before him in grave obsequiousness, now fiercely strike him with clenched hands. 'Hail, King of the Jews!' cry the taunting soldiery in the Pretorium—Crucify him! Crucify him!' shouts the hoarse multitude in the streets. And yet that Face, that Face we love to look upon, is serene amid it all—serene amid the spitting and the smiting, when Herod sets him at naught, and Pilate scourges—serene amid the thorns that have lacerated it, and the hands that have caused it to trickle with blood.

And so that dark and awful transaction rolls on to its close. Again we see him bending beneath his Cross, pained and wearied. Women follow him, lamenting him, the Kind Teacher, the Blessed Prophet, he who perhaps had rescued from death some of those very children who clung to their arms, or laid his hands in Benediction upon them. They wept. Woman's gentler nature was touched and melted, while man denounced and slew. They wept for *him*—the homeless, lonely man, surrounded by his strong enemies and borne to his death. But what did Jesus? Was he agitated? Did he burst forth in weeping? No: kindly he turned to those mourning women and exclaimed—'Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children'.

We come at length to the event recorded in our Text. Jesus hangs upon the Cross. The quiver of sharp agony runs over him. His lips are parched with thirst. The blood drips painfully from his wounded side. But he feels that his hour has come. The agony has passed now. And, calmly dying, he breathes his last words—'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit'. What a close was that! How consistent this serene death with so serene a life! It is like a dying strain of heavenly music, over which a crash of thunder may have for a moment prevailed, or the fitful winds have checked, but which we feel could only issue from a Divine Source, and burst from the very fullness of a holy nature. Strange darkness is there—but we heed not that.

The rocks grind together and crash in their fall, but we hear them not. Fearfully the Temple is shaken and its great veil is rent asunder by an invisible hand. But we are near the Cross. We hear only the calm, resigned voice, that pierces the unnatural night, and rises up to Heaven—'Father into Thy Hands I commend my Spirit'.

I have thus endeavored to set before you a few instances of the serenity of Jesus. But the Trait is prominent through his whole Life. You can scarcely turn over a page of the Gospels without discovering it. But it may be said that our Savior was not *always* thus serene. The rebuke of the Scribes and Pharisees, the weeping at the grave of Lazarus, the agony in the garden, and the exclamation upon the Cross, may be cited as instances when this serenity was interrupted, and his nature was stirred by deep passion. But I have not said that Christ was always thus serene. I have said that serenity was a prominent trait in his character. He was serene when other men would have been troubled, serene when they would have failed with terror, serene when they would have given away to indignation, or been abashed by circumstances, or perplexed by doubts and cavils. But where this serenity failed, *other* traits were manifested, that equally mark the truth of our Savior's Character, and prove its greatness as well as its reality. The very trait upon which I dwelt in the first discourse,—his *Tenderness* —was manifested in these seasons of emotion. Christ was not a stoic, one who never felt pain, who never yielded to an emotion of nature. In this way he might have been a Teacher, but he would not have been an Exemplar and a Brother. Christ was not one who never yielded to circumstances, or regarded the occasion. In this way he might have been a miraculous Prophet, but he would not have been a tender, loving, sympathizing man. I do not say, then, that Christ was *always* serene, but I say that it was a *leading Trait* of his Life—that he possessed it when, ordinarily, it would have failed, and when he was shaken from it, it was to reveal even higher Traits, and exhibit characteristics more gentle and more dear.

The *serenity* of Jesus, then—let us give heed to it, my friends. Let us consider what a Life it was that led to such a calm and trustful close. That dying expression—'Father, into thy Hands I commend my Spirit,' is the result of a tranquil and holy Life. Many conflicts must be fought, many victories won, in order to triumph thus. We will not pause now to consider the causes that led to it in Christ, let us, in concluding this discourse, see what may lead to it in each one of us.

I estimate highly this *serenity*—serenity like that of Jesus. I value it more than I do enthusiasm, or earnest profession, or excitement, or zeal. Men are too prone in our day to look for Religion in excitement—to view it too much as an agitating sentiment. In this view much must be *said* about Religion, and much of a peculiar character must be done. They must step a little out of the common track of life to be Religious, and must employ some peculiar words, or display some peculiar badge, to evince that they are so. Now this I deem to be a mistake. He who is seeking for his Religion chiefly in excitement, or manifesting it mostly in convulsive and tumultuous action, has not imbibed the full spirit and risen to the elevation of true Religion. The man of indwelling vital Religion, is likely to be a serene man, calm and trustful. His Religion has not sprung up in a night. The sunbeams have not been concentrated upon it to make it grow by hot and violent action, but gradually it has been developed in the light and air of nature, and it is prepared to meet the season of drought, or the time of cold and tempest. True Greatness in all departments of human action will commonly be found to possess this serenity. One of the characteristics of true Greatness, is repose, self-possession, confidence—not the repose of sluggishness,but of strength, of conscious inward power—not the repose of the pool, or the rock, but the repose of the oak that contains in itself an element of unfailing strength, that wrestles with the tempest and smiles in the sunshine, but that stands there, ever vigorous and full of life. * So, I say, is Religion. The truly religious man trusts God and lives in harmony with His will. So did Jesus. He had full confidence in his Father—he was One in Purpose with Him—hence his serenity. He spoke to the stony dead and knew that they would hear, because he knew that God sustained him, because in that act he was doing the will of God. He commended his spirit in his dying hour to his Father, for he knew that the Father doeth all things well. And this same trust in God—this same harmony with Him—will produce serenity in us. I do not say that we shall never be excited—I do not say that all excitements are vain. But I say that he who is *chiefly* looking to excitement, and to extraordinary agencies, as the source of his religious Life, is looking in the wrong direction. Let us carefully distinguish between healthful, ever-active *life*, and morbid excitement. All nature is full of *life*—yet, as a general rule, there is nothing fitful, nothing convulsive. All is calm and regular, flowing from deep and eternal laws.

Neither let us fancy that this serenity of which I have spoken, is anything like *apathy*, like *stoicism*. There are men who are sluggish and indifferent. *This* is not serenity. Serenity and sluggishness are

* Perhaps the credit for this illustration should be given to another—'Nature,' says Emerson, 'does not give the crown of its approbation, namely Beauty, to any *action*, or *emblem*, or *actor*, but to one which combines both these elements; not to the rock which resists the waves from age to age, nor to the wave which lashes incessantly the rock. But the superior beauty is with the oak which stands with its hundred arms against the storms of a century and grows every year like a sapling.'

as different as are the depths of the pure and kindling heavens from the waters of the Dead Sea. The one is the result of sensual, careless, undevout custom—the other is the effect of all life's discipline, of victory over every evil passion, of the subjection of doubt and unbelief to Faith, of a nature that has risen above the dominion of its sins, to communion with and life in God. *This* is the source of true religious serenity—*Life in God.* The man who really possesses this serenity, lives and moves and has his being in that Great Source of all life's dispensations. Then he knows that all things work for good—then he spontaneously moves according to the will of Him who ruleth all. In such a man there are fervent love, deep-felt sympathy, a nature sensitive and tender—but also there are trust and hope and faith.

Strive then, my friends, for this religious serenity, this product of a calm trust in God and unison with his will. We much need it in such a world as this. We need it in our *sorrows*. We need to learn resignation at the death bed and the grave. Beautiful things pass away from before us. Beings in whom we had garnered up our affections, are torn from us. They stay with us awhile, and then the light grows dim in their eyes, and the tomb claims them. And disappointments break upon us—and bright hopes fade and wither—and cares perplex us; and with what shall we meet all these things? I answer, with *serenity*—religious serenity—serenity developed and made strong in the purifying discipline of sorrow. Oh! it is indeed 'a sublime thing, to suffer and be strong.' Nothing so evinces the power of religion, as the man who has not been driven to despair, or left to wither in pining melancholy by his griefs, but who has risen above them, made them all subservient to a religious discipline—who has grown stronger by his very afflictions. Earnestly he prayed that the cup might pass from him—but when it came, when coldly it pressed his lips, and he had to drink the bitter draught, he took it, with lifted eyes, saying, 'Father, Thy will be done'! And this is now the sentiment of his heart—'Father, thy will be done—into thy hands I commend my spirit'. Such is the sentiment that the sorrowing need—Religious serenity—the serenity of Jesus.

And in our prosperity and our joy we need this serenity. Let us meet events calmly. Let us not be over-excited by success. Let us not be led astray by wealth, or praise, or the bliss of the moment. These are to be used, but not abused. They are that we may trust in God, that we may use our means for the greatest good, that we may live for the highest end. Trusting in God, then, should we take them—acting in harmony with His will should we use them. Then we shall not be utterly cast down if they are taken from us. Serenely we received them—serenely we part with them—serenely amid all life's vicissitudes say—'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit'.

Who shall possess this serenity? Many have enjoyed it. Poor they have been, perhaps,—laboring all day with aching hands to gain a mere subsistence. Yet those who have looked into their faces have seen there a settled joy, a cheerful calm, that nothing could disturb—it was the reflection of a holy trust that burned with pure and lambent flame deep in the heart. That heart has known many trials. Buried memories are therein. It has suffered and it is scorned. It has known privation, and drank the bitterness of bereavement. It has its tender memories, its tokens of by-gone joys, its worn path-way to the tomb of some loved-one, long since gone. But its treasures are all in Heaven, and why should it not be calm? Nothing can reach them—no wave, no tempest. Serenely that man waits his appointed time, and when his hour comes a holy light breaks upon his face. Bend down your ear to catch his dying murmur. What says he? Oh! it is still the tranquil sentiment of his life—'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit'. Whether rich or poor, then, whether joyful or sad, shall not this serenity, this religious life, so calm and deep, fixed in the heart—say, shall it not be ours?

Christian friends, as ye gather around the table of our Lord, often remember this trait in his character—serenity. Yes, with many holy lessons, he has taught us to be calm and trustful—to lean on God and wait the end. Come then, oh! blessed sufferer and give us of thy Spirit. Thou who didst sleep in a rude manger, and who rode on triumphant palms—thou who didst hear God call thee excellent, and yet whom men denied—thou who didst raise the dead, and yet suffered in agony upon the Cross—in all these shifting scenes, serene and mighty; come give us of thy Spirit, that we too may live and trust—that we may calmly do our work—that we may feel that we are one with God—that when we die we too may say, 'Father, into thy hands we commend our spirits'.

A HOME-CALL.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Home from the greenwood come!
The tinkling waters through the mosses streaming
Upon the gray old stones o'erhung by flowers,
The yellow sunshine through the oak boughs gleaming,
Like golden clouds sent down in flaky showers—
Oh these, and countless wildering sights and voices,
Have veiled our souls in fantasies too long;
Not always in the bower the bird rejoices—
The *world abroad* has claims upon his song;
Has it no claims on us?

Come from the shadowy dell!
The willows shake their tassels o'er the fountain,
And send their perfume on the breeze afar;
And the mist, curling from the blue old mountain,
Goes up to wrap its mantle round the star.

So should we, bright one, shed our heart's sweet fragrance
O'er the hot tumult of the striving crowd;
So let the musings of our wildwood vagrance,
Soften the flashing spirits of the proud;—
For we were made to bless.

Come to the open world!
Harsh fall its discords upon ears long greeted
By the soft music of the birds and rills,
Yet thither we, by myriad tongues entreated,
Must bear our love to charm away its ills.
Oh there, sweet friend, is woman's noblest duty—
There, in the homes of men, and by their hearths;
There ever lives for her the holiest beauty—
A beauty not exclusively this earth's;
So, dear one,—*Shall we go?*

Shirley Village, Mass.

EDOUARD AND ANTOINETTE.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME IN FRANCE.

BY CHARLES O. P. ELLIS.

I WELL recollect the house in which I spent my infancy and boyhood. I shall never forget it. There were circumstances of romantic interest connected with my infancy and my youth—such as seldom attend the career of a human being. I do not recollect the precise time when I became an inmate of this house; but I know that it belonged to my uncle, and although I had a distinct recollection of my parents, yet I was taught to believe I should see them no more, and I, therefore, regarded my uncle and aunt as my sole protectors to whom I owed all the duty which parents can require. I was told that I must think no more of my father and mother, that they were unworthy people, and had been banished from France for some great crime, and when I inquired what that crime was, my pious relatives would cross themselves and assume a look of horror and of mystery, which served only to whet my curiosity, while, at the same time it shut out all hope of its gratification. I could not imagine what crime they had been guilty of. I remembered the countenance of my mother—mild, benevolent, yet pale and grief-worn. I remembered the gentle tones of her voice, so different from those of my aunt, whose harsh language always grated on my ear. I remembered that pale and anxious countenance, which was often present with me in my dreams. What crime could she have committed? Why was I forbidden to name her or even to think of her? Children are said to be just in their estimate of character, and certainly my uncle and aunt were not calculated to inspire me with affection.

The house in which I dwelt, with these morose relatives, was situated near the base of a lofty mountain, whose top was almost continually hidden by dark clouds. It was said by the neighboring peasantry that a hermit dwelt on the summit of this mountain. Some said that he was a very holy man who could work stupendous miracles, and who carried about with him a vial of our Savior's blood. Others said that he was a man who had been guilty of heinous crimes, and lived a life of penance, in order to conciliate the Supreme Being whom he had so deeply offended. Some pretended that they had seen an angel descend from heaven, and alight upon the top of this mountain, doubtless to hold converse with the devotee. But I perceived that the more intelligent portion of the inhabitants treated all these stories with contempt, and regarded them as the idle bugbears of ignorance and superstition. Nevertheless, they were sufficient to throw an awful mystery around the place, and nobody ever ventured to ascend this gloomy mountain to ascertain the truth.

My uncle's house was a low building, making up in length and breadth what it lacked in height, so that it contained a great number of apartments on the first floor. It was surrounded by vineyards which yielded many luscious grapes, and contributed to swell the income of my uncle, who, with all his piety, never lost sight of his worldly interests. At a short distance from the eastern porch of the house, stood a small chapel in which was a crucifix and several images of saints. My aunt spent much time here, crossing herself, kneeling and performing other ceremonies, common to the religion of the times. Whenever she came out from this chapel, her countenance was singularly forbidding, and it was then that I feared to approach her. She took great pains to instruct me in the formalities of religion, and hence they were always connected in my mind with the idea of severity, ill-nature, and self-mortification. I was taught to regard the Deity as a sovereign who could not be appeased in any other way than by the misery of his subjects; and that by tormenting ourselves in this world, we must insure happiness in that world which is to come.

These things were extremely disagreeable to me, and I could not avoid putting some questions to my uncle and aunt respecting the nature of religion and the character of God. These questions were not answered: but a look of horror, and something which they muttered to each other about my parents, led me to believe that I had given great offence. I was always treated more harshly than usual, after putting one of these questions, and was sometimes compelled to repeat over a number of prayers in Latin not a word of which I understood.

My time, therefore, passed unpleasantly enough. The cheerfulness of childhood was smothered by the moroseness of my uncle and aunt, and my growing intellect was stinted by their withering reserve and rigid enforcements. They seemed to be unwilling that I should think, and to reason was a crime.

They said they had taken me from motives of charity, and to save me from ruin, and I was soon led to believe that my proscribed parents had not assented to this *benevolent* movement on their part. My parents had undoubtedly left the country in haste, and I fell into the hands of these relatives by accident. But what was the crime of those parents? why were they obliged to flee to save their lives? In vain I asked these questions. My uncle and aunt said they had been dreadfully culpable. I was not satisfied. The standard by which they judged of human guilt and innocence was very different from mine. They estimated people according to their amount of religious zeal, without regard to their moral conduct.

On a certain occasion a couple of friends came to my uncle's, and in the afternoon I found one of them in the garden lying in an arbor in a state of intoxication. As I had seen my uncle throw a bucket of water upon the gardener when he was in a similar condition, I thought it an act of mercy to do so to bring the priest to his senses. But soon after I had done it, I found the difference, and was doomed to a severe penance, till the evil one should be driven out of me. I was placed in a rude part of the building, and left much exposed to the chill of the night air, without bed or bedding. However, weariness soon overcome me, and I fell asleep on the floor.

When I awoke at daylight, I was surprised to find that some person had visited me during the night. I was completely covered from the cold by several clothes, and liniment had been applied to the bruises I had received. A cup of wine stood near my head. I had scarcely drank the reviving liquid, when my uncle and aunt came into my rude apartment to see if I was able to endure farther punishment. They started upon seeing the way in which I had been provided for, and angrily demanded who had supplied me with those things. I told them I knew as little about it as they did. They then hastily examined the robes which had been thrown over me, the drinking cup, and the ointment which had been applied to my bruises. After they had done this, they looked at each other with wondering admiration. They agreed that no one living in the neighborhood could have done the things which had been done for me: the clothes were not such as were used by the peasants, and the drinking cup was of a fashion entirely different from those used by the natives. They walked quietly away and left me. In about an hour they returned again, with the intemperate father, the other having gone alone to a neighboring town. The priest examined the articles which had been left with me, and questioned me closely on the subject. I could give him no satisfactfon. He then assumed a mysterious look, and, crossing himself, told my uncle and aunt that I had been visited by my guardian angel; and he insinuated that this was not the first miracle which had been performed through his agency!

'Yes,' cried my aunt, 'if the holy father had not been in our house, this wonderful miracle would never have been performed'. I was then commanded to get upon my knees and thank Father Pierre for the interposition of my guardian angel, in my behalf. Having an eye to my own interest and safety, I did as I was commanded. The priest, who appeared sincere, in the opinion which he had expressed, was now much softened toward me, and having just swallowed his morning bitters, he talked very benevolently.

He told my uncle that it would be sufficient to inflict some slight penance upon me, as I was but a child, and had probably offended through ignorance. My good aunt held up her hands with admiration at the lenity of the priest, and declared that he was altogether too merciful.

The priest went away after dinner, and I was then conveyed to a bed in a room at the end of the house next the mountain, and which was consequently dark and gloomy. On the succeeding day, I awoke with a burning fever. I begged for drink which was denied me except in very small quantities. I suffered intolerably from thirst all that day; but I was awaked at midnight by some noise near me, and perceived that a pitcher of water had been placed on a chair at the head of my bed. I seized it and drank; after which I fell into a sound sleep from which I did not awake until morning.

Upon opening my eyes, I saw my aunt standing in the door, with her hands raised at some new wonder that she had discovered. 'Where did that pitcher come from'? cried she. I told her that I was aroused at midnight by a noise near the head of my bed, and found the pitcher in a chair filled with water. She shook her head mysteriously and ran to call my uncle. He examined the pitcher, and then declared that my guardian angel had been on the premises again. He and my aunt crossed themselves most devoutly and retired. In a few moments a servant came for the pitcher, which was placed in the chapel, by the side of the cup and the celestial robes.

These visits of my guardian angel—as they were called—had a tendency to ameliorate my condition; although my aunt was evidently jealous of the favors which I received from so high a source. She, good woman, had gone through with all the exercises prescribed by her creed, had been constant at her devotions, and drilled her countenance into an expression of severity and rigid self-denial; yet no miracle had remunerated her for her trouble: while I, sinner that I was, and the son of heretics, had been taken care of by an angel, even at the moment that I was undergoing punishment for ducking a holy priest.

After my recovery, I learned that many of the neighboring gentry had called to examine my supernatural presents, and some had prostrated themselves before them in the chapel. The poor peasants were not permitted to have a glimpse of the miraculous

robes and utensils, lest their presence should desecrate the temple, in which hung naked and bleeding, the God of the worshippers, on a cross like a common malefactor. But when a priest had been into the temple and touched the sacred things, the poor were permitted to kiss his hand as he came out. Oh! admirable condescension! Oh! unexampled humility!

For several days some time after these occurrences, I lay ill with a fever, but I was now attended by a nurse and a physician; since persons of quality who came to the chapel had spoken of me in very reverent terms and had prophecied that I should yet be a saint. From a regard to their own reputation, therefore, my relatives suffered me to be properly attended. But the nocturnal visitant ceased coming as soon as others bestowed upon me proper attention.

At length I was able to leave my room; and with the help of a cane, I went out into the open air. As I made my appearance in the garden, I was surprised at the conduct of the laborers. Instead of addressing me with rude familiarity, as they had been wont to do, they stepped aside as I walked along the paths, and stood gazing upon me with as much reverence and timidity as if I had been a holy pilgrim just from Jerusalem.

My strength now began rapidly to return, and I grew fond of rambling about my uncle's grounds. Sometimes I went as far as the foot of the mountain. On one of these occasions, I met a little girl, near my own age, with a basket in her hand. I was about to pass the girl with a slight bow, when she suddenly stopped, and looking fixedly at me, said with a plaintive air, 'Are you the little boy who has been so sick, and who was beaten so severely by his uncle'?

'I am the same one,' replied I.

'And are you entirely well'? inquired she.

'I am not so strong as formerly,' said I, 'but I am, every day, regaining my health'.

'I am glad of that,' cried she with much feeling, 'for I cried all day when I heard how you had been abused. What a wicked man your uncle must be'!

'Nay,' said I, 'but he is called very devout'.

'I know that very well,' replied the little girl, casting her eyes toward the ground; 'but many people are very devout, who are very wicked'.

I had never before heard this sentiment expressed. People who visited at the house of my uncle had seemed to believe that it was of little consequence what was the moral character of an individual, so that he was observant of religious forms and ceremonies, and treated ecclesiastics with reverence. I was both surprised and pleased to find one whose sentiments appeared to be so just, and yet so uncommon.

We parted, and as there were indications of a storm, I pursued my way homeward. I much wondered who the little girl could be, and where she had been with her basket. I had remarked that her complexion was more fair than that of the peasant girls, and her features were of a higher and more noble cast. She had also said that she wept when she heard of my misfortunes. This was new language to me. It was the first time that the tones of genuine sympathy had reached my ears. In my subsequent rambles, I frequently caught myself wandering toward the foot of the mountain, and coming to a stand on the spot where I had met the unknown. But several weeks elapsed before I again saw the little girl. By this time I had fairly recovered my health and strength. I was walking in a wood near the base of the mountain, when I heard cries as of some person in distress. I hastened to the spot from which the noise proceeded, and saw my little friend standing on the top of a rock, while a wolf greedily surveyed her from the ground, and appeared to be on the point of ascending to her. I caught up a large stone which I threw with all the force of which I was capable. It struck him in the side and knocked him over, but he quickly regained his feet. I then attacked him with a club and drove him off. I assisted the little girl in her descent from the rock. She appeared very grateful for this deliverance; yet her gratitude was expressed more by looks than by words. Her basket was on her arm, and I wondered to what purpose it had been applied, but I forbore to inquire. We walked along together through the wood, conversing freely on a variety of topics. She was glad to see me look so well, and seemed to sympathize with all my joys and sorrows. I was surprised at some of her observations, which evinced a degree of intelligence not generally found in one of her years. When we were about to part, I begged to know her name. She told me it was Antoinette Cimbrede. I then recollected that I had heard my aunt speak of a family by the name of Cimbrede; and she had spoken of them with disrespect. She had spoken of them as persons who neglected their religious duties, and who were seldom seen at church. But I had little respect for my aunt's opinion of character. After this second interview, I frequently fell in with Antoinette, and became so well pleased with her that I made her the confidant of all my affairs. She was also communicative, but there were some subjects on which she gave me no light. She never told me why the basket was always on her arm when I met her. I once mentioned that my aunt did not appear to be on good terms with her parents. She immediately became silent and thoughtful. I frequently waited upon her home. I did not enter the house, but parted from her at the garden gate. I judged from the appearance of their domain that her parents were in good circumstances. But she always mentioned them with evident reluctance. Occasionally she would make an observation which evinced a minute knowledge of my history. These things kept my curiosity awake, and added to the deep interest which I felt for her,

Thus passed my life until I had attained my fifteenth year. Antoinette was now a young woman of surpassing beauty, and uncommon intelligence. Our interviews had become more interesting. The childish intimacy which had subsisted between us ripened into love. She was to me like a fountain in the desert. She had been the only true friend whom I had known, and the tie of gratitude had bound me to her indissolubly; and when to this was added the most ardent admiration of her feminine graces, the result could not be anything else but love. Although I spent much of my time in the society of this interesting maiden, yet I learned but little of her parents. We met in groves; on the grassy hill-side; or on the craggy heights, where we listened to the roar of the waterfall, and romance added interest to our interviews.

On one of these occasions, I ventured to ask Antoinette if her parents would be likely to approve our intimacy, if they knew of it.

'They do know it,' was her reply.

'You surprise me, Antoinette'! I returned: 'I am a stranger to them'—

Here she suddenly looked up, and with an expression in her countenance which checked my words; for I thought she was about to say something about them. But she seemed to recollect herself. She slightly blushed, and her eyes fell beneath my own. I went on—'As I am a perfect stranger to your parents, is it not somewhat singular that they should not have prohibited these interviews. Also, you will recollect that I am an orphan—for I learn from my uncle that my parents died in Holland—and I have no expectations beyond those which my uncle's stinted generosity will allow me: and you know how much I may hope from him'.

'Well, Edouard, I shall have enough for both of us.'

'Ah! my dear girl, do your parents reason in that manner? Do they say'—

'Indeed! you must not ask me what *they* say'?

'Surely there is much mystery in this,' I replied. 'Can you suppose me otherwise than anxious on this particular point? I have never seen them. They have never spoken to me'—

'Is it not sufficient that they are perfectly well acquainted with all that has passed between us, and are satisfied with the part I have acted'? returned Antoinette.

'It ought to satisfy me,' I returned thoughtfully; but with a cloud of disappointment on my brow; as I had hoped to penetrate the mystery in which her parents were shrouded.

'Yes, Edouard, you must be satisfied; for I tell you that there will be no difficulty on *their* part'.

'But my uncle and aunt,' said I. 'They know nothing of the affair, and they cannot object to our union'.

Antoinette was silent. She cast down her eyes, and a paleness gradually stole over her features. After a few moments' silence, I added: 'There is one other subject, Antoinette, upon which I have long desired to question you. When we first met, at the foot of the mountain, I observed a well filled basket on your arm; and I saw you carrying it frequently afterward: but when our acquaintance had begun to—to—to be more peculiar—then I saw that the basket was transferred from you to an old servant'—

Antoinette fixed her large black eyes upon my countenance, as if she would read my very soul. I paused an instant, and continued: 'Yes, I have observed an old servant lingering about the foot of the mountain with that same basket; and sometimes I have thought his conduct strange, for he would walk backward and forward, and keep his eyes fixed upon me, as if he mistook me for a robber'.

'That is strange,' said Antoinette, twirling a bunch of grapes in her hand, and avoiding my eyes.

'I thought his conduct strange,' said I, 'and when I mentioned—'

Antoinette suddenly grasped my arm, and looked anxiously in my face.

'To whom?' cried she. 'To whom did you mention it?'

'Not to my uncle or my aunt,' said I with a smile, 'for they are not in my confidence. I was going to say that when I mentioned it to *you*, I had hoped that some explanation would be given.'

Antoinette relinquished my arm, and once more she relapsed into a musing mood. At length she said carelessly, 'Then you have not mentioned it to any person except myself.'

'I have not, Antoinette. I feel a peculiar disrelish to talking about you, or any of your family, to those bigoted creatures with whom I daily associate'.

Antoinette looked up with a lively smile—'Now tell me, dear Edouard, are they really so very bigoted'?

'Yes,' said I. 'With them bigotry is the sublimest of virtues. My parents are regarded by them, as the worst of sinners, for having belonged to that party who called themselves Hugenots: but I fancy that one might have belonged to that party without becoming guilty of the excesses of which many of them were guilty'.

'What excesses were those, my Edouard'?

'Such as fighting against the government, and endeavoring to overthrow religion,' said I.

'They never tried to overthrow what they conceived to be true religion,' replied Antoinette; 'and when they fought, it was in their own defence—in defence of the right to worship God in their own way. *They* believe that government has no right over their religion'.

'I shall not be angry with you for defending that people,' I answered—'since my parents were of their number: but I have heard many things against them.

In the mean time, let me caution you about talking thus; for it is very dangerous. A poor man, living not far from us, was yesterday stretched on the rack for saying that the Church was not infallible'.

'I have only given their opinions,' returned Antoinette with a sigh—'but what an atmosphere of bigotry and intolerance have you breathed! You may yet become a bigot without knowing it—and then, alas'!—Here her utterance was choked. She hid her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

Grieved and surprised, I exclaimed: 'Surely, Antoinette, you are not well! To what cause must I attribute this unusual emotion? Have I said or done anything'—

'No, no, Edward,' interrupted she hastily: 'you have ever treated me tenderly; but I tremble for the future. My happiness depends upon you; and I sometimes fear that the influence of those with whom you live will blast the fair prospect that has risen up before me. Indeed! I have expected too much of you. Had you lived with your parents, how different would have been your—your—your way of—thinking'!

'Antoinette'! cried I, starting up—'do you know what interpretation I must put upon your words? My parents—my way of thinking! You just now feared I should become a bigot, but are not the Hugenots the worst of bigots—bigoted in favor of heresy! I can look with a charitable eye upon the errors of such as have been led away from the true rock, by crafty heretics, and I cannot esteem those whose conduct is immoral, however zealous they may be in the performance of holy rites: but I cannot approve those errors which involved my poor parents in ruin, and which have given so much pain to the Holy Father at Rome. Do you not know that if I had been brought up by my parents, I might have been a heretic also; and then, dear Antoinette, what would your parents have said to our union? Then you would have spurned me with disdain, and would never have perilled your soul by conversing with me'!

'Oh, no, Edouard'! replied she with energy—'no difference of opinion would have alienated my heart from you. So that you possessed those high and noble feelings which first won my admiration, I should scarcely have noticed the difference in our creed'.

I looked scrutinizingly at Antoinette. She met my gaze fully, and I read nothing in her clear bright eyes, but the utmost simplicity and candor.

'Can you be in earnest'? said I. 'You do then carry love too far. I have heard of those who would risk their lives, and lose them too, for a beloved object; but the soul, Antoinette! No one should trifle with his soul's salvation; and there is but one road to Paradise'.

Antoinette burst into tears. I saw that she was very unhappy; but I thought her unreasonable to make so much ado about such a trifle; and even felt a little vexed that she should seem to insist upon my being so extremely tolerant as herself.

Soon after the foregoing conversation, we parted; but not as we had been wont to part. We separated in gloom and tears. It was the first time that anything had happened to mar the pleasure which I had experienced in the company of Antoinette: and I could not avoid regarding her as the originator of the unpleasant events which had brought up a cloud in our horizon.

Ought she to have wept, and thus given me pain, because I could not regard heretics with a favorable eye? I found no fault with her for doing so. But did she really expect to control me with her tears? Ought she to indulge in such wilfulness? I asked myself these questions, and they added to my distress. I was sad and moody when I reached my uncle's door. I perceived that visitors were in the house; and my aunt came out soon, with an unusually smiling face, to lead me into the room where they were. The company consisted of a Mr. Bloise, with his lady and daughter. I had frequently heard my aunt speak of this family; and the language which she used respecting them, intended for high praise, had prejudiced me much against them. Their personal appearance was not calculated to enhance their merit in my eyes. They all bore a near resemblance to each other. The daughter, though but nineteen years of age, looked as old as her parents. The freshness of youth appeared to have been withered up by bigotry; and if the face was an index of the mind, then indeed she must have possessed a heart devoid of every generous feeling. I turned my eyes away from a countenance so revolting, and took my seat at a distance from the group. The conversation turned upon the state of religion in France. The Hugenots were censured in unmeasured terms, and Mr. Bloise boasted that he had been instrumental in bringing more than a dozen of them to condign punishment. My aunt smiled applause, as he described the tortures to which the heretics had been subjected; and the daughter even had the assurance to look in my face with a smile of triumph, as if she expected that she should recommend herself to me, by a show of malignant joy at the bloody persecutions of her fellow-creatures.

Throughout the evening my aunt evidently desired to bring us together. She caused me to move my seat nearer to Maria, for that was the name of the daughter; and at supper her chair was placed next to mine. In spite of all this finesse and manoeuvering, but few words passed between me and Maria; and when she and her parents left the house, late in the evening, we had made but few advances toward an acquaintanceship. On the next morning, at the breakfast table, my uncle abruptly asked me how I was pleased with Miss Bloise. I replied evasively, that I had not been enough in her company to form an opinion of her character.

'That you did not need,' cried my aunt, 'you had heard her *character* before she came here. Your uncle would know how you are pleased with her manners and appearance.'

'Of course, she is not handsome,' replied I.

'Not handsome!' exclaimed my aunt—'What may then be your ideas of beauty? You chance to differ in opinion from not only me and your uncle, but also father Lomonde, father Costelli, and father Jaques, who have all declared that her face and form were of so etherial a mould that they—'

'Not handsome, boy!' cried my uncle, laying down his spoon, and fixing his small black eyes upon my countenance. 'Would you insult a young lady, with a fortune superior to my own, and of such exalted piety—such filial attachment to holy church as to be an example not only to you, but to those whose heads have grown gray in the service of God! Don't let father Pierre hear you speak thus, or you will have a severe penance appointed you.'

'I don't wish to insult her, or any other pious person,' said I quickly, in order to avert the rising storm, 'but the young lady is not to my taste.'

'Very well—very well—she *must* be to your taste if you expect any thing from me,' exclaimed my uncle furiously; 'What, boy, would you throw away a jewel that a monarch might be proud to wear—one who is the ornament of society, and the pride of all her acquaintances—while you—what are you, in short?'

'I am a friendless orphan,' returned I, 'and have ever shown a disposition to obey the commands of those who have taken care of me. I perceive, Sir, that you intend I should marry Miss Bloise; but I am still quite young, and of course, there will be sufficient time for me to get acquainted with her—'

'No, boy: no time at all. She has always been intended for you, although we have not named her to you before. I have now received such tidings from Court, as renders it necessary that the marriage should be immediately solemnized—next week at the farthest.'

I will not pretend to describe the shock which this announcement gave me. At that moment it seemed to me that if Antoinette had possessed ten thousand faults, I could have overlooked them all, and I wondered that I should, for a moment, have indulged resentment toward her. Veiling my distress as well as I could, I answered: 'But, pray sir—what can the Court of King Louis have to do with my marriage?'

'Every thing!' cried my uncle. 'He is beset by ill advisers, who have not the good of the church at heart, and they bid fair to throw impediments in the way of all good Catholics, and to render our plans for your happiness nugatory and abortive.'

I was puzzled to make out my uncle's meaning; but earnestly hoped that whatever those impediments were, they would be thrown in the way of so horrible a union as that which my uncle and aunt had projected for me. Of that, however, I had little hope. The time was so short, and my uncle and aunt were so determined, that I was rendered desperate; and I frankly told them that I had long been paying my attentions elsewhere—that I loved a being bright as the sun, and pure as ether, and could be happy with none but she.

'Indeed!' said my aunt, with a sneer; 'and who is this wonderful creature, that has the *honor* of your affection?'

'Antoinette Cimbrede!' cried I.

For a moment, not a word was said. My aunt fixed her eyes coldly upon me for a moment, and then turned them toward her husband. His face was fairly black with rage; his lips quivered; and his small black eyes grew red with spite and fury: 'Have you eat at my table?' cried he, at length—'have you dared to address me by the sacred name of uncle—have you dared to set foot into this house while you have been carrying on a felonious correspondence with that family?'

'Felonious! No, Sir.'

'Don't interrupt me!' exclaimed he, stamping so violently on the floor, that the breakfast dishes trembled and rang—'What else but a felonious correspondence can be carried on with—with heretics?'

'Heretics!' said I; 'certainly they cannot be—'

'Alas!' interrupted my aunt, as if my words were of not the least consequence; 'is it for this that we have trained him up in the way he should go? Is it for this that we have taught him to pray—that we have labored to make him all that we ought to be?'

By this time, my uncle's first transport of fury had, in some measure, subsided.

'The boy may be ignorant,' said he—'but now he must know the truth, and then he will see the gulf from which he has escaped. You must understand,' continued he, turning to me, 'that the Cimbrede family have long been suspected of entertaining heretical opinions. Your aunt and I have keenly watched for an opportunity to prove their guilt, in order that we might denounce them, and bring them to punishment. No such opportunity has yet offered, and we fear that certain events are now transpiring at Court, which will enable them to escape—'

'God grant they may!' interrupted I, rendered desperate at the idea of seeing Antoinette's beautiful form mangled by the inquisitors.

'God grant what!' cried my uncle in redoubled rage, while my aunt's eyes flamed with diabolical malice. 'Would you have them escape? Are *you* a Hugenot?'

'Merciful heaven!' I exclaimed, 'can they be Hugenots?'

'There is not a doubt of it,' replied my uncle, 'and now, boy, you see your danger! Oh! what penances you must perform—what grief you must feel, to think

that you have held communication with that family.'

I covered my face with my hands and wept aloud. I now recollected the words of Antoinette, her defence of the heretics; and was at no loss to understand the meaning of her gloom and her tears. There was, indeed, an insuperable barrier between us.

'I am glad,' said my uncle in a softened tone, 'to perceive that you now appreciate our motives. You may be able, in some degree, to atone for what you have done, by delivering up this family to condign punishment. Perhaps you recollect some words—something that will fasten upon them the charge of heresy.'

'No, Sir,' said I, still weeping—'I was never in their house. I never saw her parents.'

'The girl then—this Antoinette,' said my aunt; 'I am confident that you can bring her to the rack. Oh! how I should like to see her stretched upon it, until her joints were torn from their sockets.'

'Yes, yes, that must be done,' said my uncle; 'but the first thing, now, is to have the marriage performed. It has been neglected too long already; and I fear that it is even too late to punish heretics; for the law in their favor, may be already passed.'

I went forth from the presence of my uncle in a state of mind which I cannot describe. I was shocked at the malice which my aunt had exhibited toward Antoinette, and I began to doubt whether it was ever right to persecute people on account of their religion. I recollected, however, that the Hugenots had always persecuted where and when they could; and if the Catholics persecuted to a greater extent than they, it was only because they happened to be the party in power. Also, the Catholics believed that there was no salvation out of the pale of the ancient church; while the heretics claimed the right to exercise their own free judgment on the subject of religious opinions. Therefore, when the Catholics persecuted, they merely carried out their principles; but when the Hugenots did so, they evinced the grossest inconsistency. My uncle had also intimated that a law was about to be passed which would free the heretics from farther persecution. This, I thought, did the Catholics much honor, since they would voluntarily lay aside the persecuting sword, while they had the power to wield it: whereas, I had never known any sect of Protestants to tolerate Catholics until the power to persecute had been fairly wrested from them. At this very time, Catholics were fleeing from England and Ireland, to France, to avoid the racks and gibbets of Queen Elizabeth; while hundreds of Catholic priests had been hung and embowelled according to her laws and within her jurisdiction.

These reflections tended to incense me against the Hugenots, while they confirmed my reverence for Mother Church. I felt that I could not consistently marry Antoinette, and knew that I must marry the narrow-souled and homely Maria! My reflections were torturing to my inmost soul. I loved Antoinette, and every well-remembered word, and look of hers, bespoke purity, disinterestedness, and lofty virtue. I doubted not that she had been led away from the Truth by her parents, and I inwardly abhorred them for having tainted so lovely and amiable a creature with their own heresies. But little time was left me to indulge in unavailing regrets.

On one fine morning in July, I was called upon to attend my uncle and aunt to Church. As our carriage passed along, I observed a number of people collected together in a gorge of the mountains, and very soon I heard the sound of singing. The notes of praise to God were borne on the breeze to our ears. My uncle hastily drew up the blind of the coach to shut out the sounds, while, at the same time, it deprived me of the interesting sight. I could not, however, be insensible that there were sounds of rejoicing abroad. I could hear an occasional shout which floated over the plain from a great distance, and whenever the sound met our ears, my uncle clenched his teeth, and muttered an imprecation; while my pious aunt crossed herself with great rapidity.

At length we reached the church. Maria Bloise and her parents were already there, with several other individuals, whose countenances were as sour as if they had just undergone a baptism in vinegar. The priest soon came stalking into the Church. In a moment, preparations were made for the marriage. I stood up by the side of Maria, more dead than alive. I felt that I was about to be sacrificed. Never shall I forget that awful hour. Worse than the pangs of death had taken hold of me. One of the by-standers came to my support, or I should have fallen to the ground. The ceremony commenced; when suddenly, the door flew open; a woman walked hastily up the aisle, and did not stop until she had broken through the throng, and stood confronting the priest.

'Stop'! cried she—'I forbid this marriage'!

I looked with wonder at the woman. Strange recollections—strange feelings took hold of me; for there was something in her countenance that had the same effect upon me as that music which brings up the impressions of by-gone days.

My uncle and aunt turned suddenly toward the stranger. As their eyes fell upon her, they started, and both exclaimed in a breath—'Go on with the marriage, holy father, and heed not this heretic! Will nobody seize this woman, and take her out of the Church?

'I am the lad's mother'! exclaimed she, 'and I forbid the marriage'!

'Aha'! exclaimed the priest—'seize the heretic! She has condemned herself! Away with her to the rack'!

My uncle sprang forward to seize her. At the same

moment, I recovered from the stunning effect of this disclosure. I *felt* that it was my own mother who stood before me. Nature cried aloud in my breast; and, breaking away from the girl to whom I was about to be united, I grasped my uncle's arm, and hurled him away from my mother. Others came suddenly up to lay hands on her, while the priest gnashed his teeth with rage.

She immediately drew a paper from her bosom, and held it up in the view of all. It was a copy of the law which had just been passed, called THE EDICT OF NANTZ, which granted to dissenters the free exercise of their religion throughout all France.

The assailants fell back. My uncle and aunt saw that they could no longer exercise control over me by force. Both approached me, and with insinuating smiles, desired me to go through with the marriage ceremony, as it was not possible that a good Catholic like me would be ruled by a heretic mother.

'She is my mother!' cried I; 'and as she is living—contrary to my former suppositions—I owe my duty to her. You know that I abhorred this marriage from the first; and now I am freed from it by the command of my long-lost mother'.

'Father,' cried my intended wife, 'cannot Edward be put on the rack for refusing to marry me, and for obeying this Hugenot woman? 'Alas! no'—replied her father. We have now no power over him, for the very Hugenots themselves are protected by this new law'. I stopped to hear no more, but followed my mother out of the church, fondly clinging to her side for fear I should lose sight of her again.

My mother went directly to the house of the Cimbredes; and there I soon became acquainted with facts that filled me with amazement.

It appeared that my father owned the house and lands now in possession of my uncle; but my parents turned Hugenots. My uncle informed against them, and they were obliged to flee to Holland to save their lives. My uncle and aunt then took possession of my father's estate. So sudden was the flight of my parents that I was left behind, and consequently came into the power of my uncle. In the course of a few years, my father died; and my mother being anxious about me, came to France and took up her residence in a cave upon the mountain which overlooked my uncle's dwelling. There she resided several years, and was furnished with food by the parents of Antoinette. That was the secret of the basket which I had observed so often on the arm of Antoinette, and which was transferred to a trusty servant after the intimacy between myself and the daughter rendered it imprudent to send her any more to the mountain.

My mother was, therefore, the '*guardian angel*' who attended to my wants, when I was suffering from the ill usage of my uncle and aunt. Of course, she had had ample opportunity to become acquainted with everything which transpired at the villa.

My mother immediately took possession of our estate; and my uncle and aunt relinquished it with curses deep and loud against those who had prevailed on the King to grant toleration to heretics. They retired to a smaller estate of their own which had been rented to others.

The influence of my mother's conversation was soon apparent; and I saw the folly of clinging to a church which had become rotten with corruption, and which chained the reason and conscience of her votaries.

I had now ample opportunity to enjoy the company of Antoinette, and our attachment was smiled upon by the parents of both.

Although the Edict of Nantz had been passed, yet my mother had little faith in the constancy of Catholic toleration. She sold her estate, and removed with me into Holland, to which country she was soon followed by the Cimbredes; and there, over my father's grave, Antoinette and I again renewed our vows. Soon after our removal to Holland, our marriage took place, and I was made the happiest of men.

New York.

MAY.

[THIS article was delayed in reaching us, so that we did not receive it till after our No. for May was issued. But the *real* June comes the nearest to the *ideal* May.]

Now speed thee on thy northward way,
To cheer us with thy gladness, May;
Bring from the sunny South its bloom,
On thy warm breath its sweet perfume;
New life and stronger pulse impart
To our earth's chilled and sluggish heart,
And cause its living springs to flow
In quickened currents. Loved May, throw
Thy mantle o'er the wet, bare fields,
Their nakedness no pleasure yields.
Hold out thy sceptre, now, to these
Ungarnished, gloomy forest trees,
That to assaulting winds and storms,
Have long exposed their giant forms;
Their figures look much better seen
In their becoming coat of green.
Come—thou art queen, now dispossess
The earth and air of sullenness.
Winter's dethroned—he left the land
In exile with his rustic band;
The largest and the brightest gem
Which decked his evening diadem—
The glory of his matchless crown—
In thy first twilight melted down.
His power is crushed; now, o'er its tomb
Shed sunlight to dispel its gloom.

She's with us here, already come,—
I know it by the busy hum
Of house-flies; 'gainst the window pane
They buzz and beat their heads in vain;

I know by the exploring bee
That comes to find the blossomed tree.
I know it May,—as thou dost pass,
The ground is covered up with grass;
On verdant hillocks the young lambs
Frisk heedlessly about their dams;
The waiting wood from thee receives
Its modest drapery of leaves,
And from its lofty branches gush
Responsive melodies. The rush
Is starting from its miry bed
To meet the willow's drooping head,
Which lets its yellow blossoms go
Into the brook that runs below;—
I know it by the violet flower,
And by the sudden, transient shower,
Already past. The parted cloud
Rolls back its heavy, sable shroud;
Jehovah's token re-appears,
With promise sealing future years.
A sign of blessing is his bow
To his loved children here below;
His smile expands it to renew
His covenant unchanged and true.
'Tis sure and sacred—while ye can,
Gaze on its beauty. Husbandman,
Now let a well-established trust
Appease thy animated dust;
And put thy corn into the ground,
That it may die—fruit will abound.
With patience toil and sweat endure,
For thee a harvest is secure.
If sunbeams scorch the tender blade,
Be not thy trusting soul afraid;
If rains deluge thy richest land,
On God's sure promise firmly stand;
If early frost should blight the ear,
E'en then let not thy spirit fear;—
His word eternal truth remains,
Nor will he scourge with needless pains.

List to the playful children's shout
Upon the still air ringing out.
From mamma's circumspection fled,
Bared is the little, curly head;
The shoes and stockings thrown away,
The liberated feet with play
In their unbandaged nakedness
And freedom, with the water cress,
Will wander through the dells abroad
And press in glee the green, cool sod;
Rejoicing, in the moistened clay,
Will leave their impress by the way,
Exact in placing every toe
So that the pliant clay can show
A cognizable shape and size.
Delight is sparkling in their eyes—
These thoughtless ones—behold them bound
To the exhilarating sound
Of their own merry laugh; and still
With buoyant spirits as they fill
Their hands with fragrant May-flowers give
From pure, light hearts thanks that they live.
We're happier that we have heard
The echo of your spirit stirred
To artless worship, childhood;—now,
Go, with the unmarked, sinless brow
Go, children, night is coming on,
From woods and damp meads be ye gone.

Insensibly the chilling dews
Are falling; as the housewife views
The onward march of night, she hies
With quicker footsteps, while she plies
With active hands her dusting brooms,
Restoring order to her rooms,
And giving to them all an air
Of comfort, an appearance fair.
The wheel that whirred and whizzed all day,
The thrifty maid has put away;
All things arranged about the house,
They wait the lover or the spouse;
The brother and the father dear
Are sure of ease and welcome here.

How rapidly at day's decline
The minutes fly! how faintly shine
The timid stars, just peeping through
Their soft and gauzy veil of blue.
They were, a year ago this night,
As lovely to the gazer's sight;
They change not—heavenly things ne'er do,
But to grow clearer to our view.
As darkness frowns, far brighter seems
The radiance of their dancing beams,
And still increasing is their host
While each one glitters at his post.
With bolder blaze Arcturus glows,
Across the sky his red light throws;
And Virgo, from her path on high,
Drops down her corn as she glides by.—
O I should know that love and bliss
Must dwell above a sky like this;
And know, that blessings without number
God gives us, even while we slumber.

Augusta, Me. MIMOSA.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. NO. VIII.

BY CHARLOTTE.

MATRIMONY.

'O MATRIMONY! thou art like
To Jeremiah's figs!
The good are very good indeed,
The bad, too poor to give the pigs,'—

THUS merrily carolled the two madcaps Kate Mortimer and Ida Ross to the tune of 'Old Grimes,' as they burst into the chamber of their friend Sophy Morris, who was busily engaged with dress-makers and milliners. The bed was completely covered with all the paraphernalia of a lady's wardrobe, and the carpet was littered from one end to the other with

shreds of silk, satin, and muslin. The reader will naturally suppose that all these preparations '*meant something*,' and the fact is, (I will whisper it to you in confidence) the young lady was 'getting ready to be married'!

'There, isn't that a quaint old song, Sophy dear, and it's true every word of it! Now pray who would run the risk of getting the *bad figs*, just because there is the merest possible chance that they *may* get the good ones? Only think, child, what a hazardous experiment! *I* would'nt venture for the world, and yet there you sit within the very shadow of this *living death*, with the most imperturbable composure as if nothing was going to happen. Well—there's really no accounting for some people's dispositions.'

'And bless me, what a clutter!' chimed in Ida. 'Lucky for you, Sophy, that Charles Parsons has not the *entree* of this sanctum sanctorum—for could he take but one peep, I fear you twain would never become one flesh. How I should like to see the consternation depicted on his prim, precise looking face, could he look in here just now. Why his organ of order would be so completely *dis*ordered, I fear he would never recover from the shock; and he would stalk with solemn dignity out of the house, wisely exclaiming, 'What an escape! I would sooner live a bachelor forever, than wed with such an untidy piece of Eve's flesh as Sophy Morris!' And so, poor girl, in spite of all the efforts you have been making ever since you were 'sweet sixteen,' up to the present time when you have reached the mature age of two-and-twenty, to get a husband, you will be doomed to remain Sophy Morris, spinster, to the end of your miserable days.'

But Sophy was one of those demure, *uncomeatable* sort of people, who are proof against all raillery, and take it with the utmost composure, without ever allowing you to discover their vulnerable point; and all her rattling companions could extort by their banter, was a quiet smile.

'After all,' resumed Kate, 'I don't know that you are so much to be pitied, Sophy; for you are just the sort of person to be married, and I've no doubt you'll be a perfect pattern of conjugal love and devotion. Nobody else would have answered for Charles Parsons; stern and precise and haughty as he is, I am sure he would never have the heart to frown upon or scold *you*, and if he did, you would have a soft smile or a gentle word to disarm his anger or peevishness. But such a humdrum existence would never do for me. I could not endure a life of quiet sunshine—give *me* a storm or at least an April shower now and then, just to refresh the leaves and revivify the flowers! A staid, sedate matron—that is your vocation, Sophy, but it is very evident to me, that I was never born to be married; and I have the satisfaction of thinking that no poor Adam has been obliged to walk through life minus a rib, in order to enrich the world with another Eve, in the shape of Kate Mortimer. To be sure nobody has given me a chance, as yet, to prove that all this is not '*sour grapes*'—but really, though I should be highly flattered and duly grateful to any likely youth, who should be so foolish as to make me a matrimonial offer, I assure you I should be much too benevolent to accept it; for we should be sure to quarrel ere the honeymoon was over, and mutually repent our bargains.'

'Better tell that to Fred Cleveland,' said Ida, 'and perhaps it may save him from the folly of offering himself, and the mortification of a refusal; though I doubt if it would be possible to convince him that you are one iota short of perfection.'

'He must be blind then, for I have taken peculiar pains to make him acquainted with my manifold imperfections, and have given him ample tokens of my shrewishness.'

'Perhaps he has a fancy to enact Petruchio, and thinks he shall yet succeed in storming the citadel, and bringing the garrison to terms of submission.'

'And *I* have a fancy, that were such the case, he would find himself vastly out-generalled. I have no patience with Shakspeare's Kate, for her want of proper spirit, and her easily won submission to the tyrannical caprices of that rude, rough old fellow! But this is idle—for I assure you I have not the least intention of risking my precious self on the perilous sea of matrimony. My vocation is evident; and having laughed, danced and flirted through my spring and summer time, I shall fall into the "sere and yellow leaf," a quiet, prim old maid, occupied alternately in coaxing and scolding a score of nephews and neices, and petting dogs, cats, parrots and monkies.'

'"Angels and ministers of grace defend" *me* from such a lot,' cried Ida, 'I have made up my mind long ago, to get married the first opportunity; and if I am never so fortunate as to change my title, you may be sure it is no fault of mine—for whenever I think of the bare possibility of being an old maid, I am haunted by terrific visions of a lean, sallow, antiquated spinster, the dread of the young and gay—a lonely, isolated being, uncared for by the present generation, and wished out of the way by the rising one.'

'O, Ida! surely you drew no portraiture of Aunt Edith!'

'No, indeed! I did not think of *her*—she is an exception to the whole sisterhood; but there are tears in your eyes, dear Aunt Edith! surely my nonsensical rattle has not caused them?'

'No, my dear; I know your kind heart too well, to believe you capable of wounding the feelings of any person; and I am not so weak as to be offended by any remark, however rude, bearing upon the class to which I belong. But your merry conversation recalled to my mind a similar scene, in which I was myself an actor years ago. Many recollections has it conjured up, some pleasant and others deeply sad and

mournful. And of all the gay group that were gathered around me in those days, no face rises before me so vivid and life-like as that of mine ancient friend, Emily St. John.'

'O, Aunt Edith!' exclaimed Kate, 'do tell us something about her; you know how you have often promised to do so, and this is a fitting opportunity; for perhaps it will be long ere Sophy is with us again, and it is so rainy there is little fear of any body else being so hardy as ourselves in venturing out to pay a visit: so pray lay down your knitting-work, and amuse us with a story while we ply our needles to finish this wedding dress.'

The request was seconded by Ida, and even the staid, quiet Sophy lifted her mild eyes earnestly to the face of her aunt, and repeated it. ''Tis but a sorry tale, Sophy, to pour into the ear of a bride elect—a recital of matrimonial disasters, and I do not like to dishearten you by presenting the dark side of the picture'—

'O never fear,' cried Kate, 'I'll warrant Sophy will find ten bright sunbeams for every shadow you may fling; she is so fully determined to be happy, I doubt if the testimony of all the miserable devotees of matrimony would be able to render her otherwise.'

Thus urged and assured, Aunt Edith took off her glasses, wiped them, and laying them on the little table at her side, settled herself more cozily in her great arm-chair, and the girls having drawn their seats nearer to her, she laid down her knitting, and commenced the story of—

THE MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE.

In a remote part of Connecticut, almost unknown to the busy people of the world, is the snug little village of Glenlyn, where my childhood, youth, and many of my maturer years were spent. Near the old parsonage in which I was born, is a large, stately mansion embosomed in trees and shrubbery, with a fine avenue of ancient Elms, from which it has derived its name.

It was built many years ago by a gentleman connected with the high English aristocracy, who becoming dissatisfied with the movements of 'Church and State,' emigrated to America with his wife, their only child, an almost infant daughter, and one or two old and favorite servants. Struck with the quiet beauty of Glenlyn, which was then only a wooded valley, he cleared several acres of land, built that stately, English looking house, planted a garden, and they were soon settled as delightfully as outward beauty and inner comfort could make them.

They lived very quietly and happily some three or four years, until the Colonies declared war against the mother country, and then Mr. St. John's latent prejudices in favor of his native land, forbidding him to join in the strife against her, he suddenly made preparations, shut up his house, and re-embarked with his household for England.

The long protracted war was over, peace spread her banner over the land, the vale of Glenlyn was dotted all over with snow-white cottages, and echoed the sounds of the varied implements of artistical industry: the neat church shot up its slender spire through the waving foliage of ancient trees—the voices of merry children were heard in the lanes and meadow-paths, and the Elms, alone, wore a look of solitude and desertion. The long grass and the rank weeds had overgrown the walks and choked the flowers—no smoke ascended from the tall chimneys—the shutters were closely barred, and the villagers hastened past with that half-defined fear which is apt to haunt one in passing a lonesome spot.

After this long lapse of time, news came that the 'lord of the manor' was dead, and that his property which was entailed, had fallen to his nephew, who was also to marry his daughter. There was a rumor too, that the estate in Glenlyn was to be sold, and we were beginning to wonder who the new people would be, when lo, the heir arrived.

He was a fine, dignified-looking man, something more than thirty, with a serious and almost sad expression of countenance, which seemed somewhat at variance with his ruddy complexion, bright blue eyes, and open brow, and led people to suspect that some recent affliction or disappointment, greater than the loss of his uncle, had occasioned it. Mr. St. John, for so was the new proprietor named, seemed disposed to keep aloof from his neighbors, and there was a touch of stateliness about him which forbade intrusion; but his English housekeeper was a chatty, good natured sort of woman, and some of the village gossips having made her acquaintance, soon managed to possess themselves of her master's history.

Walter and Charles St. John were the children of the younger son of an ancient family, who had mortally offended his proud relations by marrying the lovely and portionless daughter of a country curate, rather than the wealthy heiress whom they had chosen for him. The young couple were content to live humbly, however, on the small income which usually falls to the younger sons of noble houses, and the love which had prompted this, in the eyes of the world, imprudent match, failed them not amid the privations they were called to endure.

Mrs. St. John died in the eighteenth year of their marriage, and was soon after followed by her husband, leaving the two sons we have mentioned, the elder seventeen and the younger ten years of age.

The elder brother of their father, who was in possession of the family estates, had but just returned from America at the time these events took place, and he wrote immediately, offering a home in his own family to Walter, and promising to aid him in his future pursuits, while Charles was consigned to his maternal grandfather's care, to be bred up for the church with the promise of a small curacy in his uncle's gift at some distant period.

The boys suffered themselves to be separated with great reluctance, and with many caresses and charges of remembrance, Walter saw his brother depart on the top of a country coach, and was then rolled away in his uncle's splendid carriage to his future home, where every kindness and attention was lavished upon him.

It may, pephaps, seem strange that he who for eighteen years had treated with neglect and contempt his brother's family, should now so suddenly, befriend that brother's son. But Mr. St. John was an excellent diplomatist: he knew very well that his estates were entailed on the male heir, and as his only child was a girl, Walter was of course heir-apparent; the plan which he had fully matured in his own mind was, to marry his nephew to his daughter and thus keep the property in his own immediate family.

With this object in view, he received Walter into his house, and sought by every possible means to attach him to his interest. Emily was twelve years his junior, and consequently was little more than a plaything for several years to the Eton boy and the college youth; and when after his studies were completed, his uncle, wisely supposing that two or three years' absence would be beneficial to his purpose, proposed that he should make the tour of Europe, he parted from Emily as from a playful child who had endeared herself by the little simple, loving ways of childhood.

In his letters, she was mentioned in the same strain; he seemed to forget that she was growing older with himself, and it was with delighted surprise and some little embarrassment, that he greeted a tall and beautiful girl in the *petite coz*, whom he had thought of so fondly in his absence. Ere Emily had completed her nineteenth year, she was Walter's betrothed bride.

All this time little had been said of Charles St. John, the intended curate. He had grown up quietly under the care of his grandfather, a well-educated youth, and during that parent's life had expressed no objection to the lot assigned him; but when the death of his friend threw him upon the tender mercies of the world, he at once avowed his dislike to the profession chosen for him, and his desire to enter the army. At Walter's urgent solicitations, a commission was procured for him in a regiment about leaving England for Gibraltar, and the brothers had only met once, during Walter's continental tour.

Soon after the betrothal of Walter and Emily, it was announced that Capt. St. John's regiment was ordered to return to England. Walter looked forward with delightful anticipation to his brother's return, and often pictured to his cousin, Charles' manly graces and accomplishments, till she longed almost as much as himself to behold this paragon.

He came at length and was cordially received by Walter and his Emily, and civilly, for their sakes by his uncle. Walter had not exaggerated his many agreeable qualities, and the young officer was soon the favorite of every body in the house, and not the least ardent in her admiration was his beautiful cousin.

She soon discovered that their voices harmonized admirably and their tastes were very similar; so they read, sang, walked, rode and chatted together, till Walter ere long began to wonder that he was so often left entirely alone. But he had a noble mind, little prone to suspicion, and not till unequivocal proofs forced the conviction upon him, would he allow himself to harbor the thought that though Emily's hand was plighted to him, her heart was given to his gallant young brother.

Many were the struggles he endured ere he came to this conclusion, and then he was sorely puzzled how to act. He had not been blind to his uncle's views and projects, and well knew it was the heir rather than the nephew he desired as the husband of his daughter, and he felt sure that were Charles to propose for Emily he would be rejected.

To give her up, to release her from a tie which he felt must now be anything but pleasant to her, he was resolved, but how to effect his purpose he knew not, and his noble heart was torn with conflicting emotions, when the sudden death of his uncle left him free to act.

No sooner were the last duties paid to his relative, and the mind of Emily restored to some measure of tranquility, than he made known to the lovers his purpose. At first, they were exceedingly shocked, for neither had as yet, dared to own even to themselves, that they were acting a treacherous part towards that noble soul. But when he had laid open to them his generous plans, with tears and grateful thanks they confessed that he had read aright their feelings, and all was soon happily settled.

Even Walter, despite the sacrifice he had made, had not felt so peaceful and happy for a long time. He had made the felicity of a young and loving pair, and in his own heart lay his reward.

In three months from the time of her father's death, Walter's own hand bestowed upon his brother the idol of his own best affections, and then prepared to leave them, and his native land perhaps, forever! 'Do not fear for me' he said, as he bade them farewell. I shall need but little for my own wants in America, whither I am going; I shall never marry, and the estates will, at my death, of course be yours—let me know that you are enjoying them during my life, and I shall be happy and content. And so, with barely sufficient for the support of his small household, he left the home of his youth, and sought in what he supposed to be almost a wildernes, a new abode.

On his arrival at Glenlyn, he was charmed with the beauty of the scenery, and being an ardent lover of flowers, he devoted the principal portion of his time

to his garden, which amply rewarded him for the pains he took. This, and his library offered him ample stock of amusement and occupation, and his days seemed to glide on, smoothly and happily.

He had been a resident at the Elms, a considerable length of time ere we became acquainted with him, and then it was brought about by one of those little coincidences which serve to draw together people of similar tastes. My mother had been interested in him by the narrative of his housekeeper, my father admired his dignity, gentlemanly deportment, and I loved him because he loved the flowers. So towards the close of a midsummer day, as we were taking our accustomed walk, we came round by the low fence which enclosed his garden, and stood leaning over it, and admiring the beauty and variety of his plants, when Mr. St. John having overheard some remarks, came forward and invited us to enter, and thus and then was formed a delightful acquaintance, which soon ripened into a warm and lasting friendship between the elders of the group.

One morning, some six or seven years after he came to Glenlyn, Mr. St. John entered the parlor where we were at breakfast with an open letter in his hand, and with a sad face and sorrowful voice announced that he had received painful news from England. His sister Emily was dead! and as he pronounced her name, the tears gushed forth, spite of himself, and my mother who knew his story, felt and sympathized with the depth of sorrow that oppressed him.

When he regained his composure, he went on to say, that she had left a little girl five or six years old, that his brother who was almost distracted with the loss of his wife, had entered the East India Company's service, and was going out to Madras; thither he could not think of taking his child, and he earnestly inquired if his brother had no female friend who would look after the welfare of the child, if she should be consigned to his care.

'This child is very dear to me,' said Mr. St. John, 'for many reasons, and I am exceedingly anxious that she should come; but my housekeeper is incompetent to take charge of her, and I know not what to do. I wish'—

But what he wished did not transpire, for my mother whose interest was warmly excited, instantly offered if my father had no objection, to exercise a maternal watchfulness and care over the motherless child, a cheerful assent was given, and Mr. St. John looked his heart-felt thanks, for, for a few moments, the power of utterance seemed denied him.

In due time the little Emily arrived with her nurse, and when the first gush of sorrow, caused by the memories which her appearance recalled, had past, Mr. St. John seemed to live over again his youthful days, and see her mother's childhood renewed in her. People said she would be spoiled, but she bade fair to falsify all their predictions, for such a disposition as hers would bear a deal of petting.

O how we all loved her! rich and poor, old and young. Who could help it, when she twined herself so closely around the very fibres of our hearts! Emily St. John grew to blooming and beautiful womanhood, the idol of her uncle's soul, and the sunlight of his existence; they were all the world to each other, for of her father nothing had been heard for many years, and it was supposed that he must have fallen in some skirmish, or by the epidemic disease so prevalent in the East.

It might have been her peculiar situation as an orphan with but one relative that gave to her beautiful face such a sad, moonlight expression, for her eyes were far oftener swimming in tears, than sparkling with youthful gaiety. Some people hinted that she was in love—a very natural inference, but then they were sorely puzzled to discover the favored swain.

Unluckily, there were but few marriageable youths in Glenlyn—there was the tall, scragggy, sharp-faced, keen-eyed Lawyer Green, of whom poor Emily had a peculiar horror; my father's colleague, who besides being too young and too poor to marry, had no decided predilection for those *lights of the world*, less poetically termed *ladies*—and the village merchant *par excellence*, a strapping youth, from Vermont, who bore the singular cognomen, John Smith. *He* was quite a lady's man, and in his own estimation was excessively fascinating; but as this idea was confined wholly to himself, he found little opportunity for the exercise of his agreeable qualities.

There was one bachelor in the village whom I have omitted to mention, and who was generally overlooked by the people in their zeal to find a husband for Miss Emily. This was Dr. Talbot, a physician of some note, who had resided in Glenlyn for many years. He was a distinguished-looking man, between thirty-six and forty, every way accomplished and talented, and had long possessed the confidence and friendship of Mr. St. John.

He was Emily's senior by some twenty years, he had petted and fondled her when a child, and assisted in the cultivation of her mind as she grew older, and now that she had become a lovely and accomplished woman, he found himself deeply and devotedly in love, for the first time in his life. In proportion as his attachment increased, did his hopes decline; he thought of the vast disparity in their ages, of the familiar intercourse in which they had lived—of the prejudices which are so apt to cling to the higher ranks of the English gentry, and his heart sunk, but to give her up was impossible, and at length he determined to make known the state of his feelings to his friend, and abide by his decision.

Mr. St. John heard his confession with mingled surprise and pleasure, he assured hm of his ready assent, declaring that of all the men he had ever known, there was no one to whom he would so readily en-

trust the happiness of his niece. Of the farther progress of the affair little was known. The Doctor had always been a frequent visitor at the Elms, and if he tarried a little longer now than formerly, no comments were made.

'Have you heard of Caroline Wyman's marriage'? said one of a party of four or five girls, who were chatting beneath the shade of one of the wide-spreading old trees in the park at the Elms—'she made a fine display I am told; the wedding took place in the church, and there was a throng of bridemaids, splendidly attired, and the bride looked like an angel.'

'For my part,' said another of the group, 'I do not like this fashion of having the ceremony performed in church; I like the old-fashioned weddings at home, with a lively company, who will laugh, sing and dance and make one feel cheerful, after the minister has depressed one's spirits by his long face and prosy dissertations upon the important duties and solemnities of matrimony. What do you think Emily? though I dare say, you would choose a different mode from any body else.'

There was a half-smile on Emily's lip for an instant, but it faded, and there was a gentle seriousness in her words and manner as she replied—'all this mirth and splendor, and *eclat* may do very well for those who look upon marriage as a light thing; but to me, the hour that made me a bride, would, I think, be the most solemn and impressive of my life; and whenever I *am* married, the service shall be performed in our *village church at midnight*, with only my uncle, your parents and yourself, dear Edith, to witness it.'

'What a strange girl you are, Emily,' said the first speaker; 'though I do not believe when the trial comes, that you will adhere to this resolution—but we shall see!'

Some six or eight months after that conversation, I was somewhat startled at receiving from Emily St. John, the information that she was to be married immediately to Dr. Talbot, and that the service was to be performed according to the original resolve. She wished it to be kept perfectly private, and save those who were to be present at the ceremony, no one, not even the old servants had the least suspicion.

The wedding night came—and when the village was silent as the grave, and the servants at the Elms buried in slumber, our little group stole noiselessly forth at the solemn hour of midnight, and took our way through the park and across the meadow to the village church. My father had procured the keys of the sexton; the church door was unlocked, and we soon stood before the altar.

It was a cloudless night in May, and the moon, our only lamp, shone brightly into the long windows, and threw a silvery halo around the form of the bride. Never had Emily looked so beautiful, and Mr. St. John could hardly restrain his emotions as he whispered to my mother—'So looked *my* Emily when she became the wife of my brother.' Her white satin robe fell in rich folds about her gracefully bending figure, her abundant raven tresses were braided with costly pearls, the gift of her munificent uncle, and the same beautiful gems encircled her neck and arms; her large, hazel eyes were full of solemn yet tender earnestness, and her low, sweet voice faltered not as she pronounced calmly and clearly, the vows which bound her in the holiest tie to the man who knelt at her side.

The holy ceremony was soon over—silently as we had come, we departed, and with many low breathed prayers for their happiness, we left the wedded lovers at the gate of the Elms, and returned to the parsonage.

Before noon the next day, it was known that the *midnight marriage* had taken place, and various were the comments passed upon it. Some blamed Emily's eccentricity, others laughed at her romance, and the old gossips said, 'No good would come of a marriage thus solemnized—darkness, like the hour of her bridal, would rest upon her pathway.'

But if the wedding had been private and solemn, there was no lack of festivity at the Elms during the succeeding month, in which, if not quite congenial to Emily's taste, she took part with at least an appearance of interest.

Several years passed away, and happiness seemed to have spread her broad wing over that dwelling. Dr. Talbot and Emily were still resident at the Elms, for Mr. St. John could not part with his niece and his pets, her three beautiful children. But in due time the old man was gathered to the tomb, and then change came over that happy household. Dr. Talbot, tired of the sameness of his country life, and though now past his meridian, was anxious to remove to Boston; Emily would far rather have remained where she was, but she offered no obstacle to her husband's wishes, and in less than a year from Mr. St. John's death, the Elms was left to the care of the servants, and the family were settled in their eastern home.

We heard from them two or three times after their arrival in B—; they were pleasantly situated, so Emily wrote, but then there was a tone of sadness pervading the letters, which told that there was some secret sorrow or disappointment. They soon grew less frequent, and then ceased altogether, and we heard nothing more till orders came to discharge the servants for whom Mr. St. John had made a liberal provision, and make some disposition of the furniture, as the house was to be let for an Academy.

The Talbots were going down-hill—that was evident, and needed not the confirmation which was brought by a person from B,—who said that the Dr. had little or no practice, and had lost the greater part of his wife's property, in ruinous speculations. We were deeply grieved for poor Emily, and how much more so, when we heard that her gifted and intellec-

tual husband, discouraged by his various losses, ill-success, and the death of his eldest boy whom he had idolized, was fast becoming a curse to himself and a disgrace to his friends. Poor Emily! the midnight marriage was now looked upon as an omen indeed.

We received no other direct information, but from time to time, mortgages were given upon the Elms, which threatened soon to swallow up the whole estate; every thing else had long since become the prey of the speculating mania which had possessed the unfortunate man; and when seven years after they left Glenlyn, we heard that Dr. Talbot was dead, his wife was left almost pennyless with two children.

We sent her a consolatory and affectionate epistle, urging her to come and live with us; and while we were waiting her answer, we learnt that the Elms was sold to an English officer; he was coming to reside there, and wished all the furniture to be replaced as in the days of Mr. St. John, who had been an old friend. It was accordingly drawn forth from the garrets, and the old house soon looked like a familiar friend.

We dreaded the effect which would be produced on Mrs. Talbot by the sight of a strange family in the mansion where her happy years had been spent; but in the midst of our trouble, came a letter from her, written in a more cheerful tone than she had used for years; she said that in the midst of the darkness which encompassed her, a sunbeam had shone, and she confidently trusted her tribulation was at an end. We rejoiced in her raised spirits, and with her, hoped the night was indeed past and the sun risen.

The day came when the new family were expected to arrive at the Elms, and those who had known and loved the former occupants, watched with sorrowful curiosity to see their successors.

Early in the afternoon a carriage was said to be approaching the village; and soon after it was seen driving at a rapid rate along the road. As it wound along the avenue leading to the Elms, the heads of children were seen leaning from the window, and then the sallow, wrinkled face of an elderly man presented itself—he was talking earnestly to a lady at his side, and appeared to be urging her to look out; she was clad in deep mourning, and as she turned her face towards the old house, pale, wan, and weeping as she was, we recognized the once beautiful and idolized Emily St. John.

The gentleman was her father, who had returned from India with a broken constitution and vast wealth, to discover the brother and daughter from whom he had been so long separated. Almost immediately after his arrival, he learnt his brother's death, and the probable residence of his daughter. He had sought her diligently, and found her, widowed, poor, and lonely, struggling with want and toiling with unremitting industry and energy to maintain her orphan children; showing herself in all things, a *true woman* unromantic, hopeful and trustful to the last.

Gently and tenderly, he made himself known to her, and joyful was the recognition. Her dearest wish was to return to Glenlyn, and her father, having bought up the mortgages and restored the place to its original beauty, invited her to return thither to her early home. It was a season of heartfelt happiness in the whole village, for every body had loved Emily and her children, and among them all, you may be sure none more cordially rejoiced in their restored prosperity, than did the inmates of Glenlyn parsonage.

That was many years ago, and changes have come to our quiet circle. My parents have long since gone to rest, and when my brother married and offered his old maid sister a home with him in this distant city, I gladly accepted the offer.

I have never visited Glenlyn since, though both Emily and the Colonel have often urged me to do so—but I sometimes hear from my old friend, and not long ago, she wrote me word that her daughter Florence was about to be married. 'Her prospects are fair,' she said, 'and I pray she may be exempt from the sorrows that fell to my lot. I write in the room where she is busy in preparing her wedding dress—the pearls which were my bridal ornaments, and which in my extremest poverty I was forced to sell, have been re-purchased by my kind father, and are to deck my child. From this very room, dear Edith, I went forth twenty years ago, a bride, and could you see my Florence, now, as she stands before me in the bridal dress, which her gay companions have teased her to put on, you would be startled by her wondrous resemblance to what I was then. The wedding is to be small and rather private, but, please God, the sunshine shall fall upon my daughter's bridal! I have out lived my days of romance, and I have lost my predilection for a MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE.'

'Is that all, aunt Edith?' exclaimed the three girls in a breath, as the old lady put on her glasses, and quietly resumed her knitting work.

'Yes, and you have listened very patiently to my long yarn—and now, Sophy, have I disheartened you?'

'Not in the least, dear aunt—to be sure your friend had a good deal of trouble, but then she had a very large share of happiness; and she was blest, moreover, in possessing a trustful spirit.'

'Just as I told you,' cried Kate, 'she is wilfully bent on matrimony, and there is no dark spot on her vision. But I am very glad, aunt Edith, that your story ended well; I always like to have every thing come out *bright*. It is so provoking to get interested in story characters, and after following them through seas of tribulation, to have them inhumanly murdered at last, just as one begins to hope they are com-

fortably settled and about to enjoy themselves. In real life, one can't help such results, but in fiction it is really too bad.'

'But pray remember, dear Kate, that nearly all stories are founded upon some little incident in real life, else they would fail to interest us deeply; for in order to do so, they must speak to the *heart*, whose chords respond only to that which is true to our common nature! A light, imaginary story may please the fancy, but it is the simple records of *real life*, which touch and purify, even while they sadden the heart.

Boston, Mass.

IMPROMPTU REPLY.

To Charlotte. Intended only for HER *eye.*

WHAT! '*getting old*,' dear Charlotte,
You *don't* mean, bowed and thin,
With crow-tracks round your mild blue eyes,
And a sharp projecting chin?
You *don't* mean that you wear mob caps,
Each plait in prim array,
And nurse young plants, and feed pet birds,
And keep a Tabby-Gray?

I must not tell *how* old you are—
Nay—that I will engage—
But answer all inquiries thus—
'She's of a *certain age*.'
And then—ah, how the poetry
Will vanish from your name!
For who will add a single breath
To waft your rising fame?

'Tis true, your *heart* may not be old—
But then—a *wrinkled face!*
Why Lottie, for a *poetess*,
Imagine the disgrace!
The child of song should be exempt
From such a common doom,
And flourish, like French bonnet-wreaths,
In full, eternal bloom!

Yes, I will write the 'elegy,'
According to request;
And though the task is new to me,
Will *do my very best*.
Let's think—what shall the measure be
Of this most doleful song?
No matter—let the words come forth,
And march themselves along.

ELEGY.

The spring-time of thy life is gone—
At *twenty-three* departed;
The shades of age are creeping on—
Well mayst thou be down-hearted.
Sweet twenty-two with all its pranks
And merry, sly coquettings,
Has left thee sliding down Time's banks,
Hard pressed by fond regrettings.

Alas, poor friend! thou must, henceforth,
Wear close, 'snuff-colored' bonnets,
And sit demurely by the hearth,
Knitting, and writing 'sonnets.'

'Tis well thou art a little *blue*;
'T will solve the question knotty,
Why one, outliving twenty-two,
Still writes herself *Miss* Lottie.

Nay, nay! forbear! At my poor rhymes
You will be rude to laugh;
They are the first I ever wrote
Of dirge or epitaph.

And I am sad, for you are old;
Cause, cause enough to weep—
For I, alas, ere you were born,
Was old enough to creep!

SARAH.

GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

HOUR TWELFTH.

IT is the first of May—a day memorable in old England for its ancient sports around the flower-wreathed pole; for its dances and shoutings upon the village-green; and for a multitude of little village romances never re-enacted in these days of formal and artificial life, but which will live in the memories of ballad readers as one of the very loveliest features in the 'Acted Poetry' of by-gone days.

It is the first of May—and a furious eastern storm which has poured down its drenching floods through the whole past night, still roars and sweeps through the upper air, like an angry god come forth to battle. No sweet May sports to day—no, not even the gathering of a green stick to deposit in prophetic attitude over the door—an interpreter of that great mystery in a young maiden's future destiny,—*viz.* 'Who will my husband be?'

Yet I do not regret it. I love a rainy day—occasionally. It throws one so much inward for sources of mental happiness, and seems in a great measure to shut out the gairishness and strife of the big world. Yes, even this first day of May, it is pleasant to sit at the chimney-corner with a blazing fire at one's feet, and ply the busy needle, or delve deep into the rich ore of a new and thought suggestive book.

This plying the needle—there is real enthusiasm and pleasure in it when one is in the mood. To see the shapeless fabric gradually assuming form and character beneath the operations of the fingers; to call into requisition one's taste and skill, to fashion a garb of comfort and beauty, for ourselves or some one dear to us; yea, even the very *exercise* of sewing is exhilarating, when the heart is in the work.

And reading, too. No time like a rainy day for close meditative reading. The birds are not forever twittering in your ears on such a day, charming you

away from all the music of written thought: neither are the sunbeams stealing through your lattice, tempting you to an idle saunter in the woods; but the rain dashing in torrents upon the window pane, serves as a lively 'dancing tune,' to set one's ideas in rapid motion.

HOUR THIRTEENTH.

My gossiping soliloquy was disturbed by a sudden gleam of sunshine, darting through the dense clouds that a westerly breeze sent lumbering off over the horizon, and falling upon a red stripe in the carpet at my feet. An hour or two later and all above was blue sky, with now and then a soft fleecy cloud resting over the tops of the woodlands.

Some friends called—a walk was proposed—so adieu to books and needlework, till another rainy-day said we, leaving them scattered upon the sofa in that elegant disarray common to those whose impatient impulses are forever deaf to the cries of 'Order! order!' from the phrenological monitor in the temple.

The wood-path through which we traced our way had lost none of its olden fascinations, save that it now wanted a portion of its midsummer foliage, and bright, fragrant flowers. But there were rich beautiful mosses, soft as velvet, and green as—what? Indeed, there is nothing on earth *so* green! And a few very few, flowers were found, hidden beneath the last year's leaves—and the May-sticks were gathered, just budding like Aaron's rod,—and they might also perhaps, be likened to the diviner's rod, since they were about to reveal to us the buried riches of our future days. (And yet, it must be confessed, husbands and wives are not *always* treasures.)

Our party consisted of eight ladies, and one beau, who had arrived at the great antiquity of three years. May day! alas, is no longer a general holiday; and our village-swains remarkable rather for their industry than their gallantry, perhaps found more important occupations to claim their time than gadding in the woods for flowers. Yet it was a pleasant walk, nevertheless; we all said it was a pleasant walk—and so, dear friends, believe me, notwithstanding a rainy forenoon, and a *beauless* party in the afternoon, May-day was passed as happily in our quiet village as perhaps in any other spot on our globe.

Good bye!

OBITUARIES.

Died in Providence, May 6th, Mrs. Mary, wife of Maj. Rufus Smith, aged 64. The record of this death has already appeared in the Journal, but without that tribute to the peculiar virtues of the departed which was expected by the writer of this humble notice. It is, perhaps, better to pause till the effect of the sudden shock, which comes at the death of a friend, is in some degree passed before we give expression to our respect for the character of the dead. And now that the wife and mother is gone—now when the heart feels how large was the place she filled in the home, and now, when her affectionate history is conned over with that concentration of thought by which her excellences are more justly appreciated than ever,—we may speak without subjecting ourselves to the charge of exaggeration. In sober truth it may be written, that Mrs. Smith was a pattern wife and mother. Home was earth's chief place to her, and in her care of her large family she seemed to ever have before her mind the Apostolic admonition—'Let them learn first to show piety at home.' Therefore, every thought of the mother in the minds of her children, is a thought which pays homage to unfaltering fidelity and most devoted self-sacrificing love. Many years she was called to suffer seriously, but she lifted not herself against God. Her trials, her weaknesses, her sufferings, were to her the chastenings of a merciful Being, who by the shades as by the lights of existence, would train his children for the enjoyment of the better part of life. She humbly submitted to whatever deprivation she was called to bear, and was grateful for that Divine Goodness which had continued to her those who could minister to her necessities more tenderly than others.

And to the last, her prayer was for patience and meek resignation; and when the tongue had refused its office and the eye only could speak, its holy and beautiful light was the reflection of christian thought in her soul.

Thus she passed away—as meek a sufferer as ever left a testimony in behalf of the blessedness of the faith and hope of the Gospel. Her beatified spirit needs not our prayers to raise her higher in the realms of bliss, but we need to pray that the sanctity of her life may exert that redeeming power in our own being, which will verify unto us the ancient truth, that 'the memory of the just is blessed.' May he who hath said, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you,' manifest himself to the large circle of relatives and friends, and grant them the consolations which are in Christ. B.

Died in Perrysburg, Ohio, on the 2nd day of April, Mrs. Abigail K. Spafford, consort of Jarvis Spafford, aged 33 years.

What is more instructive and profitable to the living than the life and death of a christian? When they are with us, few appreciate their worth, or follow their example, and it is not until the grave receives them, that we become fully sensible of our loss. We are told that death is the grim tyrant, and he is painted as being full of horror, but it is nothing for the christian to die, for one whose faith is fixed, not on the passing fleeting pageants of earth, but on that pure inheritance reserved in God's kingdom, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

Such was the death of her who has left us. Her faith remained 'like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast' until her spirit returned to the God who gave it, and on her dying bed her request was that her funeral sermon be preached from the words of the Apostle, 'for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' This was the corner stone of her belief, and it was a glorious consolation to her throughout her long and painful sickness that the promises of God embraced the whole human family, and 'that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

She was universally respected and beloved, and although a firm and unwavering believer, that the Apostle Paul spoke the truth when he said that 'God our Savior will have all men to be saved,' yet none could help acknowledging however circumscribed and partial their views but that she was a sincere and devoted follower of the precepts of Jesus. [*Com.*

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE, 1843.

Ladies' Repository. Last No. of Volume Eleven.

With the present issue ends our eleventh Volume, and we trust our readers will acknowledge that we have fulfilled the promises made at the beginning. The bound volume will be regarded as a valuable book. Its variety will please, while its wisdom will instruct; and we hesitate not to say that it will be found to equal in all the essentials of a good book, any religious magazine of any denomination of christians. Knowing the good work which is being wrought by this magazine, we are grateful for the measure of patronage which ensures its continuance, and for the talent enlisted in its behalf from our correspondents. While we are thus grateful, we wish *the fact* to be distinctly understood, that the patronage of the Repository is not what it should be. Its chief circulation is in small towns, in Western New York, and in the far West. Cities yield it but little favor. In some cities where our largest congregations are, we have but *very* few subscribers—in some cases not a half dozen. This we presume has been, in a good degree, in consequence of our having had no travelling agent, and we trust that an enlargement of our list by the efforts of such an agent will witness to the justness of this opinion. A travelling agent will be employed this Spring and Summer, and we trust that our friends will give him the assistance he may need to become acquainted with the Universalists of their respective towns and cities. We shall continue those labors which have gained from the general press the high encomiums which laud the tone, and style, and moral and literary character of the Repository; and we earnestly hope that none of our present subscribers will cease to give us their encouragement.

To our correspondents, we render our grateful acknowledgments, and assure them that it gives us real pleasure to receive their promises of future aid. We esteem our list of contributors very highly, and cannot but be proud of them knowing how well their articles compare with the best contributions of the popular periodicals of the day.

We acknowledge with gratitude the late appeal made by Br. T. J. Greenwood, through the columns of the 'Christian Freeman,' in behalf of the Repository, and trust that this work will never cease to merit such approbation for its readers, and such recommendations to others, as the writer in that article was pleased to offer. His call is to the females of our denomination, and will it not be answered? We wait in hope.

The Women, the Wives, and the Daughters of England. By Mrs. Ellis, 3 Vols.

Mrs. Ellis is known in this country by her 'Poetry of Life,' issued before her marriage, when she was plain Sarah Stickney. In the three works above named, she does not deal in poetry, but in simple matters of fact, and presents the reader with a good deal of *rare* 'common sense.' The plan of these works would hardly be suggested to any one by the titles, for they are not biographies or sketches of character, but essays on duties, customs, and all the minutia of domestic and social intercourse. In the first she treats of the social duties and domestic habits of women; in the second, on the relative duties, domestic influences, and social obligations of wives; and in the third, on the position in society, character, and responsibilities of daughters. These volumes have been issued in a neat book form, thin covers, on good paper and with good clear type, and though covering 116 pages each, yet the price is but 25 cts.—and indeed we see them advertised for 12 1-2. There are some very fine passages in these works, for indeed Mrs. Ellis is at times a very elegant and eloquent writer, and many of her suggestions are evidently the result of a mind that sympathizes deeply with those who have made but little preparation to live, and to whom she would offer friendly advice. No one will fault her works by the charge that they are not particular enough, for she canvasses the whole matter with Quaker plainness; and no doubt she has written indirectly to the men, husbands, and sons of England, expecting that as the Queen read she would hand the book to Prince Albert. We do not believe much of her philosophy as she treats of the 'Characteristics of Men,' for—very politely of course—we must reject as we abominate such sentiments as the following:—'The love of woman appears to have been created solely to minister; that of man, to be ministered unto.' And this is thrown in to illustrate the proposition, that 'if a woman should venture to judge of man's love by her own, she would probably commit one of the most fatal mistakes by which human happiness was ever wrecked.' 'Ma conscience! We thought there was a Unity in Love, but we are thrown into the mystics—not hysterics—by being told that '*Man's love was created to be ministered unto!*' What kind of love must that be? Woman, of course, is man's loving slave, if this be correct; he is selfish, she all self-denial. We have too high an opinion of woman to receive this idea, inasmuch as when woman can be won by a love that is to be ministered unto, but which ministers not, we shall have to conclude that a strange transformation has taken place in her character, whereby selfishness is made very loveable! We hope all Victorias will *read* and *reflect upon* these essays, before they hand them to the Prince Alberts of the kingdom, as the author asserts that 'it is unquestionably the inalienable right of all men to be treated with deference, and *made much of* in their own houses.' But yet women cannot expect to do much good by handing the book on the Wives to the Husband, because Mrs. E. assures us that 'man's love *never* increases after marriage.' We pity the wife that receives that sentiment, and regret that such a sentiment should be written of the marriage institution.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands. By Mrs. Sigourney. Pp. 368.

The plan of this neat work is somewhat novel. Mrs. S. does up in verse her descriptions of the places she visits, and the wonders she meets with, and the historical associations and moral reflections suggested by the 'sights' in her journeyings. To her poems she attaches notes and observations, as addenda and explanations. Some of Mrs. S.'s very best poems are in this volume, and we have read several with a degree of pleasure which we never expected to receive from any poetry of hers. But still our opinion of her talents (she has not *genius*) is unchanged, for to us she is not the Hemans of America. We have no Hemans. The spirit breathed melodies of that daughter of song came in all their heavenly richness across the ocean, but her harp was never borne from her hand. Her 'mantle' wrapt the spirit in its ascension—for there was none worthy to receive it.

In Mrs. S.'s poem on Visiting the Institution for the Blind in Edinburg, there are some fine verses, as well as some bad philosophy. The closing verses of this poem are musical and original;—

'O peaceful Blind! the wheels of life,
That with their dust clouds dim the soul,
Ye see not their revolving strife,
But catch their music as they roll;
Ye see not how the scythe of time
Cuts the young blossom ere its springs,
Yet ye may trace with skill sublime,
The heavenward movement of his wings.'

'Corra Linn,' and 'Stratford-upon-Avon,' are fine descriptive poems, and others might be enumerated of, perhaps, equal excellence. The volume is published in a very handsome style, but the price at its first issue—$1,50—was

outrageous. It can now be obtained, we suppose, for one dollar, perhaps less.

The Home; or Family Cares and Family Joys. By Frederica Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt.

We remember that once we lost an appetite for a good dinner when we found the landlord would only charge ninepence for it, and it is somewhat so with us in reference to this book. Here are 64 large octavo—'New World'—pages, handsome small type, good paper and imprint, and yet all we were charged was 12 1-2 cts.! It seems to us somebody must suffer, but yet it may be that the extensiveness of the circulation and the *cash* principle, make up for the lowness of the price. Be that as it may, we have not lost our appetite, but have read with real delight and enchanting interest. That it *is* possible to please every body sometimes, has been abundantly proved by the universal praise bestowed upon the '*Neighbors*'—a picture of new married life—the first of the series of volumes on Life in Sweden. The present issue—'*The Home*'—will sustain the interest excited by that work. We know not how much we are indebted to the translator for the peculiarities of its natural, flowing style, but this much we do know—it reads just like Mary Howitt's own works. It speaks to 'the universal heart'—for it is nature. You read, as you look on some picture, with the conviction that it is no fancy sketch, but the true copy of real life. We rejoice that to such works as this such an immense circulation is given, for they bear on the waters of life and convey the vitality of moral goodness to millions of hearts. 'The Home' is a 'picture of family life during the growth of the children.' It is 'a sketch of home discipline, in which is seen, how without great worldly fortune, or extraordinary events, a deep interest may gather about a group of individuals; and how faults and failings, and diversity of dispositions, which without the great saving principles, would lead to sorrow and disunion, are by these saving principles, love and good sense, made to work themselves out, and leave behind them a scene of harmony, affection, and moral culture, most charming to contemplate.'

Family Worship, containing Reflections and Prayers for Domestic Devotion. By Otis A. Skinner. Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey. 1843. 12mo. 216 pages.

This is the work of which we have spoken several times, as being in preparation. Its plan is good, and will, we think, be universally approved. It breathes a good spirit and has an elevated tone. The Reflections are brief, and the chapters of the Scriptures to which they are particularly applicable, are denoted. The Prayers also are brief, and as far as written prayers can, are the expression of the heart's desires and the soul's aspirations after the blessings of the divine life. The work is divided into several parts, so that the various services may easily be referred to as occasion may require. A large number of ministers have furnished prayers for the work, but we regret that their names are published. One excellence of the prayers is—each is adapted to impress on the mind some important idea.

We are obliged to write this notice in great haste, but we cannot but express our hope that this work will be extensively circulated and become greatly useful. It is admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was intended. The publishers have done their part well. The volume is very neat indeed, beautifully bound, and every way a fine work.

Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle. 1 vol. 12 mo. Pp. 296.

This is the work which sometime since was advertised as about to be issued from the English press. It has been published in this country from the author's manuscript, for his benefit. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the American editor. This work will meet with similar treatment as the previous volumes by the eccentric author; some will read awhile and throw it down, others will read and re-read and lay it down only to think—to contemplate solemnly the vivid pictures he presents of social and tremendous evils. It will sound depths which few other works can reach, and teach, as few have the power to teach, how gigantic is Thought. To us, even in those passages which are so ludicrous as they first strike the mind, there is a melancholy which touches the deepest feelings, as we are led in beyond the fantastic drapery of madness and ruin. Well does the author say, after he has pictured the great Puff or Quack, whose life is Falsehood, and whose success is Pretension,—'Laugh not at him, O reader; or do not laugh only. He has ceased to become comic; he is fast becoming tragic.' We do believe this work will have some influence in behalf of the crushed humanity of England.

Sonnets and other Poems. By W. L. Garrison. Boston: Oliver Johnson. 12mo. Pp. 96.

We did not imagine that Mr. Garrison possessed the poetic talent which this very neat volume reveals. His is the poetry of impassioned thought, like Whittier's. It is poured out like the gifts of a mighty river—full, strong and rapid. It bears the mind irresistibly along with the train of thought, and the heart can no more be kept from beating strong than the pulse of the universe. His poem to his 'First-Born' is thrilling, and that he can be playful, is tested by his offering for 'May Day.' The piece entitled, 'Christian Rest,' is an ingenious poem—smooth versification and rapid flow of suggestive sentiment; a portion of it we intend to copy. His sonnets to Freedom and Liberty, are worthy of the subjects—majestic in thought and noble in expression. No volume of poems has been sent forth from the American press in a more beautiful style of typography than this.

Sacred Songs: for the Children in Sabbath Schools. By L. S. Everett. Boston: A. Tompkins. 1843. Pp. 54. 18mo.

This little work contains fifty hymns with appropriate music. The collection is made of those hymns which are generally familiar; and in reference to their suitableness for children, the compiler remarks, 'Should any suppose that the Hymns are better adapted to the expression of sentiments entertained by adults, than to the thoughts, emotions, and aspirations of the young, it is deemed sufficient to reply, that the lessons learned in childhood *should* be of a kind, to be safely, and profitably repeated, during life.' The lessons to be learned from ideas, and the expression of those ideas in language, are confounded in this remark—it seems to us; however, we regard the collection as a very excellent one, and commend it to public attention. The tunes are our favorites, and such as seem to give the most pleasure when sung.

ERRATA. In our notice of Mr. Peabody's sermon on the 'Will and the Affections,' instead of 'the Scriptures *of* the Primitive Church,' read the Scriptures *or* the Primitive Church. In the Poem, 'The Sea of Galilee,' for 'stormy *minds*, read stormy *winds*.'